

NO MORE HEADACHES

Buffered From Constant Headaches—Cured by "Fruit-a-tives" When Doctors Failed.



"I was a sufferer from fearful headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad that I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines prescribed by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. I was rarely free from headache. A short time ago I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and I did so with, I must confess, very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headache was cured. My appetite was always poor and my stomach bad, and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion is excellent. I had become thin and weak, but now not only have I been cured of all these awful headaches, but my strength is growing up once more, and I feel like a new man. I have taken in all three boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives'. I am exceedingly grateful to 'Fruit-a-tives' for curing me, and I give this unsolicited testimonial with great pleasure, as I hope thereby some other sufferer from headaches will be induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and will be cured."

(Sgd.) B. Cornell, Taylorville, Ont.

"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. Write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, if your dealer will not supply you.

THAT PEEVISH, DISCONTENTED EXPRESSION.

(Beatrice Fairfax.)

Girls, what is the matter, that so many of you are looking peevish and discontented?

It seems to me that I have never before met so many peevish faces as this summer. It seems such a shame to see a pretty face marred by lines of discontent. A mouth that droops into peevish lines will spoil the prettiest complexion, straightest noses and curliest hair in the world.

If you want to be nice looking you simply have not to cultivate a happy expression—there's no doubt about it. Perhaps absentmindedness and abstraction may have something to do with the expressions on some of the faces, and if that is the case I advise the girls to pull themselves together and think about how they look.

I passed such a pretty girl in the street the other day. She was prettily dressed and looked rosy and healthy. But the beauty was spoiled by the surest, most discontented expression I ever saw.

How would you like to sit opposite that kind of a face every morning at breakfast?

Do you suppose an employer enjoys having that kind of a face about his office?

If a young man is looking for a wife, is he going to pick out a girl who looks like that? I should like to see the girl who looks like that for the sake of his future happiness.

If this peevish expression runs on for a generation or two—the typical New York face will be so snarled up and cranky looking as to be most repulsive.

It is a burning shame for the pretty girl to spoil her looks by peevishness, and it is downright foolhardy for the plain girl to indulge in sulks and crankiness.

If you must look that way once in a while, stand in front of your looking glass and vent your ill humor on yourself. When you see how exceedingly unbecoming it is, you won't be in a hurry to try it again.

You know we are not in the world for such a very long time, so don't you think it would be much better to try to see the sunny side of life? There are lots of hideous things, of course, that we can't shut our eyes to; but at the same time there are lots of lovely things, and it's a very good old world, take it all in all.

You want people to like you, don't you? Well, be nice to them and they will be nice to you.

Remember that the world will not give something for nothing. You must always pay your share. Sweetness, cheerfulness, the will to help others are bound to reap a rich harvest of love and appreciation.

Put away your peevish face and bring out your sunny one.

No girl, no matter how irregular her features, can ever look unattractive if she carries in her face the expression of a sweet soul.

Black Watch Remarkable for richness and pleasing flavor. The big black plug chewing tobacco. 2257

A Stormy Night

(continued from page 2.)

"But, oh, senor, it all went wrong," she sobbed. "Rosa grew so much worse—she is dying—they have sent to Los Angeles for the priest, and are all in her room now, watching and waiting. But Miguel won't listen—he will go in anyway—and they will kill him and Rosa will die."

"What doctor have they had, Josepha?" I asked.

"None, senor; my mother and the old women have given her medicine," she answered.

"None!" I cried. "Then I must go right on to the house. Perhaps I can help her. I would have gone on before, but I thought there was a doctor there."

"Just then a shrill whistle came from down the road, and Josepha, with a startled 'That's Chico's signal,' waved the lantern around in a circle.

"Chico rode up to us. 'How is she?' Miguel is here! We rode like the wind! Is it safe to bring him up?'"

