

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" THE MARVELLOUS FRUIT MEDICINE

Has Relieved More Cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Trouble Than Any Other Medicine

THOUSANDS OWE THEIR GOOD HEALTH TO IT

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"Fruit-a-tives" means health. In years to come, people will look back to the discovery of 'Fruit-a-tives' and wonder how they ever managed to get along without these wonderful tablets, made from fruit juices.

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"FRUIT-A-TIVES" has been one of the great successes of the century and the sales are enormous, both in Canada and the United States.

THE SUNBEAMS

Now what shall I send to the earth today?

Said the great, round, golden sun.

"Oh, let us go down there to work and play."

Said the sunbeams every one.

So down to earth in a shining crowd

The merry, busy crew;

They painted with splendor each shining cloud.

And the sky, as they passed through

The sunbeams then through the windows crept

To the children in their beds,

They poked at the eyelids of those who slept

And gilded their little heads.

"Wake up little children, they cried in glee,

"And from dreamland come away,

We have brought a present, awake and see,

We have brought you a sunny day."

Eleanor Smiths Songs

CUT WORMS AND HOW TO FIGHT THEM

Farmers, market gardeners and others who cultivate the soil will be pleased to know that the Entomological Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, has issued a 31-page bulletin (No. 10) on "Cutworms and their control," prepared by Mr. Arthur Gibson, Chief Assistant Entomologist.

In the introduction it is stated that cutworms as a class rank in importance with the San Jose Scale, the codling moth and the Hessian fly, all of which are among our most destructive insect enemies.

There are certainly few insects which, year after year, inflict such widespread damage as the various caterpillars known as cutworms. The annual loss occasioned by these insects in Canada amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

In the bulletin methods of controlling cutworms are discussed fully. Under "Preventive measures" the value of clean cultivation is referred to as well as the placing of bands of tin or paper around plants which are set out.

"Remedial measures" include descriptions of various poisoned baits to destroy the cutworms, under the directions for the making of proper furrows or ditches to prevent the advance of armies of cutworms, etc. Fifteen common kinds of cutworms are described in popular detail and much information given on the habits and life history of the various species.

The bulletin is fully illustrated, the figures being clear and well chosen. Altogether there are 20 illustrations of cutworms, cutworm moths, injury to plants, etc. Copies of this new publication may be had free of charge on application to the Chief of the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Enquiries regarding these insects or other kinds which are found to be injuring crops, should be addressed to the Entomologist, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

An electric oven, tiny enough to be placed on a microscope, and used for heating and drying objects that are to be examined, has been invented by a scientist.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF FRANCE THE AVALANCHE

We publish an important series of articles which form, we believe, the first connected statement of the great achievement of France in stemming the German attack.

The articles have been approved by the French Headquarters Staff, which has been good enough to supply some of the material used in their compilation.

The story of the work of the French Army cannot yet be fully told, but a summary can be given, and even a bald summary may convey some notion of the greatness of the achievement. Our news of the French doings have been scanty and local, and we need a consecutive narrative to enable us to realize the magnitude of it all. Yet it is most vitally important that every Englishman should recognize what France has done and is doing, what she has suffered and is suffering, for we shall win the campaign as Allies and make peace as Allies, and the attitude of our Allies towards the terms of settlement can only be constructed in the light of what they have sacrificed.

To any reader of the diplomatic correspondence which ended abruptly on August 4, the attitude of France must have seemed almost pedantically correct. She, the proudest of nations, made every sacrifice for peace except the ultimate one. In the past few years she has not been well served by some of her politicians, but she has been brilliantly served by her diplomats. No Ambassador came out of the diplomatic tangle in July with a higher reputation than M. Jules Cambon, her Ambassador at Berlin. She was aware of German designs, but she laboured for peace. Her new Army Law had not had time to take effect, her supply of munitions was deficient, she had no bellicose ambitions to satiate, her temper was conciliatory, she had no further degree compatible with honour. The war was forced upon her, and she entered into it with the cleanest hands. A great solemnity fell upon the land, as of a man going into a desperate battle which he cannot refuse, and in which the odds are monstrously against him. She was unprepared—partly from blunders, partly from no fault of her own; but her unpreparedness is proof of her honesty.

