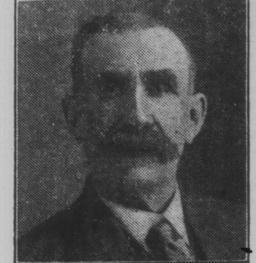


WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train Of Thought Inspired By A Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. McLEAN

Orillia, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914. "For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends'.

DAN McLEAN.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

HERE'S A WAY TO SAVE DOCTOR BILLS

Physicians Give Free Advice by Which Parents May Profit

It's a matter of general interest just now how one's physical condition can be got into shape to best receive the benefits of the summer season. Especially is this true of the children. They have become run down by a winter of unnatural manner of living because of ill-considered food and much time spent indoors. Spring comes with its sunshine, its fresh vegetables and all else invigorating, but the children are in no condition to receive nature's remedies.

Many parents call in their family physician. Many other parents take advantage of what the physician told them when he was first called in consultation. All good family physicians say: "Give the Children Castoria." Healthy parents know this remedy of old, for they took it themselves as children. It was more than thirty years ago that Castoria made a place for itself in the household. It bore the signature of Charles H. Fletcher then, as it does to-day. The signature is its guarantee, which is accepted in thousands of homes where there are children.

Much is printed nowadays about big families. Dr. William J. McCrann of Omaha, Neb., is the father of these much-read-about families. Here is what he says:

"As the father of thirteen children I certainly know something about your great medicine, and aside from my own family experience I have, in my years of practice, found Castoria a popular and efficient remedy in almost every home."

Charles H. Fletcher has received hundreds of letters from prominent physicians who have the same esteem for Castoria that Dr. McCrann has. Not only do these physicians say they use Castoria in their own families, but they prescribe it for their patients. First of all it is a vegetable preparation which assimilates the food and regulates the stomach and bowels. After eating comes sleeping, and Castoria looks out for that too. It allays feverishness and prevents loss of sleep, and this absolutely without the use of opium, morphine or other baneful narcotic.

Medical journals are reluctant to discuss proprietary medicines. Hall's Journal of Health, however, says: "Our duty is to expose danger and record the means for advancing health. The day for poisoning innocent children through greed or ignorance ought to end. To our knowledge Castoria is a remedy which produces composure and health by regulating the system, not by stupefying it, and our readers are entitled to the information."

Philadelphia Ledger.—The command of the sea in time of war is no denial of the freedom of the sea in time of peace. The German flag would still be flying on every ocean had not Germany rashly challenged the sea power of Great Britain. It is well for the freedom of the world that the challenge has been so successfully met.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

THE GRAND FLEET ON GUARD

Impressions of a Visit. Stronger and Reader Than Ever

New York, Sept. 5.—Mr. Frederick Palmer, the well-known American author, who is the accredited representative of the American Press on the Western Front, thus describes a visit he paid to the British Grand Fleet.

During the past week I have visited the British Grand Fleet and an important naval base, where I saw dry docks capable of docking the largest Dreadnaughts which have been built since the war began. I was also shown maps marking points where German submarines had been sighted and the results of the attacks on them classified under "Captured," "Supposed Sunk," and "Sunk." When bubbles are observed rising for a long time from the same spot in smooth water it is taken for granted that the career of the submarine is ended. When I asked the officers, "How did you get them?" they answered, "Sometimes by ramming, sometimes by gunfire, explosives, and in many other ways which we do not tell." Officers and men on board the battleships and armed cruisers are envious of those engaged in submarine hunts, which are regarded as great sport. In all England has 2,300 trawlers, minesweepers, and other auxiliaries outside of the regular service on duty on the blockade from the British Channel to Iceland and in keeping the North Sea clear. Their reservist crews have been most zealous in performing their important part in overcoming the kind of naval warfare which Germany has waged.

The Queen Elizabeth

As the destroyer which carried the guests after a cruise at sea following the coast turned its head toward land into the harbour where the Grand Fleet is anchored; we saw a target being towed in the customary manner for firing practice by some cruisers. "We keep at it all the time," the officer explained. The cruisers practice finished, they took their place in feet formation among the immense field of grey shapes at anchor in precise order, which, as one drew nearer, became line after line of Dreadnaughts. Painted a color which melts into the sea, even the Queen Elizabeth, back from the Dardanelles, looked small for her tonnage and gun power, unless compared with the inflexible, the flagship of the Falkland Islands battle squadron, or with the vessels of the light cruiser squadron which had just come from "sweeping" the North Sea as scouting is called.

