

Zam-Buk

ENDS PAIN.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KEEP A BOX ON HAND.



SALMON FISHING WITH "HAGGIE."

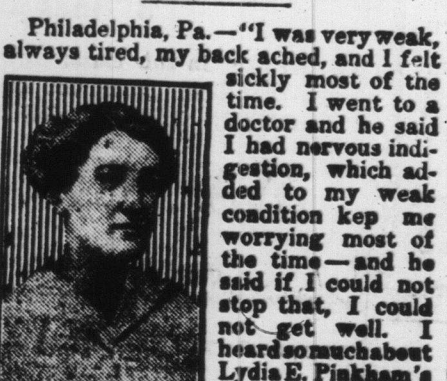
[By H. A. P. S.]

With your kind permission, Mr. Editor, allow me to introduce to your readers Haggie Luxy, a full-blooded Nova Scotia Mac Indian; height, 6 feet 2, rawboned, of spare but powerful build, broad shouldered, quiet of manner, and low of speech, after the fashion of his race; age about 70, big-hearted, very strong in his likes and dislikes, and the best salmon fisherman that I have ever met, in or out of "Blue Nose land." When memory carries me back over more years than I care to remember, I cannot but realize how exceptionally fortunate I have been in having Haggie as my instructor and companion on very many days by the river, after the king of all sporting fish, and whatever slight proficiency I may have attained in all that pertains to salmon lore and salmon fishing, must be credited to him. The infinite pains he took to show me the best and most likely places to cast my fly, and the manner of doing so surely must have been a labor of love, or else how could he ever have retained his good nature, as he watched my bungling efforts. Time and again I have fished a pool from top to bottom, while Haggie sat and watched the performance, and when I turned to him for approval, it would not always be forthcoming, but instead his deep voice would grumble in sepulchral tone "Very rough that time, boy, go back try again, you know, see." This last a favorite expression with him. So back again I would trudge to the top of the pool, feeling rather crestfallen, and begin all over again, when perhaps my feeble efforts would be rewarded with the expression, "fished that pretty clean boy; you know, see." Only last Spring I asked Haggie how it was he took such pains to instruct me in his craft, and he replied, "I find you want to learn, and I see you was willing to fish, so I try help you all I could, you know, see." It is not all the pleasure to fish, when on the river with Haggie, almost quite as enjoyable as the spells when we lie on some grassy knoll by the river's side and this very lovable old man and I swap yarns, telling of our experiences with rod and gun. Some of his stories I have listened to, at times, would open both the fount of tears and laughter. "Have you always lived here by the river?" I asked him upon one occasion. "Most always," was his reply, "but one spring Yankee came down here and fish with me, he watch me make rods and flies, then he say, 'Haggie, I got big factory in States make piano, if you come go home with me, I give you job, for I believe you make most anything.' Well, I tell that Yankee, soon as strawberry run of salmon over (last of June and part of July) I come work in your factory, you know, see. Well, I take steamboat from Yarmouth and next day come on Boston, I go on shore, and everywhere I look, no trees, nothing but high house. I don't know where North, South or northin' and for first time I can remember, I lost. Somehow that man don't meet me like he say he will, so I go on boat again, and all I want that boat take me back on Nova Scotia, you know, see, but pretty soon my friend, Yankee man come look for me, and he have hard work coax me go shore, almost hard time you have coax big salmon up Delancy pool last spring, but bimby I go with him. Well, I work that factory all summer and all winter too, made keys for piano, my what lot money I save, more I ever have yet. Then spring time come, and one day I miss my boss, so I say to other boss, where he gone? he tell me that man gone down Nova Scotia salmon fishing. I try work but my eyes so full tears, I can't see use tools no how. That night I can't sleep, seems I hear old river roar and call me all hear old river can't eat, then I take first boat home, when I get there I go on boat pool here, where you just been fish, and I look all round, nothin' makes noise, only rumble of river and singin' them little bobolinks, seem so I never hear 'em so sweet before, you know, see. I like that hunder times better all city racket. While I stand there, fix my cast, salmon jump right top up where you hook that one yesterday. I take of my cap and raise my hand and I swear, old river, I never leave you gin so long I do live, so I always got to stay here now for sure, you know, see." How well I

