## CASTORIA

The Kind Y u Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over SO years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his per-Cast Hillitain Sonal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

#### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregorie, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantec. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrheea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Triend.

CENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Mars.

#### A Record Business Six Months'

### Che Manufacturers'

Business First Six Months, 1906. 4,124,554

Increase for six months

For rates and plans apply to

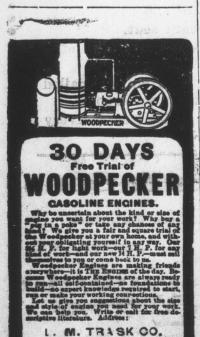
THE E. R. M ACHUM Co, LTD, Monigers Maritime Provines ST. JOHN, N. B

or O. P. GOUCHER General Agent, MIDDLETON, NS Middleton, N. S., July 1906.



111111111

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.



DUMINION ATLANTIC

RAILWAY Steamship Lines St. John via Digby

Boston via Yarmouth. Land of Evangeline" Kout

On and after JAN. 1st, 1907, the Steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday

Trains will arrive at Bridgetown: Express from Halifax, ... 12.11 a. m Express from Yarmouth, ... 2.34 p. m. Accom. from Richmond, ... 5.10 p.m. Accom. from Annapolis. ... 7.20 a.m.

Midland Divisionas of the Midland Div

poston and Varmouth Service

S. S. BOSTON. far the finest and fastest steamer plying cant of Boston, leaves Yar-mouth, N. S., Wednesday and Satur-day immediately on arrival of express train from Halifax, arriving in Bos-ton next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Long Wharf, Bos Friday at 2 p. m.

ST. JOHN and DICRY ROYAL MAIL S.S. YARMOUTH. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. 

exve. ligity same thy after retre

Trains and steamers are run Atlantic Standard time.
P. GIFKINS, General Manager. Kentville.

Sore Nipples and Chapped Hands

A charge with the tax between the large.

# Between

SHE was leaning against the railing of the deal wistfully down upon the sea of faces on the landing below. She wore a skirt and coat of brown cloth, and her veil was raised in a white film above her small hat.

In the crowd clustering about her eager for the last glimpse of friends she looked shy and nervous, and her brown eyes were dilated in alarm. Despite her thirty years there was something girlish in her shrinking figure-a youth. The fine lines that time had set upon brow and lips were results of the flight of undifferentiated days and lacked the intensity of experimental records. One might have classified her in superficial survey as a woman in whom temperamental fires had been smothered rather than extinguished by the ashes of unfulfillment. To existence, which is a series of rhythmic waves of the commonplace, she offered facial serenity; to life, which is a clash of opposing passions, she turned the wistful eyes of ignorance. A tall girl, carrying an armful of

crimson roses, pressed against her and waved a heavily scented handkerchief to some one upon the landing. On the other side a man was shouting directions in regard to a missing piece of baggage. "I marked it myself," he declared frantically. "It was to have been shipped from New Orleans to the Cunard dock. I marked it 'Not wanted' with my own hands, and, by Jove, those dirty creoles have taken me at

my word. She rested her hand upon the railing and leaned far over. Down below a pretty girl in a pink shirt waist was kissing her gloved finger tips to a stout gentleman on deck. An excited group were waving congratulations to a bride and groom, who looked fatigued and slightly bored.

For the first time she recognized in this furtive shrinking a faint homesickness, and her thoughts recoiled to the dull southern home, to the sistersin-law who made her life burdensome and to the little graveyard where the husband she had never loved lay buried. The girl with the crimson roses jostled her rudely and from behind some one was treading upon her gown. The insipid heat of the July the luncheon gong sounded and the sun flashed across her face, and in a vision she recalled the sweeping pastures of the old plantation, with the

creek where the willows grew and the thrushes sang. Suddenly the steamer gave a tremor of warning, and a volley of farewells ascended from below.

"Pleasant voyage!" called the man to the girl beside her. "Pleasant voyage!" called some one to the lady on her right. Then she realized that she was alone, and for the first time regretted that her father-in-law had not come. When the news of his delay had first reached her and she had volunteered to start alone, she had ex-perienced a vivid elation. There was delight in the idea of freedom, of being accountable to no one, of being absolutely independent of advice. Now she wished that she had an acquaintance who would wish her godspeed or shout an indistinct pleasantry from the

The steamer moved slowly out into the harbor, and the shore was white with fluttering goodbys. Then the distance lapsed into gradual waves of

crowded landing.

