

ANGER LURKS IN EVERY ONE OF US

We Are As Full of Deadly Poisons As A Germ Laboratory.

AUTO-INTOXICATION OR SELF-POISONING

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" Absolutely Prevents This Dangerous Condition.

The chief cause of poor health is not neglect of the bowels. Waste matter, instead of passing from the lower intestine regularly every day, is allowed to remain there, generating poisons which are absorbed by the blood.

In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that Auto-intoxication, due to non-action of the bowels, is directly responsible for serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles; that it upsets the Stomach, causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Sleeplessness; that chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Pain In The Back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular; and that Pimples, Rash, Eczema and other Skin Affections disappear when "Fruit-a-lives" are taken to correct Constipation.

"Fruit-a-lives" will protect you against Auto-intoxication because this wonderful fruit medicine acts directly on all the eliminating organs. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of check to Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

TIME TABLE REVISED TO MONDAY, SEPT. 29th, 1918.

GOING WEST		Express Daily	Mixed Daily
Middleton	11:35	6:00	
Bridgetown	11:50	6:25	
Paradise	11:57	6:40	
Bridgetown	12:05	7:00	
Capperville	12:15	7:35	
Round Hill	12:28	7:45	
Stamper's Royal	12:42	8:30	
Upper Clements	12:53	8:45	
Lower Clements	12:59	8:55	
Deep Brook	1:06	9:10	
Bear River	1:15	9:25	
Hubertville	1:18		
Smith's Cove	1:22	9:35	
Halifax	1:37	9:55	

GOING EAST		Express Daily	Mixed Daily
Halifax	12:05	4:20	
Smith's Cove	12:20	4:40	
Hubertville	12:24		
Bear River	12:28	4:55	
Deep Brook	12:37	5:10	
Lower Clements	12:44	5:25	
Upper Clements	12:53	5:35	
Stamper's Royal	1:07	5:50	
Round Hill	1:22	6:29	
Capperville	1:32	6:44	
Bridgetown	1:45	7:05	
Paradise	1:56	7:40	
Bridgetown	2:03	8:00	
Middleton	2:20	8:30	

R. U. PARKER, General Passenger Agent.
GEO. E. GRAHAM, General Manager.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	TIME TABLE	Accom.
Wednesdays only	IN EFFECT March 10, 1918	Wednesdays only

Read down	STATIONS	Read up
11:10 a.m.	Middleton Ar.	5:00 p.m.
11:41 a.m.	*Clarence	4:28 p.m.
12:00 p.m.	Bridgetown	4:10 p.m.
12:02 p.m.	Granville Centre	3:43 p.m.
12:49 p.m.	Granville Ferry	3:25 p.m.
1:12 p.m.	*Karsdale	3:05 p.m.
1:30 p.m.	Ar Port Wade Lv.	2:45 p.m.

Connection at Middleton with all points on H. & S. W. Railway and Dominion Atlantic Railway.

W. A. CUNNINGHAM, Div. F. & P. Agent.

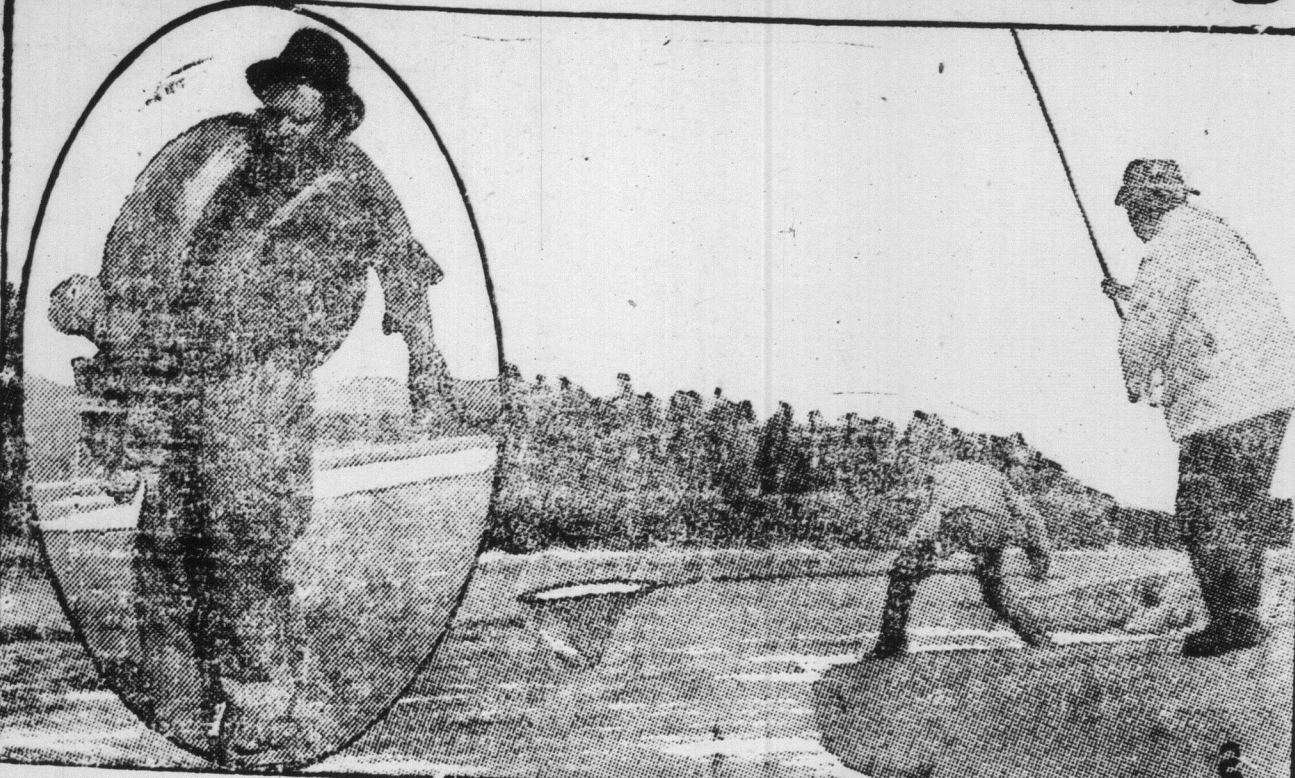
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Unexaggerated Fishing