"Then Josepha broke down and began to cry. How she could ever explain to Miguel, and keep him from the house were questions that were entirely too big for her in her present worn-out and excited condition, so I felt called upon to step in and take the lead. I had Chico bring Miguel up, and then we explained the situation to him. As Josepha had feared, he wanted to go right on to the house and demand admission. If that failed, as far to one it would, he would then force an entrance. Not being a hot-headed young Spanish lover myself, I couldn't grow so very enthusiastic over a plan that was certain to include a free-for-all fight, and accomplish nothing. So I counseled thinking up something that would be less rash. I well knew that my slower Anglo-Saxon brain must evolve the plan. If it were to be a practical one. Many ideas had come surging through my mind while Josepha was explaining things to me, and now they were forming themselves into definite shape.

"We must waste no time, as I feel I am needed in the house," I said. "I have a little scheme that is rather risky, I'll admit, but I think it will work out all right if you will promise me to do exactly as I tell you. It all depends on that."

"Miguel was only too willing to promise anything if I would only hurry, so I quickly explained the main points of my plans. I gave him my gloves to put on, and my big black silk muffler, which was to tie about his head and face so as to conceal his features as much as possible. Then we rode on to the house, and I dismounted and knocked.

"They fairly dragged me inside when they learned who it was. They said Rosa was sick—dying—and I must go at once to her. Heaven must have sent me to be of help. They took me through a front room filled with relatives, and into the room where Rosa lay. The place was stifling, the windows were all shut tight, and the family sat about the bed, taking for themselves all the fresh air that blew in through the cracks. It was just as I had pictured it—just as I had found it dozens of times before, in my visits to the sick in Spanish families. After a careful examination of the sick girl, whose lips repeated over and over again, 'Miguel! Miguel!' I turned to the mother and said:

"Yes, I think that I can help her. I do not think she will die—but it is her heart that is bad, senora, and it is a good thing that I have a friend outside who is a better doctor of the heart than I. I shall bring him in, and I am sure he can make her well; but, first, I must tell you that he has his head all wrapped up, and so it must be quiet in here, and no one must speak a word to him. All the people must leave this room and the front room there, and go to the kitchen. I shall open this window a little—too many people and no air are very bad for the sick. And, senora, you look very tired, you had better rest and send Josepha in to get the things we shall need. There will be nothing but what she can do for us, and if we need you, we will call."

"The senora had always liked me; she believed that I was a man who knew many things; so how my word was law with her. She drove all those people into the kitchen in a hurry, and then came back to say: 'That bad Josepha, Senor Doctor, has been out in the rain—she does such crazy things, sometimes—but she will put on a dry dress and be in soon.'"

"I waited by the bedside a few moments to give Josepha time to get ready to come in, and then I sent the senora into the kitchen with particular directions for making a certain kind of plaster which must be very carefully put together. It must not be hurried, I told her, and must be watched every second. This, I felt sure, would keep her out in the kitchen for some time, and give me a chance to bring in Miguel.

"The way is clear," I whispered to him as I brought him in, through the empty front room, to where Josepha stood alone by the sick bed.

"With a low, passionate cry of 'Rosa! Rosa!' he ran to the sick girl and, leaning over her, he kissed her again and again, all the while murmuring loving, tender phrases.

"She roused a little from the stupor, opened her eyes, and murmured: 'Miguel!'"

"Just then I heard the senora's footsteps. 'Careful!' I whispered to Miguel, as I hurried to the bedroom door.

"The doctor is listening to her heart, senora. He is very wise. He thinks she will be better soon," I said.

"She had come to see if I had brought my doctor friend in to see her Rosa, and, now that he was there, she was satisfied and could go back to the kitchen, and to the plaster. She had seen Miguel's back, and as his head and face were well covered with the large muffler, I felt that all was safe.

"And so we kept it up for hours—either Josepha or I standing between Miguel and the mother whenever she should come into the room. Most of the time, I kept her busy in the kitchen, but her anxiety brought her often to the bedroom. Meanwhile, I doctored the sick girl, and Miguel caressed her, and tried to call her back with the sheer force of his love. After all, he was the greater doctor that time, for it was a broken heart that was causing most of the trouble. Between us, we at last brought her back to consciousness, and then my work was over for a time, and Miguel began anew. Her happiness was beautiful to see when she realized that Miguel was really there, and she soon fell asleep with a peaceful smile on her face.

