

## A LIFETIME OF SICKNESS

Worn Out, Thin and Miserable Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

PALMERSTON, June 20th, 1914.  
"Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives,' your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, 'I am taking Fruit-a-tives.' He said, 'If Fruit-a-tives make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can.'"

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

The codfish lays a million eggs.  
While the helpful hen lays one.  
The codfish lays a million eggs.  
But the codfish does not cackle.  
To inform us what she's done;  
And so we scorn the codfish coy.  
But the helpful hen we prize;  
Which indicates to thoughtful minds  
It pays to advertise.

### SONNIE'S PRAYER

Listen Saviour, while I pray  
For my daddy, far away;  
Gone—as mother says—to fight  
For our Country, King and Right!  
Shield my daddy, Saviour, shield  
On the distant battlefield.

When the shells are falling near,  
Wounding, killing, front and rear;  
When his trench is bullet-swept,  
Safely may he then be kept;  
Shield my daddy, Saviour, shield  
On the distant battlefield.

Take away my mother's fear,  
Bid her dry each big warm tear;  
Thou canst guard him to the end,  
And from every foe defend;  
Shield my daddy, Saviour, shield  
On the distant battlefield.

Answer, Saviour, while I pray  
For my daddy, far away;  
Grant us victory, send us peace,  
Let this cruel war-time cease;  
Until then my daddy shield  
On the distant battlefield.

### THE BOY WHO MEANT TO

He meant to get up early, when the air was crisp and cool,  
And mow the lawn and clip the hedge before he went to school;  
But he was tired and sleepy when he woke at break of day,  
So said another time would do and slipped in dreams away.

At school he meant to lead his class before the term was done;  
But lessons are such stupid things, and boys must have some fun.  
In manhood feats he likewise meant to earn some laurels, too;  
But fame is such a fickle dame and picks her favorite few.

He meant to reach a wise old age, esteemed by great and low;  
But wisdom's path is hard and steep, and pleasure lured below.  
But since he never really tried the things he meant to do,  
That nothing ever came of them, I'm not surprised, are you?

### A LIFE LESSON

There! little girl, don't cry!  
They have broken your doll, I know  
And your tea set blue.  
And your playhouse, too,  
Are things of the long ago;  
But childish troubles will soon pass by—

There! little girl, don't cry!  
They have broken your slate, I know,  
And the glow, glow ways  
Of your school-girl days  
Are things of the long ago;  
But life and love will soon come by—

There! little girl, don't cry!  
They have broken your heart, I know,  
And the rainbow gleams  
Of your youthful dreams  
Are things of the long ago;  
But heaven holds all for which you sigh,  
There! little girl, don't cry!

The Czar of Russia is reported to be the richest living monarch. He has an income of \$10,000,000 yearly from his Romanoff private estate and another \$10,000,000 as salary, besides a return from many profitable investments abroad.

It is claimed that women are superior to men in making of certain parts of shell because their fingers are more supple than men's, as a result of long hours with the needle.

### THE "MORAL KERNEL OF EUROPE"

A volume of evidence on "Germany's Violations of the Laws of War," which has been prepared under the auspices of the French Foreign Office, is a terrible commentary upon the exalted pretensions to moral excellence which that nation and her sycophants shamelessly advance on her behalf. It has been translated by Mr. Bland with an introduction and we trust that all readers of the English language who still harbour doubts as to the true fruits of the German habit of mind will test its lofty claims by the facts here recorded. The special value of the book is that most of the statements it contains are those of German witnesses, and particularly of German documents. It is from these journals and letters of German prisoners and German dead that the spirit of "militarism" inculcated into the Army and the nation by the officers, their professors and their publicists may best be judged. The French publication confronts the deeds of the German Army with the solemn pledges and assurances given by the German Government to wage war in accordance with the provisions of international law and the usages of civilization. These undertakings are, indeed, explicit, but all the world knows that the new Teutonicism regards promises and treaties as "just scraps of paper." We shall not trouble to show that murder and rape, loot and arson, or the cowardly use of women and children to screen troops are forbidden by express agreements to which Germany is a party. We shall confine our extracts to a few of the passages in which these apostles of Kultur record their own deeds and those of their comrades. These records we are told, are taken almost at random from hundreds of others. There can be no question of their authenticity. They give names, and dates and places in the original German, and the actual handwriting is reproduced by photography. Let us see what light they throw upon the assertion of the Dutch admiral of Germany whose claim that "she stands upon a quite extraordinary high moral level" has been quoted with marked satisfaction in the Cologne Gazette.

