

.... DARGIES' NEW CARPET DEPARTMENT

YOU NEED A NEW CARPET

The old one is worn and shabby and when the fall cleaning is done is the time to replace the old one with one of our New Carpets or Squares.

We have just opened a new department and can show you a fresh new stock of

Carpets, Squares, Rugs, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Also Portieres and Couch Covers in up-to-date designs.

These goods have been marked very low. Get our prices before making your purchases.

CHAS. DARGIE & SON
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

Harness! Harness!

We have just received a shipment of harnesses which for quality of material and workmanship surpass anything we ever carried before. If you are contemplating the purchase of any goods in this line it will pay you to see our stock before ordering elsewhere.

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.

WALL PAPERS

In order to make room for New Goods I will close out several thousand rolls of this season's Wall Papers in the latest designs at Bargain Prices. Will call with samples if requested.

Remember you may expect bargains.

F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN N. S.

Fall and Winter Millinery

Our Fall Stock has now arrived, and trimming orders are coming in daily. It will be to your advantage to be among the early customers.

Miss Annie Chute

Stores at BRIDGETOWN and LAWRENCETOWN

Fresh Family Groceries

at the

Bridgetown Central Grocery

Canned Vegetables

Beans, Corn, Peas, Pumpkin, Squash and Tomatoes. One dozen each, or assorted, for \$1.00.

Canned Fruit

Blueberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears and Pineapples.

Dried Fruit

London Layer Table Raisins, Valencia Layer Table Raisins, California Muscatel Raisins, California Seeded Raisins, Figs, Dates, etc., at the LOWEST PRICES.

Buy at the "entral Grocery", get reliable goods and save money.

J. E. LLOYD

Richard the Brazen.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For the Freedom of the
Sea," "The Southerners," Etc.,
AND
EDWARD PEPLER,
Author of "A Broken Rosary,"
"The Prince Chap," Etc.
Copyright, 1909, by Moffat, Fard &
Company.

[CONTINUED.]

"But-but," stammered the champion of Longmatt, "I don't understand. Why, the legislature is fixed: 1-1 bought it!"

"So did I!" asserted the cattle king. "Wrong again, gentlemen!" chuckled the little Irishman. "That august and honorable body can't be bought!"

"Explain!" cried Mr. Renwyck, tottering to his feet. "What do you mean, Michael? What do you know about it, anyway?"

"Lots," laughed Mr. Corrigan. "Besides, it's very simple when you get down to the facts. You see, there was a gentleman in New York the other day—the Hon. Mr. Kinwait, I believe he is called—a man wielding quite a big stick among certain members of the legislature. You, Mr. Williams, missed a toddy for him in San Antonio, while Jacob took him out to lunch in New York and presented him with a fine cigar."

The Texan and the New Yorker glared savagely, but Uncle Michael smiled blandly and continued:

"The Hon. Mr. Kinwait, being thus beholden to both of you for your generous hospitality, became doubtful as to which to serve, and while struggling with his India rubber conscience a third party came along and offered him board and lodging in the penitentiary. All things being equal, he forgoed both toddy and cigar and dumped his influence on the side of sweet Olivia and the Peace and Good Will Realty company. Am I clear?"

He was more than clear, for both of the old case-hardened schemers saw at a glance how cleverly they had been overreached by a little one horse organization that masked a serpent's fang under the cloak of a pious, inoffensive title, with a guileless individual named Fishcall as its outward exponent!

"Good Lord," sighed Bill Williams, "and I sold 'em the land to do it with!"

Mr. Renwyck had done the same, but had not the grace to admit it.

"Who the devil is back of this Peace and Good Will Realty company?" he demanded, forgetting the presence of the ladies in his anger and chagrin. The little Irishman made as graceful a bow as his embonpoint would permit.

"I am."

"You?" gasped Mr. Renwyck.

"Yes, Jake, dear. I also interviewed the Hon. Mr. Kinwait."

"But, man," stormed Mr. Renwyck, "don't you know that half my fortune is invested in that deal? You—you've swindled me!"

Bill Williams laid his hand on Mr. Corrigan's shoulder and spoke calmly, but reproachfully:

"It was my pet scheme, Mike, and you knew it. Half my pile is gone too. I didn't think you'd do me up like that."

"I was merciful," said Uncle Michael coolly. "I left you each half. You won't starve. I might have taken all!"

If Mr. Corrigan fancied that he was fronting out the crinkled shirt of trouble by proving to the rivals that neither one had been successful, he found himself vastly mistaken. The tempest was loosed again, and Richard the Brazen took a turn at the thunder box.

