

NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advises The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.



MR. ROSENBERG 889 Casgrain St., Montreal.

April 20th, 1915. In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for Constipation and Indigestion as "Fruit-a-tives". I was suffering from these complaints for five years, and my solitary occupation, music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—without Headaches, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try "Fruit-a-tives", and now for six months I have been entirely well. I advise anyone who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, to try "Fruit-a-tives", and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBERG. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.00, retail size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PRISONER OF WAR

(Extract from "Prisoner of War," by Andre Warnod)

Andre Warnod is a soldier native of France, who spent many months in a German prison, and gives an account of life in a German prison. We had not much farther to go. We were taken to the goods station, where the Bavarians handed us over to some big Saxon soldiers—quite big fellows—who handled our poor flock somewhat brutally. There were all sorts of conditions in this stock which we found there, filling the station, soldiers and civilians, and some old men among the civilians. A little lad of thirteen, weeping bitterly, was dragged along by a big fellow in a helmet. The child was found playing in the street with a case of cartridges, and the Boche explained: "Franc-treuer! franc-treuer! Kapout," making a sign to the thirteen-year-old prisoner that he would have his throat cut. That is their mania; hey see franc-treuer everywhere.

Night fell. We were famished, for we had only been given a handful of biscuits since the morning, and we were put into cattle trucks. There were forty-six of us in my truck, among them the poor little lad who was a franc-treuer and ten wounded men. The train moved off into the night towards Germany. Where were we going to? The little boy cried all the time.

THE CAMP

After running a long time through that interminable night we stopped. There was no roll-call. There was something terrifying in all this quiet and silence and darkness; it was a nightmare after a battle. When daylight dawned a ray of sunlight filtered through a crack of the door. We became more and more hungry, and a gunner called for his coffee. The train ran for a long time before the next stop. Then the sliding-doors creaked, and we could see, and the gunner again asked for his coffee. But nothing happened; only a German soldier thrust his head in, grinned, signed to the little lad that his throat would be cut, and the door was shut to again. The train started. There was a great clash of the carriages, and the whole train vibrated. We were at Brussels. The skylight of the trunk was opened to give us some air and we were thrown some bits of bread. We could see people waving adieu to us from their windows. As we passed under a bridge a man in the street took off his hat and waved it.

The train ran on and on, and the long hours went by. We waited a very long time at sidings and saw troops go by full of men singing patriotic songs and shouting us. A second night passed, and another day. We had the horrible feeling that we should never leave this truck, and that we were forgotten. The third night we could not sleep, we were so famished. In the light which filtered through the skylight as into a cellar I could see the men's faces, terrible in their pallor and dreariness, all drawn and haggard. We no longer spoke, but the little lad never ceased

cries. We ran past ruined Liege and frontier, then Aix-la-Chapelle. We were running through their country now, and there were shouts every time our train passed a station. At Cologne we were greeted by a rain of pebbles on the trucks, and I remembered I came here a few months ago with some fellow-artists and artists. We came to see and admire their exhibition. We had a magnificent reception then, and yet they threw stones and spat on us as we went by.

We suffered increasingly from hunger, and it was only after another interminable night of torture that we were allowed to leave the truck and don't know where—and have soup at some hall built for the accommodation of troops. When we got into the truck again we had almost enough to eat, and had taken a new lease of courage. We laughed at a peasant woman in a field with a black bonnet and red petticoat, and became quite cheerful.

Yet another night in the train! I have forgotten how many that makes. Then the train stopped, and the doors of the trucks were thrown open. We had reached Merseburg. It was raining. We were ordered on to the platform and drawn up in fours. On the other side of the barriers a crowd with umbrellas was waiting for us. "Are we going to catch it?" whispered my neighbor. But they did not stir, and let us pass without a word. Oh, that march in the rain, that soaked the dust and dirt we were coated with! They looked at us with much curiosity. Our uniforms of all colors, the flat caps of the Alpine troops, the turbans, the Tunisian caps of our sharpshooters, had a strange and almost gay appearance in this gloomy town under the pouring rain. Nine months ago the camp was not built and when we passed that morning before the guard-house at the entrance in order to reach the shelters which were soon to be replaced by the present huts, all we saw under the "pompour of fine rain was an immense plain of mud, enclosed by strands of barbed wire. How many weeks were we going to be there? We thought. We rath, how many months?

