



THE CONNER BALL BEARING WASHER

will wash delicate lace curtains without breaking a thread. The heaviest clothing can be washed as easily as ordinary clothes. For sale at the **Edgetown Hardware Store**. We also keep a supply of Tubs, Wringers, Clothes Lines and Pins.

K. Freeman

Victor Talking Machines.

We are agents for these fine Machines and also "Victor" records. Needles and accessories always in stock. We keep a Victor Machine and supply of records on hand and will be glad to demonstrate at any time. Come in, see and hear.

ROYAL PHARMACY

W. A. WARREN, F.R.M. B., Chemist, Optician and Stationer.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Steamship Lines

St. John via Digby

Boston via Yarmouth

"Land of Evangeline" Boats.

On and after November 2, 1908, the Steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

JOE BRIDGETOWN.

Express from Halifax, ... 12.11 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth, ... 1.54 p. m.
Accom. from Richmond, ... 5.30 p. m.
Accom. from Annapolis, ... 7.20 a. m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.40 a. m. and 5.35 p. m., 6.40 a. m. and 3.15 p. m., connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Boston Service

Commencing Monday, October 19th, the Royal Mail S. S. Boston leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of express trains from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday, at 1.00 p. m.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

ROYAL MAIL S. S. YARMOUTH.

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 Albert makes daily trips (Sunday excepted) between Parrsboro and Wolfville, calling at Kingsport in both directions.
P. GIFFKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.

BLACK KNIGHT
STOVE POLISH
is a revelation to housekeepers. Nothing like it has ever been made before. It means less work, because it does not get dull or brown, and is so easily applied. It means less work, too, because just a few rubs bring a bright, brilliant polish that always looks fresh and clean. It is cheapest, because you get a bigger can for the money.

If your dealer does not handle "Black Knight" send his name and 15c for full sized can.

The F. F. BAILEY CO. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

You Need Right Now



That new Overcoat or that New Suit of clothes. Come in and talk it over with us. We can suit you both as to goods and to prices. Don't wait.

J. Harry Hicks, QUEEN ST.

Something for Nothing

For a short time we will give away with every pound of **ART BAKING POWDER** your choice of an enamel preserving kettle, wash bowl, one large saucepan, or two smaller ones, or a three piece set, pudding pan, saucepan and bowl.

C. L. PIGGOTT

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 still selling at mark down Prices. Don't forget to ask for a Picture Ticket.

KINNEY'S SHOE STORE

MEN'S COARSE BOOTS

Stoves 1908 Stoves

The Queen still leads. We have it! Also Hall Stoves in all the latest patterns; parlor and heating stoves for coal or wood at lowest prices. Kitchen Cooks and Ranges. Hot Air Furnace Heating and Plumbing a specialty.

R. Allen Crowe

Selected Story.

"ONE TRUE FRIEND AND MARGOT!"

(Tit-Bits.)

"Tom! Yes, I'm not mistaken! It is you. Shake hands, old chap! How are you?"
Tom Marlow, aloofly moodily along the Embankment, hands in pockets and the burnt-out stump of a cigarette between his lips, had to stop, for the other had planted himself squarely in front and did not move. But he gave no sign of pleasure at the meeting. He was down at heel, and knew it. As if by instinct his hand wandered to his coat collar, which he turned up to hide the frayed apology for linen underneath.

"Hallo, Jack!" he said.
"And is that all the greeting you give an old chum who hasn't seen you for ages?" was the rejoinder.
"Still the same taciturn old Tom, eh? Why, it must be seven or eight years since we met!"
"Eight," said the scarerow.
"Ah! Time flies, and no mistake! Well, what have you been doing all these years? You left the old place because you'd got the scribbler fever, I remember. Any luck?"
"No. I-I gave it up some time ago. Found it wasn't my line!"

Jack Harland saw that the conversation irked the other. His feet shuffled on the pavement, and his gaze wandered from side to side—anywhere but in the face of the man who questioned him. There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Oh! I'm getting on," said Marlow, holding out half-ashamedly a hand. "Good night, Jack."

"What, going? Not yet, old fellow! surely! I've hardly seen you." Harland laid a hand on his arm. "I say, Tom, you'd never guess it, but I'm a Fleet Street man myself now. Yes, Assistant-sub on 'The Morning.' Look here—come with me and have a chat over a bit of supper. We've heaps of things to tell each other—must have. Oh, but you must! I shall take no refusal."