She left the railing and stumbled. over a group of steamer chairs placed midway of the deck. She descended to her stateroom, which was in the center of the ship. At the door she found the stewardess, who inquired if she was "Mrs. I. Smith" "That is my name, and I am going

to be ill. I know it." "Lie down at once. And about this bag? I thought it would give you more space if I put it in the gentleman's room. He hasn't much lug-

Lucy Smith looked up in mystifica-"But it is mine," she explained, "and I want it." Then the boat gave a lurch, and she

undressed and climbed into her berth. The next day, after a sleepless night, she struggled up and left her stateroom, the stewardess following with her wraps. At the foot of the stairs she swayed and fell upon the lowest step. "It's no use," she said plaintively. "I can't go up-I can't, indeed." The stewardess spoke with profes-

deman now. He'll help you." "len't there" but one gent board?" Mrs. Smith began; but her words failed. Some one lifted her, and in a moment she was on deck and in her chair, while

sional encouragement. "Oh, you're all

right," she remonstrated. "Here's the

the stewardess wrapped her rugs about her and a strange man arranged the pillows under her head. Then they left her, and she lay with closed eyes. "Perhaps you would like yesterday's Herald?" said a voice.

She started from an uncertain doze and looked around her. Hours had passed, and since closing her eyes the sea had grown bluer and the sun warmer. A pearl colored foam was glistening on the waves. "I beg your | The sneer was gone from his lips. pardon," she replied, turning in the direction whence the words came. "Did you speak?"

-

The man in the next chair leaned toward her, bolding a paper in his hand. He was tall and angular, with commonplace features, lighted by the sympathetic gleam in his eyes. "I asked if you would like a Her-

ald," he repeated. She looked at him reproachfully. "I am ill," she answered. He smiled. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "You didn't look it, and it is so hard to tell. I offered a lemon to that gray-green girl over there, and

slie flew into a rage. But are you ill "I shouldn't exactly choose it for " she returned, "though somehow It does make time pass. One forgets that there are such divisions as days and weeks. It all seems a blank."

"So the stewardess says," she answered aggrievedly, "but the boat rocks dreadfully." He did not reply, and in a moment his glance wandered to the card upon her chair. "Odd, isn't it?" he ques-

"But it is very calm."

tioned.

faintly. The card read, "Mrs. L. Smith." Then he pointed to a similar label upon his own chair, bearing in a rough scrawl the name "L. Smith." "It is a very common name," she remarked absently. He laughed. "Very," he admitted.

She followed his gaze and colored

"Perhaps your husband is Lawrence Smith also." The smile passed from her lips. "My husband is dead," she answered; "but his name was Lucien." He folded the newspaper awkwardly. Then he spoke. "Nicer name than

Lawrence," he observed. She nodded. "A name is of very little consequence," she rejoined. "I have always felt that about every name in the world except Lucy. Lucy is mine." He looked into her eyes. Despite her illness they shone with a warm, fawn-

like brown. "I think it a pretty name," he said. "It is so soft." "It has no character," she returned "I have always known that life would have been different for me if I hadn't been called Lucy. People would not treat me like a child if I were Augusta

or even Agnes-but Lucy!" "People change their names some times," he suggested. She laughed softly. "I tried to. I tried to become Lucinda, but I could

not. Lucy stuck to me." "It wouldn't be so bad without Smith." he remarked, smiling. "That was a horrible cross," she returned. "I wonder if you mind Smith

as much as I do." At first he did not answer. To her surprise his face grew grave, and she saw the haggard lines about his mouth which his smile had obscured. "It was a deuced good chance that I struck it " he said shortly. For a time they sat silent. Then, as

passengers flocked past, he rose and "You will have bent over her chair. chicken broth?" he said distinctly. "I will send the steward." And ere she recovered from her surprise he left her. A little later the broth was brought. and soon after the steward reappeared bearing leed prunes. "The gentleman sent you word that you were to eat

these," he said. And she sat up in bewilderment and ate the prunes silently. "You are very kind," she remarked timidly when he came up from the dining saloon and threw himself into the chair beside her. For an instant he looked at her blankly, his brow wrinkling. She saw that he was not thinking of her and