YOU should read this story. I am a fisherman and I have been fishing for most people to waste through; but this one deals with dry land, mountains and ripples. So you see it is different from the ordinary tale where the young hero goes forth with a tattered outfit and catches the giant trout of the deep still pool for whom anglers from all parts of the world had cast in profane vain. It is all right to tell about lying on one's stomach with the face against the water, watching the flies to learn what kind the trout were eating. It is all right to then walk to the fishing outfit, sit down and bring forth an inexhaustible supply of flies from which one selects the very duplicate of the insect the trout like at that particular instant. And it is fine to tell how the angler cast his delicate lure, dropping it lightly as a shimmering insect on the very swirl of water where the big trout lay hungrily waiting. Then the whirl of the reel and the three-hour fight, ending in the thrill of victory which comes when a well-manipulated landing net embraces the exhausted fish.

It makes good stuff; but many fishermen know more of broken leads, frayed hooks and snappy little eight-ouncers. I am undertaking to tell about a real fishing trip.

They told me I would get good fishing at Banff, so I took the Canadian Pacific westbound out of Calgary and went. On board I noticed an elderly person whose physical idiosyncrasies included the lean, leathery, brown characteristics of westernism. He eyed me and my outfit; he edged closer and he spoke of tobacco and predicted sunshine. Then he mentioned fishing.

It was not what it used to be declared between tobacco clouds. He remembered when seven or ten or fifty cases meant seven or ten or fifty rises of the biggest, living, most voracious fish that ever lived; all cutthroats, none less than a pound and a half, many exceeding five pounds each. "Them days was real fishing," and them fish were game fighters. He minded one ole feller what everyone had tried to "it. This fish was grand of all of them, and he lived in a deep hole beside a perpendicular rock wall ever bit higher than any 'net' but when he found himself hooked he just naturally ran to this wall of flat rock and rubbed his nose against the stone wearing out the 'gut on freckle' him-

self." But my informant, being more canny and wise than other fishermen of his day, befouled the giant trout by not using gut. He took up hunk of fine steel wire, jointed it with swivels and hooked the monster. Then Zam! The fish was so astonished that he did not wiggle an inch of his twelve-pound body until he felt himself on the grass above the gravel bar. But those days were over and one did not catch any more big fish.

Eventually I reached Banff, and was told to fish either up the Spray or up the Bow. They added that the waters were rising and fish would not be hungry, but again I might succeed. With weapons rigged I went up the Bow to a promising place I was told about. It had deep water with big eddies and a nice back-drift a few big rocks, and a submerged ledge just below the feeding rapids above the pool. Fine. Feverishly and eagerly I cast. Then steadily and doggedly, I went slowly and sullenly. Then, glory! The line went out. I had a nine inch fish. Much cheered I went on casting. The sun went down, the sky began to darken, the mountains stood black against the dimming azure. I staggered in my efforts. I sat on a log and let the line drag. B-z-z-z went the reel. A fish flashed in the rapids.

Having a new landing net I was very anxious to try it. It was the kind that fastens to a hook on a belt and comes off with the flick of a hand whenever necessary. I had no hook and had buttoned it on my suspender button. Having passed through much brush on my way to the pool I knew the net was going to require care in getting ready for use. Having hooked a fish I very calmly brought myself first of how to land him; so I plucked the net, and the button came, to the consternation of my suspenders.

