

WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY

"Fruit-a-tives" Have Proved Their Value in Thousands of Cases

WONDERFUL RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CURE

Only Remedy That Acts On All Three Of The Organs Responsible For The Fermentation Of Uric Acid In The Blood.

Many people do not realize that the Skin is one of the three great eliminators of waste matter from the body...

"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels...

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Unreasonable Pa

My Pa, he didn't go down town Last evening after tea, But got a book and settled down As comfy as could be...

An' so I asked him why the world Is round instead of square? An' why the piggies' tails are curled...

An' why does water stay in wells? An' why do the roars I hear in shells? An' when will Christmas come?

An' why the grass is always green, Instead of sometimes blue? An' why a bean will grow a bean An' not an apple too?

An' why a horse can't learn to moo, An' why a cow can't neigh; An' do the fairies live on dew?

An' what makes hats grow gray? An' then my pa got up—An' Gee! The awful words he said, I hadn't done a thing, but he Jest sent me off to bed.

But Not a Methodist

One of the Columbia River Conference pioneers, D. E. George, vouches for every word of this story. He was appointed to a large circuit of five preaching places in Upper California soon after the war...

"What are you doing in here?" gamely inquired the leader. "I am on my way to my appointment where I am to preach to-morrow," meekly replied Brother George.

"You are a preacher, are you? What denomination?" "A Methodist."

By this time two of the fiercest-looking Mexicans were alongside the preacher's horse, with fingers on their revolvers, but at a nod from their leader they stepped back.

"Now, see here, stranger," said he, "you may be a preacher, and then again you may not be. If you are a preacher, you can preach, and no mistake about that. Now get down here upon the end of this bridge, and be quick about it. I can preach you a sermon, and we will see if you are telling the truth."

This was said in tones so commanding that it took but a moment to comply. Brother George admits that he did some rapid thinking; sought out his favorite text; hustled up the introduction, the three divisions, the classic illustration, and sailed in as earnestly as possible and with as much unctiousness as the conditions allowed.

Village Fighting in Northern France

(By OWEN S. WATKINS, Chaplain of the Forces)

My previous letter left off at that point where the British force from the Aisne came into touch with the enemy in the neighborhood of Bethune-Arras-La Basse. During the early days our advance was steady, though slow. On the first night our men slept in the German trenches they had won. All the next day the battle raged unceasingly, and at night the enemy made a most determined effort to recover their position...

On Saturday, Oct. 17th, the 14th Field Ambulance, which had been billeted in a farm called Beuvry, about three miles from Bethune, advanced to the little town of Richebourg-l'Avoue. It was not a long trek, but every mile of it was a terrible record of the effect of war—the deserted villages, house-fronts marked with bullets, windows broken, furniture cast into the road, roofs tumbled in, here and there a blackened ruin, trenches in gardens and orchards, the trees by the roadside scarred with rifle bullets, and in some cases literally cut in two by shell. And then, as we talked with those few of the inhabitants who had dared to stay when the Germans had occupied the district, what tales we heard. Things which cannot be repeated, but which filled one with a silent rage and, for the moment, a desire for revenge which was almost overpowering.

THE MODERN HUNS

Richebourg we found in a state of partial ruin (now, I understand, it has hardly one stone left standing on another), and there was plenty of accommodation for the Field Ambulance. The great cotton mill, upon which the whole population depended for its living, was a smoking heap of ruins; but most of the houses were still intact, although they had been most systematically looted by the Germans. The house of the mill-owner had been occupied the previous evening by a German general and his staff. What a sight it presented! The house had been well and expensively furnished, but the modern Huns had left it worse than any pig-sty, and had wrecked and looted it most thoroughly. Remnants of meals, broken champagne bottles, smashed crockery, ornaments, vases, and the contents of every cupboard and drawer covered the floor in a filthy layer some inches deep and appeared to have effectually ruined the rich pile carpets. Upstairs things were even worse—nameless filth upon the floors, beds with embroidered linen sheets in which German officers had slept in their muddy boots, and ever the broken wine bottles, and the contents of drawers and cupboards trampled on the floor. The unnecessary brutality and destructiveness of it all filled one with anger, and if a general and his staff behaved thus, what could be expected from the rank and file? Five days the Germans spent in Richebourg, and during that time from the cellars of this one house alone they took five thousand bottles of wine. Small wonder that the floors were strewn with broken glass, and in every trench were hundreds of empty wine bottles. Before we could occupy the place a fatigue party had to be turned into it with buckets and brooms, and the filth and rubbish buried.

