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H. WHITMAN.

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

A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM

I wonder how I'd like it, And I wonder who I'd be, Supposing I was somebody else, And somebody else was me! I wonder, I just wonder, What boy I'd like to be— Supposing I didn't like him When I found that he was me.

C HEART OF MINE

O heart of mine, be brave and strong, Though nights be dark and days be long; Above all clouds the skies are clear, And why shouldst thou have coward fear.

Thy Father is enthroned on high; Thou livest ever in His eye; His goodness doth thy footsteps guide; He marcheth ever by thy side.

Flinch not when enemies abound, And perils compass thee around, And let thy aims be pure and grand And firm as granite hills thy stand.

If thou must fight on any field, Maintain thy front and spurn to yield; When tides of battle surge and roll, Show thou the temper of thy soul.

Of victory thou canst not fail; The promise is, "Thou shalt prevail. Then lift aloft thy banner bright; Strike hard and home for God and right.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE KAISER

I ever regard his case as odd Who ventures to doubt that I'm a god; Few, in fact, can distinguish me From my friend and double, the Deity; Yet I can not behave like a fowl in air, I can not at once be everywhere.

Limited thus, I must needs decide, Where I would spend last Christmas-tide.

Various pleasant schemes I had— Paris and London and Petrograd— But I couldn't have painted them all three red, So I finally stayed at home instead.

SnowYule is on us again, and I'm Still bound by the laws of space and time;

My heart, like a common man's is torn Between the above and the Golden Horn,

With matins under a Moslem dome; But how can I do all four—(and Rome?)

Meanwhile it's bad for my beauty rest (East being east and west being west) If I'm expected to bear the brunts Arising out of a brace of fronts, Neither of which from distant view, Is doing as well as I told it to.

I find the travelling most severe, Though I only do it from rear to rear; And often enough has the wish occurred

That I could arrange to be a bird; And it's "Oh" I cry, with my bird-like voice, "Oh! for the wings—of a dove, for choice."

—PUNCH.

WITH THE GRAND FLEET

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.)

CHAPTER IV. SIMPLY HARD WORK

Besides the simple word "split" there is the simple word "work." Take the two together, mixing with them the proper quantity of intelligence, and you have something finer than Dreadnoughts; for it builds Dreadnoughts, or tunnels mountains, or wins victories.

In no organization would it be so easy as in the Navy to become slack. If the public sees a naval review it knows that its ships are clean—at least, the limited part of them which it sees. And it knows that there are turrets and guns.

But how does it know that the armour of the turrets is good, or that the guns will fire accurately? Indeed all that it sees is the shell. The rest must be taken on trust. A navy may look all right and be quite bad. The nation gives a certain amount or money to build ships which are taken in charge by officers and men who shut off from public observation, may be about as slack as they please.

The result rests with their industry and responsibility. If they are true to the character of the nation by and large that is all the nation may expect; if they are better, then the nation has reason to be grateful. Englishmen take more interest in their navy than Americans in theirs. They give it the best that is in them and they expect the best from it in return. Every youngster who hopes to be an officer knows that the Navy is no place for idling; every man who joins knows that he is in for no junket in a pleasure yacht. The British Navy I judged, had a relatively large percentage of the brains and application of Britain.

"It is not so different from what it was for ten years before the war," said one of the officers. "We did all the work we could stand then; and whether cruising or lying in the harbor, life is almost normal for us today."

The British Fleet was always on a war footing. It must be. Lack of naval preparations is more dangerous than lack of land preparation. It is fatal. I know of officers who had only a week's leave in a year in time of peace; their pay is less than our officers'. Patriotism kept them up to the mark.

And another thing; once a sailor, always a sailor, is an old saying; but it has a new application in modern navies. They become fascinated with the very drudgery of ship's existence. They like their world, which is their house and their shop. It has the attraction of a world of priestcraft, with them alone understanding the ritual. Their drill at the guns becomes the preparation for the great sport of target practice, which beats any big-game shooting when guns compete with guns, with battle practice greater sport than target practice. Bringing a ship into harbour well, holding her to her place in the formation, roaming over the seas in a destroyer—all means eternal effort at the mastery of material with the result positively demonstrated.

The Men Behind the Guns

In one of the Dreadnoughts I saw a gun's crew drilling with a dummy 6 inch, weight 100 lbs.

"Isn't that boy pretty young to handle that big shell?" an admiral asked a junior officer.

"He doesn't think so," the officer replied. "We haven't anyone who could handle it better. It would break his heart if we changed his position."

