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60c. a box, 6 for 2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

### THE UNCHANGEABLE GOD

Times change and men change with them.

For still the new allures, Their purpose falters ever, No plan of theirs endures;

Strange gods demand their worship, Strange creeds that come and go; Men's thoughts and men's opinions, Are tides that ebb and flow.

On ever-shifting currents, Their minds drift to and fro, Their wav'ring wills are shaken By all the winds that blow.

But steadfast as the mountains And surer than the sea And fixed as are the heavens— God is and God shall be.

### THE BOY AND LUCK

The boy who's always wishing That this or that might be, But never tries his mettle Is the boy that's bound to see His plans all come to failure, His hopes end in defeat; For that's what comes when wishing And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing Or that thing with a will That spurs him on to action, And keeps him trying still, When effort meets with failure, Will some day surely win; For he works out what he wishes And that's where 'luck' comes in.

The 'luck' that I believe in Is that which comes with work; And no one ever finds it, Who's content to shirk. The men the world calls 'lucky' Will tell you, every one, That success comes not with wishing But by hard work bravely done.

### SHELTER THE IMPLEMENTS

Enormous sums are spent annually by the farmers of Canada for implements which, due to neglect, last on the average only half as long as they would if given proper care. To equip an average farm with machinery costs about \$1,000. Implements subjected to the detoriating effects of the weather will not do good work for more than five years. Thus there is necessary expenditure of something like \$2,000 for each period of ten years. On the other hand, by protecting with suitable shelter, implements may be kept in use for more than twice the five-year average.

A comparatively cheap shelter will serve to protect the machines; one sufficiently roomy can be built for approximately \$400, which should be considered as money invested, for it will realize a good dividend. The following plan of a comparatively cheap shelter will meet the needs of the average farmer. It is capable of many modifications, and a careful study of the plan will be helpful to those who intend to build. Of course, the building can be made any length desired.

Plan.—The building is 25 x 57 feet outside measurements. Concrete piers 12 inches square, spaced at frequent intervals, support a 6 x 6 inch sill composed of two 3 x 6 pieces bolted to the piers. On this sill are placed 2 x 6 inch studs, which support a 4 x 6 inch plate composed of two 2 x 6 inch pieces. These studs are covered with one inch T and G boarding. The rafters are 2 x 8 inches at 24 inch centres and are covered with one inch sheathing and good cedar shingles, laid four and a half inches to the weather. The roof is strengthened by a truss spaced about ten feet apart. This truss consists of two 2 x 10 pieces, starting from each side of a rafter and bolted together at the centre with a two inch piece between them. Stock windows opening three feet by five feet are used. The sliding doors which are built of V joint boarding with battens on the back, are equipped with hangers and track. The centre door slides on the inside and the others on the outside.—W. L. Graham, Field Husbandry Division,

# WITH THE GRAND FLEET NO ALUM

By FREDERICK PALMER IN THE TIMES WEEKLY EDITION

(Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent, was a member of a party of distinguished foreign journalists who visited the Grand Fleet in August and September at the invitation of the British Government.)

## THE FLEET PUTS TO SEA

There is another test besides that of gun drills and target practice which reflects the efficiency of individual ships and the larger the number the ships the more important it is. For the business of a fleet is to go to sea. At anchor it is in garrison rather than on campaign, an assembly of floating forts. Navies one has seen which seemed excellent when in harbour, but when they started to get under way the result was hardly reassuring. Some erring sister fouled her anchor chain; another had engine trouble; another lagged; for some reason or other there was fidgeting on the bridges. Then one asked, what if a summons to battle come?

Our own officers are authority enough that the British had no superiors in any of the tests. But strange reports dogged in and out of the alleys of pessimism in the company of German insistence that the Tiger and other ships which one saw afloat, had been sunk. Was the Fleet really held prisoner by fear of submarines? If it could go and come freely when it chose, the harbour was the place for it while it waited. If not, then, indeed, the submarine had revolutionized naval warfare. Admiral Jellicoe might lose some of his battleships before he could ever go into action against the Germans.

"Oh, to hear the hoarse rattle of the anchor chains!" I kept thinking while I was with the Fleet. "Oh, to see all those monsters on the move!" A vain wish it seemed, but it came true. A message from the Admiralty arrived while we were in the flagship. Admiral Jellicoe called the Flag Lieutenant, and spoke a word to him, which was passed in a twinkling from flagship to squadron and division and ship. He made it as simple as ordering his bargs alongside, this sending of the Grand Fleet to sea.

