

## HOW LONG WILL THE WAR LAST?

The War Against Health Is Quickly Ended By "Fruit-a-tives".



MRS. DEWOLFE

East Ship Harbour, N.S.  
"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have received from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches, and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicines seemed to help me. Then I finally tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and the effect was splendid. After taking one box, I feel like a new person and I am deeply thankful to have relief from those sickening Headaches."  
Mrs. MARTHA DEWOLFE.  
"FRUIT-A-TIVES", the medicine made from fruit juices, has relieved more sufferers from Headaches, Constipation, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

### THE AVIATOR

Oh, I clamber up high to the vault of the sky,  
Far above all the muck of the trenches,  
Far above the quick fire of the max- im- gun fire,  
Far above all the reek and the stench,  
There's a puff from below in the lines of the foe,  
Where a gunner is seeking to harm me,  
But I drop and I rise from his bombs in the skies  
And I still am the Eye of the Army!  
For it's my job to learn every sally and turn  
Of the enemy right when they make it,  
I'm a sentry whose care is a post high air  
And it isn't for me to forsake it  
So I duck and I dip and I dodge and I skip  
From the aeroplane shells that would harm me,  
While the gunner with zest does his Sunday school best  
To put out the Eye of the Army.  
Now there isn't much chance for the ancient romance  
In these days of mechanical slaughter,  
When we shed human blood in a horrible flood  
On the face of the land and the water,  
But I'm not bound by the soldier's dull round,  
For in war's mighty game they star me,  
And it's still a great game full of glory and fame—  
To the venturesome Eye of the Army!

A patient in a hospital had been kept on low diet for a couple of weeks and naturally he longed for a square meal.  
One morning the doctor found him so much better that it seemed his appetite could at least be safely appeased. "Do you think you could eat a small chicken to-day, Tim?" asked the doctor.  
"Faith, an' I could sor," eagerly responded the patient.  
"And what would you like it stuffed with?" queried the doctor.  
"If it's all the same t'yez, answered Tim, Ol'd loik kt' have it stuffed with another chicken, sor."

A husband and wife ran a freak show in a certain provincial town, but unfortunately they quarreled, and the exhibits were equally divided between them. The wife decided to continue business as an exhibitor at the old address, but the husband went on a tour. After some years' wandering the prodigal returned and a reconciliation took place, as the result of which they became business partners once more. A few mornings afterward the people of the neighborhood were sent into fits of laughter on reading the following notice in the papers—"By the return of my husband my stock of freaks has been permanently increased."  
Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

### WITH THE GRAND FLEET

(Continued from page 6)

aloft, all agreed about one unexpected sensation, which had not occurred to any expert scientifically predicting what action would be like. They are the only ones who may really "see" the battle in the full sense.  
"When the shells burst against the armour," said one of these officers, "the fragments were visible as they flew about. We had a desire, in the midst of our preoccupation with our work, to reach out and catch them. Singular phenomenon, wasn't it?"  
At eight or nine thousand yards one knew that the modern battleship could tear a target to pieces. But eighteen thousand—was accuracy possible at that distance?  
"Did one in five German shells hit at that range?" I asked.  
"No!"  
Or in ten? No! In twenty? Still no, though less decisively. One got a conviction then, that the day of holding your fire until you were close in enough for a large percentage of hits was past. Accuracy was still vital and decisive, but not absolute accuracy. At eighteen thousand yards all the factors which send a thousand pounds or fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds of steel that long distance cannot be so gauged that each one will strike in exactly the same line when ten issues from the gun-muzzles in a broadside. But if one out of twenty is on at eighteen thousand yards, it may mean a turret out of action. Again, four or five might hit, or none. So, no risk of waiting may be taken, in face of the danger of a chance shot at long range. It was a chance shot which struck the Lion's feed tank and disabled her and kept the cat squadron from doing to the other German cruisers what they had done to the Blucher.

