



# BABIES' SORE SKINS

"My baby had a rash something like eczema. It caused the child great pain and made it very restless and ill. The rash spread very quickly, and I was at a loss what to do next, for all the remedies I tried failed to give the little one ease. A friend strongly advised me to try Zam-Buk, and I did. That proved good and gave the baby ease very quickly. I went on with the treatment, and by the time the third box was used, all traces of the rash had gone."

So says Mrs. J. Reesor, of Aurora, and scores of mothers could make practically the same statement. If your child suffers from teething rash, eczema, chafing, or any of the numerous skin troubles to which young children are victims, apply Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk has the great merit of being pure. When you put an ointment on to your child's skin it finally gets into the blood through the pores just as surely as if you put it into the child's stomach. So don't you see how important it is the balm should be pure? Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. It contains no animal fat, no mineral coloring, no poisonous, burning antiseptic. It soothes quickly, and heals surely. Send us 1c. stamp and we will mail you trial box free.

Zam-Buk is a cure for eczema, ulcers, blood poisoning, abscesses, cuts, burns, cold sores, etc. Wherever the skin is injured or diseased Zam-Buk will give ease and will heal. All druggists and stores, 5c. each box, or for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 310c. 5c. box.

**BEST FRIEND OF MOTHER AND BABY**

## ZAM-BUK

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER

## 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.

## 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

BY...  
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,  
Author of "For the Freedom of the South," "The Southern," etc.,  
AND  
EDWARD PEPPE,  
Author of "A Broken Rosary," "The Friese Chap," etc.

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### CHAPTER XXII.

MR. BILL WILLIAMS took the first train for Irvington, settled himself with a long black cigar in the smoking car and began to churn his brains for answers to many perplexing questions. That his enemies were trying to enmesh him was as clear as day. His son might have sent one wire of warning, but why a dozen? That was Jacob's fine Italian hand. If Richard was at liberty, why had he not written? Why had he left his baggage at the St. Regis without returning? How dared he go to Irvington? Where had he gone thereafter? Where was he now? The old gentleman gave it up and chewed the end of his cigar in savage impatience. Of one thing only was he certain—he would get on Richard's trail and follow it to the end.

On reaching Irvington he hurried to the telegraph office and sent the following dispatch to his representative at Austin, Tex.:

Watch harbor bill. Sidn game on. Learn when legislature will adjourn and answer. BILL WILLIAMS.

Irvington, N. Y.

There was some considerable delay in sending his wire, which he further lengthened by telephoning to his New York representative, making an appointment with them for later during the day. As he had plunged straight for the telegraph office, he neither saw nor was seen by Mr. Jacob Renwyck when that gentleman, accompanied by two plain clothes men, got off the rear car of the same train, rushed across the platform, jumped into a waiting surrey, the only carriage that happened to meet that train, and drove rapidly away. Nor did he hear several people laud the station agent for walking directions to Mr. Renwyck's place. First there was a well-groomed, somewhat pompous, official-looking Englishman, with a red face and white side whiskers, evidently a man of authority and importance. Next there was a tall, blond young woman, with a "rippled" figure, who expressed surprise that no vehicle was there to meet her. And finally there were an excited old farmer, a hard-featured man in plain clothes—who with an official look—a fussy little representative of a motor company, if one could judge by his cap and general automobile rig.

In despair of a carriage all of these walked slowly up the hill in the direction of Restmore, although in the fact that, save the farmer and the plain clothes official, each pursued his way alone, holding no communication with the others, was conclusive proof that their simultaneous arrival and their common destination were merely coincidences. Mr. Renwyck and his companions arrived long before the others. With the two detectives he went immediately into the library, where he met his wife and Mr. Corrigan, whose safe was wide open, showing the tumbling contents just as they had been found when the door was unlocked two hours earlier by Uncle Michael. In utter silence the two sleuths made an examination, but beyond one tiny scratch near the keyhole of the inner door the safe showed no evidence of having been tampered with. Besides Mr. Renwyck, there was no one else who knew the combination except the old butler, who was confined to his bed with rheumatism in a small village several miles away and who was quite above suspicion anyway. Clearly, then, the thief had in some way learned the combination or else he was an experienced crackman.