From the bridge of a destroyer beyond the harbour entrance we saw it go. I shall not attempt to describe the spectacle which convinced me that language is the vehicle for making small things seem great and great things seem small. If you wish words, invite splendour, and magnificence and overwhelming and all the reliable old friends to 'come forth' in glad apparel from the dictionary. Personally I was inarticulate at sight of that sea march of dull-toned unadorned power.

First came the outriders of majesty, the destroyers; then the graceful light cruisers. How many destroyers has the British Navy? I am only certain that it has not as many as it seems to have, and which would mean thousands. Trying to count them is like trying to count the bees in the garden. You cannot keep your eye on the individual bees. You are bound to count some twice, so busy are their manoeuvres.

"Don't you worry, great ladies!" one imagined the destroyers were saying to the battleships. "We will clear the road. We will keep watch against snipers and assassins." "And if any knocks are coming, we will take them for you great ladies!" said the cruisers. "If one of us went down, the loss would not be great. Keep your big guns safe to beat other battleships into scrap."

For you may be sure that Fritz was on the watch in the open. He always is, like the highwaymen hiding behind a hedge and envying people who have comfortable beds. Probably from a distance he had a peep through his periscope at the Grand Fleet before the approach of the policemen destroyers made him duck beneath the water; and probably he tried to count the number of ships and identify their classes in order to take the information home to Kiel. Besides, he always has his fingers crossed. He hopes that some day he may get a shot at something more warlike than a merchant steamer or an auxiliary; only that prospect becomes poorer as life for him grows harder. Except a miracle happened, the steaming Fleet, with its cordons of destroyers, is as safe from him as from any other kind of fish.

### Majestic Steadiness

The harbour which is the Fleet's home is landlocked by low hills. There is an eclipse of the sun by the smoke from the ships getting under way; streaming, soaring columns of smoke from the funnels of the battleships before they appear in sight around a bend. Indefinite masses as yet they are, under their night-black plumes. Each ship seems too immense to respond to any will except its own. But there is something automatic in the regularity with which one after another they take the bend, as if a stop watch had been held on 20,000 tons of steel for a second's variation. As they approach they become more distinct and showing less smoke, there seems less effort. Their motive power seems inherent, perpetual.

There is some sea running outside the entrance, enough to make a destroyer roll. But the battleships disdain any notices of its existence. It is no more to them than a ripple of dust to a motor truck. They plough through it.

Though you were within 20 yards of them you would feel quite safe. An express train was in no more danger of jumping the track. Mast in line with mast, they held the course with a majestic steadiness. Now the leading ship makes a turn of a few points. At the same spot, as if it were marked by the grooves of tires in a road, the others make it. Any variation of speed between them would have been instantly noticeable, as one forged ahead or lagged; but the distance between bows and sterns did not change. A line of one length would do for each interval so far as one could discern. It was difficult to think that they were not attached to some taut moving cable under water. How could such apparently unwieldy monsters in such a slippery element as the sea, be made to obey their masters with such fine precision?

The answer again is sheer hard work! Drills as arduous in the engine room as at the guns; machinery kept in tune; traditions in maneuvering in all weathers, which are kept up with tireless practice.

Though all seemed perfection to the lay eye, let it be repeated that this was not so to the eyes of the admirals. It never can be. Perfection is the thing striven for. Officers dwell on faults; all are critics. Thus you have the healthiest kind of spirit, which means that there will be no cessation in the striving.

"Look at that!" exclaimed an officer in the destroyer. "They better try another painting on her and see if they can't do better." Ever changing, that northern light. For one instant the sun's rays, strained by a patch of peculiar cloud, playing on the Dreadnought's side made her colour appear molten, exaggerating her size till she seemed as colossal to the eye as she seemed to the thought.

"But look now!" said another officer. She was out of the patch and seemed miles farther away to the vision, a dim shape in the sea haze.

"You can't have it right for every atmospheric mood of the North Sea. I suppose!" muttered the critic. Still it hurt his professional pride that a battleship should show up as such a glaring target even for a moment.

The power of the Fleet was more potent in movement than at rest; for the sea-life was out of his hair on the hunt. Fluttering with flags at a review at Spithead the battleships seemed out of their element; giants trying for a fairy's part. Display is not for them. It fits them as a pink ribbon on a bull dog. Irresistibly ploughing their way they presented a picture of resolute utility—guns and turrets and speed. No spot of bright colour was visible on board. The crew were at the guns, I took it. Turn the turrets, give the range, lay the sights on the enemy's ships, and the battle was on.