The German Plan Germany's attitude last August is often misunderstood. We talk of her madness in challenging the whole world, but in her eyes there was no madness. For a generation she had given her best brains to the study of war, and had prepared a machine without parallel in the history of the world. She believed she was the one expert in a world of amateurs; that she had the perfect knowledge, the perfect weapon, and far greater numbers than any power or combination of powers could bring against her for many months. She had long foreseen the possibility of a war on two fronts against both France and Russia, and she had made her plans accordingly. She hoped to repeat her exploit of 1870. Her aim was an immediate crushing blow against France, a blow so terrific that, as in 1870, the French army would be destroyed and the French nation would be driven to clamor for peace. Then, while France lay prostrate and could be held by small forces, she would swing her great armies eastward and deal with Russia. She did not expect to conquer Russia, but hoped to deal with her so faithfully as to drive her out of the Alliance. Then with France prostrate and Russia discouraged she would have leisure to deal with her arch-enemy Britain. Observe that the scheme depended entirely upon the early overthrow of France. If the disabling blow, "the battle without a morrow" as the German phrase went, failed, then every plan would have to be revised. Time was the essence of Germany's scheme. What she had to do must be done quickly.

Germany had on mobilization 25 corps of the first line: 21 of these she disposed against France. She had 33 reserve corps, and 22 of these were sent to the western theatre. She had 15 Landwehr corps and eight were under orders for France. That is to say she sent 51 corps across her western frontier, which with army troops and cavalry meant 2 1/2 million men. These were her first formations. As we shall see, the bulk of her subsequent formations were also used in the west. But numbers were only one part of her strength. By her elaborate system of espionage in peace time she had made preparations on every possible field of battle. She had worked out the problem of the frontier fortresses and had prepared great howitzers before which steel and concrete were useless. Her immense strength in motor transport enabled her to move her great armies at a speed unknown to history. In field artillery she had at least two guns to the allies' one. Her tactics

were devised to give the maximum results in the shortest time by means of a crushing artillery preparation and massed infantry attacks. She could afford to waste men and shells, for she was plentifully supplied with both. Further, it was arranged that huge bodies of cavalry should sweep round her flanks and terrorize the civilian population, and as a further inducement to panic she was prepared to fight with a complete disregard for the ancient decencies of war. German policy is incoercible except on the view that she was bound to win a final victory at the outset, when she could afford to laugh at the world. But the childish ruthlessness which will yet work her ruin was a terrible asset in her first decent upon the west.

France's Problem

Against this torrential invasion France could produce on mobilization something between one million and one and a half million men. On paper her numbers were greater, but partly owing to the fact that her new army scheme was incomplete, and partly owing to defects of equipment she could not hope to reach her estimated standard for some months. Germany had taken good care to take her old opponent by surprise. General Joffre had to face a problem whose difficulty might have appalled the greatest commander. His numbers, even with the British Expeditionary Force, were no more than half those of his assailant. He had to await the attack on a line 500 miles, and since the superior speed of Germany's mobilization gave her the initiative he could not tell where the chief force of the blow would come. Accordingly he followed Napoleon's famous maxim, "engage everywhere and then see." It was his business to feel the enemy's strength along the whole line. But merely to wait and see would lead to disaster, for the first sight might also be the last. He therefore obeyed another of Napoleon's maxims, and behind his front held a large strategic reserve. The tactics which won the battle of Jena were elaborated into the major strategy of a campaign. If the troops which first obtained contact with the main thrust of the enemy could fight a delaying battle and retire slowly in good order, time would be given for the reserves to swing round against the invader.

Such a plan was the only one possible for a defensive like the French. Certain facts were clear in the first weeks of the war. The number of Germans was obvious; it was certain that a very strong right wing would move through the Belgian plain against the line of the Sambre; it was certain, too, that a strong effort would be made by the armies based on Metz to open the road through Nancy to Paris. Where the major attack would take place was a matter of guess work. A Commander-in-Chief, when all calculations have been made, is still left with a gamble before him. General Joffre tried to reduce uncertainty to a minimum. He had his frontier armies massed along the Sambre and the Meuse in the beginning of the third week of August. He had an army watching Verdun on its north side. The movement against Nancy he resolved to anticipate. A French advance from Lorraine would detain the Bavarian corps which might otherwise be used to weight the attack on the Meuse, and an offensive would be the best defence of the eastern gate of France.

