

## OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From  
Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.



MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ

"I am writing to you that I belong to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This is the first time I have ever been well. I was so terribly ill before that I had suffered for years, and nothing I took did me any good. I was sent to 'Fruit-a-tives' and after taking a few days I am entirely well. You can't imagine how pleased I am. I hope it will persist. I send some from Dipsopina to help my babies and get well."

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ.  
"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine  
that I have made from fruit.

Price \$2.50  
trial size 25c.  
Order or send  
postpaid to  
Fruit-a-tives

Christmas Maple Balls.

The easiest poached corn; one cup  
of sugar, one-half cupful sugar  
and a wonderful butter substitute

that doesn't melt in your mouth.

Take a spoonful pick over discarding  
the skins, add pop and put in a  
cup. Add butter substitute in  
melted butter and sugar,  
then to the boiling point and let boil  
until mixture will become brittle when  
cooled.

Prune cake gradually, while stir-  
ring constantly, over coals which  
have been laid with salt. Shape into  
balls and cool with pressure as  
possible.

## COLOR CHANGES IN LEAVES

### RESULT OF CERTAIN CHEMICAL PROCESSES

Fallen Leaves Contain Valuable Ele-  
ments, Such as Nitrogen  
and Phosphorus.

The change in the color of the  
leaves of trees in autumn is the re-  
sult of certain chemical processes  
which take place in the leaves. The  
change is not, as many suppose, due  
to the action of frost, but is the  
tree's preparation for winter. The  
process is thus described by a tech-  
nical journal:

"All during the spring and summer  
the leaves have served as factories,  
where the food necessary for the  
trees' growth have been man-  
ufactured. This food making takes  
place in numberless tiny cells of the  
leaf and is carried on by small green  
bodies that give the leaf its color.  
These chlorophyll bodies, as they are  
known, make the food of the tree by  
combining carbon taken from the  
carbonic acid gas of the air with  
hydrogen, oxygen and various min-  
erals supplied by the water which the  
roots gather. In the fall, when the  
cool weather causes a slowing down  
of the vital processes, the work of the  
leaves comes to an end. The man-  
ning of the leaf factory is dis-  
mantled, so to speak, the chlorophyll  
is broken up into the various sub-  
stances of which it is composed, and  
whatever food there is on hand is  
sent to the body of the tree to be  
stored up for use in the spring. All  
that remains in the cell cavities is  
a watery substance in which a few oil  
globules and crystals and a small number of yellow,  
strongly refractive bodies can be seen.  
These give the leaves the yellow color-  
ing so familiar in autumn foliage.

Produces Colored Tints.

"It often happens, however, that  
there is more sugar in the leaf than  
can be readily transferred back to  
the tree. When this is the case the  
chemical combination with the other  
substances produces many colored  
tints, varying from the brilliant red  
of the dogwood, to the more austere  
rewns of the oak. In coniferous trees,  
which do not lose their foliage in the  
fall, the green coloring matter  
takes on a slightly brownish tinge,  
which, however, gives way to the  
lighter color in the spring.

"While the color of the leaf is  
changing other preparations are being  
made. At the point where the stem  
of the leaf is attached to the tree a  
special layer of cells develops, which  
gradually sever the tissues which sup-  
port the leaf. At the same time na-  
ture helps the cut, so that when the  
leaf is finally blown off by the wind  
or falls from its own weight the place  
where it grew on the twig is marked  
by a scar.

"Although the food which has been  
removed in the cell cavities is sent  
back to the tree, the mineral substances  
with which the walls of the cells  
have become impregnated during  
the summer months are retained. Ac-  
cordingly, when the leaves fall they  
contain relatively large amounts of  
valuable elements, such as nitrogen  
and phosphorus, which were originally  
a part of the soil. The decomposition  
of the leaves results in enriching the  
top layers of the soil by returning  
these elements and by the accumula-  
tion of humus. That is why the  
mellow earth from the forest floor  
is so fertile. But if fires are allowed  
to run through the forest and the  
leaves are burned the most valuable  
of the fertilizing elements are chang-  
ed by the heat into gases and escape  
into the air. As a result, forests  
which are burned over regularly soon  
lose their soil fertility, even if no ap-  
parent damage is done to the stand-  
ing timber."

"Winter Blindness."

The above is not a new disease. It  
is merely a term which stands for the  
temporary blindness that may fall  
upon anyone with sight through the  
closing of visible things by fogs or  
mists or blizzards. Such blindness,  
though infinitely preferable, is often  
more confusing than real blindness,  
for a blind man has sharpened instincts  
to counteract his lack of vision; he  
"sees" better than the best-sighted  
man in a pea-soup fog.

For instance, he knows how to walk  
in a straight line. A man in a blizzard  
limbs to a circular course. A blind  
man in sunshine will walk faster and  
more surely than you can walk in the  
impenetrable mist. Close your eyes  
while you walk along the pavement,  
and how far will you travel without  
hitting a house or the road or opening  
your eyes? Thirty yards, maybe.

Mists at sea are particularly con-  
fusing. The wise captain heaves to  
until the mist clears. Once the writer  
was on a ship that "walked" into a  
white haze near Boston Harbor. The  
engines were stopped, and all night  
the fog-signals sounded. After twenty-four  
hours the fog lifted, and almost side by side was another ship,  
also stationary. Neither had had any  
consciousness of the other's presence!

To cut velvet, pin the pattern on  
the wrong side of the velvet.

