

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

—AND—
Steamship Lines

—TO—
St. John via Digby
—AND—
Boston via Yarmouth
"Land of Evangeline" Route.

On and after October 30th, 1909 the Steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Week. from Annapolis ... 7.20 a. m.
Accom. from Richmond ... 5.40 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth, 1.46 p. m.
Express from Halifax ... 12.21 p. m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday) for Truro at 6.45 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 5.35 p. m. and from Truro at 6.50 a. m., 12.00 m. and 3.20 p. m. connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Boston Service

Commencing Monday, Oct. 18 the Royal Mail S. S. Boston will leave Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of Bluebonnet trains from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, at 1.00 p. m., Tuesday and Friday.

S. S. PRINCE ALBERT

Makes daily trips (Sunday excepted) between Parrabour and Wolfville, calling at Kingsport in both directions.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

ROYAL MAIL S. S. PRINCE RUPERT.

Daily Service (Sunday excepted.)
Arrives in Digby ... 10.45 a. m.
Leaves St. John ... 7.45 a. m.
Leaves Digby same day after arrival of express train from Halifax.

P. GIFFKINS,
Kentville,
General Manager.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO., LTD.

STEAMSHIP LINERS.

London, Halifax and St. John, N.B.

From London.	From Halifax.
Steamer.	...
—Shenandoah	Jan. 4
—Rappahannock	Jan. 18
Jan. 1 —Tabasco	Jan. 25
Jan. 8 —Kanawha	Feb. 1

From Halifax to Liverpool via St. John's Nfld.

From Liverpool.	From Halifax.
Steamer.	...
—Ulunda	Jan. 4
Dec. 29 —Gulf of Venice	18
Jan. 12 —Durango	Feb. 1

FURNESS WITHY & CO., LTD.,
Agents, Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	Time Table in effect	Accom.
Mon. & Fri.	Oct. 18th, 1909	Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.30	Lv. Middleton Av.	16.15
12.01	* Clarence	15.44
12.18	Bridgetown	15.26
12.45	* Granville Centre	14.57
13.01	Granville Ferry	14.40
13.19	* Karsdale	14.24
13.40	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	14.00

* Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal.
CONNECTIONS AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY. AND D. A. RY.

P. MOONEY
General Freight and Passenger Agent
HALIFAX, N. S.

Men's genuine "Briny Deep" Serge is stamped "Briny Deep Serge" every three yds. Dye guaranteed. Wear unequalled.

More bread and Better bread —And the Reason for it

A STRONG FLOUR can only be made from strong wheat. Manitoba hard wheat is acknowledged the strongest in the world—and that is the kind used for Purity Flour.

But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in with the high-grade.

Of course this special process is more expensive to operate but it means a lot to Purity flour users—that's why we use it.

It means that Purity Flour is made entirely of the highest-grade flour parts of the strongest wheat in the world.

It means a high-class, strong flour and therefore yields "more bread and better bread."

Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.



HOLIDAY GOODS AND EVERYDAY GOODS

NEW DRIED FRUITS

Raisins by the box, half-box, quarter-box, 1 pound package, seeded and seedless; Currants, Figs, Dates, and Candied Peels.

NEW NUTS, shelled or in the shell; Oranges, Grapes, Confectionery, etc.

A large assortment of CANNED GOODS, MINCE MEAT and BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.

FANCY and STAPLE CHINA and CROCKERY.

WANTED:- Any quantity of good Yellow-eye Beans.

C. L. PIGGOTT, QUEEN STREET

HEATERS, RANGES, COOKS



The Queen Still Leads

A full stock of Heating Stoves, Steel Ranges, Cast Ranges and Cook Stoves, all at lowest prices.

Hot Air or Hot Water Heating Sanitary Plumbing Kitchen Supplies Job Work, promptly attended to.

R. ALLEN CROWE

'Phone 1 ring 2, Queen St.

Fresh Family Groceries

at the
Bridgetown Central Grocery

Canned Vegetables

Beans, Corn, Peas, Pumpkin, Squash and Tomatoes. One dozen each, or assorted, for \$1.00.

Canned Fruit

Blueberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears and Pineapples.

