

TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

Sunday School Supt. Tells How "Fruit-a-lives" Relieved

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1913.
"I have lived in this city for more than 12 years and am well known. I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken "Fruit-a-lives" for 18 months now and an unpleasant to tell you that I am well. All the enlargement has not left my hands, and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in eighteen months."

R. A. WAUGH.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. All dealers or direct from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

THE ECONOMIC UNION OF CENTRAL AMERICA

(Written for the Journal of Commerce by Prof. W. W. Swanson)

The Hon. Walter Runciman announced recently in the House of Commons that the United Kingdom was already devising ways and means to retain permanently such trade advantages as she has secured during the course of the war over Germany. In South America and the Far East especially has Britain strengthened her position in finance and commerce. British manufacturers have made immense strides in the chemical and electrical trades since August, 1914, and here as elsewhere methods are being devised to consolidate and protect this business after the war. The German electrical industry has made great strides in the past ten years chiefly because of the close association of the banking power of the country with industrial enterprise. The Consolidated Electrical Corporation of Germany got contracts all the way from Bombay to Valparaiso because German banking capital was forthcoming to finance the enterprises. English manufacturers will, in the future, work in close co-operation with British financial institutions and fight the Germans with their own weapons. Already strong in South America, Africa and Asia, England will hold a yet stronger position in these continents after the close of hostilities. The German Junker ruling caste, which we have been only too inclined to believe slow-witted and dull in matters of trade and commerce, realizes the meaning and the scope of world-changes after the war, and is preparing to meet them. This it proposes to do by forming a trade alliance in Central Europe as a counterpoise to England's power elsewhere.

The Change in the German Landed Aristocracy

We have made many mistakes in estimating the relative value of certain social forces in Germany, and nowhere have we made greater blunders than in our estimate of the work and ideals of the Prussian Junkers, the landed proprietors who have formed the backbone of the German military system. We know that they have been arrogant and selfish, class-conscious and brutal, obstinate and proud. But we have not yet realized that a profound change has also taken place in the economic position of this class. They are no longer mere landowners, they have intermarried with the manufacturing and trading classes, and have a direct stake in the economic expansion of Germany on industrial lines. Still the bulwark of the Hohenzollern clan they realize that the people can be made docile and obedient only by providing them with work and wages adequate to the higher standard of living in the last generation have attained. They desire above all to make Germany strong as a military power, realizing that an agrarian policy alone will not do that, since financial power is of almost equal importance for war as food power. Because of the changes in their own economic position, therefore, as well as for military reasons, they have begun to think of politics in terms of trade as well as of land. The Junker class was responsible for the last visit of the Kaiser to Constantinople, whence he returned in triumph with important Turkish concessions, and especially with the concession, valued above all others, to complete the Bagdad railway. This road, when completed, will permit Germany to dominate the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and will open up an enormous territory for German exploitation. By the irony of fate the greater part of the capital required for its construction has been secured from Great Britain and France, particularly from the latter country. England, however, has

insisted on controlling the terminus on the Persian Gulf, in order to protect India. The complete control of the railway, however, was essential to Germany's plans of future expansion, and was one of the direct causes of the war, for this devastating struggle is fundamentally economic, and not political, in nature.

The quarrel with France over Morocco can be explained on similar grounds. Germany's deposits of iron vast as they have been, were rapidly becoming exhausted; and iron is the most vitally necessary raw material of the industry of to-day. Germany, shut out from the Americas by the Munro Doctrine, looked to the Near and Far East and to Africa, for compensations. She found them in Kia Chou in China, a military base that made her supreme over an enormous territory, rich in ores and other raw materials, and the most remunerative trade of the Flower Kingdom. Foiled for the moment in making Morocco politically her own, she was yet able to obtain valuable economic rights in North Africa. For the last decade she has stood in the way of the realizing of Cecil Rhodes's great project—the Cape to Cairo railway. And in the Near East she has had mapped out a sphere of influence that gave her dominion over one of the richest undeveloped territories in the world. Not only so, but she had placed herself in a position to shortly dominate the Suez and the Persian Gulf, and with these, Egypt and India. The Prussian Junkers were in a fair way of realizing their dream of German world empire.