Now my fish gave the one pound pull and the two pound bite all right. He also was there with the scheduled weight of nine. Things looked good for him to keep up the first scale, too.

but when it came to the five pound bend—the gut broke and I went home to the hotel.

Next morning with the bright sunlight just tipping the eastern slopes of Mount Rundle and lesser peaks, I went alone up river. Here and there and everywhere I dropped the seductive fly in the rising glacial flood with no results.

"Darn," I remarked. My line fell slack and uncared for into swift water and I looked up the river for some better seeming point. "Bang!" Something hit my rod like an express train, and like an express train the silk ran out and out. Aghast I stood and merely checked. Something was on. Out went the line, straight across the swift water; then I saw a large black streak break far out in the edge of white water. Once, twice, three times the fish took the air, and the reel kept singing all the time. He sounded, he rushed, he drove upstream and then zig-zagged down. Again and again he broke, two feet clear of the current. Forty yards of line was out and I had but five left, so I hopelessly checked tight, deciding that if I was going to break my lead it was no use worrying. But lead, rod, line and hook held, and the fish swung down on the surface, mouth open and gasping. There was brush all around, and no space to either work up or down. The full sweep of the river raced by with no restful eddies. More hopelessly still I reeled in, his troutship putting up frequent but lessening furries. Finally he was close and I tried the new landing net. Praise be to cord and rod and hook and gut the net worked! As the line slackened the hook dropped out, but there was the fish; three pounds of sparkling, spotted cutthroat trout, twenty-three inches long.

There was no more fishing. I went home satisfied. The gentle reader will note even this story ends in the usual way with the big fish safely netted.

Z. V. K.

FOR THE AIR SERVICE OF THE ALLIED ARMIES



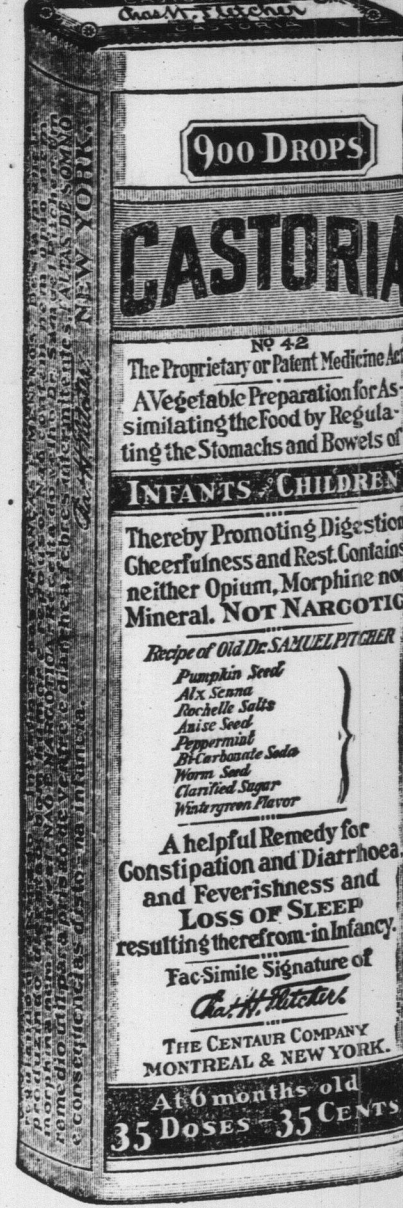
An immense R. A. F. machine ready to start with its load of bombs for Germany.

They are cutting spruce in British Columbia. The silver spruce forests, long neglected because of lack of market and transportation, have found their place. The straight, tough wood is the ideal material for the manufacture of aeroplane parts. The silver spruce grows only on the islands and ocean coast of British Columbia and the north-west United States. The American timber of this species is being used exclusively for war purposes of the States, the needs of the other allies in the great war are supplied by the

A Sitka (silver) spruce log cut on the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of British Columbia for the Imperial Munitions Board.

The wonderful forests of B. C. this supply being made possible through a splendid organization perfected during the past ten months by Major Austin C. Taylor, director of the

Aeronautical Department of the Imperial Munitions Board. Hundreds of camps, scores of tug-boats, thousands of men are at work on the forests, while scores of mills cut the logs. Canadian Pacific Railway Company tugs haul great rafts across the waters of the Pacific Coast and discharge the cargo at the mills and terminals. Hundreds and hundreds of Canadian Pacific Railway cars roll eastward monthly loaded with prime aeroplane lumber, bound for the aeroplane factories in the east. The wants of France and England, Canada and Italy are filled by the loggers of British Columbia, and the industry will grow even beyond its present tremendous volume.—L. V. K.



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