Situation on August 23.

Such were the elements of the French problem in the third week of August. The four corps of DeCastelnau's second army, including the famous 9th commanded by General Foch, moved across the frontier towards Metz, while Dubail's First Army cleared the crests of the Vosges. By the 19th the French were at Saarburg, astride the railway between Metz and Strassburg, and pouring down from all the northern glens of the hills. But next day came the check. The Bavarians from Metz struck hard against the French left between Pont-a-Mousson and Chateau Salins and drove it in, and the whole centre and right fell back to conform. Two days later the Germans were in Lunéville, and pressing on against the Grand Couronne of Nancy, the last defences of the eastern gate. On August 23 began the battle of Nancy on a front from Pont-a-Mousson to St. Die under the Vosges.

On that day, Sunday, August 23, General Joffre had to face the most critical moment since Sedan in the history of his country. The avalanche was now launched against the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, and it was far more formidable than the wildest guesses. The German right under von Kluck and von Bulow, which was believed to be at the most six corps strong, had not less than nine. Namur had fallen, its forts blown to atoms by the great guns

which had been unwisely allowed to get in range. An unexpected army, that of the Saxons under von Rausen, had forced the Meuse and pierced the Allied centre. The frontier forts were useless, the frontier guards were driven in, while in Lorraine the Bavarians, flushed with victory, were threatening to turn the flank of all the northern armies, and cut their communications with the reserves and the capital. The northern gate was forced, the eastern was menaced, and for a moment it looked as if the most dismal forecasts of pessimism would prove true, and Paris and the gates of France lost, the Allies would be forced to fight a new Torres Vedras on the Biscayan coast.

The strategic reserves were not available. They were there to be sure in Alsace, in Burgundy, and behind Paris, but the time was too short. They could not be brought up to the front; the front must get back to them. That, in a sentence, is the explanation of the events between August 23 and September 5.

The Great Retreat

To conduct a successful retreat in the face of a triumphant enemy, is, according to Frederick the Great, the most difficult of the operations of war. The Germans moving at an incredible pace, were threatening to envelop the Allied left, our centre was pierced on the Meuse, and at any moment news might come that our right flank in Lorraine was turned, and that the enemy were behind us in Champagne. No strategical plan, long brooded over in peace, was now of the slightest avail. There was nothing for it but retreat, swift and desperate retreat, till a line could be reached on which a stand was possible. At this crisis General Joffre showed that if the hour had come the man was not wanting. A lesser man would have seized upon local successes, such as that at Guise, to make a stand; or tenacious of his first plan, would have waited upon reserves which would have certainly arrived too late. But the French Generalissimo had the courage to play the rigorous game and to unmask even Paris in his bold defensive. There was still good hope if only De Castelnau could keep the gate of Nancy.

The story of the British retreat is familiar—how with the enemy on three sides we struggled from his grasp, checking his onslaught in more than one fierce battle. It saved the armies of the Allies, for so far as the retreat itself was concerned the British had the most perilous end to hold. But the achievement of the French Fourth and Fifth armies must be remembered. They had been defeated in severe engagements at Charleroi and on the Meuse. At one time it looked as if the fifth army would be penned between von Bulow and the Saxons. Yet they succeeded in slipping through with many losses, and on the fourth day of the retreat could turn at Guise and make a successful attack against the Prussian Guard. Mistakes were plentiful in these days, and many a distinguished general was "unglamed," for General Joffre set before himself a standard of naked efficiency. The casualties were heavy, as always happens in a hurried retreat. But it was no broken army which marched across the grassy vales of Oise and Aisne and Suippe, and left behind it the towers and vineyards of Reims, and did not rest till it was south of the orchards of the Marne and the flats of the Champagne-Pouilleuse. It is a bitter thing for men to leave their own countryside to an invader. It is a hard thing at all times to retreat after costly battles. The troops which were drawn up between Fofftaine-Jeau and Verdun were a better fighting force than that which a fortnight before had lined the Meuse and the Sambre. Misfortune had welded them together and given them something to avenge.