knew his feelings and my own homesick days came rushing back to memory when as a boy they tried to make me see it was all for the best to leave the woods and streams, and live abroad. My joyous delight when again I cast a line after an absence of two years, was awakened within me, and turning to the old Indian I made a confession that I too had taken a vow with myself and the forests that never again would the lure of cities and civilization separate us. With me, however, it was almost too late, and it took many months of living in the open and inhaling the healing life-giving aroma of the pines and spruces before I felt myself again. Before I met Haggie, I had killed three salmon down on the Medway River, one of which weighed 24 pounds, and being very young I was naturally conceited and elated over the fact, but, when during the next spring I happened to meet Haggie and to fish along with him, it suddenly dawned upon me that I had yet to learn all over again. Consequently I placed myself in his hands, and now, dear reader, if you are "just crazy for fishing" and the hot blood of youth runs through your veins, and you are anxious to begin salmon fishing aright, I will try and explain some of the things worth knowing about the art as Haggie taught them to me. For various reasons I much prefer not mentioning the name of the river, where the old Indian and I fish. Let it suffice that it is in Nova Scotia and easy of access. In width averaging about one hundred yards, where the best pools lie. In some spots the water attains a depth of fifteen feet or more, mostly pebbly bottom, with an occasional boulder here and there. Nearly all the land along its banks is cultivated, principally in orchard, we therefore are not to be tortured with black flies and their kin, so will need to take no dope along. Quite a current this river carries at all times, while during the spring months it is exceedingly rapid. This fact accounts for the sportiest of fish, in sporting water. We have made arrangements with Haggie over night to meet us at the foot of a favorite pool, and when just at sunrise, we leave the highway taking the path leading to the river, we perceive the old man waiting for us, with gaff slung across his back. "I believe good fishin' day" is his only greeting. Do you see this little narrow "dog-path" along the river bank? Haggie's path we may safely call it, for he is practically the only one using it, and every day during the run of salmon his stealthy feet tread it at least once, and often many times, but he never varies or strays far from it (reminding one of the scriptures). All his fish are cast for, hooked, and gaffed while he stands in his well worn tiny trail. We follow on behind him, passing the shoals where the pool spills itself over broken boulders into the more shallow river, spinning out and widening over the pebbly bottom, leaving behind us some very likely looking water until the very head of the pool is

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

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



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition. Keep me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. Worthline, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, backache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

reached. My rod is here set up, a 14 foot Hardy Bros. Greenheart (Greenheart because I fancy a fish feels better on your line while playing him, than on a split cane rod), in weight 20 ounces quite heavy enough for any salmon you will be likely to meet with in Nova Scotia waters. To the end of the three foot single leader (always single) is bent on the fly, the selection of which I leave to the old Master. There he sits looking carefully over my entire stock, finally selecting one, and with a grin, remarking, "Try this one first." I give a description of it here, with the earnest wish that some young angler may turn a blank day or two into successful ones by its judicious use after all other lures have proven failures. So far as the writer knows, there is no place where this fly is sold. The ones I have were made by Haggie and I therefore have christened it "The Haggie," after its author. Mixed turkey and woodcock wing, silver body, golden pheasant tail, orange hackle, butt of tail peacock heal, with blue silk, winding, hackle extends full length of body, with red shoulders, tied on No. 3 or 4 single hook. On an overcast day, or during a freshet, this fly is unbeatable.

All being in readiness, I commence right at the top of the pool just where the water begins to quicken. "Keep line straight," I hear behind me, and then, "not too fast, take time, make slow cast, plenty room behind, try light your fly in front every rip you see make up, sometimes fish lay right head them, you know, see. don't worry shoulders so much, let rod do all work, now little more line, pull off some from reel with left hand, hold it against rod with finger of right, now cast, then lift finger and let line shoot through rings. That's good, now try little lower down, cover all water very careful, don't skip any," and so on until I reach the end of the pool. "Haggie, why do you tell me to fish with a straight line?" I remark, "why only the other day I read in a book on sport, where the author speaks of the line belling out, when casting for salmon." The answer to my question was, "That man he write for books and he think it sound good talk like that, but he do all his fishin' in house with his pen, you know, see. I know man live out Caledonia way, call himself great hunter, but he hunt all his house in parlor. What chance you got hook salmon when line all loose and belly out in current? But if line straight, you got good chance for sure, you know, see." "Go, try again," the old man says, "but try work your fly different motion, you make quick, short jerks that time, now move it with long, slow pulls, let it sink little more. Don't hurry, cause you been fish over pool once, maybe be salmon hard coax, and maybe he like slow fly best, you know, see, try drop fly on water light you can."