SWEPT BY SHRAPNEL

Our advanced dressing-station, under command of Major Richards, was formed at cross-roads about a mile farther on in the direction of Neuve Chapelle, and from that point constant communication was maintained with the various regiments of the 14th Brigade. What that entailed you will understand in part when I tell you that both sides were no well entrenched, and the opposing trenches were so close—often only two or three hundred yards apart—that it was absolutely impossible, in daylight, either to convey water or rations to the troops, or to remove the sick, wounded and dead; whilst the road by which the trenches were approached was throughout the day simply swept by shrapnel, and the dressing-station itself frequently in danger from high explosive shells. Yet daily Major Richards passed along that road, found out what casualties had occurred in the regiments, and then at night sent out his brave officers, with ambulances,

wagons and bearers, to collect the injured men. Captains Lindsay and Bell, Lieutenants Tasker and Rowe, in this connection did work the value of which has not been excelled by any medical officers during this campaign. In order that you may come to some appreciation of their work I will try and describe one night when the Rev. D. P. Winniffrith (Church of England) and myself accompanied them, and in some respects that night the dangers were not so great as on many previous occasions.

Word had come to us that there were dead awaiting burial, so we took ourselves to the advanced dressing-station, where Captain Bell was just about to start out with ambulance wagons and stretcher-bearers; so we joined them. It was an experience to remember for long—the silent march along the dark road, in the distance burning villages, the flash in the sky as a shell burst, and every now and then the sudden rip of rifle fire, and through it all the regular beat of the machine guns pumping out their stream of death. No smoking was permitted in the ranks, or the showing of any light; men spoke in subdued voices or in whispers. Above us was the scream of our own shell, and we wondered if the enemy would reply, and, if so, whether their answer would be to sweep the road on which we marched with shrapnel, as they had been doing all through the hours of light. We passed through the smoldering ruins of a village, the bare walls of barns and cottages showing up like gaunt skeletons against the firelit sky. Then the challenge of a sentry, and we were marching into what was left of the village of Lourges. What a sight it was—little more than a heap of ruins, houses still burning furiously, and, by the light of the fire, the regimental bearers bringing in the wounded to the collecting points.

HEROIC MEDICAL OFFICERS

I cannot write of the horrors I saw, and I am sure you would not wish me to do so; but I shall never forget those awful collecting points—men still in their filth and blood, the haggard, hollow-eyed medical officers (Lieutenants Eccles and Matthews), who had not slept for three nights, and the smell of blood—laugh, I have it in my nostrils now as I write. In one of these collecting stations, if a light was shown at the back of the house they were shelled; if at the front, they were sniped and during that very day the roof had been carried away from over their heads by a lyddite shell. Whilst in another, only a few days later, both doctors, bearers and wounded were buried under the ruins resulting from a shell explosion. I have often heard it said that a medical officer doing regimental duty earns the V. C. over and over again, and certain it is that there is no class of officer amongst whom casualties are greater. I personally never met braver men than the regimental medical officers of the 14th Infantry Brigade, i. e., Captain Brown and Lieutenant Eccles, Helm and Matthews.

At the regimental collecting point Mr. Winniffrith and I parted company, for there was much to do, and it could be best done by dividing our forces. His first task was to bury three officers, and mine lay to bury a brave lad of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. We buried him in the garden of the house into which the wounded had been collected. The grave had to be dug in the dark—to show a light would have cost the diggers their lives. The service was read by the light of a lantern shrouded with sacks. The volleys fired over his grave came from the enemy, for just as the service concluded the Germans made an attack on our trenches, and we had to retire hastily to the house, to avoid stray bullets which were coming our way. My next task was at a point farther down the village, and through it I picked my way as best I might. Sometimes the blaze of burning buildings lighted the road with a brilliant glare which was anything but comforting when you remembered that the German trenches were only a few hundred yards away. These stretches of road, needless to say, were deserted, and any who had to pass that way did so as expeditiously as might be. Out of the glare you were plunged into inky darkness, but when your eyes had become accustomed to it you found the street was full of men hurrying about their business—carrying wounded, drawing rations, bringing up ammunition, and handing out the letters from home, whilst among the deserted houses there ran the ceaseless hum of conversation in "under-tapes."

