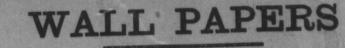
THE WEEKLY MONITOR AND WESTERN ANNAPOLIS SENTINEL, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. NOVEMBER, 17, 1909.



PAGE 2

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.





CHAPTER XIX. o'clock the pext morning Mr. Reawyok had a telephone call from his partner in New York. It was of such a serious nature as to cause him to dress hurriedly and leave without waiting for his reakinst, though Mrs. Renwyck folowed him to the front veranda, beging hits to wait for a cup of coffee. "No; asyen't time!" he snapped as e climbel late the waiting trap. "Go "g Walters. Whoa! Walt a minute. By George," he exclaimed, with a How could if"

frown of annoyance, "I forgot about those jewels!" He fumbled in his pocketbook, produced a memorandum and handed it to his wife. "Julia," he said hurriedly, "this is the combination of the safe. Telephone to Michael, will you, and ask him to come over before he leaves for town?

the diamonds with him to my office. Ushman, I suspected it before, and I'll put them in the safety deposit vault. There-haven't time to explain any more. My train is due in three step, while the hot blood mounted to minutes. Goodby. Now, Walters, let Molly have her head." In a moment the trap had whirled through the open gates, and Mrs. Renwyck, marveling at what could take

her lord away so suddenly, turned and went into the house, where she obediently telephoned her husband's message to her brother Michael. Breakfast was late that morning, as two at least of the inmates of the house showed unmistakable signs of loss of sleep. "How lovely!" exclaimed Miss Har-

riet as she glanced through a delicately tinted note, then turned to Richard. "Such a dear friend of mine is coming I know you will be charmed to meet

"Delighted, I'm sure," drawled Richard indolently. "Who is it, Harrlet?" Mrs. Renwyck coming in but we were asked. "Nellie Sempton." most concerned to have the Richard's indolence departed inyoung Men's and Boy's stantly. The name recalled several ready. Plenty for the early things. "Er-beg pardon," he questioned. "is Man's demand is here the lady rather tall and blond-ahtwenty-two or thereapout, with a rip-Men's Overcoats \$7.00 to \$18.00 ping figure?" 5.00 to 20.00 "Why, yes!" cried Imogene delight-Boy's Overcoats 3.50 to 10.00 edly. "Do you know her?" "Well, no, not exactly," returned the 2.50 to` 12.00 smiling Texan. "She has-er-been pointed out to me." He screwed in also new Coat Sweaters, his monocle and picked up a letter Underwear, Caps, Shirts, from Lord Croyland's mail which lay beside his plate. "I'm awfully sorry that I shan't be here when Miss Sempton arrives, but I find I shall have to go to New York this morning. Too bad, really." "But you haven't even read your letters yet." chirruped Miss Imogene. "Can you tell from the outside that it's some borrid business?" Richard nodded sadly and tapped a formidable official envelope. "Too true," he murmured. "It's business and, as you aptly express it, horrid." THE REAL PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF ADDRES In one sense the Texan spoke the plain, unvarnished truth, for business of an unpleasant character called him in several directions. He had entirely forgotten until the mention of Miss Sempton's name recalled it to him that he had a smashed automobile on his hands, not to mertion a prospec-tive lawsuit from a justly irate farmer. Then, too, it would be most awkward to have the charming Miss Sempton extend her hand and say, with a The second s most engaging smile: "How do you do, Mr. Peter Wilson? I knew you were not a chauffeur. How many other names do you happen to possess?" Yes, "horrid business" called him away. from Irvington at once and bade fair to keep him away until Miss Sempton departed. "Woolsey and I," he muttered to his inward, disgusted self, "must seek seclusion in some faroff, happier clime." Breakfast was scarcely over when Mr. Corrigan was announced. He entered with a cheery good morning to every one, then went with Mrs. Renwyck to the library. Miss Schermerly strove with all her crafty wiles to lure Lord Croyland away for a morning walk and a chat on the superior advantages of being a nobleman, but the nobleman in question met guile with guile and pleaded an excuse of having to catch the next train. He said he would walk to the station, especially as on foot he might dodge Miss Sempton if she happened to come earlier than expected, and started across the lawn. On the lawn he lingered in the hope of seeing Miss Harriet once more, for he did not wish to leave Irvington without confessing his deception and declaring himself her humble worshiper from the Lone Star State. He had almost given up hope when he spied her coming from the house toward culties in the path of a meeting with him alone. And now as she tripped across the grass he saw in her eyes a

