

YEAR 85, NO. 147

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1918

SECOND SECTION

A Sluggish Liver Causes Lots of Trouble

When the liver becomes sluggish it is an indication that the bowels are not working properly...

Constipation, sick headache, biliousness, headache, heartburn, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc., all come from a disordered liver.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are a specific for all diseases or disorders arising from a slow, sluggish, lazy or torpid liver...

Mrs. W. A. Harrison, 7 Poplar Grove, Halifax, N.S., writes: "I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great good I have received by using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a sluggish liver..."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THOMAS COPLEY Telephone 987

wanting anything done in the carpentry line. Estimates given on all kinds of repairs and new work; also hardwood floors of all kinds. All orders will receive prompt attention. Shop on Queen street.

DIRTY? Yes SUNBURNT? No.

Your Panama will get dirty in time as usual after having Pan-a-Lac applied, but it will never get sunburnt. It does neither rot, run or crack and drop off on your clothes. It is waterproof, Pan-a-Lac is life insurance to Panamas.

Kingston Hat Cleaners. 169 Princess Street Phone 1488.

Stomach Troubles Are Due To Acidity

Tells Safe, Certain, Speedy Relief For Acid Indigestion.

So-called stomach troubles, such as indigestion, gas, sourness, stomach-ache and inability to retain food are in probably nine cases out of ten, simply evidence that excessive secretion of acid is taking place in the stomach, causing the formation of gas and acid indigestion.

Gas distends the stomach and causes that full, oppressive, burning feeling sometimes known as heartburn, while the acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The trouble lies entirely in the excess development or secretion of acid.

To stop or prevent this souring of the food contents of the stomach and to neutralize the acid, and make it bland and harmless, a teaspoonful of bisulphated magnesia, a good and effective corrector of the stomach, should be taken in a quarter of a glass of hot or cold water after eating or whenever gas, sourness or acidity is felt.

An antacid, such as bisulphated magnesia which can be obtained from any druggist in either powder or tablet form neutralizes the stomach acid and works properly without the aid of artificial digestants. Magnesia comes in several forms, so be certain to ask for and take only Bisulphated Magnesia, which is especially prepared for the above purpose.

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweet, fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blotches disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

It's all well enough to believe in fate, providing you act according to your best judgment.

BRAVE YOUTH ESCAPED

YOUNG AIRMAN TELLS OF TURKISH CRUELTY.

Massacres and Brutal Deeds Committed by Moslems Under Protection of the Kaiser Worthy of the Germans Themselves—Lad of Seventeen Describes Terrible Experiences Through Which Family Passed.

THESE thrilling experiences of Mousheh Verperian are so full of human interest details that his story is reproduced practically as he has been giving it before audiences in America. He is 17 years old, the son of an Armenian professor in the college where the boy was a student up to the time of the deportations in 1915.

He escaped from Turkey, crossed the mountains into the Russian Caucasus, traveled through Siberia, Korea, China and Japan to America, landing in Seattle, Wash., May 1, 1917.

I have been asked to tell you my sad story. I do not know English well and it is hard for me to express myself, but I will try my best. I lived with my father, mother, two sisters and brother, and we were happy. We had colleges, schools, churches and comfortable homes. But that was before 1915. In March, 1915, suddenly our town was surrounded by Turkish soldiers and all of the prominent Armenian merchants, doctors, dentists, professors and business men were imprisoned. Then they began to torture them. I do not like to tell you sad things, and to tell of torturing in the land of freedom seems to me not good, but I must tell you of the suffering of my people.

They tortured the professor of history in our American missionary college. First they beat him with a stick; then they burned his hair; then they burned his fingers, and finally they crucified him; and all the time he was murmuring, "Oh, God, all this for your sake."