The New Customs Union

In great measure the war has destroyed all these bright hopes and expectations. Germany's hold on the Far East has gone; and it is scarcely probable that, in our generation at least, she will regain what has been lost there. One after another her colonies in Africa are falling into the hands of Britain; and "what we have hold." The terms of peace will exclude her entirely from Morocco. What, then, is left? German Junkers and statesmen turn longing eyes to the Balkans, to Turkey in Europe, and Asia. They still see a great future for Germany in the Near East, a future that can be made sure with the help of Austria.

The Rule of the Dual Monarchy

Recently, and again at the instigation of this Junker caste which we have fondly imagined as mediaeval in mind, narrow in outlook, and stupid in national policy, the Kaiser visited Vienna. Coincident with that visit three Austrian ministers were swept into political oblivion. On his return to Germany it was triumphantly announced that a Central European Customs Union had been formed to include, in the first instance, Austria-Hungary and Germany; while later all the Balkan states that have been friendly to the Central Powers, will be taken in. Finally, by mere economic pressure, "buffer" states like liberated Poland will be included, and States that are destined to become mere satellites of the Central Empires—the Scandinavian countries, Holland and Switzerland. Thus the old German Customs Union first formed in 1834 and consolidated in 1870, is to be further extended to include all the States North, Central and Eastern Europe.

This grandiose scheme is to be launched on its way at the close of the war. The Union will not be merely economic in nature, but will be, also, a great military confederation able to defy the strongest combination of hostile powers. Germany's economic expansion will grow apace. Turkey will be developed for food supplies; the Balkan States and the Turkish Black Sea coast will furnish minerals; and Mesopotamia will be irrigated and cultivated scientifically so that Germany will be no longer dependent upon American cotton supplies. In a word we will find within this Confederation all the elements necessary to make it self-sustaining, and free it from the dangers of Britain's sea power. Germany will make unrivalled progress, safe and secure from perils by land or sea; for an immense tributary territory will supply her with food and all kinds of necessary raw materials.

The Customs Union and the War

Not even Germany's enemies will deny that there is imagination and vision in this great scheme. It will break down many present trade barriers, and will usher in free trade over an immense area. It may even be that the States concerned, from the purely economic point of view, would stand to gain enormously. Free trade between Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Belgium on the one hand, and the Central European and Balkan States on the other, would undoubtedly bring a greater measure of prosperity to all. But the whole plan rests upon a triumphant conclusion of the war for Germany and Austria. It needs for its fulfillment huge war indemnities, and free-



Major von Putkammer Enjoys Himself

(By Diederan de Foos)

The German troops who had taken part in the massacre of the inhabitants and the destruction of Visé arrived a few days later at Heure-le-Romain, where they encamped. Major von Putkammer was in command of the battalion. The first thing he did was to take several hostages, the burgomaster, M. Leonard, and others, among them a priest, Father X—, brother of the doctor of Elderen. Nothing exceptional happened until the evening, when, without the slightest provocation on the part of the inhabitants, who had been warned by the authorities to behave with all quietness and courtesy towards the invaders, and who, moreover, had before them the terrible example of the suffering inflicted on villages in the vicinity, shots were suddenly fired. Major von Putkammer ordered his soldiers immediately to make the whole population, numbering at least fifteen hundred persons, leave their homes and repair to the church, a beautiful old building which had just been restored. Those of the people who did not go quickly enough, or who waited even to put on some clothing, were struck by the soldiers with their rifles, without respect of age or sex, and driven before them to the church. Old men, paralytics, invalids, were dragged from their armchairs or beds and if they were literally incapable of walking, were put on barrows like pigs and wheeled there. When all the lamentable procession had arrived they were crowded into the church, which was too small to hold them. Then Major von Putkammer, surrounded by officers and soldiers to defend him from this crowd of terrified, defenceless people, trembling before him, had the great doors of the building opened and three machine guns turned upon them. Next he delivered a long speech to the crowd in which he pointed out that the village authorities were guilty of having insulted the troops of His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser. From time to time he gathered further inspiration from copious draughts from the glass of wine always kept replenished at his elbow, and, to bring home his words to them, Major von Putkammer made his soldiers fire the machine guns at first into the air. For more than an hour this went on, an hour that seemed to the poor wretches in the church an eternity. When he had finished, Major von Putkammer had the door barred and stationed sentinels outside it, absolutely forbidding them to allow the windows to be opened. When one of them had been surreptitiously opened a few inches, a soldier fired at it shivering the glass to atoms. The poor wretches spent the next twenty-four hours, naturally without either food or drink. The next day something else had to be done to vary the program of festivities. The church doors were opened, and the Major began to deliver his splendid lesson to the inhabitants. They were ranged against the wall of a farm when a striking incident took place. The Mayor, M. Leonard, and the priest back to back. Doubtless M. Leonard's brave sacrifice had seemed to von Putkammer a piece of impertinence, and he thought that these two, whom he judged among the worst culprits, deserved a death less kind than that of shooting. And so the soldiers were first ordered to beat them with the butts of their rifles, and it was only when the blood was pouring down the two victims that von Putkammer gave the order to fire, and the hostages were shot. But once von Putkammer had tasted blood he could not stop. He had his reserve, the rest of the civilian hostages, brought out of the church and had about forty-seven of them in turn shot till the square in front of the church ran red with blood; then he wound up by setting fire to about seventy of the houses. Only one of the hostages escaped. His wife was kissing him a last good-bye, when, without warning, the shots were fired. She was killed instantaneously, while he received but a slight wound, though he fell helplessly to the ground, his wife's dead body on top of him. When he regained consciousness he had the sense to lie still and sham death until night, when he managed to escape in the darkness.