"Secause," s red, "we-we you told us. didn't go upstal We stayed in the We stayed in the mard room and-and listoned." She finished with a

ible in the Texan's hased eyes. "Oh!" he laughed. "I see." Miss Harriet did hot join in his merriment. She looked up earnestly and asked:

and explain to ther?" "Err in to failer!" he echoed, mis-taking her meaning. "Good Lord! Miss Harriet padded, smiling happily.

"I think I understand. You wanted to save her?" "Of course," answered Richard, re-

leved again. Really, these, sudden spocks almost broke his nerve. "Now, tell me one thing more," con-Get him to unlock the safe and bring | tinned the girl. "You are not an Englast night I knew it. Who are you?" Richard gasped and took a backward

> cheeks and tinged the dusky his bronze.

"Who am I?" he repeated earnestly. "A man who loves you with his heart and mind and soul-a man who has deceived you only that he might be near you, to touch your hand and look into your eyes-a man who has fol lowed you from Tex"-

"Harriet, Harriet!" came a cry of shrill distress from the front veranda. "Harriet, the diamonds! They are

gone!" Mrs. Renwyck clung limp and disheveled to the railing, while Mr. Corrigan strove to hold her up and at the same time murmur words of comfort in her ear, a task in which he was greatly handicapped by shortness of stature and disproportionate rotundity. "Gone?" cried Harriet, whitening to

the lips. "Gone where?" Mrs. Renwycł immediately forgot family traditions, etiquette and everything else beside the crushing loss and her rising Irish bbod. "Don't be a foo!" she shrilled. "How do I know where they've gone? Do

good deal of inward pleasure, Uncie Michael telephoned to Mr. Renwyck. He had given sound advice, and Jacob had derided him, hooted at him, laughed him to scorn and had finally suggested that he look under the bed for a burglar. Mr. Corrigan by all Christian precepts should have been sorry for his brother-in-law, but the plump little Irishman was not. On the contrary, he was glad with a gladness which filled him with delirious chuckles when no one was looking. He was even with Jacob at last! He meant to be more even before the day was out.

"Hello!" he called over the wire. "Yes, I want Mr. Renwyck! Hello, Jake! Good morning! Wha-yes, Corrigan! Me! Don't you know my musical voice? Yes, yes, of course I know you are busy! But, say! I'va violent blush, which made her irresist- got something interesting to tell you. You remember that fellow with a cast in his eye-the one you laughed at me about? What? That's it-the tramp." Here Mr. Corrigan covered the mouthpiece with his hand and released the "Why didn't y a tell the whole truth merriment that was struggling with his insides. Then he took up his joyful narrative. "I looked under the bed for him last night, but he wasn't there. Do you know why? He slept in your little toy safe, got up early and took your diamonds with him. No! Honestly, it isn't a joke. I'm telling you the whole miserable. wretched truth. Your safe has been robbed. Cockeye made a clean sweep. What? What? Oh, Jacob, Jacob, you shouldn't talk like that! It's against the rules of the Telephone Exchange." The rest of the conversation was

> more serious. Mr. Corrigan advised his brother-in-law of the true condition of affairs and offered to do anything in his power to help matters along, Mr. Renwyck, while very much even over his harbor scheme, con-cluded to drop business for the morning and hasten out to Irvington with two experienced detectives.

"Good!" applauded Uncle Michael. "The more the merrier. I believe I can furnish these gentlemen with several valuable clews. I hate to say 'Told you so!' Jake, but if you had listened to me you-what? No, I won't! It's hot enough out here. Goodby."

When Mr. Corrigan left the telephone he found that Harriet and Imogene had gone upstairs. The latter young lady had been unable to restrain her emotions longer, and in the seclusion of her chamber she gave vent to every species of pyrotechnic despair to which the tender age of nineteen is subject. Miss Renwyck was the busiest Samari-

"Because," confessed the valet, with a sudden spurt of courage-"because 1 forgot, sir, and drank your brandy up again, Mr. Williams, sir. Honest, sir. I was afeerd you'd shoot me, an'-an' I went away to New York, intendin' to never come back again. I left w'ilst you was 'avin' the play, sir."

