

BOOTS AND SHOES

Men's Grain Bals. Men's Bellis heavy coarse Tonge Boots made. Men's Kip Bals. Youth's Grain Bals. Child's Grain Bals.

A big stock of Girls and Boy's school boots, all sizes.

Jacobson & Son.

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 wagoes, 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, Accom. Mon. & Fri. Stations, Read up.

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.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

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

On and after Sept. 29th, 1908, the Steamship and Train Service on this 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, 5.15 p. m. Accom. from Annapolis, 7.30 a. m.

Midland Division Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday for Truro at 7.45 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 at 7.45 a. m. Arrives in Digby at 10.45 a. m. Leaves Digby same day after arrival of express train from Halifax. S. S. Prince Albert makes daily trips (Sunday excepted) between Parramore and Wolfville, calling at Kingsport in both directions.

P. GIFFKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

QUICK RELIEF JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT. If you keep a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment handy you needn't suffer. Keep the bottle well saturated with the liniment and your wound will soon be healed.

Bridgetown Clothing Store.

SEPTEMBER DISCOUNTS. 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.

J. Harry Hicks, QUEEN ST.

MEN'S COARSE BOOTS

OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS IS ABOUT COMPLETE. You should have a pair. Our Boot Dressing is 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.

Atlee'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.

Hanged Himself in His Cell

Liverpool, Sept. 22.—Spurgeon Hart, a prisoner, aged about forty-five years, charged with a serious offence, and awaiting trial at the October Assizes, committed suicide late this afternoon by hanging himself with a towel in his cell. The victim was discovered by a twelve year old boy serving a sentence for theft who gave the alarm. The body was quite warm when taken down by the Sheriff and Jailer, Dr. C. B. Trites, quickly arrived and made a strong effort to restore life. Since his arrest the prisoner has been very despondent, his mind gradually giving way under the terrible charge.

Making a plea for a better system for the reformation of youthful criminals the Toronto News says: "A seventeen-year-old lad, has been sentenced to two years more in prison for jail-breaking. The necessity of punishing the boy led the magistratus to regret the lack of some institution where youthful offenders could be taught a useful trade free from the contaminating association of hardened criminals. We are yet far from having arrived at a sane or humane method of handling young boys guilty of first offences against the laws. There is a field here for effective philanthropic effort on the part of public-spirited citizens. It is very fair that were they properly taken from their first excursions into a life of crime, and transformed into useful members of society. The accomplishment of such a reform would be really worth while."

BRIDGETOWN BOOK STORE

New Music. New Books, New Papeterie, New Post Cards, New Chocolates. Our Stock of New and Popular Sheet Music and Choice Collections of Music is being renewed weekly. Patrons may leave orders for anything wanted in this line.

HARRY M. CHUTE

Our SEPTEMBER RUSH Has Begun. Send for Catalogue.

S. KERR, Principal. We Keep the Purest Oils and Leads that are put on the market. Dressing for Linoleum and Furniture Polish. The latest patterns of American Wall Paper. Paints for all inside and outside use mixed to order.

WANTED.

Will give \$10 to \$30 for old Carved Mahogany Lion Foot Sofas same as cut. Address: W. A. KAIN, Box 182, St. John, N. B.

WANTED.

A LARGE QUANTITY OF HIDES, PELTS, CALF SKINS & TALLOW. Cash paid at the Highest Market Prices. MCKENZIE CROWE & Co., Ltd. Postoffice address, Round Hill. Telephone number 75. April 10th, 1908.

Summer Clearance Sale

Hats, trimmed and untrimmed and Millinery of all kinds at largest discount, until stock is sold out at Miss B. Lockett's

SELECTED STORY.

HEPHZIBAH

(By Charlotte Sedgwick.)

There were four girls in the old Drew homestead, there where the prim village street meets the careless country road with a gentle inclination, four girls and not one boy—which was lucky for the boy, the father of the four insisted. For himself, Dr. Drew said, he did not mind; he could worry through somehow. He had been brought up in a family of boys, with no sisters, and he believed in the law of compensation. Retribution, he called it on one occasion. "Well, anyhow," Pauline flung back on one of the occasions, "girls are a great saving. You ought to be grateful to us for not being boys. You'd have to send us to college, you know."

