

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'...

Mrs. MARTHA DEWOLFE. "FRUIT-A-TIVES", the medicine made from fruit juices, has relieved me of suffering from Headaches, Constipation, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Skin Troubles...

WHEN TEACHER GETS CROSS

When teacher gets cross, and her brown eyes get black, And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack...

As if we had rulers instead of a spine! It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin.

When the teacher gets cross and the dimples go in.

When the teacher gets cross the tables all mix, And the ones and the sevens begin playing tricks.

Where the cry babies cry all their slates up with tears, The fingers won't add, and they act up like sin.

When the teacher gets cross the readers get bad; The lines jiggle round till the chillun is sad.

When the teacher gets good, her smile is so bright, The tables get straight, and the reader gets right.

And we chilluns would like (but we dassen't) to shout, When the teacher gets good and the dimples come out.

DID YOU?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man, And bearing about all the burdens he can.

Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue, And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill, And the world, he fancied, was using him ill.

Did you give him a word? Did you show the road? Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight, When a lift just in time might set everything right?

Do you know what it means—just a clasp of a hand, When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?

Did you ask why it was—why the quivering lip? Why the half-suppressed sob and the scalding tears drip?

Were you brother of his when the time came of need? Did you offer to help him or didn't you heed?

MY TRIP THROUGH THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

An Interesting "Travelogue" by Miss E. Mabel Cann, Yarmouth North

(Yarmouth Times)

"O words, how poor and vain and weak, When of the Masterpiece we speak, Of Emerald Vale and starry peak—Thou glorious, grand Yosemite."

How little that name conveys to one the magnificent beauty of this spot in God's great world. Perhaps a little in regard to its discovery, would not be out of place here, for, naturally, this is a question which frames itself in one's mind.

During the early part of 1851, Dr. Bunnell was attached to an expedition that made the first discovery of what is now known as the Yosemite Valley. The Mariposa Battalion was engaged to penetrate the mountains to fight the Indians, who had become very troublesome.

On the twenty-first day of March, 1851, the members of the battalion first beheld the glories and wonders of the Yosemite over which the mist-clouds rolled in feathery blue-grey banks, along every gorge and through the giant mountain pines hanging over cliffs and peaks.

Noted geologists agree that this mighty valley was the result of glacier action extending over hundreds of years. For years I longed to visit this ideal spot, picturing to myself many of its beauties from the conception I had formed of it, when a child, from a large painting in my mother's drawing room.

Come with me, in imagination, and I will tell you one way to reach this little Paradise. Not the easiest way, perhaps, which I learned to my sorrow, but one bristling with interest throughout the entire route.

I, with a friend, had come to California over the old Sante Fe trail. Not in the way our forefathers came, with horse and pack, "winding through strange, scarred hills, down canyons lone where wild things screamed with wind for company, its milestones, the bones of pioneers, bronzed, haggard men, often with their staves for support, and by train—the vast desert now made to blossom as the rose by the magic touch of water.

We toured Northern and Southern California, "did" the Fair at San Francisco, and one hot July night took a midnight train from Oakland for Merced. Owing to the intense heat was spent a "nuît blanche." When the first faint streaks of dawn were perceptible we left the sleeper and migrated to the Observation Car. Our route followed the beautiful Merced River, winding like a twisted, silver ribbon, fringed with green groves of pine, cedar and oak, up through the Merced Canyon, where every curve disclosed a new scene of entrancing beauty, to Merced.

It being early, we walked up through the town, just beginning to bestir itself with preparations for the day's work, to the hotel for breakfast. Our train waited, not particularly for us, but for the outgoing train from El Portal, the terminus of the Yosemite Valley road and the southern gateway into the Valley. We arrived at the latter at noon and climbed the steep, but short ascent to the hotel of the same name. It has an ideal location, 2,000 feet above the sea level, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding forest as well as of the River Merced. In fact everything about the hotel is ideal except the lunch, for which you pay a dollar. The recipient of the dollar has by far the better end of the bargain.