As our destroyer threaded its way through the Fleet the turrets could be seen turning and the guns elevated and lowered in the course of drills. The seaplanes which were sailing over the Fleet had their home in a famous Atlantic liner which has carried many thousands of passengers in their places in the battle cruiser squadron, which is known in the Navy as the "cat squadron," were the Lion and the Tiger, which sank the Blucher in the North Sea battle.

"This seems to be sufficient detail of the German report that the Tiger is at the bottom of the sea," said the officer with us.

Looking exotic among the homogeneous types of ten-gun ships which belong to the regular British Navy, was the former Turkish twelve 12-inch Dreadnaught which was taken over at the outset of the war.

Youth in Command

As we approach the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief the officer pointed out Sir John Jellicoe as one of the two officers walking on the quarter-deck, who carried a telescope under his arm. From the quarter-deck he can keep an eye on all those grey monsters which form the fighting part of his command, while the others of his host are abroad on different errands.

Whether it was Beatty, Sturdee, or any other of his squadron commanders, their youth was most impressive. The Commander-in-Chief at 57 is the senior of all. In a small room, where telegraph keys clicked and compact wireless apparatus was hidden behind armour, we saw one focus of communication which brings Sir John word of any submarine sighted or of any movement in all the seas around the British Isles and carries the Commander-in-Chief's orders far and near.

Whether in the turrets, on the bridge, or below deck, there was a significant absence of even the minutest thing to the civilian eye which did not serve the purpose of battle. Only in the Commander-in-Chief's cabin, with its numerous sea maps on the wall, did books and pictures suggest other than bare utility for war.

Officers whom I met spoke in the same strain about the situation. If the German fleet ever had any chance of success it was at the outset of the war. With every passing month the British fleet had grown stronger and better organized to meet any emergency. Though the submarines had played a more important part than many had anticipated, the methods of

countering their attacks and of destroying them had also developed beyond expectations.

The hardest part of the war for the navy was the early days, when the Fleet was continually at sea looking for battle. Now securely ready, it could steam out to action immediately the patrols, which are continually sweeping the North Sea, reported any signs of the enemy.

Battle-Scarred Ships

Officers in Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty's flagship Lion which received the roughest handling in battle (in the North Sea last January) of any major British ship now afloat, dwelt on the difficulty they had in persuading the young commander after his action had begun to descend from his exposed position on the bridge, where he had unhampered vision, to the armoured protection of the conning tower.

Their account of how the Lion was towed home at five knots an hour after sinking the Blucher, and of the successes of the destroyers in felling all efforts of the submarines to reach the crippled leviathan, was not the less thrilling for the quiet way in which it was told. The location of the injuries which she received is no longer discernible owing to the reconstruction of the section where patches have been put over injured plates. A very small percentage of German shells hit at 18,000 yards range in the early stages of the battle, but the screams of the salvos passing and the blasts of their own guns made an inconceivable tumult of sound to the ears of those stationed on the bridge. The Tiger had fewer scars to show as the result of the North Sea battle than her sister battle cruiser.

In the Queen Elizabeth the only visible signs of her experiences in the Dardanelles are a round space of new planking on deck where a shell penetrated, and a dent on one of her 15in. guns from a glancing shot. The inflexible, the flagship of the Falkland Islands battle, suffered less injury there than in the Dardanelles, where she was struck by a mine and was under heavy fire from shore. A piece of the mine is kept in the wardrobe as a souvenir, and all the ships which have been in action had fragments of German shells which had come on board, mounted as mementoes.

Small Need for Repairs

The necessity for attending to damage received in battle had always been foreseen by the British Naval authorities, thus ensuring prompt repairs when any ship should return injured in action.

"But we had few repairs to make, and our energy and resources could be turned to the rapid construction of new fighting units, which continue to increase our ratio of superiority over the German Fleet," an officer remarked.

I heard repeated sympathetic references to the sacrifices and hardships of the Army in its war, while the battleships marked time in their long wait. However, if battle comes it will not last long, and every day's delay only sharpens the eagerness of officers and men.

