

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.



Burlington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sanative Wash I am fully convinced that I am entirely cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."

—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need.

This good old root and herb remedy has proved unequalled for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength.

If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.

JAP. SHIPS ON ATLANTIC

A despatch from Washington says that twelve large Japanese steamers are on their way to the Atlantic to aid in the allied movement of freight to Europe. Another Washington despatch says that 1,000,000 tons of ships from American shipyards will be put on the oceans between now and March 1st.

NOTICE

We have removed into the UNION CARRIAGE FACTORY BUILDING and are prepared to handle all kinds of PAINTING work. Bring in your AUTOMOBILES and CARRIAGES and have them PAINTED or VARNISHED ready for the Spring.

We guarantee satisfaction and our prices are reasonable. Painting AUTOMOBILE NUMBERS a speciality. HOUSE PAINTING and outside work promptly attended to.

YOUNG & McNAMARA

NOTICE

For the rest of the season I am putting on cushion and hard rubber tires at rock bottom prices. Before buying elsewhere all and get my prices; they will surprise you.

Also Painting, repairing bike wagon wheels, also iron and wood work and Trimmings of all kinds.

Shop in old Canning Factory opposite Hotel Aberdeen.

W. H. HARVEY,

The First Week In September

is the beginning of our busy season, but you can enter at any time. Send for new catalogue containing tuition rates and full information.

S. KERR

President

HARBORVILLE

It kinder looks to me as if the old feller on the hill had lost his grip, cause when Friday cum I hunted all over this place to find a Kentville Chronicle. They dont seem to care a dern whether they sell any papers or not, cause I had to hunt all afternoon to find one, but I landed ne just before chore time.

But they didn't say a word about what the old feller was talking about, that's McNally. Maybe the old feller is losing his grip, cause you print everthing I send you, and I can't write near so

good as he dos, there wasn't a goldarned word in the hul paper about George McNally. I useter think that the Chronicle was a Independent paper, and that it wud cum out real perky for UNION, but I guess maybe I was wrong, cause if they was for union, they wuld have printed what the old man wrote, but of course I don't know much about those things anywey, but I thort, that if we was all Unionists, (Whatever that means our county papers would be gettin' up on their hind legs and hollering for Union, and I don't know of a better Union man than McNally, cause he don't work except for Union wages. Of course if there aint any Union, unles we get Borden or McLean in Kings County, then us common folks might as well know it first as last. We aint, (that is we aint got many women around here that will hev a vote cause they have husbands or sons over on the other side fightin' the Germans.) but we hev a few, and they will be goin' to vote and they wuld like to know how to do it. Of course I suppose Boyd Parker, or Ben Bezanson, wuld tell em, but they don't seem to take a hull lot of stock in what they tell em, and wuld rather read it in the County papers. If there aint any such thing as Union in our old county, why tell us, and we ken make some kind of er stab at it ourselves. But, if there is to be Union, the real old fashioned kind then what is the matter with McNally? If he aint Union enough, what's the matter with the old feller on the hill, or the Commodore or Amos Meakins? The Commodore (or his wife) have got all the Government jobs here now except the Post Office, and I supos they will hev that before long.

There is dead earnest about this Union business down in Ottawa, fur I seen that now they hev United the Separation and assigned pay cheques, makin one cheque do for both insted of hevint two cheques that saves a whole lot of expensiv paper for the cheques, as well as a whole barrel full of ink, besides the labor. Union is a great thing, lets hev all we can get of it down here.

Just think of it a minit. If Sam Chute, Chip Parker, A. E. McMahon, Tom Morse, Fred Parker, A. E. Adams, Ben Bezanson, Wallace Ogilvie and Edson Wood. All of them United, by buying to rest a little sometime, just the same hull lot of money they cud save, and how they cud skin the farmers.

Ben Bezanson, hes five or six hundred barrels of em laying out in the rain on our wharf now, and most every night when the rest of us is in bed Ed Curry sneaks up the bay and brings back another hundred or two barrels before morning. Them niggers down in Cuby is sure to hev plenty of pertaters, if no budy else dus.