From here one has the choice of two ways into the Valley. One can go by auto stage direct to the Yosemite National Park fourteen miles distant, or by the so-called Triangle Route, which includes a trip to the Merced, and Toulumne Grove big trees, and enters the Valley by the northern gateway with El Capitan on the north to greet you. I chose the latter entrance in order to visit the big trees. Let me advise you not to choose this route unless you are strong and blessed with good nerves and have a chaffeur who knows his business and is familiar with his ground.

This route has only been opened within the last two years. While for scenic beauty it can hardly be surpassed, yet even that loses some of its attractiveness when accompanied with nervous strain and discomfort. After lunch, I with fourteen others took my seat in a twelve passenger car, fifteen into twelve, did I hear you say? What a hyperbole. You can't do it. Must be nineteenth century division. Yes, you can make it go. Try it. To be sure discomfort is your quotient.

Soon after leaving the hotel we began to ascend the mountain. Beautiful, yes, beyond description. Only those who have climbed some of the old California trails can know, or experience the thrills of ecstasy and delight, too great for words, which fill one, as the tortuous path winds in and out, ever ascending higher and higher, displaying fresh grandeur and beauty at every turn.

Suddenly our machine made a lunge forward, stopped, began to slide backward. The emergency brake gripped the wheel. Will it hold? Can we make that turn? Slowly it crept forward. With bated breath we waited. Gradually the distance shortened. We turned the corner. Thank God, the top! We looked down five thousand feet feeling thankful for our safety for having cheated the undertaker.

We needed no invitation to alight and felt only kindness towards the puffing old veteran who had met his Waterloo so bravely. Our chaffeur informed us he was just learning to drive and had only been over the ground once before. He had kept the emergency brake down most of the climb up, until, sure of our safety, it could stand the strain no longer and had broken—conquered yet a conquerer.

Setting behind us, tingling with gold and purple the distant peaks of the Sierra Nevada. While the moon, creeping up in front over El Capitan, who stood as a sentinel lion at the Valley entrance, made a picture long to be remembered.

We wound slowly down, down, down, the spiral road. The brakes held and we breathed a sigh of relief when we reached the Valley floor and drew up, tired, dirty, and hungry at the door of the Sentinel Hotel. What though our cheeks were tinged with brown and dust covered, our hands calloused with holding on, all discomforts were forgotten in the beauty and magnificent grandeur of our surroundings. Supper, hot bath and a good night's sleep, put us back to normal again, and like Columbus, we were eager to set out on our voyage of discovery. The problem that confronted us was how to see all that we wanted to see in the one day at our disposal.

On inquiry we found that there were only twenty miles of good road on the floor of the Valley which we could cover easily by hiring a motor car for a couple of hours. This would give us ample time to visit certain points within this radius. First we motored out to Mirror Lake, called by the Indians "Sleeping Water." It lies between the Washington Column and Half Dome, surrounded by a magnificent forest. It is motionless and smooth as a mirror. The domes, peaks and trees reflected on its glassy bosom are so perfect in colour and distinctness that it is hard to distinguish the dividing line between the real and the reflection.

The Half Dome, or Goddess of the Valley, as it is called, rears its lofty head 4892 feet above the Valley. On the side overlooking Mirror Lake, the face is perpendicular for about 2,000 feet below its summit. It looks as if some gigantic force of nature, wielding a huge carving knife, and overcome with the stupendous task, had left it unfinished.

As in the "Garden of the Gods," in Colorado Springs, with the help of the guide and one's imagination, it is not difficult to trace certain markings on its face, such as an old man's face and a train of cars. Its beautifully rounded summit resembled to me that of the Jordaenalt in Norway. Has a stone cutter chiseled it? No. On closer observation one sees that time, under the great Master hand, has been the carver.

On our return we stopped to pay a visit to the Happy Isles, a group of pretty isles that have been torn ruthlessly from the mainland by the thundering cataracts of water released from the Vernal falls above. This seething mass leaps and tears over the nodding and moss-painted rocks on its way to the river below. It has been made possible to get on to some of the islands by the wooden tramways which have been built by the United States Government.

Continuing our way we drew near to what to me was the most awe-inspiring and impressive of all this Valley of wonders—El Capitan. This massive and colossal rock, surely God's masterpiece, rises 3,330 feet above the Valley floor. Its immensity is so great that one can hardly comprehend it. Mere words, yes, thoughts trail off into insignificance before it. Other great trees are the "Siamese Twins," joined together for twenty feet, then like two cathedral spires, each, independently uplift their fretted summits, tipped with cones, skyward.