NO ALUM



NONE EVER WENT BACK.

In a barn near the ruined church I found eight still figures—three Manchester, two East Surreys, two Scottish Borders and one Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. In little more than a whisper a sergeant said to me, "We haven't quite finished the grave yet, sir. You see, we had to stop digging just now when they attacked for it's only five hundred yards from the German trenches. Come and I'll show you where it is." We passed out to the back of the barn, where after a while, I could distinguish figures digging in the darkness. From beyond came a soft hum of voices. "What's that?" I asked. "It's the men in the trenches, sir, talking. When your eyes get accustomed to the dark you'll be able to see 'em, for they're only a few yards away." Then the tramp of feet in the grass, and a silent procession passed us in single file. "Relief for the trenches!" I inquired. "No, sir; they're just the chaps taking 'em their rations. You see nobody can get at 'em at all in daylight, and all that sort of thing had to be done at night." I tripped over something, and stopped to pick it up; it was a broken German helmet. "Not much use that, sir, for a souvenir; too much smashed about. You see, they broke through here last night, but none of those as got through ever went back. I expect it was light you would see quite a number of helmets and things lying about."

As the digging progressed, of necessity very slowly, I went elsewhere, visited the headquarters of two of the regiments, and had conversation with such men as I could lay hold upon, and finally settled down under shelter of the barn to wait. On the other side of the road was a burning house; its glare lit up the ruined church to my right, and as I looked at that I thought of Davidson. I wonder if the people in England have heard yet of Davidson, of the gunners; perhaps not, for I do not know who would tell his tale, certainly not himself, so I will try, though I know beforehand that I cannot do it justice.

EARNING A "V. C."

Lieutenant E. Davidson, of the 119th Battery Royal Field Artillery, had just been sent in wounded in one of the ambulance wagons. Early in the day our gunners had found it impossible to locate certain German guns which were fast rendering our trenches untenable. The country was so flat that there was no possible point of vantage from which the gunners could "observe," except the steeple of the church in Lourges. But the Germans knew that as well as we did, so the church was being vigorously shelled, and already no less than twelve lyddite shells had been pitched into it. It was the duty of Lieutenant Davidson to "observe" so he calmly went to the church, climbed the already tottering tower, and, seated on the top, proceeded to telephone his information to the battery after German battery was silenced; the infantry, which at that time was in danger of extermination, was saved; and the position, in spite of an attack in overwhelming force by the enemy, was successfully held. The church was reduced to a scrap heap, but still Davidson sat tight on the remnants of his tower. For seven solid hours, expecting death every moment, he calmly scanned the country and telephoned his reports. At dark his task was done, and he came down to rejoin his battery. As he left the ruins a fall of timber in one of the burning houses lit up everything with a sudden glare, there was the crack of a rifle—the German trenches were only a few hundred yards away—and a bullet passed through the back of his neck and out through his mouth. But without hurting his pace he walked to his battery, gave them his final information, and then, "I think I'd better go and find the field ambulance, for the beggars have drilled a hole in me that needs plugging." And he walked half a mile to the nearest "collecting point." In the infantry of the 14th Brigade men can talk of nobody else but "Davidson, of the

gunners." They themselves face death every hour of the day and night; they themselves do unrecorded deeds of heroism worthy of the "V. C.," but with one voice they declare, "Davidson is the real thing. If he doesn't get the 'V. C.'—well, not only deserves it." So I sat and looked at the ruins, and wondered what the thoughts and feelings of that young man had been as he sat alone on the shaky tower seven hours, waiting for death.

FUNERAL IN DEEP DARKNESS

Then the voice of the sergeant, "Beg pardon, sir; we're ready when you are. The grave's dug." And I passed out of the glare of burning buildings, through the barn, into the darkness beyond, where the shadowy figures of the diggers could be dimly seen standing round the open grave.