Dried Fruit

London Layer Table Raisins, Valencia Layer Table Raisins, California Muscatel Raisins, California Seeded Raisins, Figs, Dates, etc., at the LOWEST PRICES.

Buy at the "Central Grocery", get reliable goods and save money.

J. E. LLOYD

The Training of John

An Amusing Tale of the Way a Stingy Man's Second Wife Declined to be Imposed Upon

By CORA PHILIPS

"So you want to know how I came to have John, when I knew just how he treated Mary, his first wife. Well, I'll tell ye all about it.

"You know Abner left me very poorly off. The mortgage was to run out in about a year an' what to do I didn't know. Well, one day, when the time was near out, I was a-hoein' the potatoes, alongside the fence jinin' John's cornfield. I tell ye, I, I was mighty blue; never felt bluer in my whole life. I was just meditating on what to do when the old farm was took away from me.

"Purty good garden fer a green hand, sez somebody over the fence. "Yes, sez I; 'practice makes perfect, an' I have worked hard enough at it s'ne I was left alone."

"Wall Marthy, sez he, 'you'n I seem to be in the same fix. You need a man to do your hoein' an' s'ch, an' I need a woman ter see about my house an' if you'll marry me we'll jist jine forces and work in double harness. I can't find no help that'll do as Mary did, (Thinks I to myself, you never will either,) 'So what do you say my dear Marthy?'"

"I didn't say nuthin' for the nex' few minutes. It all came over me to onct. What a stinny unfeelin' man he'd allers been. Poor Mary jist slaved her life out fer him; never went any place; had to do the house-work alone, an' a good deal of his work besides. I knew he was able to live in a much better shape, an' have some enjoyment in life. Now Abner, you know was jist the oppposite. He was a n'ortful clever man in books and sich but kind of shiftless and easy—allers in for a good time. It alers worried me to have things lookin' so slack like—all at loose ends, as you might say.

"Wall, sez I to myself, 'beggars can't be choosers, an' a stingy man's better than the poorhouse.' So I speaks right up an' sez: "John, we've been nabors for many years. I know your faults, and s'pose you know mine; so, if you want me, all right. Perhaps we might do wuss."

"Wall, we agreed to be married right off. John said it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower nowadays; an' as he wanted ter go to Pender to see about sellin' some stock, an' as Mary Ann Spencer, his cousin, lived about half way, we could stop there both ways an' not cost us anything; he thought we'd better go.

"We stayed about a week, had a middlin' good time, an' got home in the afternoon all right. The nex' morning I woke up pretty airy, and I sez to myself, Now or never, Marthy. Keep up your courage."

"John was still asleep and snorin' away. But bime-by he gave an un-airthly snore an' waked up. When he see it was gettin' daylight he nudged me, an' sez he: "Marthy! Oh, Marthy, come, come, wake up! It's broad daylight. Come, Marthy, git up, or we won't have any breakfast today."

"I was sound asleep an' powerful hard to wake; but after awhile I rubbed my eyes an' sed: "Got a good fire, John?" "Fire!" sez he, 'No; I don't build fires. Mary allers built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, sorter cool like, 'So did Abner.' I turned over an' went to sleep agin, or at least he thought I did. Well, he never made a move until the sun rose an' shone in the bedroom window. Then he got up an' built the fire. There wasn't any kindlin's nora stick of wood, an' he jist hummed himself to get some. Arter the fire got to burnin' in good shape, I got up. I was orful tired lyin' abed so long, but sez I to myself, 'If I build fires now, I'll hev to do it, an' in cold weather I won't build fires for any man.' He was kind of grouchy all day; but I didn't pear to take notice, an' he got over it. The nex' day he began hayin' and had nine men to help him.

"I had all the work to do—churnin' feedin' the chickens, sweepin' an' dustin'—an' it was no small job. Come time to get dinner, an' there wasn't a splinter of wood cut. So I goes out and rings the call bell. Pretty soon John came, lookin' black and savage, and wanted to know what I wanted.

"I want some wood to burn," sez I. "Wal, thar's the woodpile, Go an' split some, Mary allers did."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Abner." "Wal, he cut some wood, an' advised never to call him again unless t was for his meals."

