

PARALYSED AND HELPLESS

Prominent Merchant Restored to Health by "Fruit-a-tives"

Brisol, N.B., July 25th, 1914.
"I had a stroke of Paralysis in March, and this left me unable to walk or help myself and the Constipation was terrible. Finally, I took 'Fruit-a-tives' for the Constipation. This fruit medicine gradually toned up the nerves and actually relieved the paralysis. By the use of 'Fruit-a-tives' I grew stronger until all the palsy left me. I am now well and attend my store every day."
ALVA PHILLIPS.
"Fruit-a-tives is nature's own remedy and 'Fruit-a-tives' is made from fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

MAXIMS IN RHYME

Are our coffers empty still?
Wishing will not fill them;
Idle fields their treasures yield
When we rise and till them;
Better things will come to pass
When we wisely will them.

Folly often costs us dear;
Wisdom will not harm us;
Were we wiser, trifling things
Would not greatly harm us;
Nor would every sound we hear
Sadden or alarm us.

Wondrous is the heart of man;
Life and death are in it;
Weak and vain, it greatly needs
Watching every minute;
Heaven above and hell beneath
Daily, strive to win it.

Coolness loosens friendship's bonds;
Kindness draws them tighter;
Publishing our grievances
Will not make them lighter;
Nor will all our murmurings
Make our prospects brighter.

Bitterly the heart may weep,
Though the eyes are tearless;
Men may dread the thought of death,
Yet in death be fearless;
Paths that lead to God and Heaven
Never need be cheerless.

Every thought of wrong should be
Checked at the beginning;
They are bravest who prefer
Suffering to sinning;
All the spoils of goddess war
Are not worth the winning.

Mighty is the human will;
Love, not terror, bends it;
Whatever good we have,
'Tis the Lord who sends it;
Foolishness begins the strife;
Wisdom quickly ends it.

—PASTOR J. CLARK.
Selemia, Hants Co., N. S.

WORSE THAN THIS WAR

To the Editor:—
"War is Hell" but it only comes at intervals. Canada has now had a hundred years of peace, during which we could have, and would have developed much more rapidly only for the liquor traffic. There is no peace time and no rests from its onslaughts. Truly where war kills thousands, this traffic kills tens of thousands, as I shall show. Day and night it goes on killing and wounding quite as really, though with less display than war, and still many otherwise good people act as if they were perfectly indifferent.

If we should lose five thousand men in this war, every one would feel that Canada had received a set back that it would take years to recover from. Does it seem extravagant to say that five thousand lose their lives through drink in Canada every year? That is calculated on only half the percentage that is allowed for the United States, and Britain is certainly within the mark. What an immense number of strong men Canada has lost through drink during her hundred years of peace—probably not less than two hundred thousand, and to say nothing of the poverty, crime and other evils that follow in its train.

It has been calculated that Russia with her prohibition of the liquor traffic would, in ten years, save as many men as it is likely she can lose in this war, and the people would be rich and prosperous at the end of that time. With a prohibitory law, well enforced, Canada could in one year save five thousand and almost empty the jails and poor houses and bring such prosperity as we have never known.

If these calculations are correct, surely it is time that we did something effective. Must we forever look helplessly on at the ruin of our country.

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

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper. In Cows.

Shipping Horses to Europe for War

The Experiences of a Veterinarian in Two Chapters

I.—The Voyage

(By F. M. Perry, D. V. M.)

The French Government has bought many thousand horses in our middle western states for her army, now engaged in the war in Europe, and many British transports have been chartered to carry them to the French coast. I was asked to accompany as veterinary a shipment of these horses for the field artillery in France and, believing the experience a novel one, I decided to undertake the service, even at the risk of being considered a "horse-mane" before the end of the voyage.

The horses were received by the train load at the stock-yards at Jersey City, New Jersey, while our transport lay at the dock in Brooklyn; for, owing to the unusual amount of shipping, there was no berth for our steamer at Jersey City adjoining the stock-yards, so that the horses were brought across the harbor to the steamer in huge lighters, looking not unlike great double-decked chicken coops on rafts. On the day of sailing I joined the ship and found her almost swarming with carpenters hastening to finish up their work of fitting up partitions, stalls and mangers, also runways to between decks, holds, etc.