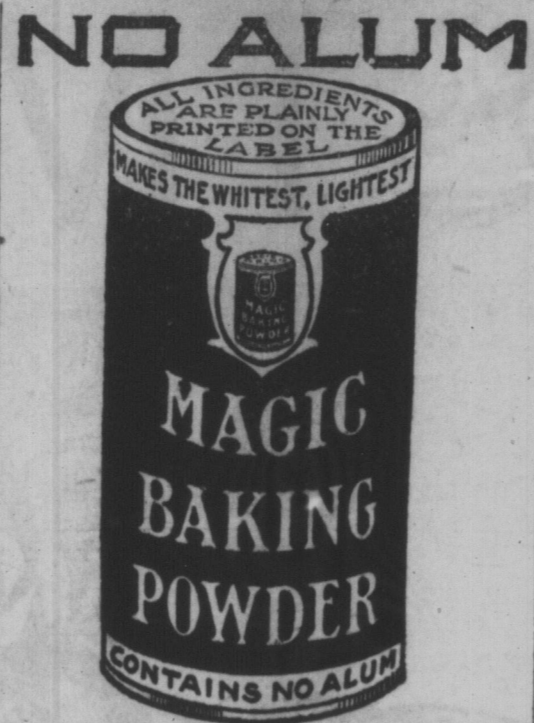
"There is the old Dreadnought," said an officer.

The "old" Dreadnought—all of 10 years of age, the senile old thing! What a mystery she was when she was building! The mystery accentuated her celebrity—and almost forgotten now, while the Queen Elizabeth and the Warspite and others of their class with their 15in. guns would be in the public eye as the latest type till a new type came. A parade of naval types was passing. One seemed to shade into the other in harmonious effect. But here was an outsider, whom one noticed instantly as he studied those rugged silhouettes of steel. She had 12 12in. guns with turret piled on turret in an exotic fashion—one of the two Turks building in England at the outset of the war and taken over by the British.

### A Procession of Sea Power

One division, two divisions, four ships, eight Dreadnoughts—even a squadron coming out of a harbour nubs the faculties with a sense of its might. Sixteen—twenty—twenty-four—it was the unending numbers of this procession of sea power which was most impressive. An hour passed and all were not by. One sat down for a few minutes behind the windshield of the destroyer's bridge, only to look back and see more. Dreadnoughts going by. One has not realized that there were so many in the harbour. He had a suspicion that Admiral Jellicoe was a conjurer who could take Dreadnoughts out of a hat.

The first was lost in the gathering darkness far out in the North Sea,



and still the cloud of smoke over the anchorage was as thick as ever; still the black plumes kept appearing around the bend. The King Edward VII. class, with their four 12in. guns, and other ancients of the pre-dreadnought era, which are still powerful antagonists, were yet to come. One's eyes ached. Those who saw a German corps march through Brussels said that it seemed irresistible. What if they had seen the whole German Army? Here was the counterpart of the whole German Army in sea-power and in land power too.

The destroyer commander looked at his watch.

"Time!" he said. "I'll put you on shore." He must take his place in the Fleet at a given moment. A word to the engine room and the next thing we knew we were off at thirty knots, cutting straight across the bows of a Dreadnought steaming at twenty knots, towering over us threateningly with a bone in her teeth.

One's imagination sped across seas where he had cruised into harbours that he knew and across continents that he knew. He was trying to visualize the whole globe—all of it except the Baltic Sea and a thumbmark in the centre of Europe, Hong-kong, Melbourne, Sydney, Halifax, Cape Town, Bombay—yes, and Rio and Valparaiso, Shanghai, San Francisco, New York, Boston, these and the lands back of them where countless millions dwell were all safe behind the barriers of that Fleet.

Then back through the land where Shakespeare wrote to London, with its glare of recruiting posters and the throbbing of that individual freedom which is on trial in battle with the Prussian system—and as one is going to beat the sound of guns in the heart of the city! From the window one looked upward to see under a search-light's play, the silken sheen of a cigar-shaped sort of aerial phantom which was dropping bombs on women and children, while never a shot is fired at those sturdy men behind armour.

When you have travelled far; when you think of Botha and his Boers fighting for England; when you have found justice and fair play and open markets under the British flag; when you compare the vociferations of von Tirpitz glorying in the torpedoing of a Lusitania with the quiet manner of Sir John Jellicoe, you need only a little spark of conscience to prefer the way that the British have used their sea power to the way that the men who send out Zeppelins to war on women and children would use that power if they had it. Lies of race and language aside, one cannot be a neutral between right and wrong.

A correspondent points out that Mr. Palmer has spoken of the inflexible as the flagship in the Falkland Islands battle. Sir Doveton Sturdee flew his flag in the Invincible.

