

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

"Fruit-a-tives" Cleans, Purifies, Enriches

Fruit Juice is Nature's own remedy. "FRUIT-A-TIVES," the famous fruit medicine, keeps the blood pure and rich because it keeps the whole system free of impurities. "Fruit-a-tives" improves the Skin Action; enables the stomach to digest food properly; makes the bowels move regularly; and relieves the strain on the Kidneys. By its cleaning, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" rids the system of all waste matter and thus insures a pure blood supply. 50c. a box, 6 for 2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

HOUSE-CLEANING SEASON

This house-cleaning season is awful! It just seems a shame, so I say. To turn a nice house topsy-turvy. And float it in soapsuds each day. To pull the insides from the cupboards. To tear carpets up from the floors. To use pictures, chairs and pianos. To blockade the windows and doors. Now things disappear just like magic. Unless you hold onto them tight; And things that have been lost for ages. Are just being brought into sight. We missed baby's best shoes and stockings. And what do you think was their fate? Packed down in an old rubbish barrel. Way out by the back alley gate. One night pa fell over the ladder. That some one had left near the door. And he got so cross and disgusted. He won't come to meals any more. But 'tween you and me, dad's a wise one. He don't want to come home to eat. For fear, if the meal wasn't ready. He might have a carpet to beat. Dear mother seems all out of patience. And grandma is all out of tune; The maid she is crosser than any. I hope it will end very soon.

STAGE COACH ETHICS

Many years ago Simon Peter Richardson, a noted Georgia Circuit rider, wanted to go from Gainesville to Dahlonga. The only means of travel was a stage-coach. Approaching the driver, the old preacher inquired, "What do you charge to Dahlonga?" The driver replied, "\$2.50 for first-class, \$2 for second-class and \$1.50 for third-class." Fearing the rough roads and desiring to be as comfortable as possible, the old minister paid first-class. The moment the stage-coach started the first-class passenger observed next to him on the right a man whom he had seen pay second-class fare, and next to him on the left a man whom he had seen pay third-class fare. He was much perplexed, and thought he had been imposed upon. He decided, however, to wait until the end of the journey before he made a complaint. As the old coach jolted along the uncomfortable minister found himself growing righteously indignant. He was wondering if he could contain his wrath to the end of the trip, when halfway up a steep hill, the coach stopped, with a sudden lurch, in mud half-hub deep. With a wholly serious face the driver called back: "All second-class passengers get out an' walk; all third-class passengers get out an' push; all first-class passengers keep y' seats." And Simon Peter Richardson understood.—Wrightman F. Melton, in "Christian Advocate," Nashville.

WHY SUGAR IS GOING UP IN PRICE

The economical housewife is facing a further advance in the price of sugar and if the commodity keeps on in its skyrocket course it may force a curtailment of its use in many homes. Sugar is to the poor man's table what gasoline is to the well-to-do man in the operation of his automobile. Both are essential for the pleasure each gets out of life. With the indications ahead for the further rise in the price of both sugar and gasoline, it looks very very much as if the methods of economy will have to be practiced in some direction to enable the continuance of the free use of either. The reason for the advance and the strength of sugar is said to be the smaller Cuban crop this year. The latest estimate of the crop is nearly one million tons of raw sugar under the crop of 1915. Practically every European nation is drawing on the Cuban supply to meet its wants, as the supply of beet sugar usually produced in Europe has dwindled to a negligible quantity owing to the war.

BRIDGETOWN SCHOOL EXHIBITION PRIZE LIST

RULES AND REGULATIONS

All exhibits in the school department must be the bona fide production of the pupil. The parent may instruct the pupil but the pupil must do the work. The pupils' gardens and poultry must be kept separate and distinct from the parents' and the gardens so arranged that photographs can be taken of them if so desired.