Two Belgian Stories from "Everyman"

Major von Putkammer Enjoys Himself (By Diederan de Foos)

Let us not forget that von Putkammer and his soldiers had as their motto: "Gott mit uns!!!" as if they would make the Almighty the accomplice of their atrocities. With the crimes of theft and incendiarism on their conscience, and their hands red with the massacre of innocent people, they reeled through the streets singing "Deutschland uber alles!"

Were von Putkammer and his faithful followers, we wonder, among those who sacked Louvain? The methods employed were the same. He has distinguished himself on more than one occasion in the devastation of Belgium and the massacre of her people. Where is he now? We would almost hope that he has not met a soldier's death, too merciful an end for such a scoundrel, but that Major von Putkammer, who is probably colonel or even general now, for his terrorism of the Belgium populations, must have met with his reward, and those hundreds of innocent victims must have surely gained him more than one Iron Cross. If only it were possible to bring him and others like him to account before the Germans are forced to retreat from those Belgian provinces still under the heel of the Germans that the people may not suffer yet more when at last the barbarians withdraw, and that the cynical German prophecy may not be fulfilled: "That not a stone shall be left standing nor a living being in Belgium."

II. THE SPY

(By Eugene Montfort)

No revolution, no cataclysm, has ever been so rich as the present war in extraordinary happenings. Every day, all along the immense firing line, the most amazing incidents are taking place. We are becoming accustomed to believing the incredible and Fate can play no tricks that astound us. Henceforth we would believe nothing impossible.

Let me tell you a curious and absolutely authentic story, one of the many thousands of strange incidents occurring every day, the greater part of which we never hear of. Captain Belmont was seriously wounded during the fighting in Champagne. Picked up on the battlefield, he was taken to the hospital of a little town near by, where he died a few days later without ever having regained consciousness. His pockets having been examined, among his papers was found an envelope addressed to his wife, on which was written also, "Please send this to the above address in the event of my being seriously wounded." The hospital authorities therefore forwarded the letter, and a notice describing her husband's condition, to Madame Belmont, who lived in Paris. She arrived at the hospital just after her husband had breathed his last.

The nun who had nursed him received her, a gentle, kindly woman, full of tact and sympathy, and she tenderly comforted the heart-broken widow, who had completely broken down when she found that she had arrived too late. She guessed that the worst moment for this poor young widow would be when she saw her husband so terribly disfigured. And, guessing what a dreadful impression it would make on her, she tried to spare her this added suffering and spoke so wisely and kindly that she ended by convincing her that it would be better not to see the dead body of her husband, that she might always remember him as she had seen him last alive and well.

After the funeral Madame Belmont returned to Paris and led a sad, lonely life in the house where she had known such happiness. She had refused to leave Paris, saying she wished no distraction, and that she preferred to be alone with her memories of the past. She shrank from her former friends, and seemed to prefer to be left alone with her thoughts, to dwell on the past and forget the grey future that sooner or later had to be faced. She went out as little as possible, busying herself with the sad work of going through his clothes, his papers, re-reading his letters, remembering all that he had said and done, and all their happy life together, and that was now but a dream from which she must wake up to the terrible reality that he was dead and gone forever.