"Look here," he cried, striding up to Uncle Michael and spinning that portly little man about without deference to his age or size, "Mr. Corrigan, if you were twenty years younger I'd give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in all your life!"

At this surprising development the entire company, with the exception of the lawyer, were too amazed to do aught but stare at the furious young man. The furious young man continued, oblivious to his surroundings:

"I came to you in confidence, sir, as my attorney, at your own suggestion, and asked advice. I was helpless, as you knew, hanging between duty to dad and my pledge to Mr. Renwyck. You've swindled us all, sir—these gentlemen of their harbors, me of what I placed confidently in your hands—my honor!"

"Honor!" sneered Mr. Renwyck. "Honor!"

"What!" bellowed the cattle king. "You knew all about it, Dick, and you didn't tell me! Oh, Dick, Dick!"

Richard turned to explain to his reproachful father, but Mr. Renwyck turned upon the young man fiercely.

"Ha!" he almost screamed. "So that's the reason you couldn't sign a draft? You had sold me to Michael, had you—sold me when in the kindness of my heart I tried to help an impoverished Englishman? Englishman!" he laughed derisively. "A spy, a traitor to me—yes, and to his own flesh and blood too!" The financier paused for breath, then wheeled upon his brother-in-law. "And you," he stormed—"you, with your arguments and your chuckling mask that hides a rascal! That's what you've been laughing at for the past three days. Is it—you and your psalm singing Mr. Fishcall? You cheated me out of my land at Olivia! You've blackmailed the Texan legislature! You—you—you!"

"Oh, Jacob, darling!" sobbed Mrs. Renwyck, coming to his side as he sank, exhausted, into his chair.

"It is perfectly impossible," Miss Schermerly. "I am almost tempted to go upstairs!" However, she successfully resisted temptation.

It seemed at this stage that poor little Mr. Corrigan had not a leg of honor to stand upon, and, to be correct, he did not attempt to stand, but sank into a seat and laughed until his appetitive stroke seemed imminent. He was most aggravating, too, when he laughed.

"Goodness!" now observed the solemn Mr. Van der Awe. "He's worse than my poor Imogene!"

But Mr. Corrigan at last mastered his emotions, arose and, dabbling his eyes with his handkerchief, began to explain his case.

"Jacob," he said, "upon my honor, Richard never told me a single thing that I did not already know. My company was in the field long before he came to New York, and here are my papers to prove it. I knew every man of both of you, and while you and Bill were treating the legislature to whisky and cigars I got into the game myself. Our brazen young friend here had nothing to do with it whatever."

Richard heaved a sigh of deep relief, and old Bill Williams laughed.

"Look here, Mike," he said, "you've got all the money you want. Why in the name of common sense are you wading about in deep water harbors?"

"Several reasons," chuckled Uncle Michael. "First, I wanted the fun of the thing; second, I wanted a rap at Jacob, who is inclined to think he knows everything in the world; third, I wanted a joke on my friend, Bill Williams; fourth, I wanted to prove to you two old gray rats that your teeth are getting dulled by age; fifth, I had at heart the real welfare of the great state of Texas; sixth, I would not see a helpless legislature led astray; seventh, the Peace and Good Will Realty company is a bridal present I intend making to the son and daughter of two of my friends."

"What friends?" asked the two frenzied financiers together.

"Bill and Jake!" answered Mr. Corrigan, bursting into another laugh.

Four people flushed, two in anger, the other two for secret reasons of their own.

"Now listen, boys," continued Uncle Michael earnestly. "You two have had a very foolish quarrel, and it's time to shake hands and make it up. So far as your harbor schemes are concerned, you are both out of the running. I own it—every share. I will turn my interest over to Richard, to do with as he chooses, but if I know him—and I'm inclined to think I do—I have a pretty fair idea as to how he will act. What do you say, Dicky, boy?"

Richard came forward and grasped the lawyer's hand.

"Mr. Corrigan," he said, "forgive me for what I said just now. I take it all back. You're the finest counsel on earth!"

"Oh!" chuckled the little man. "Changed your opinion, have you? Well, go on."

"I couldn't begin to thank you for what you have done for me," continued Richard, "and what that is I am now going to confess. I have been longing to do it for a week. But first let's settle this harbor tangle. I suggest that dad and Mr. Renwyck consolidate their interests with me and we'll open up at Olivia. Olivia is the best place for a harbor, anyway."

"Bully!" chuckled Mr. Corrigan, rubbing his plump hands until the skin was almost peeled. "Well, Jake? Well, Bill?"

"Um! Not a bad idea," admitted the cattle king, with a flickering smile. "What do you say, Renwyck?"