PLAIN SEWING

Grade I.	15	10	05
Grade II. and III.	20	15	10
Grade IV. and V.	25	20	15
Grade VI. and VII.	30	25	20
Grade VIII. and IX.	35	30	25
Crocheting	75	50	25
Fancy Needlework	75	50	25
Patching and Darning, children under 12	25	15	10
Children over 12	25	15	10

Cooking

White Bread, Senior	30	20	10
White Bread, Junior	30	20	10
Tea Biscuit, Senior	30	20	10
Tea Biscuit, Junior	30	20	10
Plain Cake, Senior	30	20	10
Plain Cake, Junior	30	20	10

Canning

Best Pint Jar of Strawberries	50	35	25
Best Pint Jar of Raspberries	50	35	25
Best Pint Jar of Plums	50	35	25
Best Plate of Homemade Candy	50	35	25

MANUAL TRAINING

Best Wood Work accompanied by Drawing, Grades VI. & VII.	1.00	.75	.50
Best Wood Work accompanied by Drawing, Grades VIII. & IX.	1.00	.75	.50
Best Wood Work accompanied by Drawing, Grades X & XI.	1.00	.75	.50

Woods

Best Collection of Native Woods, pieces 4 inches long, quartered and one side planed and showing bark	50	30	20
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WRITING

Best Kept Copy Book:			
Grade I.	25	20	15
Grade II.	25	20	15
Grade III.	25	20	15
Grade IV.	25	20	15
Grade V.	25	20	15
Grade VI.	25	20	15
Grade VII.	25	20	15
Grade VIII.	25	20	15

ESSAYS

Grade XI, subject, Patriotism, and how it may be developed and expressed	1.00	.75	.50
Grade X, subject, How a Pupil may aid a Teacher	1.00	.75	.50
Grade IX, subject, The attitude of youth toward the lower animals	1.00	.75	.50

DRAWING AND PAINTING

Object Drawing as along their regular work in school. Grades I, II and III.	20	15	10
Best Map of Nova Scotia, showing Counties, Towns, Coast Waters, Rivers and Lakes. Grades IV. and V.	85	65	50
Best Map of the Dominion of Canada, showing Provinces, Cities, Coast Waters, Mountains, Rivers and Lakes. Grades VI. and VII.	1.00	.75	.50
Best Outline Map of Europe, showing Battle Front, and territory that has changed hands up to date of drawing. Map to be finished July 1st. Grades VIII. and IX. 2.50	1.50	1.00	.75
Special. Open to All Grades:			
Best Pen and Ink Sketch	1.50		
Best Water Colour Painting	1.50		
One pupil cannot compete for both special prizes			

FLOWERS AND PLANTS

Best 3 Spikes of Snapdragons	25	15	10
Best 3 Specimens of Asters	25	15	10
Best 6 Specimens Deanthus Pinks	25	15	10
Best 3 Larkspur	25	15	10
Best 6 Shirley Poppies	25	15	10
Best 6 Phlox Drummond	25	15	10
Best 3 Stocks	25	15	10
Best 6 Sweet Peas	25	15	10
Best 6 Verbenas	25	15	10
Best 6 Zinnas	25	15	10
Best 6 Scabiosa	25	15	10
Best Table Bouquet	50	30	20
Best bunch of Sweet Peas	50	30	20
Best basket Cut Flowers	50	25	15
Best Potted plants in bloom	50	25	15
Best bouquet Wild Flowers	25	15	10
Best collection of Wild Flowers not less than 30 varieties, pressed, mounted and named	1.00	.75	.50

VEGETABLES AND GRAINS

5 best Potatoes, White.	25	20	15
5 best Potatoes, Red	25	20	15
2 Cucumbers (table use)	25	20	15
2 Cucumbers (seed)	25	20	15
Best Head Lettuce	25	20	15
2 best plants Red Pepper	25	20	15
3 best table Beets	25	20	15
5 Red Carrots	25	20	15
5 Parsnips	25	20	15
3 Turnips	25	20	15
Best head Cabbage	25	20	15
Best head Cauliflower	25	20	15
2 heads Celery	25	20	15
1 Citron	25	20	15
4 Ears Corn (sweet)	25	20	15
4 Ears Corn (yellow)	25	20	15
1 Pumpkin	25	20	15
1 Squash	25	20	15
5 Onions, Yellow, Red and White, each	25	20	15
1 Head Sunflower	25	20	15
4 Ripe Tomatoes	25	20	15
4 Green Tomatoes	25	20	15
Kohlrabi	25	20	15
Bean, 1 plant	25	20	15
Best small sheaf barley	25	20	15
Best small sheaf Oats	25	20	15
Best small sheaf Wheat	25	20	15