"We have burnt the church at Villers and shot the inhabitants," is among the entries in the note-book of a German lieutenant. Then comes the familiar pretext that shots had been fired against the invaders from the tower. But the lieutenant in this account, meant only for friendly German eyes, goes on to say that in fact "it was not the inhabitants of Villers who fired at us, but certain expert men and forest-rangers." "At Lefte nineteen civilians shot.... Ten more men have been shot.... We have received orders to shoot the entire male population." are successive entries in another note-book. "Through Creil. The iron bridge had been blown up; for that whole streets were burned and civilians shot," another hero jots down. A Bavarian notes that a woman was shot because she did not halt at the word of command. "Hereupon the whole place was set on fire." "A great deal was wantonly destroyed," says a Saxon soldier. "The houses are a terrible sight. Everything ransacked and smashed." Most of the stories about cutting off children's hands and outraging women are invented or exaggerated, but, he adds, "when there is some truth in them, they apply only to a few criminals." The people of Dinant are charged with firing on "our regiment." "All those who showed themselves or who were thrown out of the houses were shot, whether men or women. Corpses were lying in the street piled up a yard high." "The people always civil. If one behaves properly to them," another invader remarks of the Belgians. "Everything is pillaged.... It looks like the work of robbers," a non-commissioned officer reports. He was not alone in his opinion. "It was not long before we could tell whether our Kultur was a mere surface varnish or something more deeply rooted," a comrade observes, who looked upon things "from the aesthetic and moral point of view." "All moral sense is deadened," he complains, and presently we hear from another witness of "the French thrown into the blazing houses, civilians burnt with the rest." Dancing flames bore witness to another deed of German heroism! "C'est la Guerre!" is the brief comment on another crime. "We had dinner at 1 o'clock and it was eaten in the company of dead Frenchmen. One gets used to everything," a philosopher writes. "We counted over 200 (civilians shot). Women and children, lamp in hand, were forced to look on at the horrible scene. We ate our rice later in the midst of the corpses." Such is the civilizing agency of "frightfulness" at work. Then we have the account of the burning of the whole village of Saint-Maurice. "Neither man, woman nor child could escape.... All the inhabitants left in the village were burnt with the houses." "This method of making war is absolutely barbarous" is the

judgement of a non-commissioned officer. Among the victims at another village were many old women, some old men, and a half-delivered woman, awful to see." And so the chronicle goes on. "Parus was the first village we burnt," writes another Bavarian; "then we got to work, and one village after another burst into flames.... 'We ate cherries.' 'There is really some truth in all the talk about German barbarians,' is the conclusion of Private Hans Wix. The murderer of prisoners, wounded and unwounded, is clearly established. "I don't wish to see any English prisoners with my company," was the hint of a certain captain, received with "a general bravo" by his men.

These are the acts, registered under their own hands, of the nation whom her flatterers describe as "the sound moral kernel of Europe, from which must proceed the moral regeneration of our world." It is at her service that Belgium ought to have placed herself in order thus to place herself "at the service of humanity." This is the fashion in which Germans have fulfilled, and are fulfilling the fixed purpose of which some twenty-seven of the most distinguished of their religious leaders spoke at the commencement of the war. "It was from the beginning, and still remains," these holy preachers of the Gospel wrote to their British brethren, "the earnest resolution of our people to wage the war with conscientious self-restraint and in the spirit of Christian charity.... If now, the war must be fought through, it ought to be the concern of all Christians in all lands to ensure that it be fought with honourable weapons." They deprecate very rightly lies and calumnies. But do they impugn the authenticity of these letters and note books of German soldiers adduces to demonstrate how Germany makes war? If they do not impugn it, what have they to say of the confessions it records? Will they not open their lips to their own countrymen and preach to them "the conscientious self-restraint" and "the spirit of Christian charity" they profess to reverence? Do they, or do they not, think these deeds wicked and inhuman? If they do, why do they take refuge in a cowardly silence—a silence which, as they know, makes them share in the guilt of the crimes they refrain from denouncing? If they do not, let them have the courage of their convictions and tell the world in words, as the soldiers of the sanctimonious Kaiser have told it in deeds clearer than any words, that there is a type of German Christianity which condones murder, rape and rapine as legitimate means of war.

### HOW BUSINESS WILL BE AFFECTED

To the Editor:—  
The Indicator has the following: "As a matter of sheer common sense we know that if the liquor business were abolished the people would buy more of farm products, more of clothing, more of flour, more of meat, more of every commodity than they now purchase." The experience of no-license cities has ever shown that where the saloons are closed men buy more cigars and tobacco in spite of the frantic effort made by the liquor business within the past few months to persuade tobacco dealers and growers that it is to their interests to fight prohibition.