The "Fallen Giant," which fell in the spring of 1912, is partly alive, as some of its branches are still green and the roots are not injured. It is forty-feet in diameter and its hundred feet length reclines on the pine needles. A well beaten path, blazed by the feet of many tourists, extends up and down its trunk, wide enough to drive a donkey cart. Like my predecessors, I climbed the ladder to its end and walked the entire length. Just a short distance from the "Fallen Giant" stands the "King of the Forest." It is said to be the largest burned tree in the grove. The diameter at the ground was forty feet, while seven feet up it measured thirty-four feet.

In order to realize their greatness, you want to go among them, to walk under them and to touch them. Then and only then, you begin to realize what a big tree is. Reluctantly we turned away. Our new chaffeur, who was an Indian, pointed to Nature's dial, the lengthening shadows cast by the trees, and remarked, "We must get out of the forest before dark."

We obeyed his summons. Again we packed ourselves into the car and swung out on to the trail, which wound between huge forest giants with only room enough to graze through, around others, up over rocky boulders, through narrow streams, until we wondered if there would be enough of our vertebrae left to tell what kingdom we belonged to. As we came out on to a rock platform for our last final drop, the sun was

setting behind us, tingling with gold and purple the distant peaks of the Sierra Nevada. While the moon, creeping up in front over El Capitan, who stood as a sentinel lion at the Valley entrance, made a picture long to be remembered.

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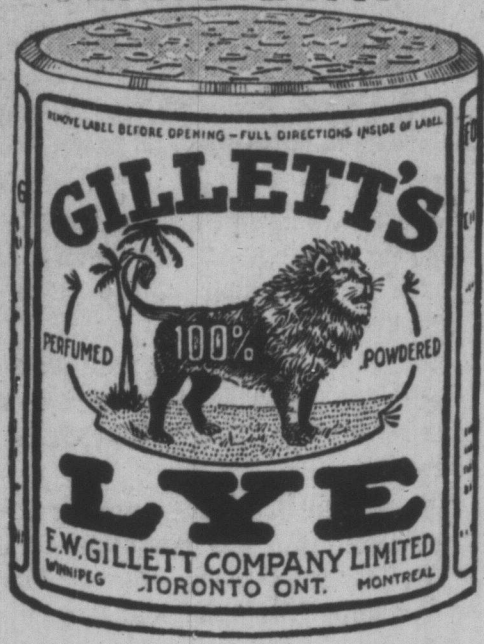
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GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



of them is still an employee's residence. The tearing down of the main building last fall was an interesting process, though it seemed in a way a piece of vandalism. Some of the timbers were badly decayed, and a deal of clearing up was necessary after they had all been hauled away; but as the workmen went on with their razing they found how well and how thoroughly the carpenters of 1795 had built.

In the time of the fort's greatest prosperity this particular building was a storehouse for the furs brought in by the trappers and exchanged for barter at the store. There used to be many thousand dollars' worth of these choice furs kept within its log walls, and in its great packing-room they were sorted and baled for shipment. The annual fur brigade, by way of the Saskatchewan river, from Edmonton to York Factory, consisted usually of ten or twelve barges, which took the furs to the seaboard on Hudson Bay, and brought back the next year's trading supplies. The round trip took four and a half months.

For the first twenty-five years after its establishment, the frontier trading post was known as Fort des Prairies, but after the union of the North-Western and the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821 the name was changed to Fort Edmonton, in honor of the birthplace of the first factor under the new regime—that same old English town, by the way, that is immortalized in the school book story of "John Gilpin's Ride." A very important part in the history of the West and North has, from the first, been taken by this nearly a century and a quarter old Edmonton, which has now grown from trading-post to capital. Of that growth the cluster of old fort buildings has been an intimate witness, and is still a connecting link between present and past.