"And the noise of it to you aloft, spotting the shots?" I suggested. "It must have been a lonely place in such a tornado."  
"Yes. Besides the crashing blasts from our own guns we had the screams of the shells that went over and the cataracts of water from those short, sprinkling the ship with spray. But this was what one expected. Everything was what one expected except that desire to catch the fragments. Naturally one was too busy to think of anything else except the enemy's ships—to learn where your shells were striking."  
"You could tell?"  
"Yes. Just as well and better than at target practice; for the target was larger and solid. It was enthralling this watching the fight of our shells toward their target."  
**The Scars of Battle**  
Where were the scars from the wounds? One looked for them on both the Lion and the Tiger. That armour patch on the sloping top of a turret might have escaped attention if it had not been pointed out. A shell struck there and a fair blow, too. And what happened inside? Was the turret gear put out of order?  
To one who has lived in a ward-room a score of questions were on the tongue's end. The turret is the basket which holds the precious eggs. A turret out of action means two guns out of action; a broken knuckle for the pugilist.  
Constructors have racked their brains over the subject of turrets in the old contest between gun-power and protection. Too much gun-power, too little armour! Too much armour, too little gun-power! Finally, results depend on how good is your armour, how sound your machinery which rotates the turret. That shell did not go through bodily, only a fragment, which killed one man and wounded another. The turret would still rotate; the other gun kept in action and the one under the shell-burst was soon back in action. Very satisfactory to the naval constructors.  
Up and down the all but perpendicular steel ladders with their narrow steps, and through the winding passages below decks in those cities of steel, one followed the guide, receiving so much information and so many impressions that one was confused as to details between the two veterans, the Lion, which was hit fifteen times, and the Tiger which was hit eight. Wherever you went, every square inch of space and every bit of equipment seemed to serve some purpose.  
A beautiful hit, indeed, was that into a small hooded aperture where an observer looked out from a turret. He was killed and another man took his place. Fresh armour and no sign of where the shot had struck. Then below, into a compartment between the side of the ship and the armoured barbettes which protects the delicate machinery for feeding shells and powder from the magazine deep below the water to the guns.  
"H—was killed here. Impact of the shell passing through the outer plates burst it inside; and, of course, the fragments struck harmlessly against the barbettes."  
"Bang in the dugout!" one exclaimed, from army habit.  
"Precisely! No harm done next door."

Trench traverses and funk-pit shelters" for localizing the effects of shell-bursts are the terrestrial expression of marine construction. No one shell happened to get many men either on the Lion or Tiger. But the effect of the burst was felt in the passages, for the air-pressure is bound to be pronounced in enclosed spaces which allow of little room for the expansion of gases.  
Then up more ladders out of the electric light into the daylight hugging a wall of armour whose thickness was revealed in the cut made for the small doorway which you were bidden to enter. Now you were in one of the brain centres of the ship, where the action is directed. Through slits in that massive shelter of the heaviest steel one had a narrow view. Above them on the white wall were silhouetted diagrams of the different types of German ships, which one found in all observing stations. They were the most popular form of mural decoration in the British Navy.  
Underneath the slits were a literal panoply of the brass fittings of speaking tubes and levers and push buttons which would have puzzled even the City Exchange girl. To look at them revealed nothing more than what the eye saw; nothing more than the face of a watch reveals of the character of its works. There was no telling how they ran in duplicate below the water-line or under the protection of armour to the guns and engines.  
"We got one in here, too. It was a good one!" said the host.  
"Junk of course," was how he expressed the result. Here, too, a man stepped forward to take the place of the man who was killed, just as the first lieutenant takes the place of a captain of infantry who falls. With the whole telephone apparatus blown off the wall, as it were, how did he communicate?  
"There!" the host pointed toward an opening at his feet. If that failed there was still another way. In the final alternative, each turret could go on firing by itself. So the Germans must have done on the Bulchere and on the Gneisenau and the Scharnhorst in their last ghastly moments of bloody chaos.  
"If this is carried away and then that is, why then, we have—," as one had often heard officers say on board our own ships. But that was hypothesis. Here was demonstration which made a glimpse of the Lion and the Tiger so interesting. The Lion had a narrow escape from going down after being hit in the feed tank, but once in dry dock, all her damaged parts had been renewed. Particularly it required imagination to realize that this tower had ever been struck; visually more convincing was a plate elsewhere which had been left unpainted, showing a spatter of dents from shell-fragments.  
"We thought that we ought to have something to prove that we had been in battle," said the host. "I think I've shown all the hits. There were not many."