Not one of 50 German prisoners whom I had seen filing over in France was as sturdy as this youngster. In the ranks of an infantry company of an army he would have been above the average of physique; but among the rest of the gun's crew he did appear slight. Need more be said about the physical standard of the crews of the fighting ships of the Grand Fleet.

One had an eye to more than guns and machinery and to more than the character of the officers. We wanted to get better acquainted with the personnel of the men behind the guns. They formed patches of blue on the decks, as one looked around the Fleet, against the background of the dull, painted bulwarks of steel—the human element whose skill gave the ships life—deep-chested, vigorous men in their prime, who had the air of men grounded in their work by long experience. One noted when an order was given that it was obeyed quickly by one who knew what he had to do because he had done it thousands of times.

There are all kinds of bluejackets, as there are all kinds of other men. Before the war some took more than was good for them when on shore; some took nothing stronger than tea; some enjoyed the sailor's privilege of

growing; some had to be kept up to the mark sharply; an occasional one might get rebellious against the merciless repetition of drills.

The war imparted eagerness to all, the officers said. Infractions of discipline ceased. Days pass without any one of the crew of a Dreadnought having to be called up in default. I am told. And their health? At first thought one would say that life in the steel caves of a Dreadnought would mean pasty complexions and flabby muscles. For a year the crews had been the prisoners of that readiness which must not lose a minute in putting to sea if von Tripitz should ever try the desperate gamble of battle.

After a turn in the trenches the soldiers can at least stretch their legs in billets. A certain number of a ship's company now and then get a tramp on shore; not a real leave, but a personally conducted outing not far from the boats which will hurry them back to their stations on signal. However, all that one needs to keep well is fresh air and exercise. The blowers carry fresh air to every part of the ship; the breezes which sweep the deck from the North Sea are fresh enough in summer and little too fresh in winter. There is exercise in the regular drills, supplemented by setting-up exercises. The food is good and no man drinks or eats what he ought not to as he may on shore. So there is the fact and reason for the fact; the health of the men, as well as their conduct, had never been so good.

"Perhaps we are not quite so clean as we were before the war," said an officer. "We wash decks only twice a week instead of every day. This means that quarters are not so moist and the men have more freedom of movement. We want them to have as much freedom as possible."

Waiting, waiting, in such confinement for thirteen months; waiting for battle! Think of the strain of it! The British temperament is well fitted to undergo such a test, and particularly well fitted are these sturdy seamen of mature years. An enemy may imagine them wearing down their efficiency on the leash. They want a fight; naturally, they want nothing quite as much. But they have the seaman's philosophy. Old von Tripitz may come out and he may not. It is for him to do the worrying. They sit tight. The man's ardor is not imposed upon. Care is taken that they should not be worked stale; for the marksman who puts a dozen shots through the bullseye had better not keep on firing, lest he begins rimming it and get into bad habits.

Cogs in a Vast Machine

Where an army officer has a change when he leaves the trench for his billet, there is none for the naval officer, who, unlike the Army officer, is Spartan-bred to confinement. The Army pays its daily toll of casualties; it lies camped in dug-outs, not knowing what minute extinction may come. The Grand Fleet has its usual comforts; it is safe from submarines in a quiet harbour. Many naval officers spoke of this contrast with deep feeling, as if fate were playing favourites, though I never heard an army officer mention it.

The Army can give each day fresh proof of its courage in face of the enemy. Courage! It takes on a new meaning with the Grand Fleet. The individual element merges into gallantry of the whole. You have the very communism of courage. The thought is to keep a cool head and do your part as a cog in the vast machine. Courage is as much taken for granted as the breath of life. Thus, Cradock's men would till they went down. It was according to the programme laid out for each turret and each gun in a turret. Smith, of the Army leads a bomb-throwing party from traverse to traverse; Smith, of the Navy, turns one lever at the right second. Army gunners are improving their practice day by day against the enemy; all the improving by Navy gunners must be done before the battle. No slogs in trenches; no attacks and counter attacks; a decision within a few hours—perhaps one hour.

This partially explains the love of the Navy for its work; its cheerful repetition of the drills which seem such a wearisome business to the civilian. The men know the reason of their drudgery. It is an all-convincing bull's-eye reason. Ping-pong! One heard the familiar sound of sub-calibre practice, which seems as out of proportion in a 15in. gun as a mouse squeak from an elephant whom you expect to trumpet. As the result appears in sub-calibre practice, so it is practically bound to appear in target practice; as it appears in target practice so it is bound to appear in battle practice.

