

# .... 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

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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.

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F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN N. S.

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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

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### 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.

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

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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

... BY ...  
CYRUS TOWSER  
BRADY,  
Author of "The Freedom of the Sea," "The Southerners," Etc.,  
AND  
EDWARD PEPE,  
Author of "A Broken Heart," "The Prince Chap," Etc.

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"Look here!" he shouted. "It seems all of you have had your share of talking. I want to do some of it myself." He turned to the company. "As for my brother-in-law, I feel that I must take his side and declare his innocence of theft. As for this young gentleman, he is equally innocent, though I must admit that he has taken ways." Uncle Michael paused to smile in appreciation of his own humor and continued, "As for me, I haven't the least doubt that any of you hot-headed people would slap me in jail at once for the simple reason that I have those diamonds in my pocket."

"You" cried a dozen people in a breath. "You?" "Yes," he laughed. "Here they are!" He pulled several jewel cases from his pocket, opened them and held them for all to see.

"So you're the robber, are you?" said Richard coolly, glad of a chance to pay back some of Uncle Michael's gibes. "Well, I'd never have believed it if you hadn't confessed it."

"You score one, Dick, but wait," returned Uncle Michael.

"If this is a joke, Michael," began Mr. Renwyck, frowning heavily, "I must say—"

"It's no joke, as you'll find, Jacob, and if you had followed my advice in the beginning you wouldn't have laid yourself wide open to this awkward libel case."

For a moment there was silence. It was difficult to say who was the most dumfounded—Mr. Renwyck, who saw at once what a blunder he had made; Miss Harriet, who knew that the diamonds had been taken by Mr. Fitz-George's pal and who wondered how her Uncle Michael had got them, and Imogene, who was confident that her secret would now be disclosed to every one, or Richard, who had looked up poor, innocent Woolsey Bill for a theft which evidently he had not committed. So his ecclesiastical valet had told the truth, after all! Consternation reigned, and everybody began to talk at once, but Mr. Corrigan raised his hand for silence and continued his most effective address.

"You are no doubt wondering," he laughed, "how I happened to come by this valuable property, and I, in spite of our brazen young friend's suggestion, hasten to assure you that I got it honestly. My worthy brother-in-law, who never would listen to any one except himself, declined to heed me

but I have the accomplice on the inside. The accomplice is just as culpable as the actual thief." He frowned at Richard and continued: "This man is an impostor. He switched off the alarm in my library window, let in his partner in crime and was about to cover up his tracks when I chanced to awaken, heard a noise and came downstairs. I caught him in the very act, I tell you, and the law shall take its course. Here, officer, I command you to arrest that man! He's a thief!"

Richard wheeled upon his accuser, his own anger now bubbling to the boiling point, when a deep voice boomed upon them like the roar of a heavy gun.

"Who calls my son a thief?" With one accord the company turned toward the speaker, and several of them started at the sight of the giant form of old Bill Williams towering in the doorway.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"WELL, Dad!" Richard sprang forward and grasped his father's hand in both his own, while the old man eyed his son with a strange, conflicting mixture of reproach and parental love.

"Dicky," he sighed, "I'm glad to see you all right, my boy, but you've given your poor old dad a heap of worry. Now, what's all this mess about?"

The greeting between father and son was brief, because the bombshell revelation of the son's identity brought another powerful actor to the fore. To Harriet it had come as a tingling relief, for in a flash she understood why Richard had concealed his name, and she found herself smiling happily in answer to his father's courteous bow, but to Jacob Renwyck the effect was far more serious, inasmuch as he seemed to be the target at which this particular shell was aimed. In speechless rage he glared at his former colleague, glared also at the son and finally glared more fiercely still at Michael Corrigan, who advanced, with a smile of greeting to the visitor.

"Hello, Bill! How are you?" he began cordially as he shook the other's mighty fist.

"Hello, Mike!" was the return greeting. "Where's the tarantula that calls my boy a thief?"

He did not await an answer, but turned instinctively toward his enemy, and for an instant the two fearless promoters stood sizing up each other in utter silence; then Jacob Renwyck spoke.

"I do!" he cried as it flashed upon him how Richard might have used his information in the harbor deal. "I do, you villain, and I include you in the charge! You sent your son to spy upon me, to steal my plans by a miserable, underhand fraud! You—"

"Jacob, Jacob!" wailed Mrs. Renwyck. "Be careful what you say, please!"

"S-s-h!" admonished Uncle Michael. "Don't spoil the fun, Julia. Let the old boys go it. It'll do 'em good."

The old boys in question proceeded to go it, but not for the sake of fun, nor did it seem to do them any good whatever. When Mr. Renwyck paused to catch his breath Bill Williams saw his chance and took the floor.

"Why, you old spavined skate," he thundered, doubling up his hairy fist, "don't think that you can cover up your tracks by abusing me or my boy either! You tricked me away from Texas on a blind trail, that's what you did, while your buccaneering dummies jumped my claim in Austin! Fooled me on a cold scent, did you, you fox? Well, I'll have your brush yet if I have to auction off my last stump tailed steer to do it!"

"Dear me!" quavered the horrified Miss Schermerly. "What frightful language!"

"Extraw'd'ry!" nodded the British ambassador, who had not the remotest idea what it was all about. "Most extraw'd'ry! 'Pon my word!"

The two gladiators were now the center of a human ring, which gathered closer and closer about them, each glowering at his hated adversary, each waiting for the final crash to come.

