

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.

HARRY M. CHUTE

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 wagon, clean your harness and groom your horse, all for the small sum of 75 cents.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with 3 columns: Arrive, Stop Table, and Depart. Rows include Men & Fri, Stations, and 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 October 21st, 1908, the Steamship and Train Service on the Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Table with 2 columns: From and To. Rows include Bluenose from Halifax, Wed. and Sat., Bluenose from Yarmouth, Wed. and Sat., Express from Halifax, Express from Yarmouth, Accom. from Richmond, Accom. from Annapolis.

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 and Bluenose 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 and Bluenose trains from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning, leaves Londy Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday, at 1.00 p. m.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

ROYAL MAIL S. S. PRINCE RUPERT.

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.

Advertisement for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Includes an illustration of an ear and text: 'Stop an Earache... JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT... I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.'

Advertisement for Morse's Teas. Includes text: 'MORSE'S TEAS... To make a good cup of tea some care is necessary... J. E. MORSE & CO.'

Advertisement for Kinney's Shoe Store. Text: 'MEN'S COARSE BOOTS... OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF MENS' BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS IS ABOUT COMPLETE... You should have a pair... KINNEY'S SHOE STORE'

Advertisement for Atlee's Drug and Stationery Store. Text: 'MEN'S COARSE BOOTS... One Thousand Dollars IN PRIZES... Open to every child attending any School in Annapolis County... Atlee's Drug and Stationery Store, Annapolis Royal'

Advertisement for House Pumps and Stock Pumps. Text: 'House Pumps Stock Pumps Deep Well Pumps Pumps installed anywhere. PRICES RIGHT ALSO Pipes and Pipe Fittings, Pump Fittings always in stock'

Advertisement for Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd. Text: 'Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd. Advertise in the Monitor It Reaches The People'

THE TEACHER AND HER HEALTH. Dr. Lowden, professor of principles and practice of education Ohio State University, has a paper in the September number of 'Education,' in which he considers the health of the teacher in its relation to her work and her duty to herself in the matter. He says: 'She ought to strive to keep always at the very top of her existence. This she can do, and ought to do, by studying her own abilities, limitations, her personal hygiene, Not for a moment do I mean that a teacher shall become less enthusiastic in her work, lack interest, and really do less for her pupils. On the other hand, I mean that by conserving the health at this point and that point, here and there, that she shall always have a reserve, and in the end do longer and better service: not that she, when experience has come, through failing health, shall be compelled to give up the work.'

WELL KNOWN HOTEL KEEPER USES AND RECOMMENDS CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY. "I take pleasure in saying that I have kept Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for about fifteen years, and have always had satisfactory results from its use. I have administered it to a great many traveling men, and in every case have found it to be a most reliable remedy, and have never failed to relieve them," says J. C. Jenkins, of Glasgow, Ky. This remedy is for sale by A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLES, W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

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, Pharm. B., Chemist, Optician and Stationer.

Advertisement for Stoves 1908 Stoves. Text: '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.

THE REPENTANCE OF MRS. COWSLIP.

(By Annie O'Hagan, in the New York Evening Post.)

In her narrow quarters of the end of the assembly room the matron was knitting a red hood when the clang of the bell summoned her to the desk. It was early in the evening, and the night's crop of offenders had not yet begun to be gathered in by the harvesting police. Two hours earlier it would probably have been a shoplifter, two hours later the matron would have been sure of a poor, hard-featured Phryne of the streets, or of a drunkard, sodden and shrieking. At eight o'clock, however, there was room for speculation as to what awaited her. When she saw, her professional stolidity was for the moment shaken.

Iron rimmed spectacles walled in a pair of clear, snapping, kindly, old brown eyes; hair, soft and white as the silk of the thistle, was primly parted beneath a close, country made bonnet, and was drawn across the wrinkled forehead and back to a tight little knot; the cheeks and chin where age had set its crepe like markings, were fair with applebloom tints which the matron never saw on even the roughest faces in that grim hall. The slack, decent, black frock the big brooch worn of sunny oak, the cashmere shawl about the slim, elderly shoulders, the valise of embroidered canvas—all these were new in the matron's experience.

The sergeant somewhat gruffly stated the charge against the old lady. She was lost. She had been found wandering near the Pennsylvania ferry, inquiring the way to Mystic, Conn. She was Mrs. Elvira Cowslip, and she seemed to be without funds.

"Take her and search her," he commanded exasperatedly. "And try to get her to give you some address to telephone or telegraph to, if she's telling the truth. She may be just dotty."