It was in the flagship that I saw a device which Sir John referred to as the next best thing to having the Germans come out. He took as much delight in it as the gun-layers who were firing at German Dreadnoughts of the first line, as large as your thumb, which were in front of a sort of hooded arrangement with the guns of a British Dreadnought inside—the rest I censor myself before the regular censor sees it.

When we heard a report like that of a small target rifle inside the arrangement, a small red or a small white splash rose from the metallic platter of the sea. Thus the whole German Navy has been pounded to pieces again and again. It is a great game. The gun-pointers never tire of it and they think they know the reason as well as anybody why von Tripitz keeps his Dreadnoughts at home.

The Towed Square of Canvas But elsewhere I saw some real firing; for ships must have their regular target practice, war or no war. If these cruisers steaming across the range had been sending 6in. or 8in. shrapnel, we should have preferred not to be so near that towed square of canvas. Flashes from turrets distinguishable at a distance from the neutral-toned bodies of the vessels and the shells struck, making great splashes just beyond the target which was where they ought to be.

A familiar scene, but with a new meaning when the time is one of war. So far as my observation is worth anything, it was very good shooting indeed. One broadside would have put a destroyer out of business as easily as a "Jack Johnson" does for a dug-out; and it would have made a cruiser of the same class as the one firing pretty groggy—this not from any experience of being in a light cruiser or any desire to be in one when it receives such a salute. But it seems to be waiting for the Germans any time that they want it.

ROYAL YEAST MAKES PERFECT BREAD

FISHER FOLK

A great many animals and birds are fond of fish. With some this is a regular diet, with others a welcome change from the ordinary menu.

In Alaska and parts of British Columbia bears may frequently be found beside a creek or river watching for salmon as they struggle up the streams to their spawning beds. Bruin will wade in and slowly go with the current until his little bright eyes sees a good-sized fish in the rapids; then, with a dexterous motion of his big hairy paw, he will scoop up his prize and climb up on the bank to enjoy his lunch. If a she-bear with cubs engages in the pastime the mother will walk into the water and catch fish for her family, throwing her catch out to the cubs on the shore, until they are satisfied; then she will feed herself.

Fish is the principal food of the otter, but he will not eat anything he does not catch himself. This may be for fear of poison; but the fact remains, so it is useless to try and trap him with a bait of this kind. Being web-footed the otter can swim very fast and is an expert fisher, seizing his prey between his strong jaws and coming to the bank to devour his catch, leaving the tail as a memento of his repast.

When hunger calls the heron or stork they go fishing. If you watch one of these birds when so employed you will notice him stalk slowly and silently along the shore of the pond or lake in shallow water, six or eight inches deep, with head well forward on a level with the top of his shoulders, while his big eyes keenly scrutinize every object in the water. He takes long steps and places each foot carefully in true still-hunter fashion to avoid alarming his game. When a fish comes within range the long neck is straightened out like a flash and the fish is seized and swallowed head first.

A pelican will devour more fish in a given time than any other bird. If you catch a young pelican after he has had a square meal you may find six or eight good-sized mullet in his neck and crop. The old birds who secure supplies for their young glutton to have to keep at their work very industriously and then he is not always satisfied with their efforts to fill his capacious crop.

It is very interesting to watch pelicans fishing on calm days when the surface of the water is smooth. The silver spray which rises when the big bird plunges into the water can be seen at a distance of two or three miles.

"The snake bird, so named because its neck and head are long and slender, suggesting the body and head of a snake, is a very adroit fisherman. It perches on a dead tree or branch overhanging water. When it sees a meal it slides off its perch, falls straight down and sinks out of sight. It goes down with head erect as if weighted with a bag of shot. This is the queerest of all the ways of diving. Expert as a diver, it pursues and catches fish very readily. On overtaking a fish the kink in its neck flies out and, like the swift stab of a dagger, the victim is transfixed. When the bird rises to the surface it tosses the fish in the air, catches it head first and in an instant it is gone.

Most people are acquainted with the habits of a kingfisher. You may see him beside any stream of water perched on a limb, motionless. Suddenly he dives into the water, and usually regains his perch with a minnow or other small fish on which he makes a meal.

A maid who had been employed in the Benner home for several years took unto herself a husband and went to a near-by town to live. One day about a month after the wedding she came to call on her former mistress, who said:

"Well, Phoebe, I hope that you are happy in your new home. How is your husband?"

"I'm Billy Sunday, and if you come to my meeting to-night, I'll show you the way to heaven."

"No!"