"The nex' day it was the same thing—not a stick of wood to get dinner with. Thinks I, 'Old fellow, you ain't got Mary to deal with now. I'll larn you somethin' that you won't forget for a while; somethin' you have needed to know for a right smart spell—a trick with a hole in it."

"So when dinner time come, I blew

sets down to the table. Sich astonishin' the horn, an' in comes all ten men and ed faces you never seen when they viewed the grub. The potatoes, chicken and vegetables, washed clean an' put on raw; the pie and biscuit juss' dough; not a thing cooked. John was madder than a wet hen.

"What does this mean?" he thundered. "This table is a nice lookin' mess!" "It means I can't cook without wood," sez I.

"Wal, those men never went back to the field until all that wood was split for the stove. I was never bothered for wood agin."

"A few weeks after I wanted some money pretty bad. I had decided to fix the settin'-room respectable like. I needed some lace curtains, a rockin' chair and a rug or two. Mary never had any you know. I asked a number of time for the money, but he made all kinds of excuses.

"Wal, one day a man that bought butter and eggs an' poultry came along, so I sold him every pound of butter, three dozen young chickens an' every egg I had. I got thirty dollars for 'em. When John came home, I told him what I had done.

"Where's the money?" sez he. 'Mary allers gave me the money for butter an' eggs.' "Did she?" sez I. 'So did Abner.' "He got tired of settin' Mary up to me as an example, for I would offset her with Abner every time. When he wouldn't let me have money I wanted, I'd sell somethin' every time. I sold a cow one time to buy a base burner and a coun for the settin'-room."

"An' now he enjoys the little settin'-room, with its bright fire, comfortable rockin' chairs an' the daily papers an' magazines, as much as I do. He found out I was bound to have my own way so he behaves quite decent, an' I lay it to his trainin'."

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by all dealers.

DOCTOR MUST PAY FOR BABY'S DEATH.

Boston, December 28.—George R. Sackett, of Chelsea, was awarded a verdict of \$2,500 against Dr. Charles H. Shackford, by a first session jury before Judge Raymond in a suit for \$5,000 damages for the suffering and death of his infant daughter, Marion A. Sackett, from the alleged negligence of the defendant, who attended her.

According to the plaintiff, the defendant was called in on February 20 1905, to attend the three-week-old child, who was suffering from an infantile trouble. The defendant is claimed to have dictated a prescription to a clerk in a neighboring drug store. The medicine prescribed was given to the child and she died the next day. The plaintiff claimed the medicine contained too much opium.

The defendant said he prescribed proper medicine for the child's ailment, and that the drug clerk did not follow his prescription. He denied responsibility. The case was tried some months ago and the jury disagreed. Coakley, Coakley and Sherman were the lawyers for the plaintiff, and H. C. Long represented the defendant.

UNION BLEND TEA

The Tea that Satisfies



I PUT my business reputation as a judge of good tea back of every packet of Union Blend Tea that I sell. I do that in this way: if you don't like it, you will never buy again. And I cannot afford to spend money in advertising to gain your confidence and then destroy that confidence by offering you inferior tea. Therefore, I don't do it. You can take my word and prove for yourself that Union Blend Tea at 40c. per lb. will go half as far as any 30c. lb. tea on the market. And it will make better tea, too. Make your tea-cup prove it.

40c

Harry W. Forest

Tragedy in the Snap Catch

The poor little newly-fledged school ma'am who shut the liddle in and then forgot him for a long, nearly fatal while, is in a pitiable pickle surely. That she is very young and had her mind over full of visions of pleasure to come will help to exonerate her—also that the children, including the injured lad, all profess to like her.

While the subject is fresh in mind—hear ye! hear ye! please, all who are in reach of my words—be very careful of your choice of fastenings for closets. For small china cupboards and the like, the little brass or bronzed snap lock catches are a great convenience. But for large closets and small back stair catch-alls and such, I should hesitate to use them.

My reason is based on the experience of a neighbor of mine, who lives in the ancient homestead of her family. Some years ago her mother, while on a visit to her said: "Be careful when you go into the little closet upstairs by the chimney that the door does not fly to; for I was caught in there for an hour before anyone heard my call." A few months ago the lady herself intent upon the annual rounding up of her immaculate household goods, was blithely singing as she turned out blankets and looked over pieces in the depths of this narrow deep closet, built at one side of the big house chimney. Suddenly a puff of wind caught the door of stout pine slurring it to with a bang and the snap lock had her fast.