"The commanding officer sends his compliments, sir," continued the sergeant, "and will you please conduct the service without any light. For even a muffled light here would be likely to draw fire."

So, in the almost inky darkness, with no sound but the soft murmur from the trenches of which I have already spoken, I recited the words of the glorious English burial service, and committed my brave comrades into the hands of God. On getting back to the place where I had parted from Mr. Winniffrith, I found him just returned from similar experiences; whilst Captain Bell, who all through the night had superintended the coming and going of his ambulance wagons, was just completing his last load—one hundred men in all we gathered that night. Then followed the silent march back over the dark road, through smoldering hamlets, and past still burning farmsteads, until at last the advanced dressing-station was reached. Here Captain Lindsay had just returned from a similar journey to our own, but in another direction, whilst Major Richards and Lieutenant Tasker and Rowe were busy redressing any cases that needed immediate attention. At Richebourg, meanwhile, Major Fawcett, assisted by Lieutenants Chesney and Clarke, worked right through the night in the operating room, giving such attention to serious cases as was impossible at the advanced dressing-station, and when necessary to the saving of life, performing operations, often of a most delicate and difficult character. Soon after dawn the motor ambulances arrived, wounded and sick were hurried away to railroad, and some of them before very many hours had passed were in England, far from the sound of rifle fire, machine guns and "Black Maria's." The field ambulance now rested only to begin its activities again with the coming of the hours of darkness.

HOW THE TROOPS LIVE

Of the fighting during the days and weeks that have followed what can I write? It certainly cannot be described. The country, flat and unspicably dreary, is intersected with ditches and dykes, the water in which is always covered with green slime. The weather, either Scotch-mist, damp and penetrating, or incessant, pouring rain. Our troops, living in mud-holes dug in the soft earth of beet and potato fields; all day they are sprayed by the enemy's shrapnel, machine guns and rifle fire, and occasionally either blown out of their trenches or buried alive by "Black Maria's"—the bursting of a "Black Maria" resembles the eruption of a volcano, and its results are like those of an earthquake; whilst almost every night of the week their trenches are attacked by the enemy in overwhelming force. It sounds incredible that they should live through it, if they lived, that any amongst them should be sane, especially when it is remembered that the 14th Brigade has never rested since it landed in France three months ago. Sometimes we have had great and brilliant successes, and a line of trenches or a village has been carried at the point of the bayonet. Sometimes we have ourselves had to retire. The line of our front has not been a fixed line, but has swayed to and fro, for the Germans have thrown all their strength and the very flower of their army upon this point in their desperate effort to break through and reach Calais. Never in the history of war has there been fiercer fighting; the incredible bravery of the German soldiers, who night after night are thrown in massed battalions upon our trenches, only to be mowed down in heaps, is one of the greatest wonders of this war, and has filled us all with respect and admiration. Some nights it is 400 dead left on the field; on others 500 and 700; and on one occasion lately it was as much as 1,500, whilst prisoners and wounded pass through in a more or less continual stream. Yet, judging from the wounded who have

passed through our hands, their spirit is by no means broken, though most of them are very, very tired of it all and long for peace and home.

NIGHTLY TOLL OF WOUNDED

Our own losses are also very considerable. Day after day they pass through our hands—100 to 150 wounded has recently been the nightly total of the 14th Brigade alone—and they are all so cheery. A few nights ago we got nearly 100 men from the Manchester Regiment. Their spirits were unusually high; the reason I will give in the words of one of themselves.

"You see, sir, they charged us, and we shot them down as fast as we could, but there was too many of 'em for us to shoot 'em all. So seeing they'd soon be atop of us and we should be smothered in our own trenches just by the weight of 'em, we didn't stay for that. We just up and went to meet 'em with the bayonet. My! but that was a fight. If only somebody could describe it. But with very little moon, and nobody could exactly say as he saw it."

And that is my difficulty; night after night the dreadful noise of battle, night after night the sorrowful fruit of the battlefield, but of the fighting who can tell?—God hides it with the veil of His darkness, and in this we see His mercy.