### TRAGEDIES OF THE HIGHWAY

(The Times Weekly)

The greatest tragedy of the war to-day is not seen upon the battlefield. If we wish to study tragedy and pathos in their highest form we have to journey over the main arteries of travel running from the west to the east along which flows the endless stream of refugees fleeing before the German advance. I have seen refugees now for a year, and had imagined that I could not see them in greater numbers than I did in many places during the early summer. But after two days of travel westward on the Warsaw road I feel as though I had never seen anything before. I think I can say without exaggeration that in two days I have seen 100,000 refugees, men, women and children, fleeing from the scourge of the Teuton invasion. In one town alone whose population is normally 25,000 there are to-day 83,000 refugees, if the figures of the commandant are correct. This is but one town, and there are many like it. Never have I seen such swarms of people. They are everywhere. Camped in the streets with all their household belongings and spread out along the countryside for miles in every direction.

The fortunes of these unfortunates is something incredible, and yet typical of the two million or so refugees

who, we are told, are on the roads of Russia to-day. I have inquired again and again along the roads what these people said and thought about the war. I stopped for nearly an hour and talked with the peasant superintendent of a primitive post station before whose rough abode there were then camping two or three hundred fugitives who had come all the way from the Grondo government. These people had been on the road for two months. Nearly all of them had left their villages in ashes and were going east. None of them knew exactly where. If there can be anything more hard to bear than this it is difficult to imagine it, yet the superintendent informed me that there was hardly a complaint. Most of them even accepted the burning of their homes as a necessary evil, and dozens admitted that they were willing to do it if their sacrifice would defeat the Germans.

"These people," my informant said, "think and talk of nothing but the war. Go round their camp fires, and you will hear the same discussion going on day and night. Do not imagine that they do not understand the part they are playing in this war. Few of them wanted to stay in their homes after our armies left, and relatively few made any complaint at the adoption of the historic policy of the Russians of falling back into the interior of the country, leaving a wilderness for the enemy to operate in. These people hope and think in their own way that they are helping Russia to win the war, for none of them believe for a moment that we can lose."

Outside in the cold, crouching round little fires of faggots, were dozens of groups of the poor creatures. With several of these I talked, and in a few minutes I was the centre of a group of perhaps a hundred men, women and children. "Do you want to make peace now," I asked, "and let the Germans keep what they have got?" The reply was a chorus of denial from every quarter. It was the same story everywhere.

Never have I seen anything more depressing than the endless lines of carts strung out along the road with the small, tired horses dragging huge loads of household effects. In every wood are the camps of hundreds of the outcasts, and, alas! the roadside is already beginning to be thickly dotted with the little white crosses which mark the spot where some unhappy and homeless exile has at last found rest.

There is hardly a family that has not a husband, father, or brother at the front, but this they accept with the same fortitude as they do their other numerous troubles. In the heart of each is planted hatred of the invader, and one may well believe that each is, indeed a missionary moving to the heart of this great Empire to preach the gospel that there can be no peace only when the Germans are expelled from Russia. He is, indeed, an optimistic enemy who believes that, with two million beings who have lost all, preaching the doctrine of war to the bitter end, there can be a peace with Russia that does not bring with it success for her arms.

### LIQUOR FALSEHOODS

The public should be warned of the misrepresentations and falsehoods published by the liquor interests for the purpose of casting doubt upon the value of prohibition of the liquor traffic. They are fighting a desperate rear guard fight in defence of what is now acknowledged the world over to be a very harmful drug.

They seem to have a regular organization of writers whose business it is to cast discredit upon prohibition or any restraint of their business. Their principal weapons are misrepresentation of real facts and the persistent assertion that prohibition is a failure in some distant place. They give figures that seem so fair that they deceive many people who do not know the facts. For instance at one time Prince Edward Island our only Province that has prohibition, had more insane than any other Province. For various reasons Prince Edward Island had attracted a number of patients from outside the Island and they hold this up as proof that prohibition causes insanity. As many insane are insane for life, it takes some years of prohibition before much reduction is seen but drunkenness and crime show a marked reduction almost immediately.

They are careful not to tell that some of the wet Provinces have nearly forty times as much crime as our only dry Province yet the last census report shows that to be the fact. In fact drunkenness and crime are almost absent in Prince Edward Island the statistics showing only 1.1 per ten thousand population. They use to give figures to show that certain cities in the State of Maine had as much drunkenness as before prohibition but they carefully concealed the fact that these were cities that refused to close the saloons. They did the same thing about Kansas. They now point to the State of Kansas as having as many

prisoners in penitentiary as license states have. They do not tell that in Kansas there is a very large Federal penitentiary to which prisoners are sent from all over the United States and that there has not been a Kansan in it for years. There is a State penitentiary in Kansas the Governor of which declares that prohibition has been a great success.

