

### Summer Complaints Kill Little Ones.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby Own Tablets, or in a few hours they may be beyond aid. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child and will promptly cure these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine as good and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they are absolutely safe. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Married at Kingston

On Wednesday, 7th., the marriage took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Messenger, Kingston, of their daughter Grace Kathleen Florence, to Sydney Wylie Brown, of Stater, Wyoming U. S. A. The wedding was a quiet one and the bride was the recipient of a large number of beautiful presents. They will reside in Slater.

### Fiendish "Frightfulness" of the Hung; Destroy a 3,000 Bed Hospital and Murder Doctors, Nurses and 600 Patients.

Paris, Aug. 17th.—At Mount Notre Dame, three kilometres south of Bazoches, on the Vesle, under a hill and out of the direct fire, are the charred remains of what was once a 3,000 bed hospital of the French, which the Boche burned to the ground after killing most of the doctors and nurses and the 600 patients with their machine guns, which they brought up and pointed thru the very windows of the one-story wards.

### NOTICE

Whereas my Wife Edith Porter has left my home without cause taking with her my youngest child, I hereby forbid anyone harboring or trusting her on my account as I shall pay no bills of her contracting Owen B. Porter Welsford St. Kings Co. 2 ins.



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### MARRIED

Miss Florence Fields and Private Alex Scott, were married on Saturday evening, at the bride's home, by Rev. Dr. Dickie. A number of the neighbors were invited guests. The Union Jack figured among the decorations. Pte. Scott is in training at Aldershot.—Hantsport Cor, to Tribune.

### Men of Class 1 Attention

The attention of all who come under Class 1 of Military Service Act 1917 is drawn to the Proclamation published in the papers, and posters circulated throughout Canada the last two or three weeks.

Class 1 includes every male British subject who is ordinarily a resident in Canada, or has been at any time since fourth day of August 1914 a resident in Canada and comes under the following classes:—

1. Those who have attained the age of 20 years, and were born not earlier than the year 1883 and are unmarried or widowers but have no children.

a. The Emergency Call. This call deals with the calling out for Military Duty all men between the ages of 20 and 22 inclusive who are unmarried, or are widowers and have no children. Furthermore all exemptions that have been given to such men in the above class are cancelled.

b. The 19 Year Old Class.

All men who have attained the age of 19 years but were born on, or since October 13th., 1897 and are unmarried or widowers without children and are residents in Canada must register under the Military Service Act. Any man in this class who has failed to register is a defaulter and should register with the Provincial Registrar on or before the 24th., day of August 1918.

The Proclamation mentioned, grants pardon to all absentees, defaulters and deserters under the Military Service Act in the classes mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, who shall be in the proper discharge of their Military Duties on or before the 24th., of August 1918.

Absentees and defaulters include the following:—

1. Men disobeying an order to report for duty.
2. Men disobeying an order to report for a Medical Examination.
3. Men failing to comply with the Military Service Act, that is, men failing to register under this Act.
4. Men going absent without leave after being taken on the strength of a Unit.
5. Men failing to comply with conditions of leave which has been granted them.

Furthermore, all such men who come under the Military Service Act in the classes mentioned in this article, who are outstanding absentees, defaulters and deserters after August 24th., who are apprehended will be tried by court martial and severe penalties inflicted accordingly.

Under the circumstances mentioned above and in the Proclamation granting amnesty to absentees, defaulters and deserters, it would be advisable for all such absentees, defaulters and deserters under the Military Service Act to report themselves accordingly on or before the date mentioned in the Proclamation, that is, August 24th., 1918.

For the information of all persons it is pointed out in the Proclamation that any person assisting harboring or concealing men who come under the Military Service Act who are defaulters, absentees or deserters is subject to the judgement of a court martial which will be convened to try such cases and inflict severe punishment.

Some men who have registered under the Military Service Act and have been apprehended by the police claim they have never received an order to report for duty. This will not be taken as an excuse if it is found that an order to report has been sent to him from the Registrar's office, to the address given by the man on registration as it is the fault of the man in not notifying the Provincial Registrar M. S. A. of his change in address.

If there are any men who have registered and have at present a different address than they gave the Registrar on registration it would be advisable for any such man to notify the Registrar accordingly.

**Minard's Liniment For Sale Everywhere.**

## A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

### Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

The reason this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, was so successful in Miss Kelly's case was because it went to the root of her trouble, restored her to a normal healthy condition and as a result her nervousness disappeared.

### A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

The season has already arrived when we must begin to pack and market the 1918 apple crop, and facing that fact, we are reminded that the "Inspection and Sale Act" has been considerably changed. Amendments have been introduced, and additions made which must certainly tend to further elevate the Standard of "Canadian Apples," as well as all other kinds of fruit.