Meantime Paris was exposed and in German eyes had already fallen. To the observers of Berlin it seemed that the war was over, and that it only remained to gather in the fruit of victory. But they could not see what troops were moving through Paris streets. They misjudged the little British force now lying behind Crecy forest, and the weary but unbroken French armies on the Petit Morin and in Southern Champagne and on the heights of Verdun. They could not guess at the qualities of the French reserves now south of Sezanne, or the brains of Foch, their general. They forgot that De Castelnau after a fortnight's desperate fighting was still holding the Nancy gate.

To be continued

The farm is one of the wretched "munitions" factories in the world. We should ever keep this in mind in the great struggle.



PEEPS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION IX.—The Yellowstone The Yellowstone National Park is a magnificent stretch of scenery, under the control and protection of the United States Government, located in the State of Nevada, and reached by the Northern Pacific Railway. To make anything like a visit to this wonderful park takes four or five days but visitors to the Panama-Pacific Exposition may form a very good idea of its attractions from the miniature reproduction which has been prepared by the Northern Pacific Railway Co. Like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, it abounds in color, which is one of its main attractions. Someone has said that it looks like a blown up paint shop. Examine the slanting walls of the tremendous Canyon and you see such a display of color as the eye of man never looked upon. "Just there to the right some huge pots of white and yellow and red paint have been tipped over, and it has flowed right down in parallel streaks to the water's edge. Further along is a gigantic tower carved out of a solid crimson rock. Here to the left are turrets and castles, and cathedrals; then a Parthenon, over there St. Mark's glittering in gold, there the Taj Mahal, as white as spotless alabaster. Colors, green and brown, saffron, and orange and pink, and vermillion, and russet, covered every rock until the scene is bewildering.

What shall one say as he looks upon such a scene? Perhaps this canyon has been cut and painted by the divine hand to give us some idea of how beautiful heaven will be. Who can look upon such a scene and say there is no God? The geysers are of course, a great source of astonishment. No two appear to be alike in their style of playing. Some have more steam mixed with the water than others. Some shoot up a constant stream, others are intermittent and somewhat like various kinds of rockets. The Grand Castle, Beehive and Splendid are fine geysers, but uncertain in their operation. It is necessary to watch for a couple of days to be sure of seeing the main action. The grandest of them all, the Giant, wakes up only once a fortnight. It discharges a vast body of water 140 feet in height, and continues for nearly two hours.

The geyser known as "Old Faithful" is, however, the travellers' delight. It can be counted on to perform every sixty-five minutes, and although its display is not so showy as that of some others, it always gives an interesting exhibition. This geyser is a type of some people who are to be found in almost every church. They have no brilliant talents. The work that they do is never spectacular, but they can always be relied on, and never fail to be in their place of duty at the appointed time. How the Old Faithfuls do cheer the pastor's heart and help him in his work!

X.—The Potato Bug

The potato is generally recognized as the most important vegetable in the diet of Americans and Europeans. More than two hundred million bushels are produced annually in the United States and Canada, the average yield being about 100 bushels per acre. The meallest and best qualities of potatoes are produced on a well drained, fertile sandy loam soil. Like all other vegetables and fruits, the potato has its enemies, chief of which may be mentioned the well-known potato bug or Colorado Beetle, an insect about two-fifths of an inch in length, yellow in color, with black spots and stripes. When this pest began, about the year 1870, to become generally destructive, there was great alarm lest we might soon have to do without potatoes on our dinner tables. Many people besides those born and bred in Ireland were greatly relieved when it was announced that the potato bug could be successfully combated by a liberal application of paris green.

A model of a potato bug 100,000,000 times as big as the real thing is one of the novel exhibits installed at the Horticultural Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The model is not intended as an amusement feature, but as an object lesson to the farmer. This bug lies on its back and is 40 feet long, 20 feet wide and 40 feet high from the floor to its feet. It consists of a frame of gas pipe over which a painted canvas skin is laced. It has three rooms, which are electrically lighted, and which contain exhibits relating to the extermination of this pest. One entrance to the bug is through its mouth.

It is related that many years ago the first time Prince Bismark went to consult Dr. Schweninger, he was asked many questions. The Iron Chancellor, who was not accustomed to be cross-examined, got impatient, and said:—"I came here to be cured, not catechized." "Oh," replied the doctor, coolly, "then you had better go to a veterinary surgeon." He's the only doctor I know of who cures his patients without asking them any questions.