In fact outside the liquor business there is not a single industry, line of trade or business the interests of which would be adversely affected by prohibition. The cooper will not make whisky barrels or beer barrels but the demand for flour barrels will be much greater. The manufacturer of saloon cars will find his market gone, but will find a bigger market for home furniture opened. The man who builds buildings for liquor selling will build factories and homes. The man who makes beer and whiskey bottles will make milk bottles.

All this is determined by the simple rule that people are going to buy the things they want, the necessities and comforts, and luxuries of life and that their buying will be enormously increased when the liquor traffic stops robbing them."

When a brewery in West Virginia was closed it was converted into a packing house which immediately gave employment to ten times as many men as the brewery had ever done.

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

Lieutenant General Sir Bryan Thomas Manon, who gained fame as the leader of the expedition that marched to the relief of Mafeking, in the South African War, has been appointed to the command of the British forces in Serbia.

Purifying the air by chemical means, a German inventor claims to have perfected a diving suit which permits a man to remain under water for hours without connection with the upper world.

### BISMARCK'S LETTERS FROM FRONT IN 1870

Correspondence With His Wife Shows Softer Side of Iron Man

(New York "Sun.")

It was different in 1870. The German Chancellor of that day was only First Minister of the Kingdom of Prussia, but unlike Bethmann-Hollweg of to-day, he followed the German armies into France, and shared their hardships as a soldier. The Chancellor of that day was Otto von Bismarck. In deliciously frank and often humorous letters to his wife, Bismarck told of his hardships, reported the progress of the war and growled out his impatience with royal persons, and gave news of his two sons.

He suffered a plague of princes, and Bismarck had in his heart of hearts no great veneration of royalty. Already he probably felt himself greater than any living Hohenzollern. Bismarck in 1870 was 55. He had been twenty-three years in public life and head of the Ministry for eight years. He did not actually fight in the war, not being sufficiently acquainted with military affairs to have command befitting his rank, but his two sons, William and Herbert, were cavalrymen, and the father watched over them as best he could, and faithfully reported their movements and conditions to their loving mother. The man of blood and iron shows himself in these letters as having other and sweeter elements in his composition.

Herbert, the elder son, 21 years old, was early laid up with a wound, and Bismarck was almost glad of it for his wife's sake, because it took the youth permanently out of the fighting. For William, the younger, Bismarck inquired of every one who might have news of him. At last every dragon to whom he addressed such inquiry, answered with a grin, for William, according to his father, had an infectious jollity.

From Pont-a-Mousson Bismarck wrote: "The people here take me for a bloodhound. The old women, when they hear my name, fall upon their knees and beg me for their lives. Attila was a lamb compared with me." Yet that was the man who wrote so tenderly to his wife.

Bismarck's impatience with royalty developed while he was still on German soil. He wrote from Mainz early in August, saying: "At H. M. I generally decline to remain on account of fatigue; it is draughty there in the dining room, and the high personages are becoming so numerous that my conversational duties are not fulfilled without fatigue."

At Hamburg early in August Bismarck complains to his wife of being forced to occupy a small house with ninety soldiers and many footmen, "separated from all the consellers. (with and without titles)" and he adds: "It is really maddening to see the princely onlookers take up all the available space and compel Room and me to leave our working force behind so that these sightseeing Royal Highnesses with their servants, horses and adjutants, may find room."

At Ferrières on Oct. 1, Bismarck wrote: "Yesterday we celebrated Her Majesty's birthday with congratulations at 10 and a sleeked up dinner with princes and decorations. That sort of thing is wearing, because I have to talk carefully with the gentlemen and politely."

By this time Bismarck was coveting the Iron Cross for his boys and discontented that it was not conferred. The name of Bismarck, he thinks, would be too frequent on the list of cross bearers, for he has the honor and so has a distant relative. "I myself wear it, certainly unmerited," he says, "but cannot give it back to the King. I am sure \*\*\* I should like to give mine to one of the boys if I could." Later he notes with disapproval the frequency of the cross upon the breasts of young fellows no more deserving than Herbert and William.