On hearing of the robbery the first thought that flashed into Mr. Renwyck's mind was his curious meeting in the library with his English guest at 3 o'clock in the morning, with the window open and the burglar alarm turned off. The prowler's explanation had been quite simple. Mr. Renwyck had honestly striven to persuade himself that it was entirely satisfactory, although he could not drive away a sneaking suspicion that everything was not just right. In the light of present developments his mind recurred to this suspicion with added force. That there was that draft which the card had so inexplicably refused to sign after that offering to do so, a small matter in itself, yet coupled with the strange nocturnal wanderings of a gentleman who wished to seek for a book at a quarter past 3 o'clock in the morning—well, it troubled Mr. Renwyck not a little. All the way to Irvington he had turned the matter over in his mind, yet on meeting Lord Crolyland, as the front veranda he was forced to admit that the frank appearing young man looked as little like a burglar as himself.

Mr. Corrigan was the first to give his evidence. He explained about the tramp with a cast in his eye and told how he had first observed the man on the train coming from New York, then how the same man had come to Restmore begging. He offered to bet his brother-in-law a thousand dollars that five hundred that the cock-eyed fellow was the robber, but Mr. Renwyck coldly declined to take the wager.

Mr. Corrigan described the appearance of the man with enthusiastic minuteness, at which the foremost of the detectives smiled an oily smile.

"Well, by gad," he exclaimed indelicately, "if that doesn't hit Jack Bibbs, then I'm a Dutchman! If Jack's got your shiners, Mr. Renwyck, you'd better watch for 'em."

"Why?" asked Mr. Corrigan. "Because he's the slickest crook in seven states," returned the sergeant, nodding vigorously. "He's a hundred and fifty miles away by this time, sure."

"Um!" said Uncle Michael. "If you had listened to me, Jake, instead of trying to be humorous, you—" "Oh, shut up, will you?" growled Mr. Renwyck. "This is no time for recrimination. You'd argue the sun, moon and stars out of the sky together if you found any one to listen to you."

"Now, who ever saw sun, moon and stars in the sky at the same time?" queried the irascible Michael. "There you go," retorted his brother-in-law. "Your story of the tramp is just as absurd now as it was in the beginning. Come, let's get down to business. Call everybody in. These officers will question every inmate of the house. Gentlemen," he said, turning to the detectives, "you have my permission to proceed in any manner which seems best to you. We are entirely in your hands."

"All right, sir," answered the detective sergeant, whose name was Flint. "We'll take the servants first."

Richard was crossing the hall in a vain search for Harriet when he chanced to overhear this last remark. His heart went down again. If Woolsey Bills were questioning a guilty villain over the authorities, he, the master, would be forced to explain also, and taken in conjunction with his own meeting with Mr. Renwyck in the library, the outcome would be ghastly, to say the least. Yet he must act on the detective's suggestion at once.

"Shall I send for my man?" he asked of Mr. Renwyck, who at that moment came out into the hall. "No," said his host; "we'll take my own servants first. James," he called to a sphinxlike butler in the hall, "tell all the servants to come into the library—all of them. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered James, with a solemn bow, and departed on his mission. Richard's heart went up again. He had a slight reprieve. It would last perhaps twenty minutes, yet much might happen in that span of time. He wondered idly if they would put handcuffs on him, but dismissed the thought in his determination to pay for the stolen diamonds, inasmuch as he felt responsible for Woolsey Bills. When the time came he would confess like a man and take his medicine. He would be denounced. It would be dramatic, like the play of the "Man and the Bird," only the name would be changed. It would now be the "Man and the Thief." How simple to have opened that library window, while Bills went out into the night, boarded a freight and deposited the plunder in New York! The Texas was innocent, of course, but she would. There was comfort in that. If she believed in him, nothing else mattered very much.

At this stage of the proceedings there was quite a commotion on the front porch, due to the arrival of several visitors. Harriet and Imogene went out and greeted Miss Sempton nervously, explaining the state of affairs briefly, while Mr. Renwyck also came to the door, impatient at the unlooked-for interruption.