Soon, alas! the desert was peopled. It was a town the other day when I left it, but what a town! Wooden huts covered with tarred paper, all exactly alike and all facing the same way, were ranged in lines as far as the eye could see, and nothing but these great rusty black huts, set out with military precision on a plain of dust or mud, not a single blade of grass, not even the smallest shrub, but an infinity of lines of barbed wire the only vegetation of this desolate plain, climbing from stake to stake round the camp like strange and cruel frame-trees! Kapout," making a sign to the thirteen-year-old prisoner that he would have his throat cut. That is their mania; hey see franc-treuer everywhere.

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and various elements; civilians from the north, mostly miners, men not liable for military service or invalids (for a long time we had boys of twelve and old men of eighty), every variety of soldier, Territorials from conquered towns, wounded Zouaves, numbers of hungry and ragged Russians, bare-legged Scots, native African soldiers wrapped in their burruses; and, to add to the crowd's cosmopolitan appearance, all the uniforms are interchanged. There are Zouaves with Russian boots, Belgians with English cloaks, sharpshooters wearing gunners' jackets; and a collection of regulation buttons of all the armies may be found on all the tunics.

It was the Germans' scheme to mix all the allied nations together. They imagined that there would be quarrelling and fighting amongst us as a result of our close proximity, and they were wrong. All these men who suffer the same hardships at the hands of the same foe have learnt to know and love one another, perhaps better than comrades in arms. The prisoners are an international society from which Germany is excluded, and some evenings in the hut there is felt the beat and throb of a single heart, the heart of the immense army of the Allies.

But every man retains his own individuality; the races and countries keep their own characteristics. They do not mix, and there is no effect that is the first impression of entering a hut. The Russians are busy carpentering, their grey-green uniforms high lights of pale color against the mattresses of buff-colored canvas and the deal planks. The French soldiers return to their barracks life, and their quarter has something of the appearance of a regimental mess. Order and neatness are some disguise to the dirt. Clothes are folded neatly up, like kit, knapsacks and water-bottles hang on their nails. But the poor civilians live in a muddle—the helpless muddle of men who have never been soldiers, and are forced to live together. They have been brought here unexpectedly, some seized in their beds, others as they went out to buy food; and there were made to march with cats and blows just as they were, some in slippers, some bare-headed, most of them without any money, rich and poor, bandy-legged and hump-backed, old men and children, herded together pell-mell in pitiful misery, looking like frightened emigrants crowded together in the hold of a ship.

It is a stifling, noisy, restless camp, crowded together in too small a space; clothes are drying on lines stretched from one wall to the other, and the air is unbearably. We sing and smoke—although it is quite against the rules—we argue and quarrel; some play cards, and others, half dressed, try to wash themselves. Vermin swarms on the insufficient supply of mattresses on which we sleep, side by side, for we do not even have our beds to ourselves.

During the winter, as it was very cold, and as we were only allowed an absurdly small quantity of coal though we had magnificent stoves, it was only the heat from all our bodies squeezed tightly together that kept us from freezing. The windows were rarely opened and directly they were open there were violent protests, for some preferred this horrible air, thick with the smell of tobacco smoke, sweat and human breath, to the damp and cold outside. When summer came, most of us were sent to work, and the hut was less unhabitable. The interpreter and the captain of the hut live in a little room partitioned off from the common room. Some of these rooms, which are furnished, by some miracle of ingenuity, almost elegantly, have a friendly and familiar air, which is some alleviation of captivity. Some men sent for paper from the town to hang their walls, and had a table and stools made for them by the Russians. Artists hung water-colors on the walls and pinned up charcoal sketches. And, among all this wretchedness, these little rooms were graceful and pleasant retreats, even though they were not entirely free from vermin, and although the snow brought in in winter by all the iron-shod shoes and sabots melted in the warmth within, as it did in the huts, and kept them constantly damp. The prisoner's life begins before day break, and a sad and grey existence it is. The section for the day provides men whose duty it is to go to the kitchens for coffee. It is a dubious and darkish liquid—probably roasted acorns or barley and without milk and sugar—but it is hot, and that is all we have a right to expect. The room wakes up, and those careful souls who went almost superfluous to bed, have a little bit of horrible K. K. bread to dip in the lanky beverage. Shortly afterwards German non-commissioned officers turn every one out with kicks and shouts of "Aus! aus!" This is for the roll-call. We are drawn up for an hour and sometimes longer. In winter the bitter cold gnawed at our feet and our fingers,