The history of the subsequent hours is not a pleasant memory to her. The chimney bricks were warm and heated the little place to suffocation. Her screams were not heard in the empty house. No one came; her husband was away attending to his business, and her children at school. I passed the house on the way to a train, and heard nothing, and no good angel or telepathic impulse led me to drop in, as was a frequent custom with me. Her shoulder ached from the batterings against the door; her old enemy, phthisis, began to press on her breathing, and a feeling of confusion, even despair, took possession of her. Finally, however, she ceased to scream, and laying down by the wee crack at the threshold fortified herself with a little fresh air. Being a religious woman she prayed that some help and guidance might reach her, and her prayer was answered.

In one instance, at least, bad spelling enabled an office boy to express the precise fact. His employer had just reluctantly left to attend a meeting of bank directors where proceedings were sure to be long and prosy.

"James," he said to the tow-headed lad, "put up the sign saying that I am out."

James sought for it in vain, so he inscribed and posted the following truthful announcement: "Out—Gone to a Bored Meeting."

The busiest and mightiest little thing that was ever made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle you don't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by all dealers.

As her brain steadied she began to enumerate the contents of the closet in her mind, and suddenly she remembered two solid leaves of an extension table that were stored near the chimney. She groped for them in the pitch darkness, and readily found them, used them as a battering ram, and after several efforts succeeded in bursting the lock. She fell out upon the floor, bruised, bathed in perspiration, exhausted, more dead than alive, yet alive to find that she had been imprisoned nearly three hours. Horror at the thought of what might have resulted had one of her young children been confined in that hole for that length of time prostrated her afresh, and no one slept in that abode that night until every snap-lock and catch of that variety had been removed from the doors of the numerous closets contained in the house.

I think that I should see to it that no unventilated closet large enough to admit a kitten should be equipped with any such self-closing device, lest a real tragedy ensue. I presume there have been many narrow escapes, and somehow I have a hazy recollection of some such horror in our suburbs in recent years, when two little children wandered into a house in process of construction and shut themselves into a closet under a sink. Their dead bodies were found after a frenzied and prolonged search of the surrounding country had been made.

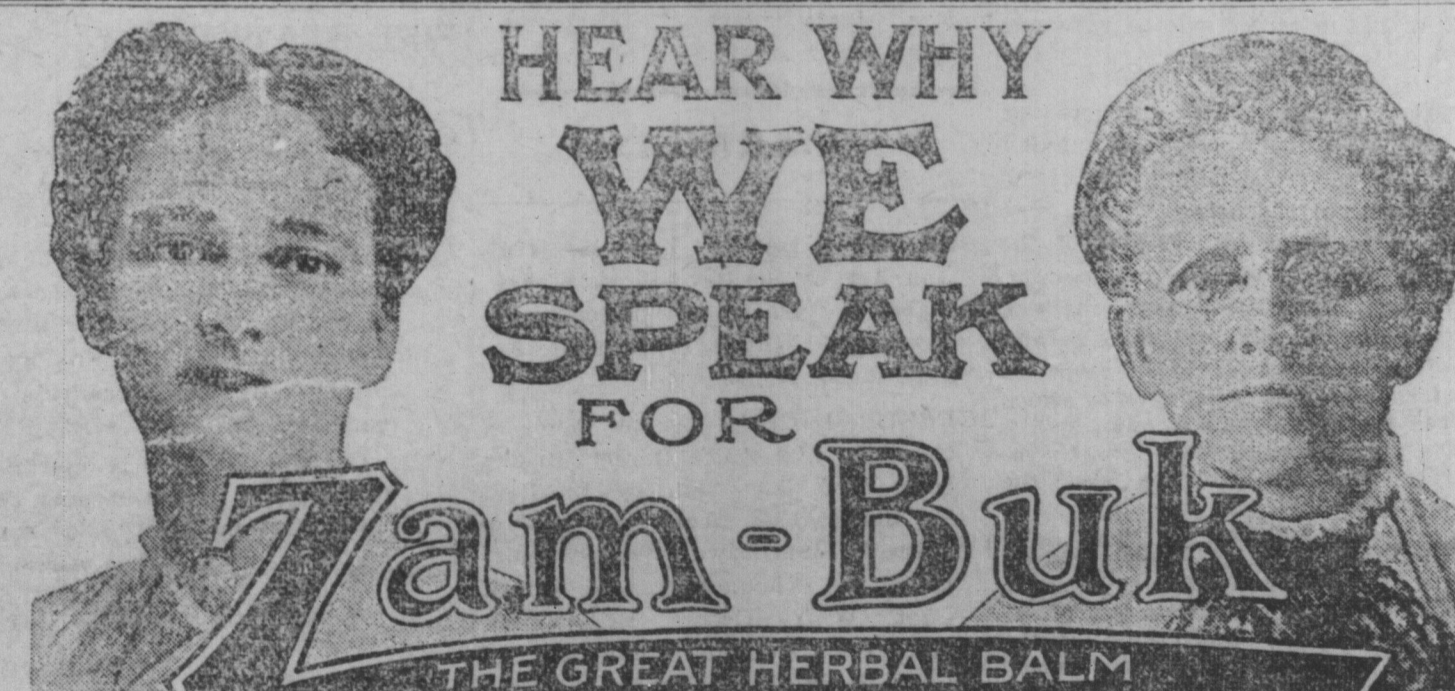
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles, quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by all dealers.