Madame Belmont had been a widow for three months, when one morning when her letters were brought to her as usual she turned pale and nearly fainted, for the writing on one of the envelopes was that of her husband. She gazed at the paper, almost a-fraid to touch it, for it seemed like a ghost of the past. But at last she tore open the envelope and read, scarcely able to understand the meaning of the words before her. Her husband had been wounded, so he wrote, in Champagne, and taken to a hospital in Normandy, where for months

he had lain between life and death, scarcely ever conscious. Now the worst was over, and he was able to write her those few sentences in a feeble handwriting, but he mentioned the date when he was wounded, and it was the same date as the date the nun at the hospital at X— had told Madame Belmont. After reading and re-reading the almost illegible letter it at last dawned on Madame Belmont that the husband whom she had believed dead was still alive. That was enough, and she fell on her knees in a prayer of thankfulness.

But miracles, alas! do not happen nowadays, and those who are dead do not come to life again.

This is what had happened.

It was not Captain Belmont who had died at the hospital X—, though this terrible disfigured officer who was carried into the hospital was wearing his uniform and carrying his letters and papers. He told his wife later how he had been left for dead on the battlefield and recovered consciousness to find a German removing his uniform and putting it on himself. The man was just going away when he happened to bend down and pick up some papers that had fallen out of the pocket of the coat. And the captain managed somehow to grasp his revolver and fire into the face of the man who was bending over him. Then he lost consciousness again. And when he came to himself he was in the hospital.

He supposed that the man who had stolen his uniform and whom he had killed was a spy, hoping by thus disguising himself to be able to pass in the French lines and obtain information.

But one of the extraordinary results of this incident is that, although Captain Belmont is very much alive to-day, his death having been declared and officially inscribed, he has at the moment, no actual civil existence. To all intents and purposes he is dead. His signature is of no value, nor can he receive or acquire, buy or sell in his own name. He forms no part of the living community, and, although he is not dead, his wife is legally his widow, and were a child born to him just now it would be posthumous.

And to clear up this absurd situation and allow M. Belmont to come back to life as a citizen of France, all kinds of formalities are necessary, that just at the present time take longer than ever to transact.

MAUD S. AND DAN PATCH

Dominion Department of Agriculture, Dairy Division, Ottawa

Names to conjure with amongst lovers of horseflesh were Maud S. and the famous Dan. They were the outcome of patient training grafted on sterling qualities of form and endurance; they were developed in speed and staying power when some evidences of their excellence had been discovered.

In the dairy world many names of excellent cows are emblazoned in history. They have made astounding records in the hands of careful feeders who discovered their great capacity. Note two points; first, although many good records are now known, the possibilities of such yields of milk and fat were, in many cases totally undreamed of even by the men who at one time owned such magnificent cows; second, what has added to the value of the world's record breakers is the very fact that simple, cold arithmetic has been used to calculate the milk and fat production.

Some system of dairy records, then, has helped this discovery of the competitors of Maud and Dan; records are helping dairymen to-day to discriminate intelligently between the plodding utility cow and the high-speed long endurance cow. A note to the dairy division, Ottawa, will bring any reader, without cost, samples of record forms, the keeping of which will prove a useful eye-opener, and increase your income.

C. F. W.

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On and after Oct. 9th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:

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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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Feb. 10 Rappahannock	Feb. 29
Feb. 29 Shenandoah	March 15
March 14 Kanawha	March 31

From Liverpool via Nfld	From Halifax via Nfld
Feb. 17 Durango	Feb. 29
Feb. 29 Tabasco	March 15
March 14 (from Glasgow Graciana)	March 29

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

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H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Time Table in effect: Mon. & Fri. January 4, 1915. Accom. Mon. & Fri.

Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton A.S.	15.45
11.38	" Clarence	15.37
11.55	Bridgetown	15.30
12.23	Granville Centre	14.58
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	" Kaysdale	14.05
13.15	Aa. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

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BIG GERMAN BANKS FAIL

The London Daily Express gives prominence to despatches from Switzerland announcing the failure of two large banking institutions in the south of Germany, one with alleged liabilities of over \$125,000,000. It is the belief that these are the forerunners of other and more extensive failures due to the ruin of Germany's export trade and the depreciation in value of the "mark."

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