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE ROYAL YEAST CAKES

DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

The Germans had to call the roll, and that takes time, the numbers are never right. There are always too many or too few of us, and we are counted again, and again, and again. When that is over the section is given bread, and distribute it—an important matter!

In a prisoner's camp, bread is a precious commodity and extremely scarce. It is not sold at the canteen, and every mouth the ration is slightly reduced. At the present moment a small bit has to last all day. It is dark, close, damp and pasty stuff, the products of some elaborate chemical formula bitter and sour in taste, and with a crust hard enough to break one's teeth. Yet you should see how carefully and respectfully it is divided. In some of the huts they have made scales, so that every one may have his due allowance to a grain; in others it is left to chance; after it is cut up every man receives a number. It is a lottery and any one who gets a piece a little bigger than the others is the object of bitter envy.

At half-past ten, it comes in large iron cans carried by four men. Prisoners, bowls in hand, are drawn up, and the distribution begins. Every one has a right to a ladleful—nearly a pint of soup. One day it is meat soup, and the next a vegetable soup. The vegetable soup consists of a flour of vegetables in water, sometimes too salt and sometimes without any salt, or else barley or rice. On meat days bits of chopped meat are added and such meat—udders and garbage, liver, heart, and milt. I feel sick when I remember it.

The evening soup was perhaps worse: linseed, millet, flour and rapeseed boiled in water without salt or sugar; and this when it cooled became a solid paste. Or perhaps we were given potatoes only fit for pigs hardly washed at all, and cooked in their jackets, with occasionally a piece of coldback pudding (which was often bad) or a raw salted herring. Imagine the horror of a poor famished prisoner as he bites this raw fish while the salt takes the skin off his mouth!

We did no work in the winter, and the empty days dragged on monotonously. After the evening soup, when our tasks were done, we became even more sad and cheerless. We talked of the war, and told stories of battles; the wounded repeated the same tales of the atrocities they had seen and spoke of their sufferings; the Belgian civilians spoke of the horrors of the invasion of their country, of the bodies of violated women that were found in the fields, of mutilated men and children, of whole villages made to march in front of the German lines of looting and drunken revels, of the German soldiers with the spiked helmets. Then silence and the night softly wrapping all things in its mystery. We think of home, and of our loved ones, of the days when we marched, bayonet in hand, along the roads of France, facing machine-gun fire. How we longed for those days, and with what passionate joy we wished to advance again, if it were but possible! But we are nothing—mere captive animals. We have the horrible feeling of being deserted, lost, and linked to life only by the slender thread of the post. That is all that matters here the letters and the parcels which keep us from starvation.

When the spring came we worked. Those who go out to work daily come back in files, exhausted, in the evening; but most of the workers sleep where they work, in factories and sheds. We only saw them when they were brought back with limbs or ribs broken in an accident at the mine, borne on a stretcher to the hospital. And sometimes at night another party used to leave the camp. Guards with black cloaks and fixed bayonets served as its escort and our red-trousers soldiers drew a cart on which was bound the coffin of some poor lad who had died in camp of fever or tuberculosis. His hour had not struck amid the roar of the guns and the hiss of bullets; it came for him in this heavy hostile, and venomous country of our foes. We go to bed, rolled up in our blankets, and try to get to sleep as quickly as we can before another day begins in the huts and workshops,

a day as empty, as sad, and as monotonous as the rest of them.

PARCELS

For a considerable time parcels sent from France went astray; but since the spring this no longer happens, at any rate in the camp I came from, and I believe the order that parcels should not be touched is now enforced everywhere.