Towering above the shabby fort-buildings is now the fine stone Parliament building of the Province of Alberta. It occupies the exact site of what was known in earlier days as "the Big House." This was the official residence of the factor and commander of the fort. It was built in 1874, and the fact that its site was chosen outside the enclosure of the fort showed that modern days were coming, for the first Big House, which replaced, had been built inside the fort area. For twenty years or more it was the centre of the social life of the settlement, corresponding to the Government House of to-day, but it finally fell into disuse. In 1906 it burned to the ground, and the way was thus left clear, without interference with historic associations for the negotiations which have since resulted in turning the hill above the fort to a Capitol site.

PAPER SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS Paper shirts made in Japan are now being served out to the Russian soldiers for use in the cold and wet weather which is rapidly approaching on the Eastern front. A number of these paper shirts were used by the Russians last winter, and they proved to be much warmer and cheaper than ordinary shirts.

The paper used is called "hashikirazu," and is made from the bark of the mulberry tree. It has been used by the Japanese army and people for many years, its only drawback being that it cannot be washed.

SAVING A LANDMARK (By Aubrey Fullerton)

One hundred and twenty years is a long lifetime even for a building, especially for a log building. It is not to be wondered at that after weathering a whole century and parts of two others, such a structure should come to the tearing-down time.

The storehouse of the old Hudson's Bay fort in Edmonton, built in 1795, was razed last fall, to the regret of all history lovers, but in accordance with Government orders. As the oldest building in the city and one of the oldest in the West, it was prized by the Edmonton people, who hoped to preserve it in its original form as a relic of the pioneer past. It was becoming unsafe from age, however, and the Government of Alberta, which now owns the site of the old fort, decided that it should be torn down, but that all the timbers should be numbered and carefully piled away, so that the building might later be re-built on another site. The only way to save it was first to raze it.

Four or five smaller buildings, in better repair, have been left standing in the area that once formed the fort enclosure. That area is just below the little hill on which the stately provincial capitol has been built, the new thus contrasting very strikingly with the old. Around the fort a heavy stockade once ran, with a bastion at each corner, after the manner of all defences of olden times. This stockade, the use of which was to protect the fort from raids by the Indians, went a little in front of the building recently torn down, and a short way past it was the south-west corner bastion, where a sentry was always on duty in the early days of the post.

When there was no longer need of such defences, the tall palisades were replaced by a board fence, and when the fort ceased to be a military necessity its several buildings continued in use as stores, warehouses for furs, factor's residence, etc. The fine department store in which the Hudson's Bay Company now does business uptown is successor to the rude log shack within the fort enclosure, where formerly the trading with the Indian hunters and trappers was done. Since the Government acquired the property, the old buildings have been used as storehouses for supplies, carpenter shops, and such like, and one

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

Table with columns: From London, From Halifax, From Liverpool, From Halifax. Dates and ship names listed.

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

Furness Withy & Co., Limited Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accom. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect January 4, 1915, Accom. Mon. & Fri. Stations listed: Middleton, Clarence, Bridgetown, Grandville Centre, Grandville Ferry, Kaysdale, An. Port Wsde Lv.

CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RAILWAY AND D. A. RAILWAY. P. MOONEY, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

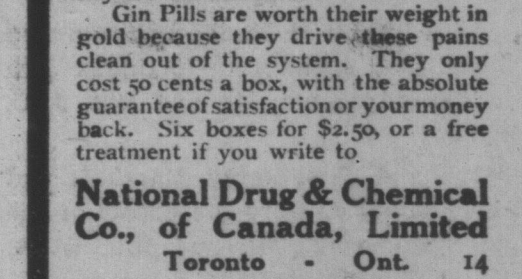
Yarmouth Line

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.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Perhaps Your KIDNEYS are out of order. Make the doctor's test. Examine your urine. It should be a light straw color—if it is highly colored, reddish or deep orange—if the odor is strong or unusual—if "brick dust" or mucus is present, look to the kidneys. They are out of order.

Get GIN PILLS at once, and take them regularly. Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, pain in the back, groin or hips—all point to weakness in the kidney or bladder action, and the pressing necessity for GIN PILLS. Gin Pills are worth their weight in gold because they drive these pains clean out of the system. They only cost 50 cents a box, with the absolute guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. Six boxes for \$2.50, or a free treatment if you write to National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited Toronto - Ont. 14



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