"Sir," questioned the pompous English gentleman, who had arrived a few minutes after the lighter footed young lady, "am I correct in assuming that that is Mr. Jacob Renwyck?"

Mr. Renwyck bowed. "Hi! My card," went on the visitor. "I am, as you see, Sir Rodney Hickwick, British ambassador at Washington. I have written repeatedly on matters of most urgent business to a gentleman who I learn has been a guest at this charming home, but my letters and telegrams have elicited no reply. I allude, sir, to the Earl of Crolyland. Does he chance to be still with you?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Renwyck. "Come in. I must apologize for our upset state, but the fact is we have just discovered a serious robbery. Pray be seated, Sir Rodney. Lord Crolyland was here a moment ago. I will send for him."

"I shall be obliged, I'm sure. I regret to disturb you under the circumstances, but it's really most important, you know, and—" "Not at all," said Mr. Renwyck courteously. "James," he called to the butler, "send some one to Lord Crolyland with this card."

"Yes, sir," answered James. "I think I see him on the lawn, sir. He's coming now." Richard, having spied Miss Sempton coming up the path, had promptly moved out upon the lawn in order to postpone the inevitable discovery as long as possible. He saw her go with Harriet and Imogene up the stairs; then he turned once more toward the house. At the steps he was stopped by a farmer, the hard-featured official and the fussy little mechanical individual who seemed to have joined forces on the way.

"That's one of 'em now," loudly declared the rustic, pointing a grimy finger at Richard. "I recognize him, officer. He was there all right." "What's this—what's this?" demanded

ed Mr. Renwyck, hastening out at the sound of the excited voice. "It's all right, Mr. Renwyck," said the fussy little man, touching his cap. "I think we can settle it without any trouble whatever. Is this Lord Crolyland?"

"Yes, it is," answered the puzzled master of Restmore. "What is all this fuss about? It is very annoying to have you people coming here at this time. What do you want? Be brief."

"My name," said the man, "is Parker—John Parker of the Layton Motor company. Lord Crolyland here read one of our machines a week ago and never brought it back. We learned incidentally that he smashed it up and failed to report the accident. We inquired for him at his hotel, but he had left without giving an address. We had a great deal of trouble in locating the damaged motor, but found it at last at New Rochelle. And we have had more trouble in locating him here too. I have a heavy bill against his lordship."

But here the farmer broke in angrily: "Yes, an' he broke up my waggin an' kilt my dawg. I'll have the law on him, here, you," he cried, turning to Richard—"you got to come along with us back to New York! My lawyer says you've got to pay a thousand dollars damages. This man has a summons for you. That's him, constable. Take him in."

Mr. Renwyck turned to the Texas with a look of redoubled astonishment. "Really, Lord Crolyland," he began, but Richard smiled brazenly and checked further speech. "Mr. Renwyck," he said, "I must apologize to you for this unfortunate interruption. It is true, but I paid to have the damaged machine towed to the nearest garage and thought, of course, that the matter would be reported promptly by the officer employed. I gave my address and heard nothing further from the owners of the automobile nor from this worthy farmer whose wagon and dog were both butted into kingdom come." Richard turned to Mr. Parker. "At what hotel did you inquire for me?"

"Hotel Astor, sir, the address on our books." "Ah!" smiled the Texas. "That accounts for it. I had changed my address to the St. Regis. Meet me there on Monday morning at 11, both of you. The matter will be adjusted to your entire satisfaction."

"There," said Mr. Renwyck impatiently to the farmer and Mr. Parker. "Does that satisfy you?" "No, it don't!" protested the rustic one. "He's a slick one, I kin tell ye. He didn't give no such name as Crolyland 'en he run me down. I disremember wot it was, but it wasn't Crolyland. No, sir; that man's tryin' to squirm outen it."

"Get off my place!" shouted Mr. Renwyck furiously, these successive contentments proving too much for his unstable equilibrium. "Is my house to be overrun by every imbecile in the state of New York? Take him away, Mr. Parker, before I forget myself and have him ejected forcibly!"