The prisoner is given his parcels intact after they have been opened and searched in his presence; the only things that are removed are things that have gone bad, such as mouldy bread. It is possible that lately jars of jam have been opened, on suspicion that they contained letters or newspapers, but they have saved! Most of the parcels are absolutely no reason to fear that the Germans steal part of the provisions sent to a husband or son who is a prisoner.

Parcels are brought to the camp by three big carts and their distribution lasts all day. Dear parcels, what a number of poor fellows you have saved! Most of the parcels live on what is sent them. Those are delightful and most moving moments when the poor exile receives the parcels which have come from such a distance and which bring him a little bit of France. More than one of us has felt a lump in his throat, just like a little boy on the verge of tears.

And it is this variety of picturesque interest, so we dare not show our weakness, and our emotion turns to gaily. We examine the parcels minutely and argue about what we are unwrapping, and there are always anecdotes to tell as we are doing so. It is as if these wrappings, the little boxes and mysterious packets bring with them airs of our own country, and breathing that air our tongues are loosened. Then there are letters; letters are the most important of all. They are given out daily. They are weeks and sometimes months on the way, but how anxious we are to read them. We first hurry through them; we want to hear what has happened to everybody to our friends who have left for the front and those who are left behind, and to hear of the love and troubles of those we have left at home. There is not much of this to be learnt from the little card that has been so long on the way. Then we read it again more carefully, and then again. We can guess all it does not say; we read the card with our heart, and find in it all that passed unseen and unnoticed by the eyes of strangers, the eyes of our enemies who read those dark lines; and we can find shelter in the love and the agonized tenderness of a wife or the girl we are engaged to, or a mother. That does us good and hurts us, too a little.

"Kapout, slang in German for "Done for," "dead".

AMAZING ACTIVITIES OF NEW BRITISH LAND SHIPS (Canadian Press Cable) London, Sept. 21.—(New York World)—Of the land ships or tanks one continues to hear amazing stories says a Daily News despatch from the Somme front. One whose steering gear got out of order could not turn to the right or left, so it trundled straight ahead until out of touch with the infantry, then sat down on a German trench and for five hours withstood bomb attacks.

In another case the land ship found it, so it went back to find out what was the matter. They were held up by a trench which the tank had overlooked where a strong bomb party of Germans were situated. The machine walked over to the trench, deposited itself on top of it and wiped the bomb party out.

The tank is known to have put out of action six German machine guns in a single position. Another wandered around for hours nosing out German machine gun positions in shell holes in the open and dealing with them fiercely when found. Another, after rendering service in the operations in Highwood went on. It thought it was our front trench and discovered it was a German one. It came back shortly afterwards with twenty-five German prisoners who walked beside like a flock of sheep cowed by its machine guns. Another cleaned out a German machine gun position and then one of its gunners of the crew got out and took charge of a German gun and stayed there to use it against its former owners. They have proved themselves real and formidable engines of war, and a new war service has been created—His Majesty's land navy.

Reports of officers of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Oddfellows in session this week, at Chattanooga, Tenn., showed the membership of the order to be 2,188,456; total paid out for relief funds, \$5,975,208; total receipts for the past year, \$17,822,992.79, and total expenditures of grand and subordinate lodges, \$9,860,670.96.

Mihard's Linctment cures Dandruff.

Joker's Corner

"Was your garden a success last year?" "Very much so. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."

Mistress: "I shall be very lonely, Bridget, if you leave me." Bridget: "Don't worry, mum. I'll not go until ye have a houseful of company."

Parson—"Do you, Liza, take Rastus for bettah or for wus?" Bride—"Well, if Ah got to tell the truth pahson, Ah'm taking him 'cause he's de fust man what eveh axed me."

"Why do you dislike your teacher so, Willie?" asked his mother. "I don't exactly dislike her, mother," replied Willie, "but it's perfectly plain to me why she never got married."

"I want to get up, doctor," said the patient in the hospital. "But your heart is weak," replied the medical man. "Oh, the pretty nurse is going to give me hers."

"Will you love me for your wife?" said the leary-year maiden, sweetly. "Since you have suggested it, I will," he replied. "But just remember, Mamee, if I don't turn out to be all you expect you have only yourself to blame."