"I think," said the old financier slowly—"I think I'd rather wait for the confession this young man has mentioned. From what I know of him already it may lead to complications."

Richard smiled hopefully at Harriet and stepped to the center of the hall. He made a clean breast of it, beginning at his meeting with the real Lord Croyland, the automobile accident and the cool effrontery of the earl in taking the name of Richard Williams for his personal convenience.

The Texan then told how he had been met by his host at the railroad station and how he had been mistaken for the Englishman. At this point Mr. Renwyck interrupted him.

"Excuse me," he said, "but why did you pose as some one else?"

"Well, you see," confessed Richard, blushing to the roots of his hair, "you informed me at the time that the Williams family was a—well, a generation of vipers, to be exact, and, besides, I knew that dad would rave if he knew I came."

"You sealawag!" laughed the cattle king. "What were you up to, anyway?"

"I'm coming to that, dad," answered the young man, shyly casting another glance in Harriet's direction. That young lady had already turned for flight up the stairs when Richard stopped her with:

"No; wait, please, Miss Harriet. This concerns you. As I couldn't come here in my own name, Mr. Renwyck—and—"

"But why did you wish to be received at all?" the host cut in, while the eyes of Uncle Michael sparkled expectantly.

"Mr. Renwyck," said Richard boldly, now tingling caution to the winds, "that day when I dragged your daughter out of a milling bunch of cattle I swore to follow her if I had to crawl to Jericho on my hands and knees!"

"What?" cried the New Yorker, springing to his feet. "Were you the man?"

"Yes, sir," admitted the young Texan, casting a look of tenderness at a certain young lady who was busily trying to keep down her blushes.

"Well, I never!" burst out Mrs. Renwyck. "I—I thought he was a very funny Englishman!"

"Ah!" exclaimed her husband. "Now I see how you happened to stick on Hawk. Go on; go on!"

This Richard proceeded to do, giving a full account of his tribulations, but with such deep appreciation of their humorous side that the people most imposed upon could not find it in their hearts to be angry with him.

"You see," he said in conclusion, "I was bowled over by a statue of Napoleon, frozen out by a foreign draft and was apparently caught red-handed as a burglar. As for the diamonds, perhaps Mr. Corrigan can tell us more about them!"

He did not think it necessary to mention the matter of the letters and hoped that Harriet and Imogene might also be spared a confession. In this the young people were lucky, for Uncle Michael's man had caught both the light fingered gentlemen—Toddy-poddy, kins' expert and a notorious crook—who were subsequently lodged in a safe retreat which the Hon. Mr. Kinwait blessed by the skin of his teeth, and means were found to keep them silent as to Mr. Fitzgeorge's adventure in the billiard room, although Mr. Renwyck and Michael had to be told of it.

"So that's the way the matter stands, is it?" asked Mr. Renwyck, with a smile. "You two have been making love under my very nose. I said you were a burglar, sir, and now you prove it!" He glanced at his daughter from beneath his shaggy brows. "I suppose I needn't ask if it has all been decided without consulting me?"

"Well, no," grinned Richard. "I hoped it would have been, but something always popped up to interrupt us. I should like your permission, sir, to continue."

The financier studied the floor in silence, making no reply till Richard presently touched his shoulder and spoke again.

"Mr. Renwyck," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "don't forget that I have a libel suit against you. I should hate to run off with a lady while her father pined in jail."

"Oh, go 'long with you!" laughed the millionaire. "I was thinking of the Peace and Good Will Realty company. I guess I'm in with you. Come, gentlemen, let's go into the library and look over Michael's papers."

"Dicky," smiled old Bill Williams to his son, "you're a scamp, and you know it! But I'd give a dozen harbors to see you happy." He placed a caressing arm about the young man's shoulder and whispered into his ear: "Go in and win, Dick, my boy. She's worth it all!"

Mr. Corrigan rubbed his hands and turned to his brother-in-law.

"If you had listened to me at first, Jacob, you—"

"Oh, shut up, Michael!" laughed Mr. Renwyck. "I give in. I'm down, but don't stamp on me. Come on, Williams; I have something in the library besides papers, which I keep for friends!"

CHAPTER XXV.

AS the library door closed Miss Renwyck and Miss Schermerly rose to take their leave, the mother with a happy smile at Harriet, the spinster with a long, reproachful frown.

"Dear me!" the matron whispered to her friend. "So Harriet isn't going to be a nobleman's wife, after all. How very disappointing!"

"One of nature's noblemen, dear Julia," said Miss Schermerly, with a complete reversal of opinion. "I always thought him most distinguished."

Harriet laughed.

"I guessed you were not an Englishman by the dreadful time you had with Lord Croyland's monocle. Really it was most pathetic!"