**Methods of Gunfire**  
Having seen the results of German gunfire, we were next to see the methods of British gunfire; something of the guns and the men who did things to the Germans. One stooped under the overhang of the turret armour from the barbettes and climbed up through an opening which allowed no spare room for the generously built, and out of the dim light appeared the glint of the massive steel breech block and gun, set in its heavy recoil mountings with roots of steel supports sunk into the very structure of the ship. It was like other guns of the latest improved type; but it had been in action, and one kept thinking of this fact which gave it a sort of majestic prestige. One wished that it might look a little different from the others, as the right of a veteran.  
As the plugman swung the breech open I had in mind a giant plugman on the U. S. S. Connecticut whom I used to watch at drills and target practice. Shall I ever forget the flash in his eye if there was a fraction of a second's delay in the firing after the breech had gone home! The way in which he made that enormous block obey his touch in oily obsequiousness suggested the apotheosis of the whole business of naval war. I don't know whether the plugman of H. M. S. Lion or the plugman of the U. S. S. Connecticut was the better. It would take a superman to improve on either.  
Like the block, it seemed as if the man knew only the movements of the drill; as if he had been bred and his muscles formed for that. One could conceive of him playing diavolo with that breech. He belonged to the finest part of the machinery, the human element, which made the parts of a steel machine play together in a beautiful harmony.

**The Gun-layer's Part**  
The plugman's is the most showy part; others playing equally important parts are in the cavern below the turret; and most important of all is that of the man who keeps the gun on the target, whose true right eye may send twenty-five thousand tons of battleship to perdition. No one

eye of any enlisted man can be so important as the gun-layer's. His is the eye and the nerve trained as finely as the plugman's muscles. He does nothing else, thinks of nothing else. In common with painters and poets, gun-layers are born with a gift, and that gift is trained and trained and trained. It seems simple to keep right on, but it is not. Try test and you will find that it is not; then think of the nerve it takes to keep right on in battle with your ship shaken by the enemy's hits.

How long had the plugman been on his job? Six years. And the gun-layer? Seven. Twelve years is the term of enlistment in the British Navy. Not too fast, but thoroughly is the British way. The idea is to make a plugman or a gun-layer the same kind of expert as a master artisan in any other walk in life, by long service and selection.  
None of all these men serving the two guns from the depths of the turret saw anything of the battle, except the gun-layer. It was easier for them than for him to be letter perfect in the test, as he had to guard against the exhilaration of having an enemy's ship instead of a cloth target under his eye. Super-drilled he was to that eventually; super-drilled all the others through the years, till each one knew his part as well as one knows how to turn the key of his drawer in his desk. Used to the shock of the discharges of their own guns at battle practice, many of his crew did not even know that their ship was hit, so preoccupied was each with his own duty, which was to go on with it until an order or a shell's havoc stopped him. Every mind was closed except to the thing which had been so established by drill in his nature that he did it instinctively.  
A few minutes later one was looking down from the upper bridge on the top of this turret and the black-lined planking of the deck eighty-five feet below, with the sweep of the firm lines of the sides converging toward the bow on the background of the water. Suddenly the ship seemed to have grown large, impressive; her structure had a rock-like solidity. Her beauty was in her unadorned strength. One was absorbing the majesty of a city from a cathedral tower and having been in its thoroughfares and seen the detail of its throbbing industry.

Beyond the Lion's bow were more ships, and port and starboard and aft were still more ships. The compass round filled the eye with the stately precision of the many squadrons and divisions of leviathans. One could see all the Fleet. This seemed to be the scenic climax; but it was not, as we were to learn later when we should see the Fleet go to sea. Then we were to behold the mountains on the march.  
One glanced back at the deck and around the bridge with a sort of relief. The infinite was making one dizzy. One wanted to be in touch with the definite again. But it is the writer, not the practical, hardened seaman, who is affected in this way. To the seaman here was a battleship with her sister battle-cruisers astern, and there around her were Dreadnaughts and cruisers and all manner of other craft which could fight each in its way, each representing so much speed and so much metal which could be thrown a certain distance.  
"Homogeneity!" Another favourite word I remember from our own ward rooms. Here it was applied in the large. No experimental ships there, no freak variations of type, but each successive type as a unit of action. Homogeneous, yes—remorselessly homogeneous. The British do not simply build some ships; they build a navy. And of course, the experts are not satisfied with it; if they were, the British Navy would be in a bad way. But a layman was; he was overwhelmed.

