

WE WANT

the country to know we keep on hand a very superior class of GENTS FURNISHINGS

Boys suits made of the best material. Our stock is continually being renewed. PRICES RIGHT. Examine for yourself and be convinced.

HAYWARD CLOTHING STORE

Grand Central

Livery Stable

LIVERY BOARDING & BAITING

Passengers driven to and from trains within the town limits, 25c.

Hauling baggage and light trucking will receive prompt attention.

Teams to let by the day or hour.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will wash and oil your wagon, clean your harness and groom your horse, all for the small sum of 75 cents.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accom. Mon. & Fri., Time Table, Read down, Stations, Read up, Mon. & Fri.

CONNECTIONS AT MIDDLTON WITH ALL LINES ON N. S. W. RY. AND D. A. RY.

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

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

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

On and after Sept. 30th, 1908, the Steamship and Train Service on the Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

FOR BRIDGETOWN. Bluenose from Halifax, Mon., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 12.06 p. m. Bluenose from Yarmouth, Mon., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 12.53 p. m. Express from Halifax, 11.34 p. m. Express from Yarmouth, 2.12 p. m. Accom. from Richmond, 6.15 p. m. Accom. from Annapolis, 7.20 p. m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday for Truro at 7.35 a. m. and 5.15 p. m., 6.35 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express and Bluenose trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Boston Service

ROYAL MAIL S. S. PRINCE GEORGE AND BOSTON. by far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N. S., Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of express and Bluenose trains from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 1.00 p. m.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

ROYAL MAIL S. S. PRINCE RUPERT. Daily Service (Sunday excepted). Leaves St. John, 7.45 a. m. Arrives in Digby, 10.45 a. m. Leaves Digby same day after arrival of express train from Halifax. S. S. Prince Rupert makes daily trips (Sunday excepted) between Parrsboro and Wolfville, calling at Kingsport in both directions. P. GIPKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. Stop Your Cough. Three or four drops of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on regular tickle in the throat and runs through. Colds, if unchecked, may cause serious throat and lung troubles. To avoid risk, apply Johnson's Anodyne Liniment promptly. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Has been a successful family remedy for nearly a century, for both internal and external uses. Indicated for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and most respiratory diseases. Externally it dissolves any pain. Cuts, Wounds, Sprains, Muscular Rheumatism, Swollen and Frost-bitten Feet. Pain leaves the moment the liniment is applied. Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drug Act, 1906. Serial number 5111. At all Drug Stores and Grocers. Get the inside news. KEEP IT ALWAYS IN THE HOUSE. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

Bridgetown Clothing Store.

Take advantage of our SPECIAL PRICES to fit your boys out for winter. We have everything they want. Suits, Overcoats, Reefers and odd knee pants, all at special September discounts. For the men we can supply all needs in Suits, Fall Overcoats Winter Overcoats and Pants, with a full line of furnishings to equip the wardrobe. A call will convince you.

J. Harry Hicks, QUEEN ST.

MEN'S COARSE BOOTS

OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF MENS' BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS IS ABOUT COMPLETE. You should have a pair. Our Boot Dressing is still selling at mark down Prices. Don't forget to ask for a Picture Ticket.

KINNEYS' SHOE STORE

MEN'S COARSE BOOTS

One Thousand Dollars IN PRIZES

Open to every child attending any School in Annapolis County. Conditions:— That you purchase your school books and supplies at our store, thus getting the printed rules for competition. This is no catchy advertisement, but a genuine, honest, straight competition, open to school children only. Remember the conditions—your school books and supplies must be purchased at our store.

Ailee's Drug and Stationery Store.

House Pumps Stock Pumps Deep Well Pumps

Pumps installed anywhere. PRICES RIGHT ALSO Pipes and Pipe Fittings, Pump Fittings always in stock

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.

MERELY A MATTER OF A MAN'S TASTE.

The Chinese are fond of stewed dog and consider beef unhealthful. The Turk deems dried grasshoppers a delicacy, but an oyster fills him with abhorrence.

The English eat periwinkles, a kind of sea snail, but will have none of the French escargot—a land snail fattened on vine leaves and strawberries.