Some times they resort to absolute falsehoods trusting that few will know the truth. Thus recently they wrote that Nova Scotia, which is half prohibition, had more drunkenness and more arrests for drunkenness than any other province. The latest statistics show that Nova Scotia had only 8.0 per thousand population while British Columbia had 21.3 and when Nova Scotia had 14.8 convictions for crime per thousand British Columbia had 42.4 and Alberta 40.6.

The fact is that a prohibitory law even though poorly enforced is a great blessing as thousands are glad of the excuse to break away from the ruinous treating habit.

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

### ARMENIAN "EXILE" PLAIN SLAUGHTER

#### Turks Use German Transportation Plan for Wholesale Massacres

Nothing in all history, not even the Babylonian captivity of the Jews, can equal the present Armenian transportation question in Turkey, and the scheme is so huge that there is no doubt the Turks themselves could not plan it, says "an impartial eyewitness" in the current number of "Christian Work," he asserts.

"Early in the spring this year the Turkish government promulgated a temporary law, according to which the local officers could transfer individuals or whole communities from one place to another, if political circumstances necessitated it. The Armenian question is simply an application of this law. The whole scheme was well planned, strictly and skillfully carried out. Many Turks confess that it is a scheme hatched by infidel heads.

It seems the Germans suggested the scheme of transportation—but real, literal transportation of the Armenians to Mesopotamia and Syrian regions, in all safety. In this way they would have got rid of the Armenian question forever, and then Asiatic Turkey would be open and free from German colonization. That is the view of many Turks. An intelligent young Turk said to me that Turkey's case is lost forever. She will be swallowed either by the Allies or by the Germans—which is worse, he added with a sigh.

The Turks learned their lesson from the Germans very cleverly, and applied it. They adopted the transportation plan, and modifying it, adapted it to the Turkish custom. The Turks, of their own accord, would have massacred the people. But in this instance they transferred the poor disarmed people into lonesome mountain tops or valley or plains and butchered them there, without soiling the streets of their towns or villages.

This professedly bloodless transportation was more terribly disastrous than the irregular massacring by the crowds and mobs. In the latter case many had escaped and were saved, but now none were safe and none could escape. Terrible as the massacres of 1895-96 were, many who had seen them and escaped them longed for them, instead of being agonized for weeks with the terrible suspense and uncertainty of the reign of terror of 1915. This was a wholesale massacre—an attempt to exterminate a whole race. The commandant of gendarmes in Marsovan said it so: "Transportation means extermination." The way the plan of transportation was carried out in Marsovan was as follows: Soon after midnight on April 29, some twenty-five of the leading Armenians were arrested. Next day they were chained and sent to Sivas, the capital of the province. After a few days some fifty more were arrested and sent on. The process continued for weeks. None of the arrested returned. They either died of typhus, which reaped the soldiers in Sivas by hundreds daily, or were put to death.

Next day the public crier cried in the streets that all the Armenians in the town, women, children and old folks were to leave and go Mosul. It was the first time that the truth came home to the people. The poor began to sell what they had. They did not know all was in vain! Even what they would get in this way was to be taken from them on the way by robbers. Nothing was heard of these as to their further fate."

A lock of Napoleon's hair, cut while he was a prisoner at St. Helena, was sold in New York for \$107.50. The lock of hair was mounted and preserved within sheets of celluloid.

Australia seems to have an inexhaustible supply of marble which is found there in many colors in addition to pure white.



On and after Oct. 9th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:  
Service Daily Except Sunday. Express for Yarmouth...12 noon Express for Halifax and Truro...2.01 p.m. Accom. for Halifax...7.40 a.m. Accom. for Annapolis...6.35 p.m.

## St. John - Digby

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

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## FURNESS SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax
Nov. 30 Shendoah	Dec. 1st
Dec. 14 Kanawha	Dec. 16
Dec. 28 Rappahannock	Dec. 31
	Jan. 14

From Liverpool via Nfld	From Halifax via Nfld
Nov. 23 Durango	Nov. 27
	Dec. 12

Above sailings are not guaranteed and are subject to change without notice.

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

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Accom. ton & Fri.	Time Table in effect January 4, 1915	Accom. Mon. & Sat.
	Stations	Read up
11.10	L.V. Middleton A.R.	15.45
11.38	* Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.30
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	* Karadale	14.05
13.15	A.R. Port Wade L.V.	13.45

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