GARDENS

Boys and Girls best kept and most thrifty garden plot not less than 5 x 20 feet or equivalent:			
Seniors (over 12 years of age)	1.00	.50	.25
Best kept and most thrifty garden plot not less than 3 x 20 feet or equivalent:			
Juniors (under 12 years of age)	1.00	.50	.25

POULTRY

Best Pullet and Cockerel:			
Barred Plymouth Rock	75	50	25
White Wyandott	75	50	25
White Leghorn	75	50	25

INSECTS

Best Collection of Insects mounted	50	25	15
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FERNS

Best collection of Ferns mounted and named	50	25	15
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LEAVES FROM A CHAPLAIN'S DIARY

(By Capt. G. O. Fallis, 1st C. M. R. Brigade.)

Sunday, October 3rd (Continued). Men do not forget the ideal and beautiful even in the war zone. Wolfe, after quoting Gray's "Elegy," said, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." So, on our march that Sunday night, thoughts of the beautiful and sublime prevailed, for everyone was praising the sun-down. As one listened a dozen graphic descriptions fell on the ear. Then the fire faded, and there came to the sky those soft saffron tints seen in the southern sky of America. To the west, as we marched along, the ruins of the town of — rose between us and the light like a phantom place or the ghostly habitation of spirits. Then we passed by, in the fading light, a beautiful but ruined church, and someone said, "There is Melrose Abbey." Soon we swung into a cobbler road skirted by great giant trees on either side, twilight and the after-glow fused into darkness, and another light came into the sky. The peaceful sundown left its mental impression in marked contrast with the feverish, flaring, flaming eastern sky. On we marched, northward and eastward. As we approached the front a multitude of star shells went up at once, illuminating the countryside and showing a hill just ahead in bold outline. I immediately recognized this hill as one we had reconnoitered that Monday when four of us had ridden out to get acquainted with the roads and countryside. We swung around the hill and off the main road into a byway where the trees met overhead and the mud was many inches deep under foot. It was like passing through a tunnel with no light. On we staggered, puffing, panting, resting and blaming the commanding officer (who was on a horse) for going so fast. The signal-men with their bicycles were exhausted, and some would have dropped out entirely but for that fear of losing one's way and having no one to guide so near the front lines. One poor lad did lie down flat in the mud quite exhausted, but we helped him along and I used up my surplus strength by hanging his bicycle around my neck as I plunged ahead in the inky darkness. About every hundred yards we rested. However, once the guide got too far ahead and we had to stand in that unseemable mud and mire for an hour, waiting, waiting we knew not why.

At 10.30 p. m., after five hours' tramp, we came to the end—a narrow ravine in a wooded place. Both sides of this ravine, which was about forty yards wide and two hundred long, were lined with a species of cave, called technically "dug-out." Here we were to stay the night and take up our position through the communication trench next day. I was hungry, but passing along I found three Tommies eating biscuit and jam, and was asked to join them; so, sitting on a stump we had a regal lunch. Later, to help matters along, it began to rain, and as there were not enough dugouts to house us all, a good many bivouacked with rain-capes over the body and sacks pulled over the feet. At midnight I found a "spare bed" in one of the dugouts occupied by the medical corps of the 4th Field Ambulance, and here I slept soundly until 5 a. m., when I was awakened by the night's wounded casualties being carried in on stretchers. They were all cheerful, and Capt. Bell, a M.O. (medical officer), from Winnipeg, soon had them all as well looked after as is possible in an advanced dressing station.