This did not arrest my father at first, but later they took him to the prison and kept him in a room where they tortured prominent Armenians. After he saw these torturings they told him, "These things will happen to you if you do not bring your guns." But my father was a peaceful man; he had no guns. He was a professor and he had no arms with which to defend himself. He was a kind man and he could not bear to see such torturings. He became sick and they took him to Dr. Atchison's hospital. After two months of these torturings the Turkish Government ordered all Armenians to be deported to the Syrian and Arabian deserts, and in July, 1915, 8,000 Armenians, the most prominent men in our city, doctors, lawyers, merchants, professors, with their wives and families, began to move toward the desert.

Our family was in this group. In America if someone is pretty they want to be prettier; if someone is beautiful they want to be more beautiful; but it was not so in our country during the deportations. At the time of deportations, they tried to spoil the beauty God gave, but my mothers cut the long hair of their daughters. I saw my mother cut the long blond hair of my sister, but they could not take out her beautiful eyes. I heard mothers saying, "Daughter, I wish you were blind." But it is hard to spoil the beauty which God gives.

We were travelling toward the deserts, surrounded by Turkish soldiers and officers, and these soldiers selected were most cruel ones. After a few days the Turkish officer saw my sister and asked God here, but my father would not do that. Neither would any Armenian do that. Neither will I forget my father's words. We were standing on the bank of the river Euphrates. He said to the Turkish officer: "You are a Turk and I am Armenian, you are Moslem and I am Christian; I cannot give you my daughter. If it were not written in our Bible that suicide is a sin, I would throw myself with my daughter into the river." The Turkish officer said: "You need not do that, for you will see the same condition in a few days."

After a few days we reached Malatia. This beautiful little city was my father's birthplace. As we saw the town my father said: "My beautiful birthplace, will you also be my deathplace?" When we reached Malatia we were suddenly surrounded by another corps of Turkish soldiers and the men were separated from the women. It is hard for me to describe what a heart-breaking scene this was for men to be separated from women. Even if I tried to tell it to you in Armenian I could not describe this heart-breaking scene. Husbands could not say good-bye to their wives for the last time; fathers were torn from the arms of their wives and children. I could not kiss my sister for the last time.

I was surrounded by two Turkish soldiers and they pulled me away without any chance to say good-bye to my mother and sisters and 550 men, Armenians, were thrown into a great dungeon, men in the Orient do not weep very much. I have seen fathers bury their daughters and they did not weep, but in this dungeon every Armenian man was weeping. I wept, too, and I went into a dark corner, for if my father saw me weeping it would make him more sad. All the men began to pray. They did not pray for their own lives, because it was better for them to die than to go out into the desert to starve, but they prayed for these women and children, who had no one to protect them or help them. Finally Turkish officer came and looked at the corner and he said: "Wouldn't you like to go to the prison of the women?" I said "Yes, I would." E. I then again I did not want to leave my father, but my father was wise and said: "Yes, I'm sorry, go to the prison of the women. And it

was good for me that I did, for in a few hours that same night at midnight the Turkish officers and soldiers took those 549 Armenians out to the nearby mountains and killed them all, one by one, with axes and knives. One of the Turkish officers laughed and told me that they did not use guns because cartridges cost four cents each.

When I reached the prison of the women, only one boy of 15 years of age among 2,500 women and children and girls, it was a sad sight. Others were asking me about their sons and about their husbands. Sisters wanted to know about their brothers, but I could only say, "They will see you all again, though, of course, not in this world."

That same night the officer who had asked for my sister from my father came and took her away. She was weeping, but there was no one to help, only a boy of 15 years of age, who could do nothing. She wept and pleaded with the officer for her family, so we were allowed to go back to our city, my mother, my little sister and brother and I. But what happened to those 2,500 women and children and girls? I know you will ask. First they took their money. Our Armenian ladies could not bear to live without clothes and they threw themselves into the river.

We went back to our city, but we had no home. The Turkish Government had confiscated our home, our garden, our goods and all that we had. My little brother was not strong enough to stand such sufferings, so he died. He would wake up in the night and call, "Brother, do you see there in that corner, they are killing my father, just there in that corner!"