"Well, I reckon I'm happy enough, but the chimney in the kitchen don't draw none too good, and the water in the well is so brackish I ain't never going to get used to it. As for my husband, well, ma'am, it's with him as with your man an' all the rest of 'em, if the Lord had 'em to make over he could improve some on the job. Ain't eggs terribly high?"

A Scottish couple were on their way to be married, but on nearing the church the bride got rather anxious and finally burst out:

"Sandy, a hev, a secret tae tell you before we get marrit."

"Weel, an' whit is't, Mary?" queried Sandy.

"A canna cook very weel," replied Mary.

"Och," said Sandy, "never mind that; it's precious little ye'll get tae cook wi."

On his one hundredth birthday Nathan English, of Birmingham, N. Y., turned several handspins and jumped a four-foot picket fence.

Joker's Corner

"Oh, say, who was here to see you last night?"

"Only Myrtle, Father."

"Well, tell Myrtle that she left her pipe on the piano!"

Kate Douglas Wiggins choicest possession, she says, is a letter which she once received from the superintendent of a home for the feeble-minded. He spoke in glowing terms of the pleasure with which the inmates had read her little book, "Marm Lisa," and ended thus superbly:

"In fact, madam, I think I may safely say that you are the favourite author of the feeble-minded!"

A negro with a bad cut in his head came to a doctor. The doctor fixed him up, and as the man was about to depart, the physician said:

"That's a pretty bad cut in your head Henry. Why don't you profit by this lesson and keep out of bad company in the future."

"Well, I should like to doctor," replied Henry sadly, "but I ain't got no money to get er divorce you see."

Two neighbors had a long lawsuit about a small spring, which they both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said:

"What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?"

"Your honor will see the seriousness of the case," replied one of the lawyers, "when I tell you that both parties are milkmen."

Two women were seated side by side in earnest conversation in a Yorkshire car.

"So that's been to see him off?" said one.

"Aye," replied the other. "Ah've been to see him off. Eh, dear, but I didna know what to say to him. So I says, 'Well, good-bye, old lad,' I says, 'an' if tha thoomps t' Kaiser as tha's thoomped me he'll be sorry ye went to war!'"

He was a good little boy, says a London paper, and very thoughtful. It was during a long spell of dry weather, and he had heard of the great scarcity of water throughout the country. He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers. "Mama," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have scarcely enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, dear."

"Mama," he said in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very scarce, I think I ought to give up being washed."

In a Philadelphia family recently the engagement of a daughter was announced. A friend calling was met at the door by the colored maid, who announced: "No'm, Miss Alice ain't at home dis aft'noon—she gone down to de class."

"What class?" inquired the visitor.

"You know, Miss Alice is gwine to be ma'ied in de fall," explained the maid. "an' she's takin' a cou'se in domestic silence."

Mrs. Hoyt, who became the possessor of a fortune by the death of an aunt, did not like to admit her ignorance of any subject.

One afternoon she had a call from a prominent society woman, and the conversation turned upon books.

"Have you read Shakespeare's works?" asked the caller.

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Hoyt, "all of them—that is," she added hastily, "unless he has written something lately."

Billy Sunday, the famous evangelist once stepped a newsboy in Philadelphia and inquired the way to the post-office.

"Up one block and turn to your right," said the boy.

"You seem a bright little fellow," said Sunday, "do you know who I am?"

"No!"

"I'm Billy Sunday, and if you come to my meeting to-night, I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Aw, go on," answered the youngster; you didn't even know the way to the post office."

During the prosecution of a publican for selling whisky on Sunday the policeman who had made the capture was in court, and the bottle, with capsule unbroken, was at the judge's side.

After hearing the evidence the jury retired, but came back into court. "My lord," said the foreman, "the jury are quite satisfied as to the sale of the bottle, but they are not sure of its contents. May they have the bottle to satisfy themselves?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

After a short time the jury returned into court. "Well, gentlemen," said the judge, "have you come to a decision in the case?"

"There is no case, my lord," said the foreman. "There wasn't enough evidence to go round"

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

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.

Boston Service Steamers of the Boston and Yarmouth S.S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Wednesdays and Saturdays. R. U. PARKER, Gen. Passenger Agent. GEORGE E. GRAHAM, General Manager.

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ECONOMY is a good thing, but it should not be so applied as to limit the education of the young men and women who must be trained to bear unusual burdens now and when the war is over. Educate them now that they may effectively their part then. The commercial and industrial centres are already calling for them. MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE HALIFAX, N. S. E. KAULBACH C. A.

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