The stalls ranged along the sides of the ship, facing inboard, a few being placed amidships, wherever there could be found space between donkey engine and hatches, etc.

The horses on the upper and bridge decks were protected from the weather by having matched planking built up from the rail and by a rough narrow roof extending inboard above their heads.

The carpentry work, though rough, was really a marvel of ingenuity and practical adaptability. Even before the sawing and hammering had stopped, the tugs were alongside with the lighters, each double-decked lighter holding over three hundred horses, the quota for our transport being six hundred sixty-two.

The three foremen and sixteen hostlers, who were to feed, water and care for the horses on the voyage having arrived, the work of embarking began. Gang planks were placed from ship to lighters and long files of horses were soon being led aboard and down, down the runways to between decks and the hold and to their respective stalls, till all were filled, including those on upper and bridge decks; each horse occupying two feet six inches space in width and with halter ropes tied to the heavy timbers running along the front of the stalls, they were needfully prevented from moving about or from lying down throughout the voyage. The sounds of sawing and hammering were soon obscured by the pawing and neighing of the horses as they found themselves in their strange surroundings, and they looked at each other as if to say: "After six days in that wretched, crowded, noisy train and the cold drafty stock-yards, what next?"

The empty lighters slipped away out of sight; the carpenters gathered up their tools and went over side; the hostlers and crew were "signed on" the articles; the pilot came aboard; and our lines were cast off; a fussy little tug gave us a push out into the stream and our engine started. So, on a bright, crisp morning, we headed out for the bright coast of France with our good ship Volnay crowded above and below with war horses that are probably not to see their native land again. As we neared the imaginary line, marking the so-called three-mile limit from shore, we were stopped by a British battleship and cruiser who wished to know our nationality, cargo and destination, and learning that the ship was British and had horses for one of the Allies, they signalled us to proceed.

The hostlers, under their foremen, began to busy themselves with opening large bales of horse blankets and fitting them upon the horses occupying the upper and bridge decks, those placed alone amidships, and therefore more exposed, receiving two blankets. This took nearly all day, but all were glad to give this added comfort to the animals under our care. Then it came time for water and feed, which were given at regular hours twice a day. Huge casks, open at one end, were set about the decks above and below and were kept filled with fresh distilled water from the ship's pumps and from them taken in pails to each horse.

The various feeds were of the best quality, clover and timothy hay mixed, oats and also a mixed feed consisting of alfalfa, hay, crushed oats, ground Indian corn and molasses. This mixed ration was the most relished of all after the first few days and the horses had acquired an appetite for it. It was indeed droll to see how, whenever it was being measured out to give them, their eyes would bulge out and glisten and the saliva would flow

freely as they munched it down, and seldom was a morsel left. The hay taken aboard in large bales was shaken up and strewn along the deck just in front of them, while the grain and mixed feeds were given in individual wooden mangers hung in front of each horse at feeding time by means of strap-iron hooks attached to each box or manger and made to fit over the heavy plank extending along in front of all the stalls. The gentle offshore breeze that followed us out increased as we steamed further and further from land, till on the next day we found ourselves in almost a full gale of wind which kept with us all the way for seventeen days, till we entered the river Gironde in France. Two or three of the horses were thrown off their feet by the rolling, wallowing and pitching of the ship, but by the second day all had found their sea legs and balanced and swayed unceasingly, like acrobats day and night throughout the rest of the voyage. As the ship would roll down to starboard, all on that side would brace hard with their hind legs and thrust their heads and necks far out beyond the eaves of the shelters, while those on the port side would draw all heads in out of sight and settle back on their haunches and even while dozing off to sleep at night never lost this motion, regardless of the angle of the deck under them. A number were seasick for a few days and hung their heads in a most dejected sort of way. Two had colic from over eating under new and strange conditions, and others had various horse ailments from which, however, most of them recovered.

But on the after part of the upper deck on opposite sides of the ship and nearly facing each other were two little horses that proved to be more interesting to us than all the others. One was a little dappled chestnut horse, with silver mane and tail, a neat head with white star, large, expressive eyes and pointed ears. The other was a little buckskin colored horse with a black mane and tail and a clearly marked black stripe extending down the middle of the back, a broad forehead and a narrow white stripe running down the face and ending in a little pink spot on the tip of the nose; he also had small ears like those of a pony.