For months we lived under the protection of the American consul and the American missionaries. But it was the intention of the Turkish Government to kill every Armenian student. Of the 500 boy students in the Armenian college where I studied only five escaped, and it became impossible for me to live there any longer. We planned to escape over the mountains to the Russian army. One night in September, 1915, with four other Armenian villagers, I bade good-bye to my mother and little sister and we began our journey. It is hard to make an almost hopeless flight over rough mountains, sometimes covered with the snow. We slept on the hard ground sometimes with a rock for a pillow. Many times we did not have bread to eat. Five times we were captured by Turkish soldiers, and they would have taken our lives, but we gave them money and bought our freedom.

Finally we came to the Russian army. I saw a Russian soldier standing on the hilltop, and we ran to him and I was not glad for much longer, for when I reached the Russian army, there in that Christian land, I found Armenians starving; in Russia, that Christian land, Armenians who had escaped the sword of the Turk were starving day by day. Students like me who had escaped over the mountains were starving. Armenian girls who had escaped from Turkish hands were starving there in Russia, and they could not find a blade of grass to eat. They buried Armenian children alive in Turkey. I know a place where scores of Armenian children were buried alive, and those children who had escaped being buried alive were starving there in Russia. The Russians were kind to them, but they did not have food enough for themselves.

A Sad Confession. The German newspaper, Der Tag, some time after the great war had gotten under way, was forced to a sad confession:

"So many of our calculations have deceived us. We expected that British India would rise when the first shot was fired in Europe, but in reality thousands of Indians came to fight with the British against us. We anticipated that the whole British Empire would be torn to pieces, but the colonies appear to be closer united than ever with the Mother Country. We expected a triumphant rebellion in South Africa, yet it turned out nothing but a failure. We expected trouble in Ireland, but instead, she sent her best soldiers against us. We anticipated that the party of 'peace at any price' would be dominant in England, but it melted away in the ardor of fight against Germany. We reckoned that England was degenerate and incapable of placing any weight in the scale, but she seems to be our principal enemy."

The same has been the case with France and Russia. We thought that France was deprived and divided, and we found that she is a formidable opponent. We believed that the Russian people were far too discontented to fight for their Government, and we made our plans on the supposition of a rapid collapse of Russia; but, instead, she mobilized her millions quickly and well, and her people are full of enthusiasm and their power is crushing. Those who led us into all these mistakes and miscalculations have laid upon themselves a heavy responsibility."—N. Y. Tribune.

Poland's Position. Sobyanski Kournos, the Polish pianist, narrated Poland's unhappy story. "In this new Austro-German wrangle about the partition of Poland," said a mine owner, "which side, professor, will Poland take?" Prof. Kournos laughed bitterly. "Did you ever see two dogs fighting over a bone?" he asked. "Yes," said the mine owner. "Well," said Prof. Kournos, "did you ever see the bones do any fighting?"

Not Crying. "Do you take the old photograph of your boy and shed tears over it?" "Nope," replied Farmer Corntassel. "After seeing a picture of him in his uniform, then old photographs of Job in his Sunday clothes simply makes us laugh."

Peacocks in Jerusalem. Among the natural products of the East of Turkish which Solomon's feet brought to Jerusalem mention is made of peacocks (1 Kings 10, 22 and 2 Chronicles 17, 21).

Glacial Rivers of Far West

THE formation of some rivers is a slow process, writes James G. McCury in the Scientific American. They issue forth as mere rivulets from springs or ponds, and must receive numerous additions before they reach a size that entitles them to be termed rivers.

Others, such as the St. Lawrence, having their source in some vast lake, pass through no intermediate state, but proceed at once upon their course to the sea. Still others burst forth with a rush and roar from the heart of glaciers, and after hurrying through rocky canyons, distribute the melted snow and ice from the flanks of the mountains to the thirsty lowlands.

The majority of the rivers of the Pacific Northwest are of glacial origin. The gigantic peaks of the Cascade Coast, and Olympic ranges act as great natural refrigerators, holding within their icy embrace all the moisture that falls upon their slopes. Thus the precipitation which would otherwise be quickly dissipated in disastrous floods and freshets, is conserved and allowed to escape slowly through the medium of the glaciers and the glacial streams. No less than a score of ice-flood torrents have their origin in the great glacial system of Mount Ranier alone.