Mr. Parker looked doubtful, the farmer was odorous, the officer handed Richard a paper, while Uncle Michael looked on, rubbing his plump white hands and chuckling softly. At this juncture Sir Rodney Hickwick happened to spy a monocle in the eye of a gentleman outside. At the same time he caught the name of Crolyland. He rose from his seat in the drawing room and appeared upon the scene. He had been greatly troubled over the fact that Lord Crolyland's plans for purchasing submarines for Japan had been disclosed to the authorities at Washington, at the instance of the Russian ambassador, and unless the plans were dropped forthwith grave complications were certain to follow. For this very reason he had made a flying trip to New York in an endeavor to save his friend from serious blunders. He had not been able, as he said, to get a reply to three telegrams and five letters and was the more anxious to learn the reason of this inexplicable silence. He was a little near-sighted, but he was sure he recognized his friend among the group upon the porch.

"Why, Crolyland," he exclaimed, "how are you?" "How d'ye do?" returned Richard audaciously, taking the outstretched hand and shaking it cordially. "By Jove, old chap, I'm glad to see you!" Sir Rodney stared at this strange young man before him, gasped and



"This isn't the Earl of Crolyland, Mr. Renwyck."

took a backward step; then he jerked his hand from the other's grasp and turned to Mr. Renwyck. (Continued from last issue.)

George King, barrister and an L.L.B., died a few days ago at the Nova Scotia Hospital, over sixty years of age. From early youth he was addicted to indulgence in intoxicating liquors, which finally proved his destruction mentally and physically. A man of fine mental ability, with excellent prospects, he deliberately chose a downward path, and died a pauper, an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Surely an object lesson to young men everywhere. — Hants Journal.

He who does his own thinking may make blunders which will cause him mortification or losses, but if he persists in reasoning out things for himself he will soon reduce his errors to a minimum. He is on the right road, the broad highway, to a correct life and correct life is success. Men who are content to serve always in subordinate positions do not do much thinking and their growth is limited. Those who get into business for themselves are constantly face to face with problems and learn that it is easier and finer to decide for themselves than to wait the decree of another.

**UNSHRINKABLE**  
**NOVA SCOTIA WOOL**

This label on Men's Heavyweight Underwear

Shows that the garments are made of ALL Nova Scotia Wool. That they are absolutely unshrinkable, that they will fit well, are carefully finished, and that the purchaser is getting the best underwear value on the market.

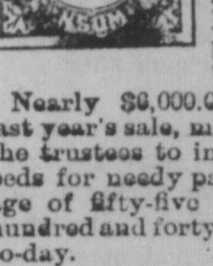
Ask your dealer to show you Eureka Unshrinkable Underwear.

Nova Scotia Knitting Mills, Ltd., Eureka, N. S.

## 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.

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

Nearly \$3,000.00 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 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.

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 stamp of 1909 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 users will be supplied in quantities. The price for ten or for one thousand is a coat each.

The Christmas Stamp, as a means of fighting the dread white plague, had its origin in Denmark in 1903, 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.

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.

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 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

## TENDER FRESH PORK

FRESH PORK is now coming in quite freely. Have you had any this season? It is delicious, tender, and as sweet as chicken. Truly a treat. Let us send you up some chops or a roast. You will enjoy either or both of them.

Our telephone number is 57.  
**MOSES & YOUNG** GRANVILLE ST.

**Rub It In**  
And The Pain Comes Out

Pains and aches will come to every household, and the prudent mother keeps a bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment on hand to meet them.

Whether it's cuts or bruises, burns or frost-bites, chapped hands or chilblains, sprains or sore muscles, back ache, tooth-ache, ear ache, rheumatism, sore throat or pain in the chest,

**Father Morriscy's Liniment**

gives prompt relief. It "rubs in" quickly and thoroughly, going right to the seat of the pain. Scarcely a trace of it stays on the skin. That is one reason why it is so effective.

With a bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment in the house you can save yourself and your family hours and hours of needless pain.

"There's ease in every drop." 30  
25c a bottle at your Dealer's.

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.