**An Admiral in Action**  
From this bridge of the Lion on the morning of January 24, 1915, Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty saw appear on the horizon a sight inexpressibly welcome to any commander who has scoured the seas in the hope that the enemy will come out in the open and give battle. Once that German battle-cruiser squadron had slipped across the North Sea and, under cover of the mist which has ever been a friend to the pirate, bombarded the women and children of Scarborough and the Hartlepool with shells meant to be fired at hardened adult males sheltered behind armour; and then, thanks to the mist, they had slipped back to Heligoland with cheering news to the women and children of Germany. This time they came out they encountered a British battle-cruiser squadron of superior speed and power, and they



had to fight as they ran for home.  
Now the place of an admiral is in his conning tower after he has made his deployments and the firing begun. He, too, is a part of the machine; his position defined, no less than the plugman's and the gunlayer's. Sir David watched the ranging shots which fell short at first, until finally they were on, and the Germans were beginning to reply. When his staff warned him that he ought to go below he put them off with a preoccupied shake of his head. He could not resist the temptation to remain where he was, instead of being shut up looking through the slits of a visor.  
But an admiral is as vulnerable to shell fragments as a midshipman, and the staff did its duty, which had been thought out beforehand like everything else. The argument was on their side; the commander really had none on his. It was then that Vice-Admiral Beatty sent Sir David Beatty to the conning tower, much to the personal disgust of Sir David, who envied the observing officers aloft their free sweep of vision.  
Youth in Sir David's case meant suppleness of limbs as well as youth's spirit and dash. When the Lion was disabled by the shot in her feed tank and had to fall out of line, Sir David must transfer his flag. He signalled for his destroyer, the Attack. When she came alongside, he did not wait for a ladder, but jumped on board her from the deck of the Lion. An aged vice-admiral with chalky bones might have broken some of them, or at least received a shock to his presence of mind.  
Before he left the Lion Sir David had been the first to sight the periscope of a German submarine in the distance, which sighted the wounded ship as inviting prey. Officers of the Lion dwell more on the cruise home than on the battle. It was a case of being towed at five knots by the Indomitable. If ever submarines had a fair chance to show what they could do it was then against that battleship at a snail's pace. But it is one thing to torpedo a merchant craft and another to get a major fighting ship, bristling with torpedo defence guns and surrounded by destroyers. The Lion reached port without further injury.

**HEALTH OF ANIMALS**  
The recently issued report of the Veterinary Director General (F. Torrance, B. A., D. V. S.) is a comprehensive document and one worthy of extensive public reading. There is no branch of agriculture of more universal importance than the health of food-producing and utility animals. Dr. Torrance goes fully into the activities of his branch. "In some directions," he says, "such as the control of glanders and of mange, much progress has been made; the country has been protected against invasion by diseases foreign to it; additional facts have been brought to light by the members of the branch engaged in scientific research, and there has been a marked advance in the division entrusted with the inspection of meat and canned foods." On the other hand, the Veterinary Director General continues, "I have to report a serious outbreak of dourine in the Province of Alberta and continued losses from hog cholera."  
Regarding glanders it was found necessary to slaughter only 353 horses in 1914 as compared with 638 in 1913. In combating hog cholera 9,900 hogs were slaughtered in 1914 at a cost of \$61,588.44 in compensation. The figures in the latter instance present a formidable aspect, but as Dr. Torrance remarks, "As long as the hog population of Canada is approximately 8,000,000 the loss of even 10,000 is not high." He adds that the disease rarely breaks out a second time on premises where it has been extirpated, that the feeding of uncooked garbage to hogs continues to be in many cases the cause of the initial outbreak, and that the neglect of owners to notify the department of the appearance of the disease is chiefly responsible for its spread. The last remark applies to the initiatory manifestation of all other infectious or contagious diseases. The war against tuberculosis continues with unremitting vigour.  
The research and experiments carried on at the different official laboratories is described, and statistical tables given of results, and of the inspection of animals imported and exported and of packing establishments and abattoirs. Import inspections from the United States and Newfoundland in the year ending March 31st, 1914, totalled 29,726 horses, 1,641 mules, 14,747 cattle, 213,332 sheep, 374 swine, 822 goats, 22 asses, 8 elk, and 5 elephants.  
Some two dozen contributions from the chiefs of divisions stationed at different points—inspectors, pathologists, biological experts and superintendents of quarantine stations—with a number of illustrations of animals variously infected, combine to make a most useful and widely interesting report, which can be had free on application to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