Richard took the frail silk cord between his thumb and finger, winding the glass around his head in the manner of aariat.

"It has served its purpose, and now we'll smash the last emblem of the foreigner."

"No; don't," interrupted Harriet quickly. "Let me keep it as a souvenir of your realistic impersonation."

He dropped it into her hand and asked:

"But did you suspect that I was the—"

"The cowboy?" she finished. "I—I hoped you were."

"God bless you for that!" he cried. "And, now that you know, may I tell you again that I have loved you, worshipped you, since that first sweet moment when I pulled you from your pony and held you in my arms? May I tell you that never for a moment have I ceased to dream of you, wanting you as I wanted nothing else in the whole wide world?"

"You—you didn't think that way at first," she smiled.

THE END.

PURITY FLOUR

And Its Keeping Qualities

SOME people find it necessary to buy a considerable quantity of flour at one time—sufficient to last for a long period. Naturally they are anxious to procure a flour of the kind best adapted to lengthy storage.

There are two important reasons why PURITY FLOUR possesses these qualities. One is that it is made entirely from Manitoba Hard Wheat. The other lies in the fact that the careful milling necessary to produce "Purity" absolutely excludes all low-grade particles of the wheat berry. It's the high grade Manitoba Hard Wheat Flour that keeps—stands longest storage. That's "Purity."



"Purity" flour may cost a little more, but is more than worth the difference. Try it. Watch results both for quality and yield.

"More Bread and better Bread"

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.

XMAS! XMAS! XMAS!

A fine lot of Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, Ducks for the Xmas trade. Give us your orders and we will give you satisfaction.

ARTHUR BENT, Queen St.

New Fall Goods Opening Daily

AT
I. M. Otterson's

Cowan's

Milk Chocolate Stick, Medallions, Croquettes, Cream Bars etc. are truly delicious.

For sale by all dealers from Coast to Coast.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

75



their spoke; then he took her unresisting hand.

"Harriet," he whispered, and now his voice for the first time trembled—"Harriet, do you understand why I stooped to this deception? I tried to tell you over and over again, but feared to lose you in the telling. I would gladly have faced death a thousand times rather than deceive you, and yet—for you I did it. Did you know—did you dream that I was an American?"

Harriet laughed.

"I guessed you were not an Englishman by the dreadful time you had with Lord Croyland's monocle. Really it was most pathetic!"

Richard took the frail silk cord between his thumb and finger, winding the glass around his head in the manner of aariat.

"It has served its purpose, and now we'll smash the last emblem of the foreigner."

"No; don't," interrupted Harriet quickly. "Let me keep it as a souvenir of your realistic impersonation."

He dropped it into her hand and asked:

"But did you suspect that I was the—"

"The cowboy?" she finished. "I—I hoped you were."

"God bless you for that!" he cried. "And, now that you know, may I tell you again that I have loved you, worshipped you, since that first sweet moment when I pulled you from your pony and held you in my arms? May I tell you that never for a moment have I ceased to dream of you, wanting you as I wanted nothing else in the whole wide world?"

"You—you didn't think that way at first," she smiled.

"How? What do you mean?" Harriet hesitated, blushed and then went on:

"Well—you—you put me down on the grass, gave me that awful whisky—then forgot all about me—to go after your—horrid cows!"

It was Richard's turn to laugh.

"But, you see," he explained, "it was duty that called me then, even as another duty calls me now. I'm afraid I must leave you to look after an English calf." He smiled at Harriet's look of blank astonishment and continued, with a laugh: "It is all on account of poor Woolsey Beal. I thought he had helped to steal your diamonds, and I'm afraid I locked the Cardinal up in the bathroom."

"Oh, please hurry and let the poor thing out!" Miss Harriet pleaded when she fully realized the situation.

"But Richard for once determined to put pleasure even before so plain a duty as releasing an innocent prisoner."

"No," he whispered; "I want the promise of another prisoner first—a prisoner for life—for all time—and one who will never wish to get away. I love you," he pleaded, "with all my strength and with all my soul. Dearest, will you be my prisoner?"

She checked his extended hands and asked, with a mischievous smile:

"Will—you will lock me up in the bathroom?"

"If you need it," he answered audaciously. "But at other times I'll lock you in my heart. Darling, will you come?"

Again he came toward her, and this time he would not be denied.

"Yes," murmured Harriet faintly. And Richard the Brazen came into his own.

THE END.

108 Nox a Cold in One Day
Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Lung Trouble. None just as good. At all leading drug stores, 25c. and 50c. bottles. Manufactured by the Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ontario. Warren's Drug Store Special Agent.