While we were on board Sir John Jellicoe's flagship a message was brought to the Commander-in-Chief, who called his flag secretary and spoke a few words to him, after which we learned that the whole fleet was ordered to proceed to sea. Later, on board a destroyer at the entrance to the harbour, the guests watched that unprecedented procession of naval power make its exit, led by the raceful light cruisers and the flotillas of destroyers.

"Are not the German submarines outside?" we asked.

"No doubt. Two or three of three are always there," an officer replied, "but the destroyers know how to keep them off."

Bilthely cutting the choppy waves, and with broad, foaming wakes, the destroyers, attendant satellites of the great fighting ships, ran in and out among them by virtue of superior speed, as confident in their evolutions as the hovering gulls on their wings. Indeed, wherever we had been on our trips we had seen the destroyers always on the move, flotilla blinking its signals to flotilla. It seemed that if a line had been drawn between the stern and the bow of any two battleships of that stately column issuing from its secure anchorage, it would exactly measure the distance between any other two, so splendidly were the intervals kept. The crews being out of sight added to the impression created by the grey armour and the mighty guns.

Long Procession of Grey Ships

We were able to identify the first Dreadnaught and others of all types of progress since the revolution of naval warfare, up to the Queen Elizabeth class. Entranced one still watched the spectacle, with the head of the Fleet lost in the mist of the approaching nightfall and the black clouds from the funnels. Eight, 16 20 Dreadnaughts were counted as they went past with clockwork regularity, and out of other smoke clouds in the harbour more Dreadnaughts were coming before the King Edward



VII. and other pre-dreadnaught classes had their turn. The commander of the Destroyer on board which we were looked at his watch, and said that it was time to go as he must at a given moment take his appointed place in the Fleet. At 30 knots an hour he cut smartly across the bows of a battleship to take the guests to the landing place. Our last glimpse as we rounded the headland was of that seemingly endless column of ships, which stood between the German ambition and the seas of all the world, still not free of the harbour, on its way to its unknown errand in the North Sea. Imagination became feebly at the thought of the actuality of that Armageddon should the German Fleet ever give battle.

In all the many pictures of war and unpreparedness for war one had ever witnessed, this was the most pregnant in its suggestion of irrefutable and concentrated power, and the most impressive as a spectacle.—Reuter.

THE WEALTH OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCHES

(By Erica Glenton)

When one approaches Petrograd for the first time one is inclined to think of Constantinople, so similar does it look, with its golden domes, arched cupolas, towers crosses and spires, which raise themselves in golden and lacy splendor of Russian skies. But this outside grandeur is but an index to the extreme wealth to be found within these many churches. The church of St. Isaac, for instance, has portals of massive Finland granite, while its aisles are separated by shafts of malchite and lapis lazuli. The doors leading into the various chapels have their paintings framed with solid silver, while the ikons fairly blaze with brilliants and other precious stones. The robes of the priests hang heavy with gems, and the many candles glimmer from silver and bronze candelabra man-high.

Then there is the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. In the chapel a railing of solid silver defends the altar. The golden garments of the Virgin are thickly overlaid with seal pearls; while, protected by glass, before an ikon of the Holy Mother, lies a heap of rings, brooches, pendants set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, offerings by devotees. The robing room of this cathedral—"where neither women nor dogs may go"—contains garments literally hemmed with gems. The chalice cups are of hand-worked silver, the mitres heavy with jewels, while the staffs, censers, spoons and crosses are loaded with diamonds embedded in solid gold.

This church—Our Lady of Kazan—is the seat of the Metropolitan, and here the imperial family come to give thanks for any special protection that has been vouchsafed to them. These are the two most magnificent churches in Petrograd. It is in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul that the members of the imperial family lie buried, and over each tomb of the dead Czars and Czarinas is hung a golden wreath a double eagle and an ever-burning light.

The crown jewels, which lie in the Sokrovnik, are of fabulous value, the crown of the Tsaritsa being built entirely of diamonds; and there is a pear-shaped sapphire lying in the private chapel of the Tsar that is worth a king's ransom. The Alexander Monastery enshrines the bodies of the composers—Glinka, Rubinstein and Tchaikowsky. It was Catherine who built the magnificent cathedral. The tomb of St. Alexander is of pure silver, in which more than half a ton was used. It is here the imperial choir trains its youths with promising voices. The ikons most valued by the people are those painted in the province of Vladimir. The different features are painted by different workmen; Keenia does noses; Marfa eyes; while Mikeho does mouths and Demian has no superior in hands. The amount of metal used in covering these ikons is enormous.