"You were kind-about the prunes," she explained. "The prunes?" he repeated vaguely. Then he brought himself together with

a jerk. "Oh, you are the little woman who was sick-yes, I remember." "They were very nice," she said more firmly. "I am glad you liked them," he re-

joined and was silent. Then he broke into an irrelevant laugh, and the lines upon his forehead deepened. She saw that he carried a habitual sneer upon his lips. With a half frightened gesture she drew from him. "I am glad that you find life amus-

ing," she observed stiffly. "I don't." He surveyed her with a dogged humor. "It is not life; it is you." She spoke more stiffly still. "I don't catch your meaning," she said. "Is my

hat on one side?" He laughed again. "It is perfectly balanced, I assure you." "Is my hair uncurled?" "Yes, but I shouldn't have noticed it.

It is very pretty." She sat up in offended dignity. "I do not desire compliments," she returned. "I wish merely information" Half closing his eyes, he leaned back in his chair, looking at her from under the brim of his cap. "Well, without comment, I will state that your hair has fallen upon your forehead and that a loosened lock is lying upon your cheek. No, don't put it back. I beg your pardon"-

A pink spot appeared in the cheek next to bim. Her eyes flashed. "How intolerable you are!" she said. The smile in his eyes deep "How delicious you are!" he retorted.

She rose from her chair, drawing herself to her full stature. "I shall change my seat," she began. Then the steamer lurched, and she swayed and grasped the arm be beld out. "1-I am so diany!" she finished

He put her back into her chair and wrapped the rugs about her. As she still shivered he added his own to the pile. When he placed the pillow be neath her head she noticed that his touch was as tender as a woman's. "But you will be cold," she remo

atrated from beneath his rug.
"Not I," he responded. "I am a tough knot. If the flery furnace has

WOM'T do more than chap .... His voice had grown serious, and she looked up inquiringly. "The flery fur-nace?" she repeated. "Oh, predestined damnation, if you

prefer. Are you religious?" "Don't," she pleaded, a tender light coming into her eyes, and she added, "The damned are not kind, and you are very kind." Her words faltered, but they chased

"Kind?" he returned. "I wonder how many men we left in America would uphold that that verdict, or how many viomen, for that matter?" Her honest eyes did not waver. "I will stand by it." she replied simply.

A sudden illumination leaped to his "Against twelve good and true men?" he demanded daringly.

the recklessness from his eyes.

dent thrown in." He laughed a little bitterly. "Because of the prunes?" He was looking down into her face.

"Against a thousand and the presi-

She reddened. "Because of the prunes and-and other things," she answered. A ghost of the sneer awoke about his ath. "I never did a meaner thing than about the prunes," he said hotly. Then he turned from her and strode with swinging strides along the deck. That evening he did not speak to her. They lay side by side in their steamer chairs watching the gray mist that crept over the amber line of the horizon. She looked at his set and sellow face, where the grim line of the jaw was overcast by the constant sneer upon his reckless lip. It was not a good face; this she knew. It was the face of a man of strong will and stronger passions, who had lived hard and fast. She wondered vaguely at the furrowed track he must have made of his past years. The wonder awed her. and she felt half afraid of his grimness, growing grimmer in the gathering dusk. If one were in his power, how quietly he might bend and break mere flesh and bone. But across the moodiness of his face she caught the sudden warmth of his glance, and she

nearer, laying her fragile fingers on the arm of his chair. "I am afraid you are unhappy," she said. He started nervously and faced her almost roughly. "Who is happy?" he

remembered the touch of his hands-

demanded, sneering. "Are you?" She shrank slightly. "Somehow I think that a woman is never happy." she responded gently, "but you"-He leaned toward her, a swift



devil," he said. is goodness for if it does not make one

giance softening to compassion. "Then it is dastardly unfair." he said. "What happy? I am a rough brute, and I get my desserts, but the world should be gentle to a thing like you." "No, no," she protested. "I am not

His eyes lightened. "Any misdemeanors punishable by law?" "I am discontented," she went on. "I rage when things go wrong. I am not a saint."

"I might have known it," he remarked, "or you wouldn't have spoken to me. I have known lots of saints-mostly women-and they always look the other way when a sinner comes along. The reputation of a saint is the most sensitive thing on earth. It should be kept in a glass case."

