

.... 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.

How a Man Saved Money

He was building a house. He bought all his material from us, and saved a good sum of money. Let us send you prices.
A. W. ALLEN & SON, Middleton, N. S.
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, Etc.

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.

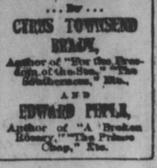
Dried Fruit

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

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

J. E. LLOYD

Richard the Brazen



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"Bless my soul," he spluttered. "Is this the—eh?"

"The Earl of Croftland, of course," answered Mr. Renwyck, striving to control his growing impatience at all these interruptions.

"Of course," said Richard solemnly. "Didn't you just recognize me yourself?"

"Fellow! Chaps! This isn't the Earl of Croftland, Mr. Renwyck. He's an impostor, sir. You are being grossly deceived."

If a lyddite shell had been exploded on the lawn of Restmore it could not have created a more profound sensation. There were several startling exclamations, short and sharp, then a sudden silence, which finally the farmer broke.

"Dog my cats!" he roared excitedly. "I know he was tryin' to woolee us!"

"Come into the house," said Mr. Renwyck sternly. "All of you. We'll sift this matter to the bottom."

The assemblage which gathered in the large wide hall was indeed a mixed collection. Besides the haughty Miss Schermerly and the dismal Mr. Van der Awe, there were one wondering English gentleman, two detectives, a coast-guard, several more or less terrified seavants, a farmer, an automobile agent, a lawyer, a banker and a scapgoat. This is not counting Mrs. Renwyck, who found herself in a frightened state of agitation which Miss Schermerly could not soothe, nor Miss Chittendon, who was worse off; nor Miss Renwyck, nor Miss Sumpson, who was displaying her "rippin'" figure from a point of vantage on the stairs between the other two.

"Now," said Mr. Renwyck, facing the scapgoat in the center of the hall—"now, sir, may be good enough to give an account of yourself."

"What would you like to know first?" asked Richard in an exasperatingly level voice.

"Are you an Englishman?"

"An Englishman! Well, rather not," answered the scapgoat.

"No, thank 'ee," came the fervid answer. "An American and proud of it!"

Sir Rodney's face flamed redder than before. So did Miss Harriet's, but hers from a very different cause.

"Oh, I say!"—disputed the ambassador.

"His English!" laughed the farmer. "Good!"

"I knew there was something wrong," began Miss Schermerly in malicious triumph. "I always thought his manner had not the repose that—"

"His manner?" continued Mr. Renwyck, glaring about him savagely. Then he turned once more to Richard. "You have imposed on my hospitality, sir. Who are you?"

"Now, whom do you think I am?" asked the Texan, with a most engaging smile.

There was silence for a moment; then Miss Sumpson spoke:

"Pardon me, Mr. Renwyck, but I think I can supply that information. He is—or says he is—Peter Wilson, chairman for the Layton Motor company. He intended to drive a car on a track."

"Can a broncho?" enquired Miss Harriet, to whom an illumination was dawning.

"No, but," spoke up Mr. Parker promptly, "making your pardon, ma'am, for contradicting a lady, I belong to the Layton Motor company, and I never laid eyes on this man before in my life."

"That's all!" shouted the farmer. "He is Peter Wilson; I recall it now. I heard him say so himself. The lady heard him, too, an' she'll back me up."

"Officers," said Mr. Renwyck, with quiet ferocity, "oblige me by putting that man out of my house."

Sergeant Flit complied willingly, and for the balance of the evening the rustic looked on and listened from afar. When quiet was restored Mr. Renwyck returned to the matter in hand.

"You admit, then, to having sailed under false colors?"

"I do," said Richard equably. "Is your name Peter Wilson?"

"No."

Mr. Renwyck's face went red, then deathly pale. He had heard enough. In the excitement of the exposure he had lost sight for the moment of the nebbery. He polished a shaking finger at the Texan and exclaimed in a tone which was loud enough for all to hear:

"Where are my diamonds?"

"I give it up," said Richard cheerfully.

"That's what they want you to do," interrupted Mr. Van der Awe, with a sudden burst of intelligence, which surprised everybody.

"You've got them, my man," said Mr. Renwyck. "Officers, arrest him!"

"Father!"

Shrill and anguished came the cry, and the desperate Texan's warm blood tingled at the sound. To him it meant one friend at least, no matter what his name might be. As Harriet stepped forward Uncle Michael caught her hand, whispered a word in her ear and pulled her gently back.