"And don't I know that I have to send you?" he retorted. "Now stay right where you are," he added, in alarm. But Polly, the studios, had swooped and alighted on the back of his chair. "College?" she cried. "Do you mean it, father? Are you going to send us to college?" "If I come out of this alive?" he escaped between her hugs. "Here, keep off!" as Katharine and Virginia each appropriated a knee and began to bounce up and down. "Oh, come along Hephzibah, don't mind me!" he finished, hopelessly.

Hephzibah's head, with its smooth braids and crisp ribbons, was bending over a book and a sheet of paper on the table. The lamplight showed a tired, puzzled little face. She did not look up, but her busy pencil paused a moment, as if holding down a figure that might escape. "I'm not glad about going to college," she said. "I'd rather not. It would be worse than this awful square root, and the pencil plodded on again. "I wish you'd let me help you," Polly pleaded. "Square root is fun, when you know how." Hephzibah shook her head. "Thank you, Polly, but I must get this one done, Miss Thorne said."

"I'd rather go to boarding school," Katharine returned to the subject. "College girls are frumps." She was examining her dainty finger nails with approval. "They aren't, either!" cried Polly hotly. "You know only two, and they were frumps before they went to college!" "Boarding schools are silly," Virginia began. "I decline to be the seat of war!" Doctor Drew exclaimed, suddenly rising to the full measure of his six feet and scattering girls in confusion. "Fight it out, ladies. I'm going to form an alliance with a peaceable power," and he dropped down on the sofa beside his wife.

Mrs. Drew smiled at Katharine. "I don't exactly know what frumps are, honey," she drawled, "but I reckon Polly is right; they are born, not made." But pretty Katharine shook her head. "I'd rather have one year of a frump, than a lifetime of a frump."

Farm for Sale

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm in Granville, a short distance from Bridgetown. Nice orchard with standard varieties. Buildings in good repair. Possession given any time. For particulars apply at—MONITOR OFFICE.

perfectly stunning boarding school than four of any college in the country," she maintained.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," the doctor grinned. "All right, Lady Kate, only I will choose your 'perfectly stunning boarding-school,' if you don't mind." Katharine was to finish her high-school course in June, and during the rest of the winter her father read much boarding-school literature. At last he decided on a school which seemed to realize both his own and the oldest daughter's somewhat different ideals.

Of course it was expensive. Things that suited Katharine usually were found to be expensive. The doctor sighed a little as he realized what the demand upon his purse would be. He had a large practice, but it took a great deal of money just to keep things going, with the big place, the horses, the servants. And his little Southern wife was what her capable neighbors called 'a poor manager.' In fact she never tried to manage anything. The servants managed the house, and the doctor managed the finances, if earning the money and cheerfully paying the bills can be termed management. But it was all in a life time, and his life insurance was big.

So Katharine had two years of boarding school, returning for each vacation a little daintier, a little prettier, and a little less satisfied with simple village living. And then it was Virginia's turn. But Virginia's tilted her classic nose at boarding schools, and shrugged her graceful shoulders at colleges. She must study art. So her father sent her to a school of design. He really could not have it on his conscience to let her paint pictures he said; there were too many poor ones in the world already.

Virginia had a talent and she worked hard. The promised two years stretched to three and then to four. She won several prizes and sold an occasional design. Finally, with three other girls she opened a studio, which the doctor's checks helped to support.

In the meantime Katharine had married, with much fuss and flourish. Polly had gone away to college, and Hephzibah, with her skirts let down and her braids tied up, was toiling through the high school. Katharine and Virginia had finished the high school course in the prescribed four years, phenomenal Polly in three years, but Hephzibah needed five.

Little Hephzibah was slow. Yet, somehow, to the tired doctor, there was something wonderfully sweet and satisfying about this youngest and quietest of his daughters. "Gless her dear eyes, she's restful!" he exclaimed once. "That her sisters should be Katharine and Virginia and Pauline, while she was plain Hephzibah, had never until her first day in school, stirred the faintest question in the mind of Hephzibah Drew. And if it had, she would have answered it as she answered the fact that Katharine's hair was yellow and curly while her own locks were pale and straight. One's name belonged, that was all.

But that first morning in school, she aco, temporarily upset her faith in the necessity of things as they are. She came prattling home with questioning in her soul, and on her face the look of tears deferred. Her mother was asleep in a hammock at the end of the verandah, but Hephzibah was not looking for her father. To the Drew children a mother was a frail, beautiful being, to be loved, admired and waited on, but never to be bothered. So she crossed the verandah on tiptoe and ran down the hall to her father's office.