The West Indian native adores a supper of baked snake and palm worms fried in their own fat, but the very thought of stewed rabbit makes him shudder.

The African bushman eats caterpillars, but scorns limburger cheese. Savages eat all eggs, herring none. They eat lizards' eggs, alligators' eggs, turtles' eggs, ants' eggs, snakes eggs. But they consider crab meat unwholy.

Don't give way to reverses. The mountain splits the storm and not the storm the mountain.

Winter is Coming Go to Ross's

HORSE BLANKETS, FUR ROBES WOOLEN ROBES FUR COATS WINTER GLOVES FULL STOCK OF ALL KINDS HARNESS AT THE LOWEST PRICES

J. W. ROSS

BRIDGETOWN BOOK STORE

New Music. New Books, New Paperette, New Post Cards, New Chocolates.

HARRY M. CHUTE

Our SEPTEMBER RUSH Has Begun. Send for our Catalogue.

WANTED.

Mrs. Jessie L. Gibbon, Clements-Port, N. S., says: "I was suffering with Lumbago, and after using four bottles of EMPIRE LINIMENT, was completely cured. I also found it excellent for ear-ache."

WANTED.

A LARGE QUANTITY OF HIDES, PELTS, CALF SKINS & TALLOW. Cash paid at the Highest Market Prices. MCKENZIE CROWE & Co., Ltd.

BALKY HORSE STORY.

(From Our Dumb Animals.) Dover, N. H. My dear Mr. Ansell—Your balky horse story in Our Dumb Animals reminds me of a Dover incident. There was a very balky horse in town which nobody could drive. A kind gentleman undertook to drive him through the White Mountains. His owner laughed, and said, "You can not drive out of town, much less through the mountains." He said quietly, "I think I will manage him" and he did, in this way. He filled the carriage box with books, and when the horse balked he quietly flung the reins on the book, took out a book and began to read, and waited patiently until the horse saw it to start. This he did two or three times, and the horse was cured. This I believe dogs understand human language. I had an English setter who was down town once with my mother who was shopping and had a good many bundles. A shopkeeper said to her, "My carriage is at the door and I will carry you home." When they went to get in, my dog was there comfortably seated in the carriage. How did the dog know, unless he understood what was said? I. W. BEARD.

THE BEST PLASTER. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back or pains in the side or chest, give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains and is certain to please anyone suffering from that disease. Sold by A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOIS, W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

WHERE DAYS ARE LONG. The day is longer and shorter as you go north or south of the equator. Of Cape Horn, 56 degrees south latitude, the days in midwinter are about nine hours long. The longest day in London is sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, eighteen hours; at a half; at Hamburg, seventeen hours; at St. Petersburg the longest day has eighteen hours and the shortest five; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half and the shortest two hours and a half; at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.

WELL KNOWN HOTEL KEEPER USES AND RECOMMENDS CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY. "I take a pleasure in saying that I have kept Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family medicine chest for about fifteen years, and have always had satisfactory results from its use. I have administered it to a great many traveling men who were suffering from troubles for which it is recommended, and have never failed to relieve them," says J. C. Jenkins, of Glasgow, Ky. This remedy is for sale by A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOIS, W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

A PLEA FOR JOY. We are the heirs of progress, ours is the pride of place, and as we who have conquered nature, we Ours is the victor's plea, triumph without alloy. But, sated with gold and glory, we hanker, we thirst for joy!

Back in the dusky ages men struggled and fought and fell. Find all life's tale worth telling, enjoyed it, passed it well. Knew not the varied splendors that our sad hearts enjoy. Lacked, it may be, for comfort, but never they lacked for joy!

We who have tamed life's lions, have all but vanquished fate. Find never life's wine enfeebling, or waste it soon or late. Dred victory undimmed the soul's fresh youth destroy? Powers of the bygone cladsress give us to taste of joy! —Ethel Colson, in September Putnam's.

"By that time, I was in a state of hardened resignation, and would have stopped at nothing, so we plunged in and fought our way across the fierce current. My but I was proud of old Bayard in those days, and I can tell you, I had good reason to be, too.