I had a talk with the old feller on the hill yesterday, and he ses that theres nothing like union, why ses he he, if I had Union with the Royal Bank or any old bank, I wuldn't be sweatin' blood to feed my hens the way I'm doin now. Them poor hens ses he has got to rest a little sometime, ust the same as we fellers do around here, only we rest most of the time, while his' old hens are laying all year round, except when they are gettin their winter clothes med, and there doing that right now, and are so busy at it, they can't lay eggs, but he has to get feed for them just the same, and there aint any Union to help him. I don't know but he is right at that.

Praise the Lord! At last there's ben something doin' on our road tween here and Berwick. The rain we hed the other day hes made a real nice ditch right thru the middle of our road, of course, theres no road left, but that don't make no difference, we hev the ditch anywey. I was talkin to our county councillor about it, and he sed that if we cud get the bridge fixed so as to be safe, across the Brook above Curry's, we wud fence in the Given Road, and we use the Old Hamilton road. He sed it cud be done easy, cause, all they wud hev to do is cut down them alders and throw them alongside the ditch, and then there wuld be no road but a gol darned good ditch.

He was tellin me some things about a bridge up to Church's Vault. Semms the councillor ses that he was talkin to Colonel Weaver (if he is one, and if he aint Why not) and told him about that bridge bein dangerous, and Weaver said he was too busy to look at it, but he told the councillor to go and measure it, and he wuld tend to it. So the Councillor went there and put in over half a day measuring that bridge, and sent his papers to Weaver.

A few weeks afterwards one of the old solid residents of that part of Ward 14, happened along, and there was Weaver, with his team, he had hired over in Aylesford, and was mesyring that old bridge some more. That's all he dum for the old bridge is just the same as

it was before.

That's making old Ben sore. Cause he ses that he being the councillor, gets all the blame about the bad roads, but he hes nothin to do with them at all. Its all Weaver, and he gets his pay and team hire from the government down in that bootlegging town called Halifax, where they get boose in the Y.M.C.A., up chimneys and every other old place.

Say, the old feller on the hill is just clean plum gone crazy, since he got the Chronicle from Halifax today. Ses he, the idear. Here were preaching Union to beat "Fours", and along cum Laurier, and throws a shell into the camp that is goin' to raise H— with this Union Business. Just when we was gettin down to business, and hed about made up our minds where we are at, along he cum with his speech and knocks everythin' endways' Course I don't know just what he means by his talk, but the way he acts it must be a turned sight worse then huntin for feed for his hens.

The Old Man, ses, that this address of Laurier's is D... had politics.

I herd there was a politiercel meetin' in Kentville the other day, but of course I aint sure, becuz they didn't ask me to cum over, and I was talkin to the old feller on the hill, and he sed he never herd nothin' about it, and I'm ded sure Boyd Parker didn't know about it, or else he wuld have ben over with his Lizzie, even if he did hev to shut up his shop, and es fur as Ben Bezanson goes, he's got a real young lady tendin' to his store, and he wuld have went sur so I guess the meetin' didn't amount to much cause Kentville, aint all of Kings County, even if they is some town.

But, if they did hev a meetin it is a sure thing that all this union business I hev been writin about is busted, cause after that letter that Laurier writ, and hed printed in the papers, there won't be any union left that you cud notice. Why in blazes, can't people behave themselves, and let things slide along smooth, while the sliding is good? Here we had things all fixed up to send McNally to Ottawa, and Wickwire to Halifax, and now this feller Laurier comes along and knocks blazes out of the whole business.

I went up on the hill last night to see the Old Man, and he was playing the Gramophone. Say that's some great music, just the same as the operay. But there was one piece what he played that

"ALWAYS ON THE JOB"

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR

It's like sitting beside the fire to feel this heavy, rich underwear around you when you are outside in cold weather.

Many men prefer it in all kinds of weather, hot as well as cold, because it is so comfortable and easy on the muscles.