"She was lying thus, with one hand in his, when the senora entered the dim room—he was watching her, 'reaching and feeling her pulse,' I explained. The mother rejoiced to find her daughter sleeping so calmly. I insisted that she go to bed and sleep and assured her that I would call her if Rosa should grow any worse.

"In the early morning hours, Rosa awoke with a clear brain, and her first thought was of Miguel. She was surprised to find him really there—she supposed that she had been only dreaming of his presence. In whispers he explained it all to her. He told her that he must leave soon, before it grew very light, but that he would stay in Los Angeles until she grew well and strong again. Then he would come for her, some night, and they would go to the priest's in the city, and then on to Old Mexico, to live. She promised to try to grow well fast, and to be able to ride horseback soon.

"The storm had spent its fury about midnight, and the beating of the rain upon the roof had gradually changed to a timid pattering of rain drops, and then ceased altogether. As the early morning light began to break in the east, we could see that a clear day was before us. Miguel stole out to the barn, saddled his horse, and rode away toward Los Angeles. Josepha gave me some blankets, and I rolled up on the floor of that empty front room, and was soon sound asleep.

"About noon, the next day, I awoke, stiff and sore in every muscle. I found Rosa bright and happy, and on the high road to recovery. Josepha had explained that the strange doctor had gone back to the 'city'—poor fellow, he had his head all wrapped up so. The senora overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude. She was greatly concerned about me, was so sorry that I had slept on the floor, and tried to make amends by preparing a royal breakfast—one of the very best I ever tasted.

"After leaving instructions for the sick girl, I started on toward La Canada. As I rode out of the yard, I exchanged greetings with the priest who explained that he had been unable to get there any sooner.

"When I made my next trip through Verdugo Canon, several months later, I inquired after my friend Rosa.

"A dark frown clouded the senora's face, and she answered: 'Your medicines were wonderful, senor. She grew well very fast, and we were so happy, but that wicked Miguel came one night and stole her. They were married in Los Angeles, and rode away—no one knows where. I would rather she had died when she was sick, senor.'"

"I praised the hot tamales, which, truly, none could make better than she, asked for more of the chili sauce and discreetly refrained from mentioning Rosa's name again. But I was very glad that my little friend, my 'bonita Rosa,' as I used to call her, was happy at last.

"Toward the close of that year, I was surprised to receive a line from Miguel, down in Old Mexico. Every year since then he has remembered me, and as he has grown richer right along, his presents have become more and more valuable. As I said before, that splendid hand-carved Mexican saddle came about five years ago."

And the Doctor, his story ended, settled down farther in his Morris chair, and eased into the yellow flames—lost in thought.

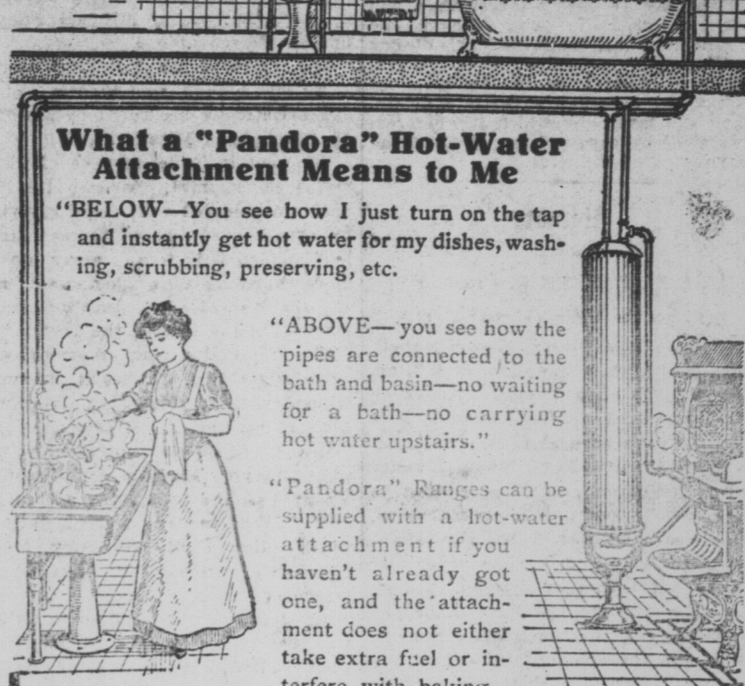
MARTINA PATTERSON.