Father—"This war is making everything more expensive. I see by the papers that even castor oil is going up." Johnny—"That's nothing in my young life. The only time it worries me is when it's going down."

"I'll tell you Pat, my boy," the big man of the town confided, laying a patronizing hand on the young Irishman's shoulder, "I wish I had your tongue, 'Suresor, grinned Pat, "but it would do yez no good without me brains."

His Wife—"What a lovely evening. It reminds me of that night three years ago when you proposed to me. The moon was full, and—"

Her husband (interrupting)—Yes and it's a dollar to a dill pickle that I was also full.

A city girl was taking a course in the Agricultural College. After a lecture on "How to Increase the Milk Flow," she rose for a question.

"How long," she blushing inquired, "must one beat a cow before she will give whipped cream?"—Judge.

"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have," said the English beauty. "I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear," said the heiress. "It's our greenbacks."

Lawyer's Wife—"So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?" Lawyer—"Insanity. We proved that his father spent two years in an asylum." Lawyer's Wife—"But he didn't die, he?"

Lawyer—"Yes. He was doctor there, but we didn't have time to bring that fact out."

While Jane, the new maid, was taking her first lesson on arranging the dining table someone in the basement kitchen put something upon the dumb-waiter below. "What's that noise?" asked Jane quickly. "Why, that's the dumb-waiter," responded the mistress. "Well," said Jane, "he's a-scratchin' to git out."

A little colored girl, a newcomer in Sunday School, gave her name to the teacher as "Fertilizer Johnston." Later the teacher asked the child's mother if that was right.

"Yes, ma'am, dat's her name," said the fond parent. "You see, she was named for me and her father. Her father's name am Ferdinand and my name is Liza. So we named her Fertilizer."

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

On and after July 1st, 1916, train service on the railway is as follows: Service Daily, Except Sunday Express for Yarmouth... 11.42 a.m. Express for Halifax and St. John... 2.07 p.m. Accom. for Yarmouth... 7.10 a.m. Accom. for Middleton... 8.55 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 trains from Halifax, daily. R. U. PARKER, General Passenger Agent, GEORGE E. GRAHAM, General Manager.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accom. Tues & Fri, Time Table in effect April 2nd, 1916, Stations, Read or. From London, Steamer, From Halifax, Sachem, Oct 3, Rappahannock, Oct 14, Kanawha, Oct 24.

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

FURNESS SAILINGS

Table with columns: From London, Steamer, From Halifax, Sachem, Oct 3, Rappahannock, Oct 14, Kanawha, Oct 24, Liverpool, Steamer, From Halifax, via Nfld., Sept 13 (direct) Durango, Oct 8, Tabasco, Oct 8, Graciana, Oct 21.

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

Yarmouth Line

AUTUMN EXCURSIONS September 12th to October 11th LOW FARES! TRAVEL NOW! Yarmouth to Boston and Return \$6.00 (Sale of tickets limited to carrying capacity of steamer)

Steamships Prince George and Prince Arthur Leave Yarmouth Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 4 p.m. Return leave Central Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday 2 p.m. Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office.

A. E. WILLIAMS, Agent Yarmouth, N. S. Boston and Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd.

School Days

Are here again. We admit students at any time. Tuition counts from day of entrance. The calls for Maritime-trained are much in excess of the supply. Enter now and prepare for usefulness.

MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE HALIFAX, N. S. E. KAULBACH, C. A.

The First Week In September

Is the beginning of our busy season, but you can enter at any time. Catalogues containing Tuition Rates and full information mailed to any address.

S. KERR Principia

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEY'S PAIN IN SMALL OF BACK From time to time we learn of cases where the free sample of Gin Pills is sufficient to relieve the distressing pain in the back. Here is such a case coming from the British West Indies. Britton Hill, St. Michael's, Barbados, B. W. I. May 24th, 1915. "I received your sample of Gin Pills and would say that I was suffering from a very intense pain in the small of my back for some days. After I had taken the sample, the pain was gone. All druggists sell Gin Pills at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free if you write to WATSON, DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED Toronto, Ont.

KODAK SAFETY FILM