"How did you get to New York at that time of night? There are no trains at that hour."

"No, sir. I know they ain't. I-I got on a freight train, sir."

The Texan looked at him keenly. then nodded permission for the balance of the fishy story. "When I got to New York, sir," the valet continued, "I realized wot a bloomin' ass r was, Mr. Williams, sir.

an' I confesses it now, sir, without no ope of coverin' up the fack." "Bills," said Eichard calmly, "it

comes to me that this is the first gospel truth you have spoken. I have lopes of you yet. Go on."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. As I was a-sayin', there I was in a big city, sir. without much money an' no character an' no immejit prospeck of a place. Says I to meself, 'Bills,' says I, 'you're a bloomin' ass. You left a gentleman wot was only jokin' 'bout shootin' youan' wot wouldn't 'urt a 'air of your 'ead for anythink. Go back to him. Bills,' says I. 'an' tell 'im 'ow it 'appened. 'E's a kindly disposed gentleman with a sweet, forgivin' nature an' won't 'old it agi'n you that you was afeared of 'is terrible pistol, Mr. Wil- fore skyscrapers and rapid transit liams, sir.' "

"H'm!" sniffed Richard. "What was your other reason for coming back?" his hat round and round in his nerv. skeptical and to keep people of nerous hands and apparently decided to vous temperament awake of nights. keep back nothing.

"Yes, sir," he began again; "I 'ad another reason. I fancied if I come back your lordship-er-I mean Mr. Willship-no, beg pardon-Mr. Will Fifth avenue stage far down town liams, sir-that you would pay me wot and for many blocks were the only ocyou promised me, wich is better than | cupants. Alittle above Fourteenth St starvin' to death in Noo York without no character, meanin' no offense an' awskin' you not to be angrier than you can 'elp. I slep' restless, Mr. Williams, sir. Then I come back. That's all."

"Is it?" asked Richard dryly. "Yes, sir," answered the valet, with help him to his seat. The door was profound solemnity, "as Gawd is look- closed behind them, and the stage in' at us both, me a-standin' an' you a-sittin' down, m' lord."

The Texan arose and took several reflective turns up and down the room. Then he paused and stood with his friends good-night, stopped the stage hands in his pockets and his legs and alighted. A few minutes later'the apart.

CURED OF LAME BACK WHEN 84 YEARS OLD

Gin Pills did it.

Anyone, seeing Mr. Samuel Martin, of Strathroy, Ont., for the first time, would guess his age at about 60 years, instead of eighty-four. He is as spry on his feet as a cat and is the picture of health.

It is hard to believe that Mr. Martin passed twenty years of his life in misery, suffering tortures from Lame Back. He tried nearly all the advertised remedies and household recipes, but received no benefit from any of them.

Some months ago, seeing Gin Pills advertised, Mr. Martin purchased a box from W. H. Stepler, a popular druggist of Strathroy. The relief, which Mr. Mar tin experienced after he had taken one box, was so great that he knew he had found the right remedy at last. He bought and used two more boxes of Gin Pills, which completed the cure

Age is no barrier to Gin Pills. They never fail to cure Lame Back and Stiff Limbs, because they cure the Kidneys and Bladder, which are the cause of the troubles. Gin Pills also act on the Liver and assist in curing Biliousness. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers.

Free sample from National Drug & Chemical Co. Dept. NS Toronto.

THE MAN IN THE STAGE

A good many years ago, long bewere thought of and New York was just a big growing town, they used to tell a story that was ghastly e-The servant shifted uneasily, turned nough to curdle the blood of the most The tale went that of a summer night a husband and wife returning home from the theatre, entered a however, the stage came to an abrupt stop, the door was opened, and three young men entered. One of the three had evidently been drinking heavily for his companions were obliged to

continued its journey northward. About ten blocks farther on one of the young men rose and, bidding his second of the three said, "Well, good-I'm going to pay night, Dick," pulled the strap. step. you a compliment. Without an excep- ped to the sidewalk and walked off through one of the side streets. There remained in the stage only the husband and wife and the young man Bills stared at him sadly, reproach- who was obviously under the influence of liquor and who sat in a crouching attitude in a corner of the stage under the dim flickering lamp. After a time the husband noticed that the young man's head seemed to be dropping as if in sleep, and fearto the number of the street they had just passed. There was no response. and the husband repeated his words. leaning over as he did so. Then he | his wife and said quickly, "We will get out here." She began to protest, but he simply repeated the words, pulled the strap and helped her to a.ight. As they stood under the corner lamp post she turned questioningly and asked him of the bus so far below their destination "Because," he replied, "that young man's throat is cut from ear to ear.'