"Be careful, Jacob," he admonished. "You are laying yourself open to a suit for libel. If you had listened to me at first, you—"

"Hold your tongue," retorted Mr. Renwyck sharply. "This is my affair."

"Oh, all right," agreed Mr. Corriana.

struggling as he turned away. "I wash my hands of the matter entirely."

This he proceeded to do, but with the proverbial "irrevocable soap," seeming to derive much joy therefrom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RICHARD was not angry at Mr. Renwyck's accusation, false though it was. He had expected it all along and had steeled himself to bear it without the turning of an eyelash. This would seem to be his opportunity for confessing his deception, yet now he was checked by the part the two young ladies had played on the previous night. To make a clean breast of it would be to involve them also, and even though it would clear him personally he could not entertain the thought for a single instant.

Yet when Sergeant Flit, the detective, put forth his hand the blood of the Texan seethed into action. There was no evidence of anger, no movement to resist the law, but in his cold gray eye there came a warning glint, which was further backed by a calm, dispassionate tone.

"Don't do that, sonny," he said in words that carried conviction. "There'll be no trouble. But hands off!" Once more he turned quietly to his host.

"Now, Mr. Renwyck, kindly explain your charge."

"It is scarcely necessary," answered that gentleman in undiluted contempt, "but if you wish to be further unmasked before this company I have no objection. I assure you. You entered my house under false pretenses and with an assumed name. By your own confession you have abused our trust and hospitality. I find you in my library at 3 o'clock in the morning, fully dressed, while the window is wide open and the burglar alarm switched off. Can you account for this extraordinary proceeding on the part of a guest in a gentleman's house?"

"I can," he answered calmly. Harriet made an involuntary movement at this, but Richard, whose eyes never lost sight of her, in spite of all that occurred, checked her with a motion of his hand. "As I told you, I had come downstairs for a book. The night was warm, and through the window came a very grateful breeze. If I wished to open a window, why should I alarm the entire household with a furious clatter from a big brass gong?"

There were murmurs of approval from several persons among the company, especially the ladies, but this only made Mr. Renwyck more firm in his last convictions.

"Nonsense!" he cried, "utter hosh! Do you mean to tell me that you will swear in court—as you certainly will have to—that you opened that library window merely to let in fresh air?"

"There was no other reason," the Texan answered imperturbably. Mr. Renwyck tried another tack.

"Was there any other man with you in the library last night?"

"There was."

Imogene gasped, and Harriet put an arm around her soothingly.

"He?" cried the banker triumphantly. "Perhaps you will turn state's evidence. Well, who was this other man?"

"You," smiled Richard. "I remember you perfectly on account of your costume, which was—or—quaint in the extreme."

Uncle Michael broke into a jovial roar, while a saucer of amusement rippled among the other listeners. The culprit had scored a point, but it only served to put Mr. Renwyck in a warmer rage.

"Officers," he cried, "do your duty! I accuse this man—let's a thief!"

Miss Harriet stepped forward, a crimson spot glowing on either cheek, but Imogene held tightly to her arm and dragged her back. Mr. Van der Awe was in a state which bordered on despair. He also had been watching Imogene and Harriet, and he saw that they were far more interested in the proceedings of the case than their silence warranted. Three times Miss Harriet had started forward, but her whimping friend had always detained her, once going so far as to stop an exclamation with a pretty hand across a pouting mouth. What was it Miss Renwyck seemed so eager to tell which Miss Chittendon seemed equally determined to withhold?

At Mr. Renwyck's order to the detectives great excitement filled the room. Sergeant Flit and his subordinate closed upon the Texan, and for a moment it seemed that trouble was inevitable.

"Stop!" said Richard. The tone was incisive, and somehow the waddering company gave obedience. "Mr. Renwyck," he went on quietly, "you have called me a thief before many witnesses. You will be required to answer for this to me! As to the manner of that answer you know enough of men from Texas to—"

This time Harriet broke, away from Miss Imogene, whitening to the lips and stretching out her hand to the group beneath her.

"Texas?" she cried. "Then you are—"

"I am," smiled Richard, "and don't you say a single word. We'll get out of this 'mill' too."