"When we turned into San Fernando road we found the water from the foothills, in hundreds of small streams, tearing madly across it, on their way to the river. It was now panning the rain carried a chill that was insistent. The lights that burned in the few homes along that road and along Verdugo road were welcome sights to me—something of companions on the lonesome trip—and, several times, I was almost tempted to turn in at some of those homes and seek shelter for the night. I wished that I had not seen Juan in Los Angeles, just as he was leaving, and sent word out to a family in Verdugo Canon that I would put up

A Stormy Night

One evening, during our latest heavy rain, I traveled the weather and took a far cut to the doctor's. The crossings were ankle-deep in mud, the wind blew my umbrella wrong-side out three times by actual count, and the car was like an ice-box, but, despite all this, I did not waver in my determination to spend the evening with the Doctor.

"There was method in my madness, too, for the Doctor has a fireplace, and the Doctor has a history, and, last, but not least, the Doctor has a memory. The fireplace isn't a gas-oven affair, nor is it a coal-wood fireplace, it is fed with great logs cut by the Mexicans out in the mountains, and brought to the Doctor's door by them—logs that, as they burn, give out the good forest odors that remind you of your camping trip.

As we sat before the fire, listening to the torrents of rain beating upon the low roof above our heads, and responding with shivers to the shrill wind that tore at the house corners, I noticed that the Doctor was dreaming. Hopeful that it was of the past, I said, suggestively, "I suppose, Doctor, that you can recall many a storm in those olden days when you were not so comfortably situated as at present."

"Indeed I can," was the prompt reply, "in fact, I was just now thinking of a stormy night like this when I had an opportunity to be of great help to a bright little Spanish lady. I knew, I did not value my part in it so greatly at the time—I suppose it was because I so thoroughly enjoyed outwitting the whole family—but it would have done you good to see the way my little help was appreciated. She and her husband have since then, sent me every year some gift of gratitude. That splendid hand-carved Mexican saddle, that you so greatly admired last week came about five years ago."

"The Doctor paused to brush back an angry eye of coal that had burst from the fire and landed on the tiles, and then settling himself down into his big Morris chair again, he took up his story.

"It was back in the winter of 188—that this little affair happened. I was not giving all my time to practicing medicine in those days, but was devoting about two-thirds of my time to work that carried me back and forth through miles of country lying around Los Angeles. Of course, I had only the saddle and the wagon to choose between in those days, and I always chose the saddle when it was so I could, and landed on the tiles, and then settling himself down into his big Morris chair again, he took up his story.

"Late in the afternoon of the last day of December, I came riding old Bayard into the city, tired out, and fully expecting to house up here for a good rest. We had been through many stormy days in that particularly wet and windy month—particularly wet and windy that year, I mean to say, and well deserved the comfort. But the first thing I found in my room was a letter demanding my presence, the next day, at the home of an old invalid business partner of mine who lived up near La Canada. Ours was a partnership of money and energy, and as he represented nearly all of the money end of the affair, I knew that it was best for my interests that I be right on hand on the morrow. I was too good a soldier in those days, too, to put comfort before duty, so, after several hours' rest for my horse and a good supper for both of us, we started on our way.

"It had been raining steadily for a week, and the streets leading down to the river were mudholes. There was no choice to be had, so I gave old Bayard the rein and he plowed steadily along through the slush, despite the torrents of rain and the strong wind that assailed us. When we reached the river, I found that the bridges near by were swept away—they didn't build bridges in those days like the ones you see standing there now, and the snows in the mountains and the heavy rains combined to play havoc with them time and again.

"By that time, I was in a state of hardened resignation, and would have stopped at nothing, so we plunged in and fought our way across the fierce current. My but I was proud of old Bayard in those days, and I can tell you, I had good reason to be, too.