J. HARRY HICKS, Queen St.

Men's Suits

Boy's Suits

etc., etc.

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 Bridgetown Central Grocery

Canned Uegetables

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

Canned Fruit

Blueberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears and him. She, too, had been dodging diffi-Pineapples.

Dried Fruit

London Layer Table Raisins, Valencia Layer Table Raisins, light, on her cheeks a color which California Muscatel Raisins, California Seeded Raisins, Figs, caused his heart to bound, while the

you think I've gat 'em in my pocket? With this dramatic finish Mrs. Renwyck promptly fainted, linking down into a huddled heap and lragging little

Uncle Michael with her. The household was dready in an uproar. With Richard's assistance Mrs. Renwyck was lail upon a sofa. and smelling salts were administered in such generous quantities that she returned to consciousness with gasping protests and gists of rage. Miss Schermerly offered consolation in the form of various questions and was so offended by the answers she received that she retired to her room in righteous indignation. Miss Chittendon, crept close to the edge of the circle of excitement and listened as one in a frozen trance. Both she and Miss Harriet, to say nothing of Richard himself. had worked out a solution of the problem by the simple process of deduction, and three hearts sank to the utmost depths of despondency. Uncle Michael added to the depression by a cheerful statement which gave at least a clew

to the robbery. 'I'm not a bit surprised at this," he said, "and it's all Jacob's fault for being so puffed up and burnet headed," which was truly an Irish mixture of adjectives.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Renwyck, instantly taking the side of her abused husband.

"Why, simply this," said the little lawyer coolly. "There was a cock eyed vagrant nosing around the place several days ago, and I wurned Jacob to place a detective in the house while the diamonds were in this toy safe of his, but he wouldp't to it."

Harriet flushed a her lips. Imogene gave eviden proaching hysteria, and Rich ice cold shivers from his spine. The Tex the "cock eyed vagran Cared he could place the lo had evidently helped e contents of the safe oderick Fitzgeorge engaged in the billiard room. It w mple, so nds were pitifully simple! gone, and so way ills.

Richard's tripplot k was now He must stay out of the qua and face the music though the price he must pay the fide ir was a question he dared not dwell upon. He could only hope Miss Sempton would not appear until it was all over. He was now burning to get hold of Harriet and confess everything and then to shout out the truth from the very housetop.

While not personally responsible for the loss of the diamonds, the Texan was morally responsible in view of the fact that he had allowed Lord Croyland's valet to remain under the Renwyck roof when he knew in advance that the man was not a character to be trusted. The real master had want-ed him discharged for theft, and while it never dawned of Richard that Bills

tan on record, and her ministrations to the stricken one made a word with Richard out of the question for the oresent

Mr. Van der Awe perceived that his inamorata was profoundly agitated. but why he could not imagine. Thereore the paced solemnly up and down the hall, looking more like a funeral director than ever. Richard sat on the front porch, smoking one cigarette after another furiously, when Mr. Corrigan came out and accosted him.

"Hello, your lordship! What is your British opinion on hornets' nests in general?"

"The inmates thereof come at you endwise and all at once," observed the young man grimly. "In my humble opinion things are going to wake up presently.

"Right!" laughed the merry little lawyer with what Richard could not but feel was ill timed merriment. "My esteemed brother-in-law is fairly boiling. He's on his way out here now with two policemen. I'm glad you're not mixed up in this particular phase of the comedy, Dicky, boy. You have somewhat of a load to carry as it is." "Um!" grunted Richard, staring absently at the gravel path.

Mr. Corrigan eyed him suspiciously and started away. Richard was about to accompany him. intending again to lay bare his heart to his counsel, but at that instant his attention was arrested in an entirely different direction.

