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**CASTORIA**

**The Home Circle.**

**The Man and His Own Way.**

On a lovely afternoon, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright colors of the ladies made a kind of gala day, even on Broadway, Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual stroll up-town, have a comfortable dinner at his hotel, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin afterward; or to cross the river, and take a train to his brother's pretty place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right-hand glove, that the berries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air, etc., etc.

There was an ominous silence, and then a low, gravelled voice: "I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No, dear; but when we were married, we shall live in the city, and we must dress, and behave like city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses and white aprons; your frank ways, all so perfectly charming here, would cause unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as stylish and fashionable as—well, as Miss Jessie Mabin, for instance."

"Ah, she is your ideal, is she?"

Much more to the same purport, mingled truly with compliments, was said; but it did not decide the wounding woman's heart for Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood both all that Philip said and all that it implied.

Philip thought he had managed cleverly, and when he next saw Nona, in a most perfectly appointed traveling suit, he congratulated himself on his tact and wisdom. It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged he was to come at intervals for a few days and be regularly refreshed and comforted by the plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually, until several days passed without any word from Nona. Still he was not much troubled, for he really had implicit confidence in the effect which Philip Hays, in his own proper person, could not fail to make. This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie, a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners.

He was on the piazza when they returned, and he saw certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; first, that her interest was "pretending," and second, that Jack's conversation was "foolish."

Then he felt unaccountably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly gave him the tip of her gloved finger, and a pretty little assurance of being "glad to see Mr. Hays," and the information that Cecile had been expecting him since the early morning train.

"Cecile," he said reproachfully. "And you, too, Nona?"

"Oh, dear, no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One honor at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his right position with his betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and, angry and hurt, he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change. I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose you are the cause. Do you know she is really the belle? Jack Christie and Ed. Forsyth and half a dozen others are vying about her. Positively they are, Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know; very first families, and all that kind of thing; upon my word, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter, and 'Oh, dear, no, Mr. Hays. It is quite very far from it indeed. That night at the hop Nona looked grand enough for a queen; her golden hair done up in some picturesque style; yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and jewels flashing from her throat and wrists. But all in vain Philip pleaded for a dance; Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast; and she reminded him, rather maliciously, of the necessity of observing the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

But he was not the victor, and it hurt him sorely to be dragged at the chariot wheels, when he should have been holding the reins. Before the world, however she was irreproachable. Not even his mother suspected any arrangement; for Nona was respectful, kind, always mindful of the proprieties—but she took marvelous care never to be left alone with him. Three miserable days of continual disappointment, and then Philip determined to go back to New York and see Nona no more until he could do so in her country home. Perhaps there he could regain his lost ground; but even his determination was very humiliating to the proud young man,

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who only one month ago had himself dictated the very course which was making him so wretched.

He could not help blaming himself, and he did it very thoroughly and earnestly. Philip Hays was not the first man who has been sorry for not "letting well alone." However he bade his mother and Cecile "good-bye," and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity, and gave him many kind wishes for his journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, he did not expect to see the ladies again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors, Nona turned, and for a moment a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted, and she hesitated a moment, as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

For Philip! He quietly went and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough. But in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder.

He turned rapidly, all the great passion which had grown to a higher and deeper intensity in his uttering, burst out in an imploring whisper—"Nona!"

"Philip!"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the plain, nature girl whose worth he had not realized until he thought her lost. Tangled curls, short dresses, ruffled apron never again looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona becoming fashionable; and Nona to this day, when Philip is in opposition, blandly reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way, even if he got it. And so he takes her, which, after all, I have no doubt, is the most sensible thing he could do.



Gluten is really the nutriment in wheat. It is a heavy, tough substance much resembling raw dough. The trouble with Manitoba flour is, that it contains too much gluten. Bread made with it is apt to be gray and heavy, and pastry is sure to be.

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That is why Beaver Flour makes whiter, lighter, more wholesome Bread and Biscuits than Manitoba flour—and makes lighter, tastier Cakes, Pies and Pastry than any "pastry" flour.

No matter what other flour you are using now, try Beaver Flour. The first sack will prove its superiority. At your grocer's.