One very important feature of the Act, as now amended, is the change in the size of the apple barrel and apple box. All apple barrels used in Canada, on and after the first day of June 1919, must be 26 inches between heads, 17 1/2 inches in the head, "these are inside measurements," and 64 inches circumference at the bilge, representing as nearly as possible seven thousand and fifty-six cubic inches. The apple box must be 18 inches in length, 11 1/2 inches wide, and 10 1/2 inches deep, "inside measurement," representing as nearly as possible two thousand one hundred and seventy four cubic inches. Manufacturers of barrels and boxes are given until June 1st., 1919 to use up their old stock.

Another important feature of the "Inspection and Sale Act" is the introduction of Potato Grades No. 1 and No. 2. I will not deal with this part of the Act here, but will strongly advise every farmer to get a copy of the New Regulations and Amendments to the "Inspection and Sale Act."

It is expected that our apples will be graded and packed fully up to the Standard this season, and Inspectors are instructed to be very particular and allow no fruit to pass unless it measures fully up to the Grade marked upon it. We cannot afford to put our fruit on the market in even ordinary condition; it must be first class. If any person fails to receive a copy of the Act, I will be glad to send them one, if they will let me know.

Yours truly,  
G. H. VROOM,  
Chief Fruit Inspector.  
Middleton, N. S., Aug. 9th., 1918.

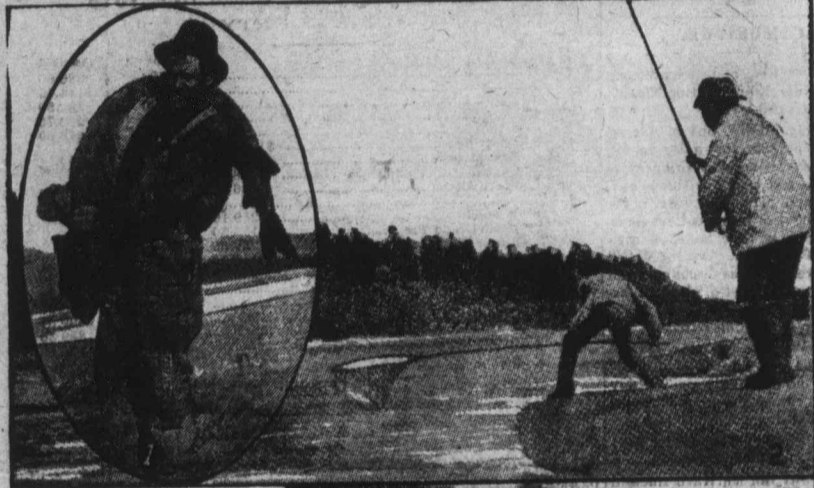


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## Unexaggerated Fishing



**YOU** should read this story. Usually a fishing tale is deep waters for most people to wade 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 tencent 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 on the end of his silken thread, dropping it lightly as a skimming 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 enmeshes the exhausted fish.

It makes good stuff; but many fishermen know more of broken leads, sagged 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 rain. He accepted my pouch, filled his pipe-bowl, tamped it with a horny thumb, cast a weather-eye on the approaching mountain peaks, and predicted sunshine. Then he mentioned fishing.

It was not what I used to be declared between tobacco clouds. He remembered when seven or ten or fifty casts meant seven or ten or fifty rises of the biggest, blintziest most vigorous fish that ever lived; all cutthroats, none less than a pound and a half, many exceeding five pounds each. "Then days was real fishin'." An' them fish were game fighters. He minded one ole fellow what everyone had tried to get. This fish was granded of all of them, and he lived in a deep hole beside a perpendicular rock. He tuk ever' bit uh bait that anybody cast, but when he found himself hooked he jest naturally ran to this here wall of flat rock an' rubbed his nose agin th' stone, wearing out th' gut on freslin' him-

self." But my informant, being more canny and wise than other fishermen of his day, beloveth the giant trout by not using gill. He tuk uh hunk uh fine steel wire, jointed it with swivels and hooked the monater, sayin' that he did not wiggle an' lurch 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 end up the Bow to a promising place I was told about. It had deep water with big eddies and a nice backdrift, 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. Then slowly and sulkily. 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 mountain shod black against the dimming azure. I sagged 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 a belt 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. 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 bethought 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 rush. 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 sediment fly in the rising glacial food with no results.

"Damn," 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 the silk ran out and out. Aghast I stood and merely checked. Something was across the swift water; then I saw a large black streak break far out in the clear of the current. "Bang!" 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 he was going to break my lead, rod, line and hook held, and the fish swing 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 troutably putting up frequent but lessening furries. Finally he was close and I tried the new landing net. Praise be to oord 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 that even this story ends in the usual way with the big fish safely netted.

E. V. K.

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