The little dappled chestnut was, perhaps the most attractive, as he had an unusually round, smooth little body, with heavy quarters, splendid legs and feet and long neck, with lean, bony head. The first officer, whose father raised horses in Derbyshire, said: "He must have had good people back of him, such a head and neck never sprung from mongrels." Both of these horses kept healthy and merry throughout the voyage, never missed a feed of any kind, would readily eat out of hand any small little scraps from the cook's galley, a small apple or potato or even stale bread, and were always ready for petting or caresses from all on board, even from the Hindoo firemen, who, with wide eyes, would shy out around all the other horses, but who always had a caress and a few gurgling words for the little buckskin-colored horse, or the little dappled chestnut horse with silver mane and tail.

These two were the first to awaken and to paw and neigh for their breakfast at the first glimmering of the hostlers' lanterns along the deck in the early morning, and indeed it seemed strange to be aroused in mid-ocean each morning by the neighing of horses and the crowing of a rooster, which latter, together with some hens, were carried in a coop placed amidships near the galley.

The Landing

As the days wore on, the characteristics of many of the horses became known throughout the ship. There was the big black horse with the white face, who never lost an excuse to lay back his ears and nip at his neighbor's, and he bit the neck and shoulders of the bay mare that stood next to him quite raw, till he was at last tied up too short for further mischief. There was also the chubby roan mare that always kicked the foot-board for half an hour each night, before settling down to sleep and always greeted us with the same serenade when awakening in the morning. Further down the line stood a tall sorrel who persisted in winding his neck up in the halter rope and, to free him, the rope had to be cut almost daily. Poor fellow, he was seasick nearly all the way, so doubtless didn't care what he did or how he looked. On two days the gale raged so much that the horses suddenly changed to the northeast and then the ship would go driving into the big green seas and now and again the crest of a tall wave would come booming over on to the shelter roofs on the upper deck and go swishing

NO ALUM



down over the eaves in and on to the innocent animals within.

And hour after hour, the horses would stand, with drooping heads and ears and arched backs, braving the storm like veteran seadogs, while the water on the deck washed up above their forelocks with every roll and pitch of the ship as she staggered on and on. At last, on the thirteenth day out, the Captain told us that we were in the Bay of Biscay and that on the morrow we would see land. And so, in the grey dawn of morning, fourteen days from New York, we found ourselves off the river Gironde and the low hills of France, with a tall lighthouse far out on the sands, intermittently flash-flashing its message to beware of shoal water. We hoped never lost this motion, regardless of the angle of the deck under them.

A number were seasick for a few days and hung their heads in a most dejected sort of way. Two had colic from over eating under new and strange conditions, and others had various horse ailments from which, however, most of them recovered. But on the after part of the upper deck on opposite sides of the ship and nearly facing each other were two little horses that proved to be more interesting to us than all the others. One was a little dappled chestnut horse, with silver mane and tail, a neat head with white star, large, expressive eyes and pointed ears. The other was a little buckskin colored horse with a black mane and tail and a clearly marked black stripe extending down the middle of the back, a broad forehead and a narrow white stripe running down the face and ending in a little pink spot on the tip of the nose; he also had small ears like those of a pony.

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stalls, and finding solid ground under their feet once more, would often from the confinement of their narrow plunge and kick and squeal from pure joy, and now and again one would break away from his attendant and the blue and red soldier would go rolling across the quai, while the little Yankee horse would go careering madly about with the whole French stage to himself in spite of the loud shoutings of precaution and imprecations and wild gesticulations, as the dignified and resplendent ones were forced in most undignified haste to vacate their umbrellas, which latter were threatened to be overturned and demolished by this dreadful American disturber of good order and discipline, who, after several high kicks, almost compelling him to stand on his head, with hind heels pointing skyward, would usually finish the turn by cutting a wide, swift circle, ending in an abrupt stop, with loud snort and saucy toss of the head, as if to say: "How was that for high?" Always of course such would finally be surrounded by a ring of soldiery, who would timidly draw closer and closer, till a firm hand could be laid onto the halter and the unpolished American actor led meekly away to his place in the line with the other horses. The horses on the bridge deck were not taken off by the gang plank but by another method.