## Montreal Daily Star.

Montreal Wednesday, October 12, 1916

### WHAT SOLDIERS WANT.

A suggestion to those  
who are sending gifts to  
soldiers overseas comes  
from Lt.-Col. (Canon) F. C. Scott,  
Senior Chaplain of the First Division, in a cable  
received by friends. He says: "The men want playing cards  
and chewing tobacco."

**"Ever-lasting Good"**

## THE NIGHTMARE PARADE

### A GRIMLY REALISTIC PICTURE OF WAR AS IT IS

British Soldier As He Lies in Hospital

Tell of Two Things That

Haunt His Brain.

Going over the top, being shelled to  
blazes in a trench—those are not the  
memories that haunt me, most as I  
lie here, though I've had a full-sized  
man's share of both, and am not  
greedy for more.

A smell and a stream. They are the

two things I find it most difficult to  
forget.

We were in the line. The trench  
sides, disintegrated by days of rain,  
were continually falling in. The trench  
itself was almost knee-deep in liquid  
mud. Behind, there was a disrupt-  
able crop of little wooden crosses,  
leaning drunkenly in all directions,  
many of them splintered, but reach-

ing up to the surface.

At length a batman got a spade,  
and the first thing he brought to light  
was a yard-long tress of hair. Beneath  
the earth was the body of a girl. What  
hellish deed had been committed in  
the cellar we could only guess.

We started off to our new line, down

a hillside, the whole of which was

pocked with shell-craters, each crater  
a bog. It was pitch dark. First one

man would slip and stick, and his

thigh boots would have to be sacrificed  
before he could be extricated;

then another, and another, until in

one company nineteen men were pick-  
ing their floundering way along in

the mud. Fatal to strike a light,

to speak above a whisper.

Stream as a French.

We reached our trench. Trench?

Just the shallow bed of a stream, the  
water still running. Not many yards

away, on the slope of the hill on the  
other side was the enemy line. When

day came, every man had to crouch

down, thigh deep in water and mud.

Bent double, else he would offer a

fair target, until his back ached, ex-  
cruciatingly, though his legs seemed

dead. Then trench-mortar shells and  
bombs began to come over to us, and  
men began to come over to us, and  
men began to roll over and bite their  
lips lest a cry betray the news to the  
German. And there, head and shoulders  
propped up so that they would not  
drown, they had to stay until  
darkness came again. Certain death  
attempted in the light of day  
saw the little first-aid that we could  
render. Our doctor, who had been  
left behind, tried to make his way  
across the open to us. We buried him  
that night.

Time seemed to have feet of lead.

My watch was stopped. I asked a cor-  
poral the time. The question was pas-  
sed along in whispers until it reached  
a man who possessed a timekeeper.

"Nine o'clock."

Only two hours had passed since  
daybreak! It seemed two weeks! An-  
other ten hours before a man could  
stand upright!

Welcome Relief.

Mortal shells and bombs continued to

fall. It was impossible to hit back.

Night came at last. A fresh company

came to relieve us. Those of us who  
were unbound began the task of

getting the wounded and the dead

across the bogs and up the hill.

I shall never forget the stream.

It was Hades—a bitterly cold Hades, a

terribly wet Hades, but a real Hades  
for all that.

NEW CANADIAN INDUSTRY.

Making of Handkerchiefs in the Do-  
minion Developed in Wartime.

The manufacture of handkerchiefs is

now being undertaken in Canada.

The absence of supplies imported

from Great Britain, Ireland and Switzerland

has made possible the develop-  
ment of an extensive trade during war-  
time. Supplies of linen, cloth and yarn

have been reduced to the vanishing

point by the prohibition of export from

Great Britain. One concern has

been started in Ontario, the only one

in Canada turning out handkerchiefs ex-  
clusively. While starting on a com-  
paratively small scale, a market has

been secured for the entire output of

500 dozen handkerchiefs a day. Sup-  
plies of lawn and muslin used in the

manufacture of the goods are being

secured from textile mills.

About thirty-five per cent. of the

handkerchiefs being turned out are of

khaki color, for which a steady de-  
mand is being experienced for the

military forces. Equipment consists of

sewing machines, an embroidery ma-  
chine and an electrically driven

motor.

Imports of cotton handkerchiefs for

1916 were placed at \$625,302, of which

\$544,334 came from Great Britain.

Switzerland ranks second as the

source of the handkerchiefs used in

Canada. Imports of cotton handker-  
chiefs from all sources in 1915 were

valued at \$459,438, compared with

\$650,616 in 1914 and \$32,652 in 1913.

Imports of linen handkerchiefs show a

value of \$239,855 for 1916, of which

\$23,266 came from Great Britain.

Make cheques payable and send contributions to  
**Belgian Relief Fund**

(Registered under the War Charities Act)

to your Local Committee, or to

Ontario Branch—Belgian Relief Fund—95 King St. W., Toronto

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## For Winter Days

BRITISH SOLDIERS  
TORTURED

Prisoners Forced to  
Work Behind the  
Lines

Fresh evidence of  
the ferocious  
treatment of war  
captured during the  
Germans is contained  
in a report by Judge You-

ngham's committee.

Much sword evidence is given that

prisoners behind the

lines were

half starved and over-worked, were

brutally beaten and were forced to

sleep in shelterless

shelters and were unable to

change their clothing.

A number actually died of starvation.

The report shows that

the Germans transferred

to East Prussia and German Poland

prisoners, who were no longer fit to

work behind the lines in the western

front.

A witness from Hollisburg, East

Prussia, said he saw over 200 prison-

ers arrive in camp there. There were