"When we turned into San Fernando road we found the water from the foothills, in hundreds of small streams, tearing madly across it, on their way to the river. It was now panning the rain carried a chill that was insistent. The lights that burned in the few homes along that road and along Verdugo road were welcome sights to me—something of companions on the lonesome trip—and, several times, I was almost tempted to turn in at some of those homes and seek shelter for the night. I wished that I had not seen Juan in Los Angeles, just as he was leaving, and sent word out to a family in Verdugo Canon that I would put up

EXPERIENCE

IS BETTER THAN ARGUMENT

The world-wide fame of Mother Seigel's Syrup is based on the evidence of men and women whom it has cured of indigestion, biliousness, constipation, headaches, sleeplessness, flatulence, nervous depression, anemia, and other disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Compounded of roots and herbs, Mother Seigel's Syrup contains digestive ferments and gentle tonics for the stomach, liver and kidneys. These qualities render it invaluable to all who, through unhealthy surroundings, sedentary occupation, worry, overwork, or climatic changes, lack the vitality which only good food, well digested, can supply. When you are tortured with indigestion, so that you can't eat, can't work, can't think, can't sleep, you should at once give Mother Seigel's Syrup a trial. Tens of thousands of people testify to the curative qualities possessed by Mother Seigel's Syrup because it has cured them. Profit by their experience!

Here is some proof:—Mr. Christy Battenrow, Mabou, Inverness Co. N.S., writing on August 13th, 1908, says:—About eighteen months ago I took a severe cold, while at work near Marble Mountain, C.B. Neglect brought on frequent headaches, a racking cough and a sore side. While visiting a friend at Lake Umbagog, I was induced to take Mother Seigel's Syrup. In a short time my cough vanished and, apart from obtaining a cure, I increased my weight by thirteen pounds.

Price, 60 cts. a bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

with them for the night. It had always been my custom to stop there, as the dishes cooked by Senora C. were worth riding miles to enjoy. I knew that she would keep something on the fire for me, and I was in that state of mind and body where I could do ample justice to anything spicy, burning, and sizzling hot, so I kept on my way.

"Verdugo Canon was as black as midnight at that time, I looked back with longing for a last glimpse of the light shining on the hill at the Judge's. Talk about a sheltered canon! That night it was the playground of the demons of the storm! If old Bayard had not possessed extraordinary instinct for a horse, and an almost human intelligence, he could never have kept his footing. I aided him all I could with words of encouragement. Suddenly he snorted and jumped to one side with a start that nearly unseated me. A lantern flashed on our faces, and a voice cried out in Spanish: "Stop, stop!" For the love of Mary-topi!

"Who is it, and what do you want? I called in astonishment. "It is Josepha! I knew you, Senor Doctor, when you spoke to your horse. Oh, there is so much trouble—Rosa is dying!"

"Rosa is dying?" I interrupted in amazement. "A vision of this beautiful Spanish girl, the ball of all the country 'round, as she had looked, but two weeks before, in the Old Plaza Church, came back to me. She had always been a favorite of mine—she was so bright, so unaffected, and so warm-hearted.

"Yes, it is mostly her heart, senior. My mother doctors her, but it does no good. They told her Miguel was married, and she grew worse. It is a lie, senior! I know it is a lie!" "Why didn't you tell her so?" "Oh, but she is sick, and she believes. It is so easy to believe wicked things when you are sick, senior."

"Come, we must get in, somewhere, so you are out of the rain, and then we can talk."

"No, I must stay here to stop Miguel—I was waiting for him when you came. I am all right—I have this rubber thing all wrapped about me."

"Stop Miguel!" I cried. "Why don't you let him go on and prove that he is not married? It would be the best thing!"

"No! no! senior! You do not understand. Listen! They hate him and they will kill him. Two weeks ago he killed Philippe. My father had said that Rosa must marry Philippe because he had much land and money. But Rosa did not say much—she and Miguel were planning to run away to the priests in Los Angeles. Philippe knew she liked Miguel, and he tried to kill him, but he was not quick enough for Miguel. I was glad, senior, but the men were wild with rage at Miguel, and drove him away, and he has been hiding in Tia Juana ever since."

"How will he be here tonight, then?" I asked. "I sent Chico for him," she answered. "I said I would not marry him unless he went. He went last week, and he promised to have Miguel here tonight. I planned it all so well, senior—I would be alone with Rosa and I would slip Miguel in. He could whisper to her—she would know he was here and that they had told her a lie, and she would get well. Then he could come back some night and carry her off to Old Mexico and they could be happy."

"That sounds all right," I said. (continued on page 3.)