In one instance, at least, bad spelling enabled an office boy to express the precise fact. His employer had just reluctantly left to attend a meeting of bank directors where proceedings were sure to be long and prosy.

"James," he said to the tow-headed lad, "put up the sign saying that I am out."

James sought for it in vain, so he inscribed and posted the following truthful announcement: "Out—Gone to a Bored Meeting."

The busiest and mightiest little thing that was ever made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is so gentle you don't realize they have taken a purgative. Sold by all dealers.



INJURED FOOT CURED.

"I speak for Zam-Buk because it cured me of a terribly bad foot," says Mrs. Alice Berryman of 190 John St. North, Hamilton. She adds: "The injury was caused by a wagon wheel, and the sore was on my right foot. It became very inflamed and swollen and so painful that I fainted away. In spite of treatment, the wound got no better and the foot became more and more swollen until it was several times its usual size. The flesh was terribly bruised and blackened and it was quite impossible for me to walk. My husband's mother at last brought me a box of Zam-Buk. This was applied to the foot and it was surprising how soon I found relief from the severe pain. A further supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and I persevered in using this balm alone. In a couple of days the swelling had gone down considerably, the discoloration was less distinct and the pain was banished. In four days I could go about as usual: the bruised and injured foot had been thoroughly cured by the timely use of Zam-Buk."

Did you ever ask yourself:

"How is it that Zam-Buk is so popular?" It is because it is superior and different to other salves. Contrast them! Most salves are nine-tenths animal oil or fat. Zam-Buk hasn't a trace of animal fat in it. Most salves contain mineral coloring matter. Zam-Buk is absolutely without! Many salves contain poisonous astringents. Zam-Buk doesn't.

Zam-Buk is actually more powerfully antiseptic than crude carbolic acid. Yet it stops instead of causing pain and smarting when put on a wound.

It heals more quickly than any known substance, abscesses, ulcers, eczema, blood-poisoning, cuts, scald sores, chaps and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Send 1c stamp for trial box.

POISONED FINGER HEALED.

Mrs. Frank St. Denis of 305 Thompson St., Winnipeg, speaks for Zam-Buk because it cured her of a poisoned finger, which had caused her days of agony. Hear her experience. She says: "One morning, while washing, I felt a slight pain in the end of my finger. This gradually got more acute until the evening of the next day the end of the finger had become swollen and hard and so bime I became alarmed."

"The pain from it was almost too much to bear. It made me turn quite sick! Punctures of first one kind and then another were applied, but seemed to give me no relief. My daughter-in-law, who had had some previous experience with Zam-Buk obtained a box for me. I anointed the sore place liberally with this balm, and in a few hours, the throbbing aching pains were subdued."

Further applications of Zam-Buk gave me more ease, so that I could get a little sleep. In a few days the nail came off, but after that Zam-Buk seemed to reduce the inflammation quickly. I continued its use until in the end it had brought about a complete cure.