A glacier is not a stationary blanket of snow, clinging inert to the mountain slopes. It is a slow-moving, stream-like body of ice, descending the steep sides of the mountain by reason of its own weight. In the region of the eternal snowfields the glacier begins its career. Here the snow piles up against the rock-walls until it attains sufficient depth and weight to acquire movement. As the mass slowly creeps away from the rock, huge crevasses known as "bergschunds" are formed.

Viewed from above, nothing is to be seen in these great gashes but clean snow, piled layer upon layer. For several thousands of feet the snow retains its original consistency. Then, as tributary fields add to its volume, and the pressure is increased as the glacier ploughs its way through narrow canyons, over-riding every obstacle in its path, the snow is gradually transformed into ice of an intense indigo weight.

It has now become a veritable frozen river, flowing between parallel banks of rock, of an average width of half a mile. Its surface possesses the sombre tint of old ice, relieved by patches of snow in the yawning fissures and in the deep crevasses. It divides its surface into irregularly formed sections.

Gradually the glacier becomes covered with debris, consisting of rock fragments, dirt and rock-flour, so that the real color of the frozen river is obscured. Starting from a height of about 10,000 feet above sea-level, the glacial streams maintain their solidarity until they have descended to about 4,000 feet. They vary in length from four to six miles, and their average movement is 16 inches per day.

Over the roughened surface of the glacier trickle countless rills formed by the melting of the snow and ice. These tiny rivulets, by uniting, form swift streams that go coursing over the glacier, to be later engulfed by the deeper crevasses. With musical tinklings and roarings they rush into the interior of the ice-mass and finally find their way down to its utmost depths.

At the "mout" or lower end, where the glacier rears its huge wall of dull, chocolate-colored ice several hundred feet in height, the accumulated waters burst forth from icy caverns as full-fledged rivers. They leave the glaciers heavily impregnated with powdered scoria and rock-flour. These minute particles remain long in suspension and impart to the water a characteristic milky hue. This color the river retain for many miles, and as they flow through the lowlands on their journey to the sea, they thus proclaim their glacial origin.

Glacial rivers, being nourished by melted ice, act in a manner contrary to ordinary streams. In the winter and spring they are at their lowest stages, while during the summer and autumn they attain their greatest size. Thus they furnish an abundant supply when it is most needed.

Causes a Stir. Creolian lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians by Col. Adams, of Montreal, which have just been published in London, are calculated to create no small stir in British scientific circles. He vigorously rebuffed himself against the onslaught of Sir Ray Lankester, who charged Col. Adams with rudeness towards eminent British biologists, one of whom Col. Adams compared to a bumblebee bumping his head noisily and uselessly against a glass greenhouse.

Col. Adams charges most of the famous British biologists with remaining superbly indifferent to some of the latest developments, and protests that medical men in the community at large with practical experience in original research should no longer be contemptuously sneered at by British biologists, who "dream dreams and hold unseemly parochial wrangles at meetings of the British Association."

Col. Adams adds: "We look for dependable leadership from men of the stature of Sir Ray Lankester, falling which, we must take the lead ourselves."

Trained at Home. The Sergeant—So you fellows don't like to have your mail censored. The Officers stand it all right without a kick. The Private—But they're all married men and well used to it.

HONORED BY KING.

Naval Rescue Party Was Blown Up at Halifax.

Heroic conduct on the part of members of crews of ships in the harbor at the time of the disastrous explosion at Halifax has been honored by the King. It is officially announced that the Albert Medal in gold has been awarded to Lieut.-Commander (Acting Commander) Tom Kenneth Triggs, R. N., and the Albert Medal to Able Seaman William Becker, O. No. J. 5841.