But if Petrograd has its wealth of church treasures, what can be said of Moscow, with its Kremlin! Seen under moonlight, there is no such sight in the world. In "Holy Mother Moscow" is found the real heart of Russia. Here different churches are used for different petitions. For instance, the church of the "Saviour in the Wood" is the mother of the other five hundred churches of Moscow and in it girls about to become wives pray. There is something sacredly holy in this church of "praying brides" even to the unorthodox Englishwomen like myself. One cannot enter it unmoved nor leave it with dry eyes. In Moscow stands the ancient palace of the Russian Tsars, filled from cellar to roof with priceless riches. In its treasury are to be seen ancient crowns, each encrusted with a thousand diamonds and more than a thousand rubies and pearls. Some

there are with two thousand diamonds, not to count the colored stones of great value. The sacristy of the Holy Synod is filled with silver and golden vessels, and there hang robes weighted down with gems.

But the holies of holies is the Cathedral of the Assumption, where the Tsars are crowned. The riches found here baffle description. One could go on indefinitely describing the inexhaustible riches found in the churches of Moscow, but it would be only a repetition of masses of diamonds, rubies, pearls; of pillars of malchite and floors (in one church of jasper) of shrines of solid silver and chalices of pure gold.

But in spite of the richness of Petrograd and Moscow, it is ancient Kiev in which dwells the soul of Russia—Kiev that was Russia's capital before Moscow. Here I saw such sights—pilgrims of every description crawling for thousands of versts on their knees to pray at the ikons of St. Sophia; mothers who had begged their way in order to give water from the sacred well to a sick child; old men, with tottering steps, to pray for a slain soldier son's entrance into Paradise—the lame, the blind, the sick. In my years of travel in distant lands I have seen many strange sights, but none so impressive as the throngs of Russian pilgrims found, from every corner of the Empire, praying with simple faith in St. Sophia's of Kiev, the Mecca of Russia.

As one hears of the German advance into Russia, of the near approach to the Kiev railway, one wonders what will happen to that most ancient of all Russian cities should it fall into the hands of the Huns. After what has taken place in Belgium, one can form some idea of what the Germans would do in the vast treasure houses of Kiev, some of which are unsurpassed by those of Moscow. Just imagine the Germans with those precious stones, golden cups and rods.

The Russians may lose Poland, which never rightly belonged to them; they may even relinquish their hold on Riga and Courland, with their German-speaking population and German-named streets; but if I know my beloved Russia, as I think I do, the whole nation will rise as one man to defend "Holy Mother Moscow" and sacred Kiev, known as "The cradle of Russia," and as the most beautifully situated city in the empire.

In Kastroma there stands a monastery especially dear to the Russians, called Ipatiev, where was hidden the young Tsar Michael, the founder of the Romanov dynasty. The great composer, Glinka, wrote his famous opera, "A Life for the Tsar," from the story of a Russian peasant named Ivan Susanin, who led the seeking Polese into the vast forest where he and they perished rather than divulge the hiding place of the young Tsar.

Another ancient monastery is that of St. Sergius, which is the Russian Canterbury founded in 1340. At the Trinity Church here is the shrine of Alexander Nevsky, built of silver weighing a ton and a half. Although this church is enriched by gifts from every Tsar of matchless splendor, it is not to see these gems that the pilgrims come, but to look at the simple robe of St. Sergius, and to see the wooden vessels which he used to eat from.

When gems have been stolen from these churches—an exceedingly rare occurrence—it has not been by the peasant, but by dissolute nobles. Nikitin, a Russian poet, describes very beautifully the attitude and spirit of the Russian peasant towards his Church. It runs thus:

"Old Gaffer, with white beard and smooth bald head,
Sits in his chair;
His little mug of water and his bread
Stand near him there.
"Grey as a badger he; his brow is lined,
His features worn;
He's left a world of care and care
behind.
Since he was born,
"The old man still platts shoes with
fingers slow,
From bark of birch;
His wants are few his greatest joy to
go
Into God's church,
"He stands within the porch, against
the wall
Muttering his prayers,
A loyal child, he thanks the Lord for
all
Life's griefs and cares,
"Cheery he lives—with one foot in
the grave—
In his dark hole
Whence does he draw the strength
that keeps him brave?
Poor peasant soul!"

