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Mens' heavy Grain Brogans at \$1.70 pair. Mens' heavy Grain Boots at \$2.50 pair. Boys' heavy Grain Boots at \$1.90 pair.



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THE BEST GOODS That can be Bought. CANNED MEATS, VEGETABLES, FISH, CONDENSED COCOA, COFFEE, MILK, TEAS AND COFFEES, BREAKFAST FOODS, FLAVORING EXTRACTS, CANDIED PEELS, POULTRY DRESSING, RAISINS AND CURRANTS, CHOCOLATES, CREAMS, SEASONABLE FRUITS.

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This Grocery Store is Noted for the high character of the articles sold. In no department is that reputation better sustained than in that devoted to dainties. If you want something out of the common for dessert, this store is where you want to come. You will get it out of the common in quality, decidedly below the ordinary in price. J. E. Lloyd & Son

THANKSGIVING STORY The Lost Turkey

(Sarah Orne Jewett, in Youth's Companion.)

There were only two persons in the kitchen, a woman and a boy, who had spread his school books on the table by the window, and set a determined elbow on either side of his slate like buttresses for failing energy. The arithmetic was wide open above the slate at an early page of fractions.

The boy's mother, a sad-looking, pretty woman, was busy getting supper, but she hovered near the table and cast many a loving glance at her son's distress. She had been a quick scholar herself, and such sums were as easy as plain knitting. One often heard of the sorrows of boys that have hatched ducks, but Mrs. Sarah Jones knew the more painful sorrows of the duck—the swimming bird who must see her feathered darling balked and landlocked upon the shore.

I thought they looked easy, Johnny, she ventured, timidly. If I didn't know 'twas best for you to puzzle 'em out alone, I'd— 'If I can only do this one!' said Johnny, in a dreamy tone, as he figured away with no hopefulness. 'There, you see here mother!' and he held up his slate.

'Yes, you've got it!' she cried, joyfully, as her eager eye found its way through a queer maze of stumbling figures. 'Yes, that's all right. Now you've got the idea, you won't have so much trouble.' She looked the prouder because he could not see her as she stood over him. Johnny had shown first-rate pluck and courage, and had been pleasant, too, as she reminded her affectionate heart, all through his great emergency.

'Now you won't find the rest of them so hard,' she said, as she turned away and stooped down to open the oven door. 'How good my supper's going to taste!' exclaimed the boy. 'Fred Hollis says they're going to have a lot from out west at his house to spend Thanksgiving.'

Mrs. Jones sighed, and a quick flush of color came into her face; she thought she had burned her hand at the oven.

'No, I ain't hurt,' she said, seeing his troubled face. 'No, I was only thinking of your Thanksgiving day. I am afraid I ain't going to have anything nice to give you. I hoped to have some kind of a treat, Johnny, but having to have to pay for shingling the house has taken away every mite of money I had, and I'm owing four dollars yet. We've got to do with what there is in the house.'

'Ain't we going to have any turkey?' inquired Johnny, ruefully. 'No, nor any chicken either. I ain't got 'em, and I can't go in debt to buy 'em. I begin to get in debt I can never get out again. But I'll make you a nice, good cake!' she urged, by way of consolation as she saw his disappointed face. 'There's lots of people that don't have turkeys.'

Johnny could not bring himself to smile or treat so grave a subject lightly. 'Cake alone ain't enough for dinner!' he said to himself, bitterly. The news of their poverty was harder to bear at this hungry moment than if it were after supper, instead of before it.

He was a very stern looking person as he sat in the old arm-chair by the stove. He could believe that he was possessed of authority as well as wealth, and that he had kept his mind upon a grade for years together. The loss of his son had seemed harder to him than it might have seemed to most men; he had almost resented it. Whatever cheerfulness had been in his early life was all gone now and his wife a timid, affectionate woman, who feared and obeyed him in all things, believed as he did, that they were unjustly treated in the matter of happiness. Each year found them better off in this world's goods, and poorer in the power of using things to make either themselves or other people happy.

The good old doctor had come into the store late in the afternoon to wait for the mail-carrier, who was due at five o'clock.

'How's your wife getting on?' he asked, kindly, and was told that she was still ailing, but no worse than common.

'Why don't we keep turkeys ourselves, mother?' Johnny demanded. 'Lots of folks do, and then we could have one whenever we wanted it.' 'We did keep them you know, but something has killed the chicks of late years. I heard today that even your grandfather would have to buy, and I've known him to raise a flock of sixty. Your grandma Jones was better than anybody, and always got the highest prices. Johnny was plunged in deep reflection, and his face almost for the first time took on a serious, manly look. 'Mother,' he said, 'what is it makes us feel so poor? Is it because my father—'

'Yes, dear,' said Sarah Jones. 'She stood still in the middle of the door, looking at him, and her eyes were filled with tears. The boy's clothes were faded and outgrown; she could see a great patch on the shoe next her and his stockings below his short trousers were darned half-way down the leg. Johnny's face was bright and handsome, but she could hardly bear his honest questioning look.

'You need a younger woman there to help her, Henry,' said the doctor. 'She needs somebody there while you are away at work. I thought the other day that she was drooping from being so much alone, and from brooding over the past,' he added in a low voice. 'I want to have a talk with you some of these days. You know I mean your good as much as hers. Why don't you let bygones be bygones.'

'You can't make believe if the right feelings aren't there,' said Henry Jones. 'If you are alluding to my family, I can only say that that woman my son married has expressed her feelings once for all. She probably feels the same way now.'

'Now, Henry,' said the doctor, pleasantly, 'you know that we went to school together, and have always been friendly. I've seen you through a good many troubles, and before I die I want to see you through this biggest one. That's a nice boy growing up, and he's got a good mother and a good father. You must put your pride in your pocket and go and tell her you're sorry and want her to come right home and bring Johnny and spend the winter. You've got a better teacher in your district this year than there is in theirs.'