**Joker's Corner**  
Tourist—How far is it to the village of Slocum?  
Native—Folve mile, sir. But you be walking away from it.  
Tourist—But the sign post directed me this way.  
Native—Ah, yes! But we've 'ad all the signposts turned round to fool the Zeppelins.  
A special preacher about to ascend the pulpit in a country church was asked if he would like any special hymn to be sung to agree with his sermon.  
"No, no," he replied; "as a matter of fact, I hardly ever know what I'm going to say until I am in the pulpit."  
"Oh, well, in that case," said the vicar, "we had better have the hymn, 'For those at sea.'"  
A British officer inspecting sentries guarding the line in Flanders came across raw-looking yeoman.  
"What are you here for?" he asked.  
"To report anything unusual, sir."  
"What would you call unusual?"  
"I dunno exactly, sir."  
"What would you do if you saw five battleships steaming across the field?"  
"Sign the pledge, sir."  
An old farmer and his wife drove to market one day. It had been a very wet day, and large pools of water had formed in the roadways between the farm and the town.  
On the return journey an old friend was met.  
"And how are you to-day?" was the friendly greeting.  
"Oh, very well, thank you," answered the farmer.  
"How is the missus?" continued the friend.  
"She's fine, fine, fine," answered the farmer. "She's behind there," jerking his thumb toward the back seat.  
"She's not there!" said the astonished friend. The old farmer slowly turned and looked over his shoulder, then coolly replied:  
"Humph! That was the splash, then!"  
A gentleman who had the misfortune to lose his nose in a shooting accident had occasion daily on his way to business in Dublin to pass an old beggar woman, who invariably saluted him with the good-natured, but, to him, incomprehensible prayer:  
"Hiven preserve yer Honor's eyesight."  
The gentleman, after vainly trying to suggest to himself a satisfactory explanation of the curious wish, one day put it to the old woman.  
"Why do you desire my eyesight preserved? There is nothing the matter with it."  
"Well, yer Honor," replied the old woman, "it will be a bad thing for you if ever yer eyesight gets wake, for yerr'll have nothing to rest yer spectacles on."

**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.  
**FURNESS SAILINGS**  
From London From Halifax  
Nov. 6 Rappahannock Nov. 15  
Nov. 20 Shenandoah Nov. 27  
Nov. 20 Kanawha Dec. 11  
From Liverpool From Halifax  
via Nfld via Nfld  
Oct. 30 Lexington Nov. 25  
Nov. 6 Durango Nov. 25  
Nov. 20 Tabasco Dec. 7  
Above sailings are not guaranteed and are subject to change without notice.  
**Furness Withy & Co., Limited**  
Halifax, N. S.  
**H. & S. W. RAILWAY**  
Accom. Time Table in effect Accom.  
Mon. & Fri. January 4, 1915 Mon. & Fri.  
Read down. Stations Read up.  
11.10 Lv. Middleton Av. 15.45  
11.38 " Clarence 16.17  
11.55 " Bridgetown 16.01  
12.23 " Granville Centre 14.38  
12.39 " Granville Ferry 14.21  
12.55 " Karedale 14.05  
13.15 " Ab. Port Wade Lv. 13.45  
CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON  
WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RAILWAY AND D. A. RAILWAY.  
P. MOONEY  
General Freight and Passenger Agent  
**Yarmouth Line**  
Steamship Prince George  
Leaves Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturday at 5 p. m. Return leave Central Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday at 1 p. m.  
Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office.  
A. E. WILLIAMS, Agent  
Yarmouth, N. S.  
Boston and Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd  
**Bank Clerks**  
So many clerks have volunteered for Overseas Service that we cannot supply the demand for juniors. Those who have taken our junior courses have been promoted for efficiency. The demand is increasing with the duration of the war.  
Students accepted any day at the  
**MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
E. KAULBACH C. A.  
**FIRE!**  
If your home should burn tonight, how much would you loose?  
—LET THE—  
**Northern Insurance Co.**  
Protect your  
FRED E. BATH  
Local Agent

**Gin Pills**  
FOR THE KIDNEYS  
Why Demanded  
"Gin Pills did for my husband and me what no other remedy could. I have advised two other parties to use them, one of them being my mother who has been a great sufferer for upwards of 20 years, and one box cured her, so as to enable her to sleep on her left side, something she could not do for many a year. The doctors told her they could not cure her, but could relieve her by an operation for a floating kidney, but on account of her age they did not think it advisable for her to go. Upon my advice she tried Gin Pills which cured her and for which she is ever ready to speak in terms of praise."  
MRS. THOMAS H. PLESTID  
Richmond, P. O. Box 115  
P. E. Island  
Your druggist sells GIN PILLS—50c. the box.  
**National Drug & Chemical Co.**  
of Canada Limited, Toronto.