"Are you so very wicked?" she asked. He was gazing out to sea, where the water broke into waves of deepening gray. In the sky a single star shone like an emerald set in a fawn colored dome. The lapping sound of the waves at the vessel's sides came softly through the stillness. Suddenly he spoke, his voice ringing like a jarring discord la

"Five days ago a man called me devil," he said, "and I guess he wa'n't far wrong, only if I was a single devil he was a legion steeped in one. What

The passion in his tones caused her to start quickly. The words were shot out with the force of balls from a cannon, sustained by the impulse of evil. "Don't," she said pleadingly; "please,

please don't!" "Don't what?" he demanded roughly. "Don't curse the blackest scoundrel that ever lived—and died?" Over the last word his voice weakened as if in

"Don't curse anybody," she answered. "It is not like you." He turned upon her suspiciously. "Pshaw! How do you know?"

"I don't know. I only believe." "I never had much use for belief," he She met his bitter gaze with one of level calm. "And yet men have suf-

fered death for it." Above her head an electric jet was shining, and it cast a white light upon her small figure buried under the mass of rugs. Her eyes were glowing. There was a soft suffusion upon her lashes, whether from the salt spray or from unshed tears he could not tell, "Well, believe in me if you choose," \*

he said: "It won't do any harm even During the next few days he nursed her with constant care. When she came out in the morning she found him waiting at the foot of the stairs, ready to assist her on deck. When she went down at night it was his arm upon which she leaned and his voice that wished her "Good night!" before her stateroom door. Her meals were served outside, and she soon found that his watchfulness extended to a host of

trivialities. It was not a confidential companionship. Sometimes they sat for hours without speaking and again he attacked ner with aggressive frony. At such times she smarted beneath the sting of his sneers, but it was more in pity for him than for herself. He seemed to carry in his heart a seething rage of cynicism, impassioned if impotent. When it broke control, as it often did, it lashed alike the just and the unjust, the sinner and the sinned against. It did not spare the woman for whose a dozen minor ways. It was as if he spired and hated her for inspiring it. He appeared to resent the fact that labored had not annihilated all possibility of purer passion. And he often closed upon a gentler mood with burn-

ing bitterness. "How about your faith?" he inquired one day after a passing tenderness. "Is it still the evidence of virtues not

tender as it was strong. She moved She flinched, as she always did at his flippancy. "There is circumstantial evidence of those," she replied, "sufficient to confound a jury." There was a cloud upon his face. "Of the 'ministering angel' kind, I suppose," he suggested.

"Your judgment is warped." he went "Do you expect to convince by such syllogisms as: It is virtuous to make presents of prunes; he makes me presents of prunes; therefore he is virtuous?"

She looked at him with wounded eyes. "That is not kind of you," she "But, my dear lady, I am not kind.

Her lips closed firmly. She did not answer. "Is the assertion admitted?" he in-

Her mouth quivered. He saw it, and

That is what I am arguing for.

"Do you mean to say." he asked adjusting the rug about her shoulders and regarding her with an intent gaz "that it makes any difference to you? The fragment of a sob broke from her. "Of course it makes a difference His hand closed firmly over the rug and rested against her shoulder.

"Why does it make a difference?" he demanded. She stammered confusedly. "Because-because it does" she renlied His face was very grave. The hand upon her shoulder trembled. "I hope, it does not make a difference," he said.

They rose and went to the railing. following with unseeing eyes a white sail that skirted the horizon. At the vescel's side porpoises were leaping eyes brightening, her loosened hair blowing about her face in soft brown strands. There was a plnk flush in her cheeks. "I should like to be a porpoise," she said, "and to skim that blue water in the sunshine. How happy

they are! "And you are not?" The flush died from her cheeks. "I? He leaned nearer. His hand brushed hers as it lay upon the railing. "Did love make you happy?" he asked suddenly.

She raised her lashes, and their eyes met, "Love?" she repeated vaguely "That husband of yours," he explained almost harshly, "did you love Her gaze went back to the water. A

wistful tremor shook her lips. "He was very good to me," she replied. "And I suppose you loved him be-cause he was good. Well, the reason She looked at him steadily. "Because

he was good to me," she corrected. Then she hesitated. "But I did not love him in the way you mean," she added. "I know now that I did not." "Eh?" he ejaculated half absently and then, "How do you know it?" She turned from him, looking after the vanishing sail, just visible in the remote violet of the distance. "There are many ways"-

(Continued.)



piece of tweet guarantee PURE WOOL.