Monday, October 4th.—With the dawn rain greeted us by leaking through the dug-out, while outside the mud of Flanders was most tenacious. At 2 p. m. we were amazed to receive the order to prepare to march out. Just as our whole brigade was massed ready to move, suddenly a German aeroplane rose on the horizon. All our anti-aircraft guns roared, but he sailed around serenely. Then he circled above our brigade, hovering directly over us, while with breathless expectation we waited for bombs to drop. Evidently his plans were larger, for he photographed us, and with shells bursting all around him he flew away back and descended behind his own lines. Our officer commanding waited until he was well down, and then, full of apprehension, we marched off. We were just out in the nick of time, for as we skirted the base of the hill (dignified by the name of mountain), and gained the far side, from the front the German artillery opened fire, and for over an hour poured high explosives and shrapnel into that little valley. It would

have been a veritable valley of death had our brigade been there, but we were around the hill, a half mile and everyone was laughing at the belated efforts of the Hun to decimate our ranks. A scout went back when the shelling ceased and reported practically every dugout smashed and the little ravine a mass of churned-up mud and shell holes.

We passed the village of —, which was a mass of ruins. During the morning it had been shelled. I was in it with Capt. Wilken a few minutes after, and we found a poor peasant Frenchwoman crying bitterly—her little boy had been killed during the shelling. On we marched; a heavy rain had ceased, and the evening came out warm and starry. At twilight the whole brigade rested in a grassy field. As we sat on the turf the last big shell came over and, missing the corner of the hill, burst about 300 yards away over in the field. Somewhat or other the brigadier thought it was time to move on just then.

Shall the 1st C. M. R. Brigade ever forget that night's march? When we reached the village of — everyone was "bushed." The sky was aflame, and all around us to the north and east the star shells loomed up, like balls of fire. We stood in this village for what seemed like hours, as the troops ahead were guided away toward the trenches. The second regiment went into the trenches, tired out, but brave and full of grit, Col. Bott at their head, while the other regiments took up their positions of "support" and "reserve" in the trenches and dugouts. Finally Capt. Wilken and I found ourselves alone about a mile back of the front lines in inky darkness; we had got separated from the brigade staff, as they were mounted and we marched on foot. A West York gave us a clue as to their whereabouts, and we pushed on over the middlest road we had struck in France. At last, with legs weary and nerves strained, for we were more or less guessing the way, we stumbled into a guard, who halted us so quickly our hair stood on end. We passed as "friends" and found ourselves at — Farm. Everyone had to shift for himself for the night, so Capt. Wilken, Lieut. Wells and myself hunted up a horse blanket, pulled sacks around our feet, arranged our rain capes under us, and fell almost immediately off to sleep in a corner of a dugout where there happened to be no water. It was midnight when we lay down, and we slept until 7 a. m.

October 5th.—We had bully beef and hard tack for breakfast with the signalers. The day was one of the worst Northern France can produce. Comfort was nowhere to be found. At eleven o'clock a sergeant came to our dugout to tell us our headquarters were up front about five hundred yards and to report at once. We went, one at a time, along a war-swept road, and after passing two or three ruined shelled farms, reached our trench and jumping in, were soon shown to our dug-out by the staff captain.

Here we lived like rats in holes during our first stay in the trenches as a brigade. Just a hundred yards away were two trees, under which our Canadians were reported to have been crucified. I am glad to say these seem to be no actual proof of these alleged outrages. Only a hundred yards away, too, in a dugout, was our advanced dressing station, where our wounded were brought in and attended by our three medical officers and their assistants. Here I visited all the wounded as they were brought back from the front. Some of our boys were back in England wounded with a "blighty" before they were in France ten days. Sometimes it hardly seems possible that we were right at the front, but all one need do was note the trembling earth as trench mortars went off, listen to artillery fire and shells rattling like an express train overhead, and the sharp rifle fire just beyond five hundred yards, though sounding as if at one's very dugout door. In the evenings, there at our stand in the trenches, bullets by the hundred hissed overhead. Capt. Balfour, brigade machine-gun officer, was my companion in my dug-out, and one night as we ran arm in arm, hurrying over to the dressing station, a bullet whistled between our heads. October 6th.—At daylight I was awakened by a signalman handing me a telegram. One of our men had been killed in the night and I was called up to the very front to bury him. I dressed hurriedly and came over to the orderly dug-out. Several times I had been four and five hundred yards from the very front line trench; now I was to be in this awesome line for the first time. I started up the communication trench, expecting to overtake a sergeant who had just gone ahead and who knew the way up to the front. About a hundred yards up I met a sergeant, and asked him whether a trench had passed, but he said he had that minute come on guard and could not say. Here the trench forked, so I took the cleaner way, and pressed rapidly on, hoping every min-