CRUSADE OF HUMANITY AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

Washington, Sept. 23.—A remarkable education campaign formally was inaugurated here today. It was humanity's crusade against a most deadly foe, the white plague. The occasion was the opening of the sixth triennial international congress of tuberculosis at the National Museum. A more distinguished gathering perhaps has never before met in the national capital. Scientists of international fame, the members of the diplomatic corps, philanthropists and doctors of every civilized nation were present. The first day of the convention was marked by simple, but unique ceremony. Preliminary to the formal opening the diplomatic corps, the spokesmen of the various countries, the officers of the congress, the honorary presidents and the section presidents met in the office of Dr. Henry G. Beyer, chairman of the committee of exhibits in the museum buildings, shortly before 11 o'clock, and accompanied by Mrs. Toyer and John S. Fulton, the secretary-general, proceeded to the stage in the great auditorium. There Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, the presiding officer, and as the personal representative of the President of the United States, extended the official welcome on behalf of the United States Government. A welcome to the United States capital was then extended by District Commissioner McParlane, followed by brief remarks by the representatives of about thirty foreign countries. The assembly hall was a prism of color, the flags of every nation being displayed. The national anthems of this and other countries were played by the marine band.

The greater part of the day's session was devoted to responses by foreign delegates. At the conclusion of this feature of the program, Secretary Cortelyou called the meeting, the delegates dispersed and will not assemble in general session again until Saturday morning, Oct. 3rd.

PANDORA Range



What a "Pandora" Hot-Water Attachment Means to Me

"BELOW—You see how I just turn on the tap and instantly get hot water for my dishes, washing, scrubbing, preserving, etc.

"ABOVE—you see how the pipes are connected to the bath and basin—no waiting for a bath—no carrying hot water upstairs."

"Pandora" Ranges can be supplied with a hot-water attachment if you haven't already got one, and the attachment does not either take extra fuel or interfere with baking.

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Kitchen Cooks and Ranges.

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R. Allen Crowe

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given in trade for same and all goods at reasonable prices. TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, and HAND BAGS, AT COST to clear. Prompt attention given to all repairing.

GEORGE M. LAKE

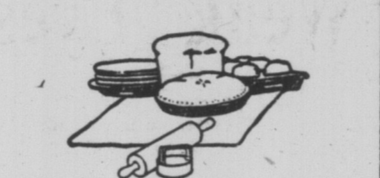
You are most cordially invited to attend

Our Fall Millinery Opening.

which will take place on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9th and 10th at

MISSANNIECHUTE'S

Stores at Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.



Whether your bread is good or bad, the cost of baking is the same. You pay a few cents more for

Royal Household Flour

but those few cents insure good results every time. It is the finest, whitest, purest flour that's milled. It's the flour that is always good.

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

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Consisting of two story modern cottage, eight rooms and halls, furnace heated, good stable and carriage room.

Half acre land with all kinds native fruit trees just coming in bearing.

Buildings all new and in thorough repair, within five minutes walk of school, churches, etc. This place will be sold right to an immediate purchaser. For further particulars apply to

ARTHUR C. CHARLTON Bridgetown, Sept. 8th, 1908

Ask Me if you want to buy or sell a farm or exchange for business or city property.

I. MOSER Estate Agent. Dept H. Halifax, N. S.

Estate Notice

All persons owing the estate of the late Dr. S. C. Primrose will kindly make immediate payment to the undersigned.

KATHARINE PRIMROSE Administratrix. Lawrence town, Aug. 4th, 1908

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