A great steam travelling crane that propelled itself along the front of the quai on a sort of railroad track, lowered a heavy chain from its huge beak, and, hooking into a ring on a large massive box, open at the top, and with swinging door at one end, hoisted it high in the air and then lowered it gently upon the deck. A horse was then taken from his stall, walked in to the box, the door closed and fastened behind him; the box and horse would be lifted by the crane and so swung out over the rail and down gently to the quai; the door was then opened and the horse backed out, to go through the same branding and inspection as described. The branding, inspecting, sorting and stenciling completed, the horses were all tied up in groups of three, formed in a line, and, with each group led by a blue and red soldier, the procession moved off the quai and we all waved good-luck and farewell as the long, sinuous line of blacks, bays, browns and sorrels wound its way along the water front and across the city and out into the country beyond. As we turned toward the cabin for tea and toast, we saw that our transport was empty and still as a deserted Noah's Ark, and realized that on the morrow we would not be greeted by the accustomed reveille of the pawing and neighing of our warrior friends.

That night I dreamed of a wide, green pasture on a sunny hillside, enclosed with neat, whitewashed stone wall, a silvery brook running through and a large herd of horses quietly peacefully grazing. They looked as little thin and worn, I thought, as though from an ocean voyage, and way up toward one corner, a sweet-faced woman and little boy were feeding crushed oats and barley out of their hands to a little dappled chestnut horse with silvery mane and tail.

MILDREDINA HAIR REMEDY

Grows Hair And We Prove It By Hundreds Of Testimonials.

It never fails to produce the desired results. It enlivens and invigorates the hair glands and tissues of the scalp, resulting in a continuous and increasing growth of the hair. Letters of praise are continually coming from nearly all parts of the country stating that Mildredina Hair Remedy has renewed the growth of hair in cases that were considered absolutely hopeless. A lady from Chicago writes: "After a short trial my hair stopped falling and I now have a lovely head of hair, very heavy and over one and a half yards long."

Mildredina Hair Remedy stimulates the scalp, makes it healthy and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp invigorator known. It is a wholesome medicine for both the hair and the scalp. Even a small bottle of it will put more genuine life in your hair than a dozen bottles of any other hair tonic ever made. It shows results from the very start.

Now on sale at every drug store and toilet store in the land. 50c. and \$1.00.

Mildredina Hair Remedy is the only certain destroyer of the dandruff microbe which is the cause of 98 percent of hair troubles. These pernicious, persistent and destructive little devils thrive on the ordinary hair tonics.

An old Scotswoman who had resisted all entreaties of her friends to have her picture taken, was at last induced to employ the services of a local artist in order to send the likeness to a son in America. On receiving the first impression she failed to recognize the figure thereon depicted as herself; so card in hand she set out for the artist's studio to ask if there was not a mistake.

"Is that me?" she queried.

"Yes madam," replied the artist.

"And is it like me?" she asked again.

"Yes madam, it's a speaking likeness."

"Aweel!" she said, resignedly, "it's a humblin' sight."

Joker's Corner

General: "I see here's an article on 'Revolution in the mince pie.'"

Colonel: "That's the kind of a revolution you like to put down, I suppose, General?"

A woman whose pastor asked after her health replied dolefully: "I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know I'm going to feel worse afterward."

"I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club today," said Mrs. Garrulus to her husband the other evening. With a look of astonishment he replied:

"I can't believe it my dear. Who outspoke you?"—National Monthly.

"Say pa, what was the longest day in Adam's life?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"But pa, you are a minister."

"I can't answer any such—"

"I can. It was the day on which there was no Eve."

A witty Irishman was once invited to a large dinner party, in Dublin, in the hope that he would amuse and divert his host's guests. But from the beginning to the end of the dinner he preserved a solemn and serious face. The host thought this very strange.

"Why, old fellow," he remarked, "I don't believe the biggest fool in Ireland could make you laugh tonight."

"Try," was the wit's cutting rejoinder.