Miss Renwyck sank back against the balustrade, trembling from head to foot, while her color came and went, as she stared in silence at the cowboy of her dreams. In her heart she had

known it from the first, yet now she recognized the fact that she loved the pseudo Englishman even if he had not turned out to be her hero of the plains. How splendid he looked as he faced the company, striving to shield two helpless girls by taking the blame of the robbery upon himself! For her sake he was being branded as a thief. Nothing else should not be!

"Imogene," she whispered. "I must tell. I must, I must!"

But Imogene clung to her appealingly.

"Oh, don't!" she pleaded. "Corriana will be so angry at me. Look at him glowering now! Just wait a little while. I shall die of shame. Please, please!"

Harriet bit her lip. It was too late now, anyway, for her lover was speaking again, and she did not wish to miss a word.

"Gentlemen," he was saying, "Mr. Renwyck has accused me of a crime. Perhaps he is justified in connecting me with the loss of his valuable property; but, on the other hand, I appeal to you as level-headed, thinking men. His evidence is purely circumstantial."

"Can you prove your innocence?" sneered the financier.

"Unfortunately, no, nor am I compelled to do so by the laws of the land," returned the Texan quietly. "But I can wield as strong a chain around any member of this household whom you choose to select."

"Done!" retorted Mr. Renwyck angrily. "Make the choice yourself. Go on!"

"Very well," laughed Richard. "I will, Mr. Renwyck, I select you!"

"Met!" stormed the millionaire, starting back in genuine astonishment. "Preposterous!"

There was a chuckle of delight from a distant corner, and Mr. Renwyck had no trouble at all in fixing it upon Brother Michael. Richard stood with his feet slightly apart, his hands in his pockets, while he began to rock forward and backward on his heels and toes. The humor of the situation was coming back again.

"Gentlemen," he said, "and ladies, too, if you will allow me—this is merely for the sake of argument—our honorable host, for whom, believe me, I have the utmost respect and admiration, has unfortunately placed himself in a very ugly light. To begin with, he is involved in a certain financial scheme, the details of which I am not at liberty to disclose. Suffice it to say it requires a vast amount of capital. That Mr. Renwyck is plucked for money is proved by the fact that night before last he urged me to place \$100,000 in his enterprise."

"What?" gasped Mr. Renwyck. "Why, sir—why?"

"Wait!" said Richard sharply. "I have the door." Again he turned to the company. "I declined to invest this amount of money for reasons of my own, though my host was much annoyed thereat."

The speculator, who could not imagine what Richard was driving at, stood speechless with amazement, while his brazen guest went on:

"Falling in this attempt, gentlemen, the prisoner at the bar next looks about him for other means to relieve his need. His daughter is possessed of diamonds valued at much more than the amount required by him. He has these gems in charge and claims to have put them in his safe. Did any one see him do it? No. Can he prove that he placed them there at all? I think not, gentlemen. By his own admission he is the only person who knows the combination of that safe. He was warned by an eminent lawyer to place detectives in his house and declined to do so for obvious reasons. He did not wish to be spied upon!"

"Bully!" chuckled Uncle Michael to himself behind the shield of a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth. "Oh, bully! I didn't think he had it in him! Go for him, Dicky, boy! Go for him!"

Mr. Renwyck was far too thunder-struck even to defend himself. He glared at his accuser savagely, while his rank cheeks grew paler still with impotent rage.

"Stop!" he shouted. "This is nonsense, infernal nonsense! What! I steal my own daughter's diamonds? Ridiculous!"

"Can you prove it?" asked the Texan suavely. "If so, the court will acquit you gladly. It's up to you, Mr. Renwyck. Fire away!"

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed Sir Rodney, actually letting his monocle fall in his excitement.

"How dare you, you villain!" cried Mrs. Renwyck.

"Come, come; we'd better get this fool's head over our ankles now," said the detective sergeant.

"And he was going to teach me about English aristocracy!" sniffed Miss Schermerly scornfully, suppressing with difficulty a hysterical desire to scream.

"Where is the real Lord Croftland, I want to know?" asked Mr. Parker, taking advantage of the general disturbance to find voice again.

The old speculator was so handicapped by anger at the impudent assurance of the real culprit that coherent utterance was out of the question. He gugged and spluttered in a most incriminating manner, which gave a certain color to Richard's otherwise unshakable charge. Beyond doubt a stormy scene would have followed had not Mr. Corriana at last come forward to take a hand.