Look for the Atlantic Trade-mark, a guarantee of satisfaction through long wear.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR LIMITED,
MONCTON, N.B.

had me goin', and I was just wondering whether there is other people what have that peace. It was called "Laddie in khaki," and it was so good I hed him play it over a good many times. While he was playing I got wondering about the lads people hes hed, and don't know just where they are at now, of course some of 'em is at Dorchester, or other institute of learning, and them alright, cause the old folks know just where they air, but take those kids over there in France or some of those other heathen places, God only knows where they are Gramophone. Say that's some great music, just the same as the operay. But there was one piece what he played that

in' their eyes out, wondering whether they have even got a clean pair—or any old kind of sock to put on, and I got thinkin' that here was a whole lot of us Jack Rabbits, fighting about politics, insted of looking after them kids. What ought to be did with most of us including Borden and Laurier and Bob Rogers and some more of em, is to send us over to France, and let the Germans blow some of the — out of us, and then maybe we would settle down to business and put in all our time looking after those kids over there and seeing that their mothers got their separation allowance and other pickins regular each month.

A Haunt of Legend and Romance



Digby Basin and Long Pier, Nova Scotia.

PARRSBORO Shore with its rock bound coast of lofty crags and high walled jagged islands washed by mighty tides, the scene of Indian legends and the struggles between the French and English, and the residence of a more modern race of hardy voyageurs, is a name little known to the tourist, but one that has an ineffable charm for him who has visited this nook of Nova Scotia.

This was the home of Glooscap, mighty god of the Micmacs. Here one finds the Five Islands, lofty and steep-sided islets in the Basin of Minas, pebbles dropped by the mighty Glooscap, so says the folk lore of the simple Redman. Attracted by their isolation, it is believed that Capt. Kidd, the infamous and successful pirate, buried here his treasure trove; and many are the deep yawning holes to be seen in these wild and eerie islands where the bold have braved the guardian spirits of the dead pirate chieftain to find out this gold and jewels, bathed in the blood of gentle women and brave men.



A Nova Scotia Limousine.

Spencers Island, the Indians tell you, was formed when Glooscap overturned his melting pot; and the smaller islands near by are not common islands—they are Glooscap's dogs, turned to stone as guardians of their master's melting pot. Many are the Indians still to be found here and they believe that some day the great spirit of Glooscap will return to them; and then his chosen people will again rule over the land.

And here is Partridge Island—like lordly Micmacs' expeditions, such in the beautiful surroundings—the home of Kitpoosagnew, the mightiest chieftain of the Micmac legends. He it was who embarked in his lone canoe across the sea, the whale, tossed it into his craft as if it were a trout; and when he landed, he it was who split the leviathan of the deep with one blow of his great stone knife, tossed one half to Glooscap, and himself ate the other.

It was from the lofty cliffs of Partridge Island that a French warrior, pursued by the English, leaped to his death on the rocks hundreds of feet below. And later, it was here a blockhouse was placed when England feared the raids of Yankee privateers in the stirring days of 1812.

With such traditions, little wonder is it that here was developed a hardy sea faring folk. Sometimes the wife and her children accompanied the sea captain as he sailed his tiny schooner to the four quarters of the earth; but more often, he sailed away alone and for months the mother reared his children alone and sustained the farm.

Here one finds beautiful farms, thick forests, save for here and there a clearing where one can get a view of the magnificent sweep of the Basin of Minas, of the islands of Blomidon, and of the shores ten miles across the sea of silver, shores dotted with orchards and the white roofs of the farm buildings.

Men who have travelled the world over have come to Nova Scotia and declared the scenery along the Basin of Minas the fairest of it all, have marvelled at the mighty surge of these wonderful tides with their unique rise and fall of sixty feet, and have spent their summers in its cool, invigorating climate. A comfortable steamboat service operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway connects St. John, New Brunswick, with this land of legends, bold and noble mountains, and with the land of Brunsdike.