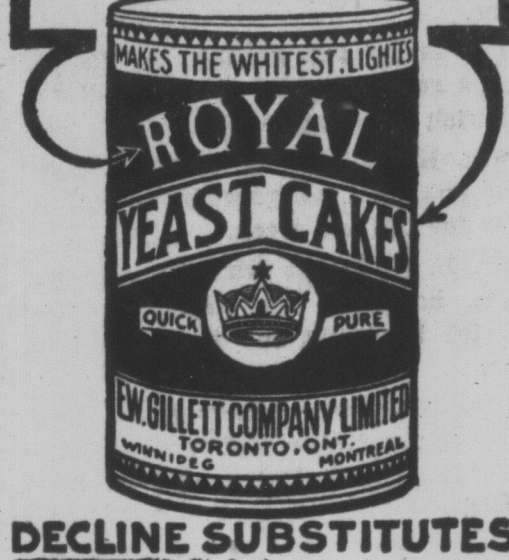
That same irrepressible William surprised his father in bed at Versailles early in October, appearing "in Blumenthal's uniform and somebody else's trousers. To that he hung Crai's reserve cartouche, assumed my General's helmet, incorporeally only on the top, and thus I took him to church, where he reported to His Majesty, who did not say anything about the outfit."

"At table we drank sec, bought from Rotchild's cellar, until your son had a red saddle upon his nose, and then he rode again with Phipp via Langy and Clay back to his quarters three miles away, not without having taken my gold out of my vest pocket, and two pairs of gloves; also provided with cognac and cigars."

Early in February Bismarck hears that Herbert has received the Iron Cross, second class, and adds by way of comment: "Well, at last; he earned it in August, but the court air in which they grow, was lacking in the lazaretto."

All the trappings of royalty annoyed Bismarck, and while the actual bombardment of Paris was delayed

### WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

because of secret influences that he suspected of having misled King William, he lived and worked and fumed at Versailles. He sneers at the row made about the form of address for King William after he should have been an Emperor, and writes sarcastically of the actual ceremony.

The bitterest passage in all the letters is one dealing with the jealousies that assailed a Prime Minister both from below and above. He complains that at Versailles, where were the King and many royal personages, he has no sympathetic comrades but Rooh. "He really stays here only for my sake, because I should also become an absolute recuse, politically and sentimentally."

I do not mean that I have to combat the resistance of all the political field—on the contrary; but I have not here a human soul to talk to about the future or the past. When one has been too long a minister, and with it has had, by the providence of God, some success, one feels distinctly how the cold waters of the swamp of envy and hatred rise gradually higher and higher up to one's heart.

In short, I am feeling cold, spiritually, and I long to be with you and in the solitude of the country. No healthy heart is able to endure this court life permanently."

### LITTLE LOVE EXISTS IN SMALL TOWNS

Jealousy, Criticism, and Indifference In Such Places

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox)

It is a strange fact that in small towns so little affection or love exists among the inhabitants. One would think it sure to be found in the quiet country hamlets, where the people are dependent upon one another for enjoyment. But instead we find jealousy, criticism and indifference in such places.

In the average country hamlet one needs to be ill to be an object of charity to bring out the tenderness in the hearts of the neighbours. Let it be known that sickness or poverty has visited a household and the tongue of gossip is silenced and the indifferent or disagreeable air gives place to solicitous kindness—while the trouble lasts! But we cannot all in this world be invalids or beggars; yet we all love sympathy and companionship and appreciation.

Many women in the country love to play Lady Bountiful merely for the gratification of being so regarded by those deemed on a lower plane. But a greater nature finds pleasure in showing affectionate interest in an equal on whom it can bestow nothing but friendship.

Think every day how large the world is compared to your own town, yet do not despise your town in consequence. Respect it as part of the great Consolidated Company of Human Beings, and make it as interesting a place as possible by your own mental, moral and social influences.

Do not let your minds narrow down to the limits of your town; do not let your ideas become dwarfed, your ambitions stunted, your outlook limited. There is no need of it in this day and age of low-priced literature and free libraries.

You can keep in mental touch with the whole world if you wish to do it. There is no need of confining your information to the social column of your country paper. Read the magazines and weeklies and book reviews when you cannot obtain the books. Think of yourself as an important factor in the world—not merely of your town or church. Try and be broad and large in your outlook.

The moment you find yourself dwelling in thoughts of neighborhood gossip and petty scandals, turn your back on your lesser self and search for your real self—the noble, great-hearted being you were destined to be. Read history and meditate upon the lives of great men and women.

When you are about to pass Mary Jones by without speaking to her because you heard some one had suspected her of questionable conduct, stop and think of Joan of Arc, Mme. Roland, Father Damien, Nathan Hale, Abraham Lincoln, or a hundred other colossal figures you can call to mind. They will scare away all petty preju-

dices and make you ashamed of yourself.