Dealers, write for prices on all kinds of Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals. T. H. TAYLOR CO., Limited, Chatham, Ont.

**Halifax & South Western Railway**

| Action                | Time Table     | Action              |
|-----------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| Mon. & Fri. Read down | Oct. 2nd 1907  | Mon. & Fri. Read up |
| 11.40                 | Middleton      | 10.08               |
| 12.08                 | Glarence       | 10.27               |
| 12.24                 | Bridgetown     | 10.43               |
| 12.50                 | Granville City | 11.00               |
| 13.05                 | Granville City | 11.15               |
| 13.45 Ar.             | Port Wade      | 11.40               |

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Green or over-ripe fruit will cause it. —Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will cure it. An infallible remedy for all similar disorders—cramps, colic, diarrhoea, etc. A few half-teaspoonful doses of

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will quickly relieve the most severe cases. It's just as sure in curing sore throat, coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, tonsillitis, and kindred respiratory troubles. If you have a cut, a burn, a bruise or other external ache or pain, a free application of the liniment will reduce the inflammation and drive out the pain quicker than anything else. Keep a bottle in your medicine chest for emergencies.

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**Joker's Corner**

Genius is a combination of aspiration and inspiration.

Mr. Collier Down—Intelligence has just reached me.

Mrs. Collier Down—Thank Heaven, it has come at last.

The Duke—I always wear my gloves to bed every night. They make the hands soft.

Jones—And do you wear your hat, too?—Scrap.

"But my good fellow," said the divine, "did you ever take a bath?"

"No, sir," the tramp answered humbly. "I never took nothin' bigger'n a teaspoon."

The milk dealer fined for selling a watered article protested.

"Why," he exclaimed indignantly, "if I didn't water the milk half of my customers wouldn't get any?"

A sleeper from the Amazon Put nightmares of his grammason—

The reason that He was too fat To get his own pajamason.

He—Look at that woman on the other side of the street waving her hands about her head. Is she practicing physical culture?

She—Mercy, no! She's describing her new hat to another woman.

"Did you tell your teacher that I helped you with your French exercises, Sidney?"

"Yes, father."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he wouldn't keep me in today, 'cos it didn't seem fair that I should suffer for your ignorance."

She—You really so much better since your trip abroad?

He—Yes, indeed, I'm quite another man.

She—Your friends will be delighted to hear it.

He is still wondering just what she meant.

She was obese, passing fair, and—well, she admitted she had been on earth for 29 years. He was scant, hairied, and old enough to know better.

"Will you marry me?" he inquired.

"You are asking a good deal," she gurgled, in reply.

"O, well," he replied, "I always was partial to large women."

A girl recently sent this extraordinary request to the editor of her church paper:

"Do you think it is right for a girl to sit on a man's lap, even if she is engaged?"

The editor answered her question thus:

"If it were OUR girl and OUR lap, yes; if it were ANOTHER fellow's girl and OUR lap, yes; but if it were OUR girl and ANOTHER fellow's lap NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!!"

**The Abandoned Farm.**

The green hills stretch away from it And quiet broods over all; The white road wanders lazily Past broken fence and wall; In arbor, where catwabs grew, The squirrel, unhindered, now peeps through.

The porch that now is shadowy With vines and nodding weed Was vibrant once with childish life— No flower ran to seed.

But now when comes the firefly, One hears no mother's lullaby, Where have they gone, the joyous ones? The West has called the bold And none remained to bear the yoke But those who were too old.

Now at its gate how few will stay To hear its tale of yesterday!

Never venture into a sick room if you are in a violent perspiration (if circumstances require you there), for the moment your body becomes cold it is in a state likely to absorb the infection and give you the disease. Never visit a sick person (especially if the complaint is of a contagious nature) with an empty stomach as this disposes the system more readily to receive the contagion. In attending a sick person, place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased, not betwixt the diseased person and any fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction and you would run much danger from breathing in it.

A Buckinghamshire lady declined to allow the troops to march over her estate during the recent military manoeuvres. It is stated that in consequence her name has been removed from the Court list, and that she will receive no more invitations to Court functions until she apologizes.

**When the Hair Falls**

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

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