In the ebb and flow of battle the 14th Field Ambulance has had many homes—Richebourg-l'Avoue, Le Hamel, Le Tour, La Couture, Vieil Chappelle, Lestrem, Estaires, Les Lobes, Rue Delannoy, Les Facons and Le Belle Croix. In some of them we have made comparatively long stays, in others we did not even complete one night, for we were shelled out by an inconsiderate enemy. But whether our stay was long or short, Colonel Crawford and his officers have made their arrangements for the receiving of sick and wounded, the operating room has been ready, and under the most trying conditions excellent work has been done. And nightly from the "advanced dressing-station"—commanded sometimes by Major Richards and sometimes by Major Fawcett—the doctors and bearers have gone forth on their dangerous and merciful work. During the three months we have been at the front no less than 100 officers and 3,000 men have passed through the 14th Field Ambulance on their way to England and the hospitals at the base.

And the chaplain's work, what of that? It has been, as in the past, few opportunities of getting the men together for parade services, but when able to preach to them meeting with the warmest appreciation; many opportunities of personal touch, when men are found to be more responsive than they ever are in peacetime; sometimes a prayer by the side of a dying comrade whose work is done, then the letters written to his dear ones telling of his passing; the reading of the funeral service; the distributing of gifts and comforts sent from home—such are the things that make up the chaplain's day, and one's comfort is that, though it seems so little, it yet is not entirely without fruits.

First Dose Ends Indigestion, Heartburn, or Gas on Stomach

The question as to how long you age going to continue a sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia or out-of-order stomach is merely a matter of how soon you begin taking Tonaline Tablets. People with weak stomachs should take Tonaline Tablets occasionally, and there will be no more indigestion, no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach, no heartburn, sour risings, gas on stomach, or belching of undigested food, headaches, dizziness or sick stomach; and besides, what you eat will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors. All these symptoms resulting from a sour, out-of-order stomach and dyspepsia are generally relieved five minutes after taking Tonaline Tablets. Go to your druggist and get a \$1.00 box of Tonaline Tablets and you will always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and what you eat will taste good, because your stomach and intestines will be clean and fresh, and you will know there are not going to be any more bad nights and miserable days for you. Tonaline Tablets freshen you and make you feel like life is worth living. Tonaline Tablets cost \$1.00 for a fifty days' treatment. At druggists or mailed by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills owe their singular effectiveness in curing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica to their power of stimulating and strengthening the kidneys. They enable these organs to thoroughly filter from the blood the uric acid (the product of waste matter) which gets into the joints and muscles and causes these painful diseases. Over half a century of constant use has proved conclusively that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills strengthen weak kidneys and cure Rheumatism.

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 sorrowful 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.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

On and after November 3rd, 1914, train services on this railway is as follows: Express for Yarmouth... 11.57 a.m. Express for Halifax... 2.00 p.m. Accom. for Halifax... 7.40 a.m. Accom. for Annapolis... 6.05 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains of 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 at 6.40 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 12.50 noon; for Truro at 7.05 a.m., 6.16 p.m. and 7.30 a.m., and from Truro at 6.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 12.25 noon, 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 Mail Express between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted) Canadian Pacific Steamship "YAR-MOUTH" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m. leaves Digby 1.45 p.m.; arrives in St. John about 5.00 connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesdays and Saturdays. P. GIFFKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accom. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect June 22, 1914, Accom. Mon. & Fri. Stations: Lv. Middleton A.R., \* Clarence, Bridgetown, Granville Centre, Granville Ferry, \* Karlsala, J.S. Port Wade Lv. Read up: 15.45, 16.17, 16.51, 14.36, 14.21, 14.05, 13.45

\*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS CAN. & U.S.A. AND A. R. P. MOONEY, General Freight and Passenger Agent

FURNESS SAILINGS

Table with columns: From Liverpool, For Liverpool, Via Newfoundland, Durango, Jan. 7, Dec. 29, From London, From Halifax, Sachem, Graciana, Start Point, Sagamore, Jan. 7, Dec. 20, Jan. 7, Yours truly

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

False Economy

If you neglect to now educate your boy, he will be handicapped when peace is declared. More than ever before will the young men require to be able to act promptly and wisely. Do not delay. Train him now at the

Maritime Business College Halifax, N. S. E. Kaulbach, C. A.