"I didn't!" shouted Mr. Renwyck. "You did!" the Texan bellowed in flat contradiction. "Why did you call my son a thief?"

Mr. Renwyck looked abashed. "Well," he hedged, "perhaps I was wrong in that. I—I apologize."

"Won't do!" stormed the angry cattle king. "You've got to settle this with me! Understand me, sir—with me!"

Matters between the two frenzied financiers, both equally courageous and both equally enraged, had by this time risen to an alarming pitch, and it devolved upon Mr. Corrigan to prevent a personal encounter. A telegraph messenger had come to the door, and the lawyer himself received the dispatch. He tore open the envelope, glanced at the contents, smiled and turned to the two contestants.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he urged, "you can accomplish nothing by tearing each other to pieces. I suggest that we dismiss the major portion of our audience, then settle this dispute in the bosom of our respective, gentle minded families."

Even Mr. Renwyck saw the wisdom of this sage suggestion, and in a moment more the detectives and Mr. Par-

... were requested to wait outside while the servants were for the time dismissed. There remained in the hall, besides the active threads of the hopeless snarl, Sir Rodney Hekwich, Miss Schermerly and Miss Sempton. Both ladies, being like members of the family—not to refer to their human feminine curiosity—made no move to leave, but the British ambassador, glad of any excuse, took up his hat and gloves. He rather fancied that he had happened upon some private though loosely conducted sanitarium, and during this temporary lull in the tempest he tapped Richard on the shoulder and said in a shaking tone:

"Er—pardon me, young man, I haven't the remotest idea what all this means, and I seem to have stirred it up myself by innocently asking for my friend, Lord Croylund. Since you—er—since you had his name awhile ago, could you chance to inform me where I might find his—ah—person?"

"Yes," replied Richard, with a glint of merriment lighting up his eyes. "You will find his person—somewhat damaged, to be sure—in St. Luke's hospital, New York. Send in your card and ask for Mr. Richard Williams. The card changed his name for fear that a submarine would blow him up."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Sempton under her breath. She had called frequently at the hospital and had spent several long afternoons in administering cheer to the sick man, which the sick man had reciprocated through the assistance of the rosy checked nurse with flowers, confectionery, and so on, for both of which the nurse had an excellent taste. Miss Sempton had belonged for years to a hospital visiting association and flower mission and had never been so glad of it before.

"So he's an English lord! How nice! Goodness me! I always knew he was something out of the common. I think I'll have him call as soon as he is able," her thoughts ran.

"Oh," said Sir Rodney, having taken a full minute to digest Richard's astounding bit of information, staring vacantly at the young man the while, "I—I don't understand, of course, but anything is preferable to this."

He waved his distinguished hand in the direction of all the asylumes collectively, bowed and departed on his way.

"I can give you some tidings of him, Sir Rodney," began Miss Sempton, following him out on the porch. "He was quite badly hurt in an automobile accident, but is doing well. I've been in to see him a number of times. Will you remember me most kindly to him and say that—Miss Sempton, you know—will be in again before long?"

"I shall be delighted, my dear young lady, and so, I am sure, will Croylund," answered the baronet, bowing himself away with an appreciation of the young lady's charm, coughed in the ear's very words: "Ripping girl! Croylund always was a lucky beggar, by Jove!"

It may here be said that the ambassador, leaving Miss Sempton under the wistaria, indulging in dreams of a coronet which might and eventually did grace her brow, found his friend and gave him a hazy explanation of what he had seen at Irvington, though when the ear discovered how Richard had turned the tables on him, using a noble title for his own advantage, the Englishman failed to see that this stroke of genius was the least bit "clever."

"Deuced bad form!" he muttered in unreasonably resentment, quite forgetting his own turpitude in the matter of name appropriation. "I wouldn't have believed that Williams fellow such a selfish beast, you know." However, in the pleasure he took in Miss Sempton's message the noble ear soon dismissed the other episode from his mind.

"Now," said Uncle Michael when the doors of the hall were closed, "we can breathe once more." He unfolded his telegram and smoothed it out with a soft, caressing hand, cleared his throat and began again: "I have here a message from a friend of mine in Austin, Texas, in which one or both of you gentlemen may perhaps be interested. It seems that the state legislature adjourned just after a certain deep water harbor bill was passed."

In truth, both gentlemen were more than interested, and in the tantalizing pause which the little lawyer made that poor old backneyed pin might have again done service in dropping.

"Ha!" triumphantly shouted Jacob Renwyck, who could wait no longer. "I knew it! Longmatt!"

"Not on your life!" corrected the cattle king. "Matagorda City!"

Uncle Michael laughed. "Which? Which?" both the assured speculators questioned in the same breath.

"Neither, gentlemen, and here's my advice to prove it." He laughed again and struck the telegram with his fist. "The joke's on both of you. Olivia!"

"What?"

Again there was a breathless pause. "Julia," whispered the stately Miss Schermerly into Mrs. Renwyck's wondering ear, "I was positive from the first that some woman was mixed up in this affair. Her name is Olivia!"

Mrs. Renwyck rose to her feet, bristling.

"Olivia who?" she demanded sharply, though in the excitement no one paid the least attention to her, for Mr. Renwyck sank limp and stunned into his chair, while the puzzled Texan leaned against a table and turned the color of his reddest steer.

(Continued from last issue.)

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December 1st., 1909.

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