Doing my best to learn and at the same time to please the old Indian, I sail on down to the shoals again. "Now What?" I ask Haggie, as I reel in, no fish here today, is there? His reply is, "we rest pool little while, then try different fly, maybe too bright, try 'Black Dose'."

While laying on the bank, resting both myself and the pool, Haggie remarks, "Sure, fish here last night, I know you coming yesterday, so I come down pool just dark of evenin' and set and watch; bimby I see little wake runnin' here and there, 'till I count three fish, you know, see." As if to prove his story, you are suddenly startled by a bolt of silver shot up from the depths as a ten pound salmon cleaves the water and falls back with a ka-plunk. Before you can get your feet under you, out he shoots again, right where you have fished too. Haggie chuckles as you snatch up the rod, and then says, "Playin', no use." But now you know there is a fish there within easy casting distance, and you fairly tremble with excitement, as you drop the fly lower and lower down, until you feel you must be "over him." The old man directs you to fish down, past the spot where the salmon has been playing, and although you dislike to obey, you follow instructions, until you again look behind you with a questioning glance in his direction. "Better leave this one, go up other pool, try there, then come back, when near, might try him again, maybe he stop his fool playin' by that time, you know, see," he says.

Just as we turn away toward the upper pool, out goes the salmon again, with a souse and ka-plunk, as he hits the water. Haggie grins and remarks, "Good fish, bout ten pound, you know, see." You fish the next pool, beginning at the top as before, and quite excel yourself at the performance. Scarcely a rough cast have you made the whole length of the water, your fly has fallen with the finest of precision as lightly as the petal of an app. blossom, but no rise has rewarded your efforts, however, you do get a nod of approval from the old Redskin, and his remark, "Good; fished very clean, boy," quite eliminates all feeling of fatigue from your tired muscles. You change the "Black Dose" for "Haggie fly" again, and move back to the starting point, thinking the while of the fish you left behind in the lower pool, and whom,

In The Eastern Townships



(1) A Group of Girl Campers at Waterfall, Knowlton's Landing.
(2) Scene on Magog River, Sherbrooke.

There were troublesome times for loyalists of British stock in America at the close of the eighteenth century; they saw the influence of their beloved motherland dwindling in the new world; they went through the turmoil of war, witnessed the defeat of their cause, saw the triumph of George Washington, and their anxiety culminated in despair when, in 1773, the signature of the American Declaration of Independence threatened to destroy the last tie to their mother country. Wearing of life amongst those who had torn down the Union Jack and hoisted a newer emblem across the border in groups, the loyalists of Vermont and New Hampshire left their accustomed haunts and emigrated to the neighboring country where the British flag was still aloft.

They were a hardy race, these British-Americans who settled in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec. They were mainly of English or Scotch descent, and they came across the border in groups. Many of them forsook comfortable homes, and there were few who had not brought many earthly possessions with them. But they were all equipped with indomitable courage and sturdy homes, and for years the part of Canada to which they came was their home.

if you had been alone today, would probably have been treated to a moving picture exhibition of every fly in your extensive collection, when just as you lift the line for another cast, splash! The water flies, and in the centre of a big circle a broad tail stiffens for a second and is gone. The pool looks as slick and innocent as before, but you know within its depths lies the gamest of all sporting fish, ready for the fly. Haggie is now upon his feet, the one word "wait," he utters, takes your fly and cast in hand, and examines every inch of its length to see there are no knots caused by careless casting, testing its strength as he pulls the catgut through his bony fingers. Now your heart thumps as you begin to cast again, for you are morally certain you will hook a salmon in a few seconds' time, because he did not touch the fly, and is therefore, unsuspecting. Beginning above your fish, each lengthening cast towards the spot where you saw his tail disappear, sends a shiver through your arms. "Fish clean, take time, keep straight line, don't strike him too hard, boy, heavy fish I guess," smites your ears from the rear. Plump! splash!! and you are fast in a fresh run Atlantic salmon. "Turn rod on back," says Haggie "don't touch line, keep tip up, use steady strain," zee-zee-e-e screams the single action reel, as down river streaks the frenzied fish, out of the rapid he leaps, with a sideways jump "Tip rod," grunts Haggie. As you lower the tip towards your salmon, his powerful tail hits the now slick, enameled line, shaking the water off in a little stream like spray. Raising your rod, you feel him. Oh yes, he is still hooked, and so you play him, keeping always that maddening, tiring strain upon his jaw, until at last you lead him, now your left hand grasps the rod in front of the right, and the rubber butt presses firmly against your body just above the left hip. There he rolls, showing the white of his silver belly shimmering through the pool. Oh! the beginning of the end. Nearer and nearer you lead him to the bank, where old Haggie awaits his coming, kneeling upon one knee, with the gaff thrust beneath the water. At last, you work your fish in near the bank and lowering the rod gently, allow him to drop down between Haggie's right arm and the shore. A quick upward and inward stroke and the keen steel impels him. Note how carefully your fish is lifted from the river, it almost frets you, such deliberation!