Think of our Pilgrim Fathers and mothers and all the wonderful strength of character it required to live their lives in those dangerous and difficult times. It will make your own cares and troubles seem trivial. Avoid judging humanity from the standards set up in your town. Be liberal, and remember that climate and environment have much to do with people's ideas of behavior. Try and cultivate a loving interest in your associates.

Study, think, read, work and love. Sympathize with your neighbor's aims, ambitions, efforts, hopes and trials. Cheer them all you can, and never allow a thought of jealousy or envy to enter your mind if some one seems to you to be succeeding better than you or yours.

Do not permit yourself to be small and petty because you live in a small town. Be so large of soul that you will dignify the town in the mind of any one who knows it is your place of residence.

### WHAT DRIVES MAN TO DRINK

To the Editor:—

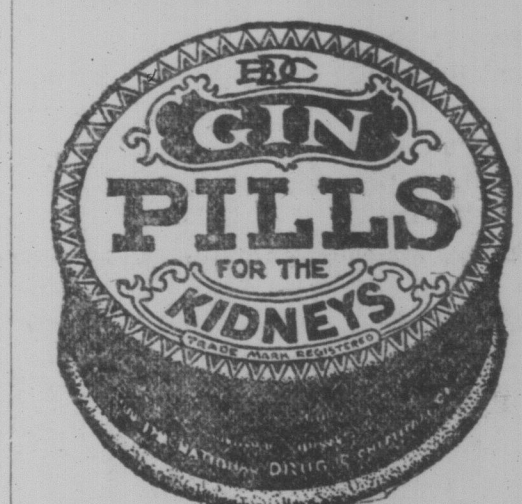
The Literary Digest, September 18, 1915, has an article under the above caption the first sentence of which reads, "The impulse to drunkenness is disease." After pointing out that men drink for various reasons it says that those who, "Drink to get drunk are abnormal; they are diseased."

This fact has been brought out distinctly in the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court. Judge Olson of the Court says, "We have yet to find the first case of the kind where there is not a tendency to epilepsy, dementia praecox, manic depressive insanity, or feeble mindedness." All this means that the man who frequently gets drunk is of unsound mind and should be so treated. In the State of Kansas they send chronic drunkards to an asylum for the insane. In Ohio they have an institution to which the habitual drunkard may be sent by the judge on application by the friends until he is considered cured. I knew a clever young man who went to an asylum and begged the Superintendent to take him in for a year till he would have a chance to break off. There are many such pitiful cases for which there is no provision made notwithstanding the revenue from the traffic that causes it.

It is a serious reflection on our civilization that there is no provision made for this class most of them the victims of the license system. We see such men going down for years wasting their substance in the saloon begging their families and becoming a nuisance and often a menace to society and nothing can be done to help them. They sometimes try desperately to break off but what hope in the presence of the open barroom and the treating custom? The physician is not allowed to send them to any institution unless he is very rich. There is neither hope nor help for him till he becomes insane or commits a crime. "The curse causeless shall not come." Statistics generally point to a drinking father or grandfather. He was probably ignorant of the fact that his drinking would injure his children and grandchildren.

Then for God's sake help us to spread this truth far and wide that the sins of drinking parents are visited on the children and the grandchildren.

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



### Stop Backaches

Don't complain about pains in your back when the remedy lies right to hand. Gin Pills stop backaches, and they do it in an easy natural way by going right to the root of the trouble.

Gin Pills act on the kidneys and the bladder. They soothe and heal the inflamed organs, which are causing the suffering. Neglect your kidneys and swollen hands and feet, wrists and ankles, are likely to follow. A dose of Gin Pills in time saves a world of pain.

You will realize their value when you read what Mrs. J. P. T. Wedge, of Summerville, F.R.I. writes: "Gin Pills are the greatest of all Kidney remedies and a medicine which is at present doing me a world of good. They are worth their weight in gold to any sufferer."

Get GIN PILLS to-day at your dealer's. 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial treatment FREE if you write.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, (Limited, Toronto)

### 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. 20	Shenandoah
	Kanawha
	Dec. 11

From Liverpool via Nfld	From Halifax via Nfld
Oct. 30	Lexington
Nov. 6	Durango
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. Mon. & Fri.	Time Table in effect January 4, 1915	Accom. Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton	15.45
11.38	* Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.36
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	* Kersdale	14.05
13.15	As. 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 you

FRED E. BATH  
Local Agent