After the capture of Richmond in the "late unpleasantness," a party of English tourists were in that city, chaperoned by an old dandy, says the Philadelphia Record.

"What is that building?" said one of the party, pointing in a certain direction.

"Dat a 'bacco warehouse," said the old man.

"And what is that one?" pointing to another.

"Dat a 'bacco ware house too."

And then looking in the direction of a high hill, Church Hill as it is called in Richmond, the touring party spied a church at the top.

"And what is that building? Is that a tobacco warehouse also?"

"Oh no, sah, dat's de church whar Patrick Henry made de speech. 'Give me liberty or give me death,' and fo' de Lawd, dey done gib him both."

A prosperous farmer has gained the reputation of being the stingiest man in his town, and consequently is not a general favorite with his neighbors. He owns an old horse, which to put it mildly, is very thin. As if to make up for the lack of flesh on its body, however, the animal has a head many sizes too large for it. Of course people talk about the horse, and the owner doesn't like it. Last week, for instance, he went to the expense of a new collar for the animal. A very few minutes after the delivery he was back at the saddler's with the collar. "Don't you know nothin'?" he blurted out. "You've made it too small. I can't get it over his head!" "Over his head!" reiterated the saddler. "Man alive, it wasn't made to go over his head. Back him into it!"

At the end of the first six months of his pastorate in Kentucky the Rev. Silas Johns had learned the ways of his flock so thoroughly that he knew exactly how to deal with them.

One Sunday the collection was deplorably low. The next week he made a short and telling speech at the close of his sermon.

"I don't want any mon to gib more dan his share, brederen," he said gently leaning towards the congregation; "but we must all gib accordin as we are favored and what we rightly hab. I say rightly hab, brederen," he went on, after a short pause, "because we don't want no tainted money in de box. Squire Binks told me dat he'd missed some chickens dis week. Now if any one of my pore benighted brederen has fallen by de way in connections wid dose chickens, let him stay his hand from de box when it comes to him."

"Brudder Mose, will you pass de box while I watch de signs an' see if der's one in de congregation dat needs me to wrastle in prayer for him?"

September First

is the day you should begin your course at the Good School. The office will be open for enrollment on the two preceding days. Classes begin on the opening day. Those who enter then should be the first ready for employment.

Course of Study on application to

Maritime Business College

HALIFAX, N. S.

E. KAULBACH, C.A.

Are you Bilious?

Don't let it run too long, it will lead to chronic indigestion. In the meanwhile you suffer from miserable, sick headaches, nervousness, depression and sallow complexion. Just try CHAMBERLAIN'S STOMACH & LIVER TABLETS. They relieve fermentation, indigestion—gently but surely cleanse the system and keep the stomach and liver in perfect running order. At all druggists, 25c. or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto



DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after July 19th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:

Service Daily Except Sunday.
Express for Halifax (Monday only) 4.13 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth, 12.08 p.m.
Flying Bluenose for Halifax 12.39 p.m.
Express for Halifax, 1.58 p.m.
Flying Bluenose for Yarmouth 2.18 p.m.
Express for Annapolis (Sat. only) 7.53 p.m.
Accom. for Halifax, 7.40 a.m.
Accom. for Annapolis, 6.35 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains on the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a.m., 5.10 p.m., and 7.50 a.m. and from Truro for Windsor at 6.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 12.50 p.m. connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Buffet Parlor Car Service on Flying Bluenose trains between Halifax and Yarmouth

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.)

Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yarmouth" leaves St. John 7.00 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 Flying Bluenose train from Halifax daily except Sunday.

M. GIFFKINS, General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London From Halifax
July 11 Messina July 31
July 21 Appenine Aug. 10

From Liverpool From Halifax
July 22 Durango Aug. 7
Aug. 3 Tobacco Aug. 20

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 As.	15.45
11.38	" Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.00
12.23	Granville Centre	14.30
12.59	Granville Ferry	14.00
1.25	" Kayalad	13.45
1.35	As. Port Wade Lvt.	13.15

CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON THE RAILWAY AND D. & N. S. RAILWAY

General Freight and Passenger Agents

Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd.

Steamships, Prince of George and

St. John's, N. S., and

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