FOR YOUR ROOF

Cedar Shingles
Spruce Shingles
Paroid Roofing
Eastlake Steel Shingles

It will be to your advantage to see our stock and obtain our prices. WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK.

J. H. HICKS & SONS

No cause for worry, that old gaff has seldom ever missed while in its owner's hand. By the time you stride down to your salmon (reeling in the slack as you walk) Haggie has removed the gaff and has hit him a tap across the nose with the back of it. There he lies with just a feeble gasp or two, and a reflex action of the muscles. "Heavy fish," says Haggie, "I believe most 16 pound," while you reach in your pocket for the scales. The dear old chap remarks, "I do believe you make fisherman yet, someday, bimby, you know, see."

Canadians are on the aggressive. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, May 30.—We carried out a most successful raid at Neuville-Vitasse, penetrating six hundred yards into the German defenses, finding many dead and wounded from the bombardment. In the fighting which followed another two hundred were killed. Neuville-Vitasse is one of the points in the line recently taken over by the Canadians.

Improve Your Looks

by purifying the blood. Sal-low skin, liver spots, pimples and blotches are usually due to impure or impoverished blood.

Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS

It's a wonderful tonic for women, especially. Prepared of Nature's herbs and gives the happiest results when used regularly and according to directions. At most stores, 25c. a bottle. Family size, five times as large, \$1. The Brayley Drug Company, Limited, St. John, N.B.

EVERY HEADACHE HAS A MEANING

If there is one practice more dangerous than neglecting a headache altogether, it is taking drugs simply to numb the pain. Headaches are nature's warnings and serve a useful purpose. They tell of a function overtaxed or deranged and the wise man or woman takes steps accordingly.

When the kidneys are not performing their natural function the blood stream becomes clogged with impurities—a fruitful cause of headaches, constant dizziness, and more serious complaints. Nature's warning is not heeded.

The sufferer feels sluggish, unwilling to work, the back aches and there is a heavy sensation on stooping. If the cause of the trouble is unchecked, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Ankle's follow, until GIN PILLS are resorted to and the kidney action restored to normal.

The beauty of the GIN PILL treatment is that first it will in all probability remove both headaches and constipation, if there is no cure, the simple remedy can do absolutely no harm, and you have only to write the manufacturer and your money will be refunded.

GIN PILLS are sold at 50c. a box of 6 boxes for \$2.50 on the money back guarantee. If you have any difficulty in securing GIN PILLS write for a free sample to the National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto, or the U. S. address, Nu-Dru-Co. Inc., 100 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Change of Time
January 7th, 1918

For information and new folders apply at nearest ticket office.

R. U. PARKER,
Gen'l Passenger Agent

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	TIME TABLE	Accom.
Wednes-	IN EFFECT	Wednes-
days only	March 10, 1918	days only
Read down	STATIONS	Read up
11:10 a.m. Lv. Middleton	Ar. 5:00 p.m.	
11:41 a.m. "Clarence	4:28 p.m.	
12:00 p.m. "Bridgetown	4:10 p.m.	
12:32 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.

The Safest Matches in the World

Also the Cheapest

Eddy's "Silent 500s"

SAFEST, because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished.

CHEAPEST, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market.

War time economy and your own good sense will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.

WAR-TIME SUMMER SCHOOL

At the urgent request of business men and others who cannot secure sufficient number of Maritime-trained assistants, our classes will be continued during July and August under the direction of our senior teachers.

Enrol now at the

MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE

HALIFAX, N. S.
E. KAULBACH, C. A.

PRINTED BUTTER PARCHMENT

BUTTER PAPER, printed or plain. Can also be supplied with name of farm, etc., specially printed to suit customers. Send all orders to THE WEEKLY MONITOR, Bridgetown, N. S.