"Well, really, it's very kind of you! The temptation was too strong for him to withstand further. Licking their arms, Harland bore him off in triumph, and ten minutes later they were seated at opposite sides of a table in a quiet little eating-house of the Strand.

"Jack, do you know you've saved my life to-night? Laying down his knife and fork half-way through the meal, Marlow stared across at his friend with hard, bright eyes. The food and the unaccustomed warmth of his surroundings had loosened his tongue.

"Yes, I mean it. Twenty times today I've asked myself whether I should worry on any longer, or drop quietly over the parapet of a bridge and add one more to the list of London's missing! I'm tired of this! He glanced wistfully at his threadbare clothes, indicating by a gesture all that lay beyond. "Look at me, Jack! I'm one of life's failures—when I had it, quarrelled with the woman who loved me, as I verily believe better than all the world; and this is the result. It was all my fault, Margot was as true as steel, and I a jealous fool who realized the truth too late. Since then—'He broke off abruptly. 'Ah, Jack, it's an easy road when you commence to go downhill!"

"My dear fellow, hush! Not another word!" Jack Harland's face was glowing as he stretched across to grip the shaking hand. "I won't listen! I tell you the finger of Providence and something else brought us two together tonight. This is a turning-point in your life—a day never to be forgotten. We're going to wipe out all the past at a stroke, and start afresh from this moment! No? Well, I say yes! Again that breezy, honest laugh. "How old are you, Tom?"
"Thirty-two."

"And you talk of self-destruction! Why, all the best years of life lie before you! Rouse up, man; and shake off that fit of the blues! Think of that girl! Can't you see, can't you realize that somewhere here in London she's weeping out her heart for love of you—must be? Tom, I tell you it's your one plain duty to seek her out—aye, to-morrow, not a day later!—and tell her humbly what you've told me. Do you think she'll mind your shabby clothes, or taunt you with the mistakes of the past? Is woman's love no purer, no holier thing than that? Put it to the test, I say! One word, one kiss, and you'll be a different man, a better and a braver for having passed through the fire! Say the word, Tom! You—you'll pull yourself together and try afresh, for my dear sake!"

His voice broke on that word. Perhaps till that moment he hardly realized himself how earnestly he had been pleading, how near tears were to his heart. But his companion sat silent, unmoved; only the nervous twitching of the man's fingers showed

CELERY KING
Are You Thin?

Pale, weak and nervous people need a tonic that will build them up and make them well and strong. Celery King is the tonic that will do these things. Large packages 25 cents, and 50 cents by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

ed that he had heard. That drawn-out pause; and then his voice came in a whisper.
"Jack, I can't!" He was fighting again for breath to go on. "It's—it's good of you to trouble about me, but it's too late. I had ambitions once, and now I have none. I'm beaten, stranded, a wreck with the big seas breaking over and no hope of salvage. Soon they'll claim me for ever. It's Fate!"

"Nonsense!" Still that buoyant tone, the cheery optimism of the man who will not know defeat. "Fate is man's servant, not his master! Cheer up, old boy! You're going to do big things yet! Look here! I know a man who wants a clerk. He'll give you the post at a word from me; and if the salary isn't large, it's better than nothing. Take it till something else offers. If you'll meet me here at nine in the morning we'll see about it. Now, where are you going to sleep?"

It transpired that a Rowton House had been his resting-place the last few nights, and together they beat their steps there. When Jack Harland finally set out for home, having seen him safe inside, he had extracted a promise that he would keep the appointment on the morrow. The stronger personality had won.

In such fashion commenced the regeneration of erstwhile brilliant "out-coller" Tom Marlow. If the process was slow, it was also, happily, sure. He entered on the duties of the clerkship gained for him by Harland's influence clothed in garments provided by the same generous hand; and never did man work harder or more conscientiously in the service of employer in this world.

But it was after the nominal labors of the day had ceased that his most strenuous efforts were put forth. Night after night, perched in his little nook-parrot, with only the slates between him and the stars, he toiled by the aid of a smoky lamp at the novel which was now his one concern. It was his last throw with Fortune—the supreme encounter.

On one point he was adamant. Till it was written he would seek no sort of society; above all, would not move a solitary step in the direction Jack Harland most desired of him. He steadfastly refused even to visit the latter's house or meet his wife.