Joker's Corner

Ethel: "Kitty hasn't a thought for anything nowadays except her new car. She's perfectly in love with it." Jack (sadly): "Another case of a man being displaced by machinery."

"Mandy, is you married?" "Well, I haint said I haint, did I?" "Look heah, chile, I didn't done ax you is you haint married, I axed you is, is you?"

"Was your husband cool when you told him there was a burglar in the house?" asked Mrs. Hammer. "Cool," replied Mrs. Gabb, "I should say he was cool. Why, his teeth chattered."

A little girl was visiting friends, and during the course of the conversation, one of them remarked: "I hear you have a new little sister." "Yes," answered the little girl, "just two weeks old."

"Did you want it to be a little girl?" asked the friend. "No, I wanted it to be a little boy," she replied, "but it came while I was at school."

"I suppose, Eileen," she remarked to the new girl, with feigned indifference, "that you overheard my husband and I conversing rather earnestly this morning. I hope, however, that you did not think anything unusual was going on?" "Niver a bit, mum. Oi wanst had a husband meself, an' niver a day passed that th' neighbours didn't belave one or th' other uv us would be kilt entirely."

A physician who had scarcely any sleep for two days called upon a patient—an Irishman—who was suffering from pneumonia. Sitting down in a chair beside the sick man, he bent his ear to his chest to hear the respiration, calling upon Pat to count.

The doctor was so fatigued that when the patient had counted up to ten he went to sleep, with his ear on the sick man's chest. Awakening, he heard Pat still counting, "Tin thousand an' sivilinty-six, tin thousand an' sivilinty-sivin."

It is great fun watching the efforts of the troops to make the French people understand what they want. One of our fellows thought he would try for some eggs at a farmhouse. Naturally, they couldn't understand him, so he opened his mouth rubbed his stomach, flapped his arms, and cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo." The eggs came promptly.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked the little girl's mother as she paused to look at some very strange marks the child was making on a piece of paper. "I'm writing a letter to Lillie Smith," was the answer. "But, my dear," laughed the mother, "you don't know how to write."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, mother. Lillie doesn't know how to read."

Donald, who was a great fishman, started to dress his own fly hooks. He was met by a crony one day, who said:—"I hear you've begun to dress yer ain hooks, noo, Donald. Is that true?" "It's a' that," answered Donald.

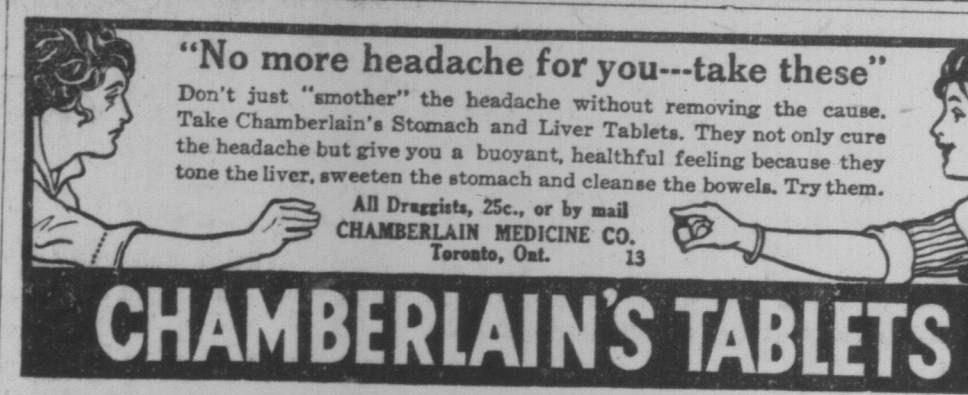
"An' can you put them up anything materel like?" inquired the crony. "I dinna ken for that," replied Donald, "but there wis a spider ran away wi' twa o' them yesterday."

An illustration of thrift is contained in the story of a Scotswoman who had been promised a present of a new bonnet by a lady. Before she made the purchase, the lady called and asked the good woman, "Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. MacDuff?" "Well, said Mrs. MacDuff, "I think I'll tak' a strae ane. It'll maybe be a mouthful to the coo when I'm done wi' it."

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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 8.35 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.

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July 11 Messina July 31 July 21 Appenine Aug. 10

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