When the French steamer Mont Blanc, with a cargo of high explosive, came in collision with the Norwegian steamer Imo, and a fire broke out on the Mont Blanc, Commander Triggs, of H.M.S. Hightower, volunteered to go and see if anything could be done to save the life. He set off in the ship's whaler and pulled towards the bows of the Imo, which was about 300 yards from the Mont Blanc. He was about to pass a line from her to the tug when the explosion occurred. Of the seven people in the whaler, Triggs, Becker, and the remainder, including Commander Triggs, perished.

The Albert Medal has also been awarded to Leading Seaman T. N. Davis, O. No. J. 18334 Dev., and Able Seaman Robert Stones, O. No. J. 2998 Rev., for another attempt to rescue after the explosion. The two men boarded the tug Mtsquash which was on fire and which carried a gun and ammunition.

They then both went forward to the burning part, and succeeded in getting to the ammunition, which was by this time badly scorched, and was it away from the flames, and threw it overboard. They then broke open the door of the galley, which was on fire inside, to enable a pumping light-er to play her hose into it. They repeated the same thing with the cabin. By their work they made it possible to subdue the fire and save further damage and loss of life. At any moment whilst they were on board the Mtsquash the ammunition might have exploded.

Trapping Salmon. Among many Eskimo tribes, salmon fishing is one of the most important means of existence. The natives along the west coast of Hudson Bay fish for salmon the year round, only varying their methods to suit the changing seasons.

In the summer, the salmon in the ocean, just beyond the rivers, are caught in primitive nets. During the autumn when the salmon leaves the salt water the Eskimo builds several stone walls across a river, leaving one stone out in each division, except in the wall highest up. This leaves a free passageway for the salmon as it goes up the river with the incoming tide. When the tide turns, the Eskimo close the openings in the lower walls, and at the ebb, they wade out into these small compartments and spear the trapped salmon with their kakimaks or salmon-spears. This slaughter of salmon takes many days. They get many hundreds—sometimes thousands—of salmon in one river.

Later in the winter, when the ice has formed on the lakes, holes are cut in the ice through which to angle for the salmon. This is done by attracting the salmon with a little piece of walrus ivory carved to look like a fish. The decoy is kept moving by the help of a line of deerskin sinew. When the line approaches to examine the little imitation fish, he is speared with the kakimak that the Eskimo holds in his right hand.

In spring, when the poor salmon gets rather hungry, it is easily caught with a bait and fishhook. Then, even the women go out and angle for the harassed fish, through the holes in the ice. It is fortunate for the inhabitants of that hospitable region that salmon are plentiful there at all times, at least sufficiently so for the simple wants of the Eskimos, otherwise times would be very hard.—Popular Science Monthly.

Study While Fighting. Major G. R. Geary, Corporation Counsel for the City of Toronto, makes optimistic references to his experiences near the firing line in France in a recent letter.

"A good deal is being done or about to be done in education," says Major Geary, "and the University of Vimy Ridge has been instituted to remedy the tendency to the arresting of mental development as well as to give positive instruction and technical training during the war and the period of demobilization. It is difficult, of course, to afford opportunity for study. We are in the line, say, two-thirds or three-quarters of our time, and the mere material difficulties of finding a place to read or, if a place, the light to read by, are almost insuperable. Then, too, there is rarely ever a period of five minutes without interruptions. Just at this moment we are out for a few days and the men are taking an interest in the university classes. The thing will grow and succeed. I am sure, and, like many others, this plan of a Canadian divisional commander will probably spread through the whole expeditionary forces."

Our Language. The Y.M.C.A. at the front is responsible for the following story: A sailor went to Scotland Yard to report that he was changing his place of abode, inasmuch as he was on his way to the hospital for a stay. The sergeant behind the desk looked up at him and said: "Are you going down to die?" The worried patient looked more doleful than ever and replied: "Well, if I do I will be any more trouble to you except that you will have to ship my body sack to the States." Gloomily he started to leave the office, when a clerk laughingly told the sailor that the sergeant—who was a cockney of cockneys—had merely asked, "Are you going down to-day?"

Remedied. Tenant—The plaster's fallen off the ceiling. P'nsurious Landlord—Well, I hope you are satisfied. The first thing you did when you moved in was to complain that the ceilings were too low.

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