YOURS TO ENJOY



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Suddenly I walked into a company of our men, and in a most matter-of-fact way I said, "Can you tell me if I am in the right trench to get to the front line?" A roar of laughter went up, while Major Bardolph came over and said, "Padre, you are at the very front line! Come and look through my periscope. The German is just forty-five yards away!" I stepped up beside him, and in a moment I was looking over at the German trenches. Then again I had a long look through a peephole at the trenches of our terrible foe. I was given a guide by Major Bardolph, and with a "Keep your head down!" we were on our way to Major Bapty's dug-out, as it was one of his gallant fellows who had fallen. A small party went out with me, and we succeeded in finding a place where the wood was thick, and there the grave was dug and our hero laid away. A great tree stood as sentry, and when the ceremony was over I took a hatchet and, cutting deep into the tree, hewed out a cross that will remain for years.

I am quite sure every officer and man in the 2nd Regiment will agree with me that the mud and water were eighteen inches deep at —. In one place I was shocked to discover the legs of a dead German sticking out to catch up with the sergeant. The side of a trench, sad reminder that our foe at one time held these same trenches. As I passed a West York making hazardous progress in that awful mud, he smiled and commented, "The King said, when he reviewed us, 'Not to forget Belgium, and I guess we won't!'" That morning General Seelye visited the front lines. Evidently the Germans had seen his red and gold cap for a moment while he came boldly up the communication trench, as long before he reached the front lines the Germans had put up this sign for our boys to read, "Get on your job, here comes your general!"

In the afternoon our front lines were shelled by "whiz-bangs" and "trench mortars" and "shrapnel." In consequence we had a toll to pay. Some of our brave lads made the complete sacrifice and others were severely wounded, two dying afterwards at the dressing station. Our artillery answered two to one, and so we supposed that many poor, misled, ill-advised German soldiers also paid the great price. I know now the hideousness of war. When I look at the faces and bruised bodies of those noble dead I hate with a new hatred those forces and principles that have fostered this awful war. That day I found it hard to keep my feelings tender and to say again, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

I might write much of the heroism of all the fallen. However, I have just space for a word of the spirit of Sergt.-Major Marshall. He had written a letter to his wife the previous midnight, and as several of the boys had written letters in the front lines, he volunteered to take them down the communication trench to headquarters for mailing, and to bring back for the men any letters that might have arrived. He reached the headquarters in safety, but on his return journey was shot by a German sniper. Thank God he knew no pain, as he died instantly. He was popular with his men, and his last deed was an errand of mercy and love. Capt. Forster told us that while they were in Victoria there was a contest at lemon cutting with a sword while the contestants rode at full gallop. Sergt.-Major Marshall had previously won this contest year after year, but last time there was a tie, so he simply let Capt. Forster win it out of generosity of heart.

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 Yarmouth12 noon
Express for Halifax and Truro2.01 p. m.
Accom. for Halifax7.40 a. m.
Accom. for Annapolis6.35 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.
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S. S. "RAPPAHANNOCK"

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The following first class steamers will sail from Liverpool for Halifax via St. John's, Nfld. returning from Halifax to Liverpool via St. John's, Nfld.

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S. S. "DURANGO"
S. S. "GRACIANA"

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H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	Time Table in effect	Accom.
Tues. & Fri.	April 2nd, 1916	Tues. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton Ax.	15.45
11.38	*Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.30
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	*Karsdale	14.05
13.15	An. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

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