Charles F. White, 63, who lived in a squalid Bowery tenement in New York, dressed shabbily and was continually complaining about being poor, died recently. It has been discovered that he left \$20,000 in government bonds and \$30,000 real estate.

Nearly 11,000 women have entered police service in Italy. They have been put through special training and are in uniform.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

SHEHU'S OFFERING TO THE KING

How Bornu Celebrated the Fall of Garau

The Colonial Office has received from Sir Frederick Lugard, Governor-General of Nigeria, an intimation that the Shehu of Bornu has tendered his congratulations on the fall of Garau in Cameroon and has of his own free will made a further contribution towards the expense of the war.

The following is the text of the letter sent to Sir Frederick Lugard by the Shehu:

In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

Praise be to God, Peace be to His Prophet.

This letter is sent by the slave of God, Abubuk Sheu of Bornu, son of Shehu Ibrahim son of the Shehu Umar, son of the Shehu Mohamam Lamino Kanemi.

I, Sheu of Bornu established by the authority of the King of England, write to our well wisher, the representative of the King of England, Governor Lugard, Salutations, Blessing and greatness be with you.

We have received the news that God has given victory to the King of England in the capture of the German stronghold. When we heard of the fall of Garau our hearts were filled with joy. We rejoiced greatly and all our people, by reason of the victory three days were spent in public rejoicings and sports in the Dandal (The Great Square in the Bornu capital).

When our rejoicings were finished, I called my councillors together. We said that the sum of £3,500 which we contributed to the War chest in the month of Zulkaadah was not enough, and I and my councillors were agreed upon this. We said that we ought to make a further contribution in order to strengthen our Lord the King of England, in order that he might eat up his enemies. The Wazir, the Liman Amsami said to me:—"Oh Shehu, although you have sent many cattle and sheep and Kola to the soldiers at Mora, behold this is not enough."

Our Treasurer, Mallam Muktar, said to us:—"There is no lack of money in the Native Treasury. The taxes will be paid shortly."

For this reason I and my councillors decided to offer a contribution of £1,000 in thanksgiving for the victory.

We pray to God every day that he will continue to give victory to the King of England in all parts of the world. May Almighty God give him victory and long life.

You, Governor Lugard, who art before us, may God lengthen your days, Salutations.

Written on Wednesday, the 17th day of Shaaban, in the year of the Hijra 1333.

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 in 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.

The personnel of the navies of the great powers now at war is given as follows for the current year: Britain 151,000, France 69,000, Russia 59,429, Germany 79,000, Austria 23,000, Japan 50,000. The personnel of the navy of the United States is 67,000 and of Italy 40,000.

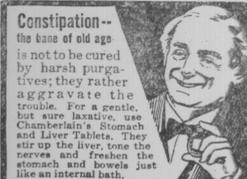
Yarmouth Line

Autumn Excursions Until October 30th

LOW FARES! TRAVEL NOW! Yarmouth to Boston and Return \$6.00 Return Limit 30 days

Steamship Prince George Leaves Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturday at 5 p. m. Return leave Central Wharf, Boston Tuesday and Saturday at 1 p. m.

Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office. A. E. WILLIAMS, Agent Yarmouth, N. S. Boston and Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd



CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Woman's best friend. From girlhood to old age, these little red health restorers are an unerring guide to an active, healthy, happy life. They clean, healthy, normal stomach. Take a Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets at night and the sour stomach and fermentation, and the headache, have all gone by morning. All druggists, etc., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after Sept. 29th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows: Service Daily Except Sunday. Express for Halifax (Monday only) 4.15 a. m. Express for Yarmouth... 12 noon Express for Halifax... 2.01 p. m. Express for Annapolis (Sat. only) 7.35 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 7.55 a. m. and from Truro for Windsor at 6.40 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. Yarmouth, daily except Sunday. Buffet Parlor Car Service on Mail Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

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, Wednesday and Saturdays. P. GIFFKINS, General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

Table with columns: From London, From Halifax, From Liverpool, From Halifax. Includes ship names like Shenandoah, Kanawa, Fraser River, Messina, Durango, Tabasco and dates.

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. Includes stations like Middleton A.R., Bridgetown, Grandville Centre, Grandville Ferry, Karsdale, Ar. Port Wade Lv.

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

FIRE!

If your home should burn tonight, how much would you lose? —LET THE—

Northern Insurance Co.

Protect you FRED E. BATH Local Agent