The old man shook his head. 'You don't understand nothing about it,' he began, dolefully. 'I don't see what I can do. I wish there was peace amongst us, but—' And at this point the doctor moved impatiently away.

'I had to buy a turkey for Thanks giving this year,' he heard the old farmer complaining to a fresh arrival. The store was full of neighbors now, who had seen the mail-carrier arrive. 'Yes, I had to buy a turkey, first time I ever done such a thing, and there's nobody but wife and me to eat down to it. Seems hard; yes, but 'tis one of them Vermont turkeys, and a very handsome one, too; I don't know's 'twill equal those we've been accustomed to.'

The doctor sighed as he looked over his shoulder and saw Henry Jones' stolid face, and saw him lift the great turkey with evident pride because it was the best and largest he had ever bought that year; the doctor could not help wondering what Johnny and his mother would feast upon.

There was a good deal of cheerfulness in the store—jokes and laughter and humorous questioning of newcomers. The busy storekeeper and postmaster was not averse to taking his part in these mild festivities of Thanksgiving eve.

As Mr. Jones approached to take his evening mail of the weekly newspaper, the door opened and he found another a circular or two he found another a small budget pressed into his hand.

'You're going right by, an' I'm going to close early. I expect you'll be willin' to leave it. 'Tis for your grandson, Johnny. He'll want his little paper to read tomorrow. It's got the doctor's name on it, and the storekeeper, boldy; you just give a call as you go by, an' they'll come right out.'

If Henry Jones had heard the roar of laughter in the store a moment after he had shut the door behind him, the copy of the paper might have been dropped at once and lain under the fresh-falling snow until spring. A certain pride and stiffness of demeanor stood the old man in good stead, but he was very angry indeed as he put the great turkey into his wagon and the mail-matter beside it. He drove away up the road in grim fury. Perhaps he should meet some one to whom he could depute the unwelcome errand. But the doctor's words could not be put out of mind, and his own conscience became more and more disturbed. It was beginning to snow hard, and the young horse was in a hurry to get home. The turkey soon joggled and bumped from its safe place under the seat to the very back of the farm wagon, while the newspapers, which had been in the corner, blew forward out of sight and got under the buffalo robe.

Just as the reluctant messenger came to a cold-looking little house by the road-side Johnny himself came out to shut the gate, which was blowing in the wind. He was bare-headed, and as warm as a furry squirrel with his good supper of bread and butter and ginger-bread, but he looked very small and thin as his grandfather caught sight of him. For years the two had never been so near together—Johnny and his mother sat far back in the ebych—and there was now an unexpected twinge in the old man's heart, while John.

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AWAKENING OF SCIENCE

TO THE VALUE OF FRUIT What is "FRUIT-A-TIVES"?

Medical men are just beginning to realize the possibilities of fruit in curing disease. Its action on the liver, kidneys and skin is wonderful. Yet fruit in its raw state is impracticable in treating disease because of the minute quantity of the active or curative principle contained in fruit juice.

A physician in Ottawa, after years of patient work, discovered a process, whereby the medicinal or bitter principle of fruit juice is increased in quantity and thus a more active and more valuable substance is obtained. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit.

Hundreds of prominent people in every section of the Dominion owe their good health to "Fruit-a-tives." Hundreds more are daily becoming stronger and better by taking them. "Fruit-a-tives" is daily proving its inestimable value as a natural cure in all cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Backache and Headache, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Kidney and Skin Troubles.

Spec. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. Sold by all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

'There, give him some warm breakfast before he goes back; he must have started early,' said the grandfather. 'I'll put the colt in and take him back myself. She must have meant what she said, to start him up here like that, soon as day broke!'

When Johnny's mother saw the old man and the little boy ploughing along in the old sleigh, and saw how they were talking and even laughing together, she thanked heaven for this sudden blessing. 'I wasn't going to be slow about taking the next step when an old man like him had taken the first one,' she said, to herself.

As for the lost turkey, it was already in the oven at that moment; but the true Thanksgiving feast that year was the feast of happiness in all their hearts.

'O my!' exclaimed Johnny early that afternoon, as he leaned back in his chair. 'Grandma, aren't you glad this turkey didn't wander in the wet grass and die when it was a chick?'

It is in time of sudden mishap or accident that Chamberlain's Liniment can be relied upon to take the place of the family doctor, who cannot always be found at the moment. Then it is that Chamberlain's Liniment is never found wanting. In cases of sprains, cuts, wounds and bruises Chamberlain's Liniment takes out the soreness and drives away the pain. Sold by all dealers.

NOVA SCOTIA NURSE KILLED BY AUTO TODAY. Boston, Oct. 10.—(Special)—Miss Helen Parker, of Walton, N. S., superintendent of district nurses at Newport Hospital, was killed by an automobile, driven by Charles Schaefer, yesterday.

Miss Parker was crossing the street in front of the nurses' home at Newport. Schaefer carried her in the hospital, where she died. She was twenty-seven years of age, and a graduate of Seven years of hospital.

Sound as a Dollar. That's the only way you can afford to keep them, because any lameness means less work and less profit to you. Spavin, Splint, Curb, Sweeney, Ringbone, Swelling or Lameness need not prevent your horses from working. Simply use Kendall's Spavin Cure.

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'My first experience with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills was a sample package handed me. They relieved the pain so promptly that I have never been without them since. I have given them to many friends when they had headache and they never failed to relieve them. I have suffered with neuralgia in my head, and the first one I took relieved me. They have cured me of neuralgia. I would not be without them.'

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Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals throat and lungs.