"You'll search a long time, young woman," said Mrs. Elvira Cowslip firmly, and as if the matron's forty-five arduous years were a decade or two of summers, "before you find out anything more than I told that young man."

The matron tried sterner tactics. "Oh, very well," she said, with an air of elaborate indifference. "Just as you please. This is my room, and there's no place in it for you to sleep or anything. But I'll make you as comfortable as I can in a cell."

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" she cried, clutching the matron's arm and looking through the grated door in which the key was turning ominously.

"Then just tell us where to telegraph," said the matron, kindly. "And if—if everything's all right I'll send you on ourselves."

"Oh, yes," she said, "you don't understand, you don't understand," half sobbed the older woman.

"I've stood everything from Luella Johnson—she's Luella Cowslip now, for she married my son John, Dr. John Cowslip he is, and if I do say it myself, the finest doctor and the best son in—our part of the country, I've stood everything from her. 'Twas her persuaded father—that's my husband—that we was too old to stay out on the farm alone, an' that we'd better come into the village and live with her an' John. Now, I know well enough that I didn't want to live in any other woman's house, but Pa—well, Pa's sort of easy-going."

"So I should imagine," nodded the matron, as she took note of Mrs. Cowslip's resolute chin.

"Anyone can widge him around their little finger, an' he sets a good deal of store by Luella. An' I don't say she wasn't sought after right an' left before John married her. But, anyway, Pa was gettin' old, an' we moved down to Luella's."

The matron shook her head gently. "They have new ways nowadays," she said. "Best let them try them, don't you think?"

The Rev. Orlando Green? No? Well, he says I have a real gift for exhortin' an' that he often wouldn't be able to get a prayer meetin' started if it wasn't for me."

"Well," Mrs. Cowslip's face settled into lines of grievance, "yesterday Luella went to a meetin' of the woman's club of—of the place where I come from this mornin'."

"Be it ever so humble," quavered the voice from the corridor, "there's no place like home."

"Well, what Luella said to me, an' what my son, John, stood by her in sayin', an' what my own husband, Mrs. Matron, that ain't crossed me mind in forty years—not since we was first married—what he stood by her in sayin', I—I—"

"So this mornin' I took the egg money," she went on brokenly. "I kept the hens at John's—an' started for my daughter's. I didn't go to our station, for they'd find out from Dina Simms that keeps it that I'd come to New York, I walked—an' it's four miles an' there are two hills too—to the next village. Twice I was scared. The Fowlers were gathering in their pumpkins down at the roadside patch, an' I thought if Sam Fowler saw me he could tell Pa which way I had gone, but he didn't. An' the Lahey children were up in an apple tree near the fence, but they did not see me either. Nobody stopped me. I went on, past our own farm, that I had left to be—to have my own husband stand by Luella Johnson against me—an' I'd have gone in there an' never let it again but the people that rent it—I could just see some of them up around the doorway, weddin' out my chrysanthemum border, maybe! Well, anyway, I went on to—the next station, an' I bought a ticket, an' then I only had seventeen cents left. But I wouldn't go back. They shan't know, no, of them, where I am, till I'm with Josephine. She'll stand by me, not by Luella Johnson. An' do you think she'll like the butter didn't?"

The same stage of infidelity had passed from the occupant of the cell, and she demanded to know, with many objurgations, why she found herself in surroundings so distasteful to her. But the old lady, lost in the bitter recollection of how another ruled in her stead, no longer listened.

"No, I don't! Not on my grandson!" snapped Mrs. Cowslip, her eyes flashing little sparks behind her spectacles. "Mercy on us! Ain't I brought up three children—one of them the Apaches killed, my dear; he was a soldier, my oldest boy, and only twenty-two, an' ain't I buried three babies? What experience has Luella Johnson had alongside of me?"

"The drunken lady, safe behind the bars, began discordantly to relate the adventures of some one who stood between love and duty. Mrs. Cowslip listened, her face divided between repugnance, fascination and righteous judgment.

"I never saw a drunken woman in all my life," she said, solemnly and a little fearfully. "Oh, it's awful. But maybe, if I could see her, I could say something to her to lead her to a better life."

"The matron nodded with her most business-like manner. "I won't let you up. It isn't a crime to get lost. And you can come around here if you get lonesome or frightened in the night. But there's no other place for you. This isn't a hotel, you know."

Mrs. Cowslip seemed to waver in her purpose of silence. Then she compressed her lips in token of unchanging resolution and sturdily followed the matron to the whitewashed dungeon in the women's quarters of the prison. But the sight of it un-nerved her.

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