Her father sat at his desk, writing. "Well, chicken, how did school go?" he greeted her. She brushed the question aside. When tears are coming, words should be used sparingly; they strain the food-gates. He must come with her to the minister's while she got another name. Hephzibah was a funny name. They had laughed, and—the food-gates broke. "Great Scott!" the doctor muttered, gathering the quivering little form up into his arms. "See here, baby, don't you know that the nicest names in the world are those that belong to the nicest people?" He carried her across the hall into the library. "Your name is beautiful to me because it belonged to a beautiful woman once—up there in the picture, you know."

Hephzibah knew. She loved the portrait of Grandmother Drew above the fireplace. She always 'chose' it when they were playing their little game, and she meant to have curls like that when she grew up, with a blue ribbon twisted in them, just like that. "I wonder if you won't look like my mother when you're a young lady," the doctor considered. Hephzibah smiled moistly. "You have her dark eyes," he went on, finding a tiny handkerchief in a tiny pocket and making dabs at the wet cheeks. "Yes, and her—that is, light hair. I think you ought to keep her name, don't you?"

She nodded doubtfully. "But I wish her name was Lily Belle. Lily Belle McElhinis is such a beautiful name. The tears started again.

Dr. Drew caught a Bible from the table. "And look, chicken," he said, "your name is in here, but Lily Belle's isn't, nor Katharine's, nor Virginia's, nor Polly's."

"That is what your name means, dear. Isn't it beautiful? It means—'The doctor hesitated. He was not much of a preacher. "It means that you make us glad, you know. Let's not go to the minister's. Let's just keep Hephzibah, and make it come true. Shall we?"

"Yes," Hephzibah decided. "I like Hephzibah better than Lily Belle. I think I do," she added. And she marked the place in her own little Bible with a blue ribbon like the one in Grandmother Drew's hair. Hephzibah was nineteen when her graduation day came at last. She had won no honors, but the old-fashioned doctor was just as proud of her as he had been of his family valentines of other years. That evening, when they were all together on the verandah, he told Polly that he supposed Hephzibah would be going back to college with her in the autumn.

Hephzibah was sitting on the top step, with her head resting against her father's knee. She was too tired to take much part in the conversation. Her eyes, when they were not closed, were watching the fireflies flashing in the thin river mist down by the meadows. "I don't want to go back with Polly," she said, without moving. "But please let's wait, dad. I'm too tired to talk about it tonight."

For answer, he took her in his arms and tore her straight up the stairs to her own room, where he put her carefully down in the big chair by the window.

"Now, my sweet girl graduate," he said, opening her bed with practised hands, "it's all sails for slumberland, and ton voyage." He lighted the candles on the dressing table and drew down the shades. "I guess you're all ship-shape," he decided, looking at the room over.

"Ay, ay, sir!" she laughed. "But, oh, dad, as he started for the door, "would you mind—that is, I think—promise you won't laugh?" she finished, fingering her long string of pink curls, her graduation gift.

He held up his hand. "Hope to die," he solemnly affirmed. "I know I should sleep better if you'd take those things away." She indicated the school-books on the table, and desk, and window-sill.

The doctor understood. "Of course you would," he said, gathering the disquieting books up in one big armful. "They're enough to give a coolen Indian the nightmares. I'll lose 'em somewhere. Good-night!" Hephzibah sprang to kiss him. "Dad, you're so—so comfortable!" she cried.

Nobody mentioned college again for a week, by the doctor's orders. And then one morning, when his grandson appeared at the door, Doctor Drew found a small person, all in white from her hat to her shoes, seated therein.

"You have a permanent look," he observed, lifting his hat as he came down the steps. "I infer that you are out for a drive."

"Correct," said the small person. "Hop in!" The doctor hopped. "Now," Hephzibah announced, as they swung out into the street, "I am going to say things to you, and you must not talk back."

"All right," he agreed. "Only just wait until I've made a few calls in town first. I'm going out to the Hollow then, and you'll have plenty of time for your monologue."

"Fire away," he invited, an hour (continued on page 3).

BLOOD

We live by our blood, and on it. We thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor. There is nothing else to live on or by. When strength is full and spirits high we are being refreshed—bone, muscle and brain, in body and mind—with continual flow of rich blood. This is health.

When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it. Back of the blood is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It sets the whole body going again—man, woman and child. Send this advertisement, together with name of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World." SCOTT & BOWNE, 126 Wellington Street W., TORONTO, ONT.