Woolsey Bills was coming toward him from the direction of the railroad station.

CHAPTER XX.

HE adventurer allowed Mr. Corrigan to walk away without offering any further remark. then waited patiently for his servant to reach the porch.

"Good mornin', your lordship," said Bills, with a look of guileless innocence which made the Texan long to throttle him on the spot.

Richard regarded him earnestly. striving to read the secrets of his soul. but came to the conclusion that the servant had no soul, inasmuch as the face before him was as placid as that of a slumbering babe.

"Bills," he said in his sternest tone, 'come upstairs. There is a matter which we must settle now-at once." Contrary to his expectations, the servant did not flinch, but followed him meekly to the upper floor. Once inside the room, the Texan locked the door and turned on his companion savagely.

"Now, my man, just give an account of yourself, and be quick about it!" Richard had flung himself into the morris chair, while the valet stood before him, nervously shifting his feet

nd picking at the brim of his hat. "I'Jord"- Richard cut him short. "Drop that! This is no time for infernal nonsense! Well?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," Bills began again, though the task to which he had evidently nerved himself was proving larger than he at first supposed. "Mr. Williams, sir, I done wrong. I know that. An' I come back to tell you all about it, sir, an'

"Bills," he said, tion you're the biggest liar between New York and San Antonio. It's a long stretch, my friend, and I'm not a flatterer."

fully, but made no answer. Richard continued:

"Of course I didn't see you when you left-that is, with my own eyesand I didn't see you when you got off, the train awhile ago, but just the same I have a chain of evidence which I trust will refresh your memory. When ing that he might be borne beyond I employed you, you came to me with his destination, he rose, tapped him the following recommendations: 'Dis- on the shoulder and cailed attention charge him at once. He's a thief. The last time it was £2 6d, and my jeweled cigar cutter. His friend, Mr. Drake of Scotland Yard, is also inquiring for his address.' So much for your character as indorsed by your former mas- suddenly straightened up, turned to ter. If I hadn't been, as you aptly express it, 'a bloomin' ass,' I would have spared myself the mortification of stating the fact. I didn't discharge you and must take the consequences. But let us proceed. Next you tried to blackmail me for the purpose of extorting £300 from one who had treated you squarely. Item three: Both Miss why he insisted on their gett ng out Renwyck and I saw you in whispered conversation with a-with a cock eyed tramp who was going out of the front gate. By the way, what was it you

said to him?" Bills looked uncomfortable.

"'E awsked me for money, sir, an' I told 'im to go about 'is business, sir. Richard wheeled upon the man sharp-

"You lie, Bills! You told me at the time that he asked directions to the station."

ing to his ears. "I did lie the first is the life breath of real frienhship time, sir, I-I didn't want to seem uncharitable inclined.' The Texan sneered and turned upon his heel. After another contempla-

tive turn up and down he once more faced the culprit. "Look here, Bills; I haven't finished

with you yet. I have only told you the lightest part of it. After failing to gouge money out of me you hold conversation with a suspicious character and acknowledge that you told a lie concerning it. Next you disappear. claiming to go to New York at a time when no trains were running. For the present we'll accept the story of the freight, but can look that part up later. In the meantime, while you are in New York, of course your cock eyed friend drops in on Restmore at 3 o'clock in the morning. He-erwatches in the billiard room while a pal slips through the open window of the library, opens Mr. Renwyck's safe and drifts away with a cool hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. Question is, Who was the pal? I don't happen to be either a detective or a fool, but I have my own ideas. Mr. Renwyck is coming out here presently with a couple of what you call 'bobbies,' I believe. I shall tell him everything about both of us"and never did the humiliation of his

position so enter into Richard's sou as when he had to class himself with that miserable travesty of mankind+ "but I have an idea that you will shortly represent an expression usel

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

"Never permit yourself to comment unfavorably upon a friend. If you have a complaint carry it in person "Yes, sir," answered Woolsey, flush- to the individual concerned. Loyalty and if there were more loyalty there would be fewer broken friendships." -Selected

Insurance

You can be sure of getting all the hat-value you pay for when the maker's name stands for money-back-if-you-say-so. That kind of quality insurance is in every hat with that trademark-look for it.

THAT brand is style insurance. date modishness, correct, seemly. COMFORT for your head-