"No, Jack," he said, "it's my whim; you must humor me. You know what the poet says—'something attempted something done.' I want to realize those words before I think of aught beside. I've failed so many times, and so miserably. If I can carry this through it will give me fresh hope, fresh confidence. I shall feel that I can trust myself again, that life's worth living after all. And afterwards, perhaps—"

And there, with the hall promise that lingered in the lowered voice, it had to rest. Dark days there were, as was bound to be, when the demon of despair settled heavily on him and gave no quarter; and he would have slipped with hardly a struggle into the abyss but for the strong, helping hand, single-handed, from his very brink. That cheery comrade's visits never failed to bring a breath of new life into the atmosphere of the little room.

"Well, how's the masterpiece now?" he would ask, flinging himself into the one available chair. "Heroine troublesome? Oh, that's nothing! Fault of the sex in general, my boy! They can't help it, bless 'em, any more than we can give up tobacco. It'll all come right in the last chapter, take my word for it. What do you say to a walk?"

And off they would go, Harland chatting gaily all the way, so that Tom Marlow returned feeling brighter and better, and ready for a further tussle with the damsel of his book and the trials of the world at large. The weeks grew into months, and one wonderful night the busy 'sub' ran up the stairs during a brief respite from duty, to find his friend actually idle. He stared. His pipe was in his mouth, and he sat there puffing out great clouds of grey smoke and gazing up at the ceiling, oblivious to everything else in the world. Harland coughed, and then he was on his feet in a second, stretching out a hand to welcome him.

"Jack, I never heard you!" came the eager whisper. "It's finished! Yes, I wrote the last line an hour ago. Look! A strange light shined in his eyes; and his voice was tender, almost caressing, as he turned over the closely-written sheets. "There it

is—the sign of my rebirth, arbiter of my destiny to be. What will be the result? You know how I've built on it, how much it means. It's my very best work; my life-blood. If it fails—but it won't. I refuse to think it.

"Fall!" That deep growl but partially eluded the sob hiding underneath. "It can't! I tell you it's going to be the success of the season—a triumph. Haven't I read every chapter; and, to my sorrow, half the novels born this last twelvemonth? Old Renson is the man for this. He sends a good novel like a terrier noses a biscuit. Shall I see him for you in the morning?"

"Will you?" He smiled his thanks. "I should be grateful. One word, though, Jack. I want it to—stand or fall on its merits. There must be no pressure, no asking him to publish it by way of favor. You understand?"

"Sonny, just you don't worry. He'll jump at it, I tell you—boom it far and wide, and be glad to get the chance."

And so it proved. Just a week later Tom Marlow received a letter that sent him into the seventh heaven of delight. It was signed "Herbert Renson" in firm, bold characters, and offered two hundred pounds cash for the book, with a royalty on every copy sold above five thousand. A mist blurred his vision as he read. Success had come. Jack Harland bounced into the office that same morning to see him.

"Oh, yes, I know all about it!" he burst out, shaking his friend's hand as though he would wring it off. "Old Renson 'phoned me this morning. Cute old beggar, that! What did I tell you? Congratulations, my boy! 'There is a tide in the affairs of men'—ch! Now, look here, you hermit, you must really come to dinner with me to-night in honor of the occasion. I'm your godfather in a literary sense, at all events; and I insist. See!"

"Very well, I am at your service. I say, Jack, am I in my head or my heels? I hardly know!"
"That's all right. You'll get used to it soon. I shall call at your dignities at 6.30 prompt. Mind you're ready, for I shall only have a couple of hours."

Six-thirty came, and Harland with it, to find Marlow awaiting him in the glory of new clothes. A hasty visit to the tailor had worked wonders. None seeing the smart, well-groomed man now would have connected him with the abject wretch of six months before. Harland's eyes betrayed his satisfaction.

"How long have you been married, Jack?" the 'bos had put them down, and they were walking the last stage of the journey. Tom Marlow's voice was a little wistful as well as curious. "I don't think I've ever asked you."

"Oh, about three years," was the reply. He laughed joyously. "And I've got the best little wife in the three kingdoms, Tom. Sounds a bit extravagant, perhaps; but wait, and you'll see for yourself. Here we are. Come inside."

He led the way to the drawing-room, and kissed his wife, who came forward with a smile to welcome them.