"Steady, Jake!" he cautioned, while Mrs. Renwyck, appalled at the term after the strain of hearing her husband accused of stealing, burst suddenly into tears, requiring the combined ministrations of Miss Schermerly and the three girls. "Jake" declined positively to be steady, so the little lawyer determined to bring matters to a close.

(Continued from last issue.)

MINARY'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHThERIA.

CHRISTMAS STAMP CAMPAIGN THE 1909 BATTLE AGAINST THE DREAD WHITE PLAGUE.

Available Beds in the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives Increased Three-Fold as a Result of Last Year's Sale of Christmas Stamps. The Number Can Be Doubled This Year If Everyone Will Help.



STIMULATED by the success of a year ago the National Sanitarium Association have made large preparations for the sale of the Christmas Stamp of 1909-10, issued on behalf of the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Nearly \$5,000.00 was netted from last year's sale, making it possible for the trustees to increase the available beds for needy patients from an average of fifty-five a year ago to one hundred and forty, the accommodation to-day.

The trustees are hopeful that they may bring the accommodation up to 300 beds as the outcome of this year's sale of this little one cent messenger of hope and healing.

The Christmas Stamp, as a means of fighting the dread white plague, had its origin in Denmark in 1904, the sale from which has financed a hospital for consumptives in that country. The idea was taken up by the Red Cross Society of the United States in 1907, and interest has grown each year.

A year ago a Christmas stamp of special design was put in circulation by the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives with the success already indicated in this article.

The price of the individual stamp is only one cent, but what wonderful things can be accomplished by so tiny an instrument. There is no reason why everyone who writes a letter, addresses a postcard, mails a newspaper or parcel from this day out should not use one of these stamps.

The educational value of the stamp appearing on every piece of mail matter would be enormous. One can hardly figure up the material results. It would mean a routing of the enemy

Tuberculosis that would bring hope and joy and gladness to thousands of homes and communities in all parts of Canada.

The stamp of 1909 is more beautiful than that of a year ago. The design is as shown in this article, but printed in red and green, and is of same size as the regular government postage stamp.

This Christmas stamp will not carry any kind of mail, but any kind of mail will carry it—and carry too the Happy Season's Greetings from sender to receiver. The stamps will be done up in envelopes of ten, twenty-five, fifty and one hundred for ordinary selling, and large orders will be supplied in quantities. The price for ten or for one hundred is a cent each.

The banks, departmental stores, drug stores, book and stationery stores and many other stores will sell them. Women's clubs, church organizations, bible classes and Sunday schools, public schools, and many other organizations and individuals will help this year as last year.

There would seem to be no reason why everybody everywhere may not help in forming an army of willing workers to sell these stamps all over the Dominion. The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is in the fullest sense a national institution caring for patients from every province in Canada.

The first issue of the stamp for this year is one million, and these will be put into circulation immediately, but there can hardly be any reason why the issue should not be increased many times over before Christmas.

The direction of the sale of Christmas Stamps is in the hands of Mr. J. S. Robertson, Sec.-Treasurer, National Sanitarium Association, 317 King Street, West, Toronto, who will give prompt reply to any enquiries regarding the stamp.

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.

New Fall Goods Opening Daily

AT
I. M. Otterson's

HOLIDAY GOODS

AND
EVERYDAY GOODS

NEW DRIED FRUITS

Raisins by the box, half-box, quarter-box, 1 pound package, seeded and seedless; Currants, Figs, Dates, and Candied Peels.

NEW NUTS, shelled or in the shell; Oranges, Grapes, Confectionery, etc.

A large assortment of CANNED GOODS, MINCE MEAT and BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.

FANCY and STAPLE CHINA and CROCKERY.

WANTED:- Any quantity of good Yellow-eye Beans.

C. L. PIGGOTT, QUEEN STREET

MILITARY DRILL IN SCHOOLS.

(New Glasgow Chronicle)

Germany is accounted the most military nation on the earth; yet military training is not used in the common schools. In Nova Scotia the people are so forbearing as to permit Sir Fred. Borden's fad being taught in the common schools. At a conven-

tion of the W. G. T. U. lately such teaching in the schools was vigorously condemned, as it should be. The idea of introducing the teaching of military drill in our common schools is one of the absurdities created by faddists and should be abandoned. If the state wants soldiers let it take them and teach them such is its work—the work of the common schools is something entirely different.