"Nell—Mr. Marlow," he said. "Tom—my wife."

Tom Marlow found himself shivering with a queer sensation. It was the first woman's hand that had touched his for many a month, and brought sad memories. They chatted for a few minutes, and then Mrs. Harland, exclaiming herself, went out of the room. His gaze travelling round the room, lighted next moment on a photograph in a silver frame which stood on a little table by the window. He started violently and rubbed his eyes. Impossible! An hallucination, surely! Then he looked again and his face went white.

"Jack!" he whispered, hoarsely.
But there was no answer. Jack Harland also had slipped away. Fascinated, he picked the photograph up and turned it over slowly in his hands as though it were some mysterious object the like of which was never seen before. Every drop of blood drained away from his face, leaving it whiter than marble. There was a noise of rushing waters in his ears, the room swam round him, and in another second he would have fallen. It was the noise of the opening door that saved him, bringing back reality with a rush. He wheeled round swiftly. And then—

Framed in the doorway she stood for that instant like some sweet spirit-vision. As she advanced, gracious and quiescent, that little smile parting her lips, something seemed to rise chokingly and break in his throat. He knew not whether to laugh or cry.

"Margot!" It came at last—the pent-up torrent of emotion breaking in a single word.
"Tom!"

And then, with a glad little cry, she surrendered herself gently into his out-stretched arms, and the forbidden question that hovered on his lips remained unasked for the best of all possible reasons.

"Jack, you knew! You knew the whole of the time! A whole hour had



NAPOLÉON SAID

"An army marches on its stomach." By that meant that half-starved men are not strong enough to march. And you know that. Half-starved men and women are not strong enough to work, or to play and be happy. You should also know that indigestion means slow starvation. More than half the people who soon tire and become depressed, who feel life a burden and who go listlessly to their day's work, would find life a daily song if they set their digestion right with Mother Seigel's Syrup—the digestive tonic compound of roots and herbs. Take it daily after meals and test yourself.

Price 6c. a bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

passed, seeming but a moment, and he and Harland were again alone. Jack Harland laughed heartily.

"Of course I did!" he replied. "Margot is my wife's cousin—but you've learned that already. I heard the story long ago; and searched for you many times before that night. It was hard lines to come across you in such a frame of mind that I simply didn't dare tell the whole truth at once. Afterwards, of course, the fault was your own—"

"Yes, Tom Marlow wrung his hand affectionately. "Jack, you're a good sort," he said.
When that fine novel, "Tribulation," took the literary world by storm a few months later, the dedication printed opposite the title aroused the curiosity of not a few people. "To one true friend and Margot!" it read. This is its story.

GOOD COUGH MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN FOLKS

"We could hardly do without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Mrs. Flora Despain, of Floyd, Ky. "I have used it for my children and grown folks, too. The above shows the implicit confidence that many mothers place in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—a confidence based on many years' experience in the use of it. No one need hesitate to use this remedy for it contains no chloroform, opium or other narcotics and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. For sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

IT IS CERTAINLY CLOSE.

Halifax, Nov. 6.—Seventeen seats in possession of the government, sixteen held by the opposition and three still to be counted. This is the situation in Newfoundland tonight and the closest election in the colony has ever known is still in the balance. Not until tomorrow afternoon will the result of Monday's polling be known but no matter how the three remaining seats go the margin between the opposing parties in the next legislature will be exceedingly small. Bergego, St. Barbe and Bay St. George are states which have not yet been counted.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In case of a burn or scald, what would you do to relieve the pain? Such injuries are liable to occur in any family and everyone should be prepared for them. Chamberlain's Salve applied on a soft cloth will relieve the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a very severe one, will cause the parts to heal without leaving a scar. For sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

At the quarterly meeting of the Middleton Board of Trade last evening a resolution was passed protesting against the new time table of the H. & S. W. Railway and asking the Provincial government to insist upon the railway giving a daily mail and passenger service each way with proper train connections with the D. A. R. trains at Middleton. It was also decided to call a public meeting on Tuesday evening next of the citizens of Middleton and the surrounding country and invite the Federal and local representatives of the county and the Manager of the H. & S. W. Railway to attend the meeting if they care to do so to discuss the matter with the citizens present.

Repeat it—"Shiloh's Cure will all ways cure my coughs and colds."