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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.



whom was he talking? If a member of the household, why this secrecy? He must investigate, of course. But first he had better arm himself, as he did not know who or how many he might have to deal with. His mind once made up, the Texan removed his slippers, crept softly up the stairs to his room, then down again, pausing once more outside the billiard room, but this time listening deliberately. "Mr. Fitzgeorge," a woman's voice was saying, "my patience is exhausted. Why all this talk? Your scheme is blackmall-nothing else. Give me the letters, take your pay and go." With a stab of pain the Texan recognizad the voice as Miss Renwych's, and it came with a double pang at the thought that she was meeting auknown rascal in the dead of that she was buying letters at letters?" his heart questioned sly. He longed to rush in and he miscreant in his tracks, yet wisd in held his mad design in abeyance for the present. He peeped through the heavy portieres and spied two female figures on one side of the \$2,119,583.57 billiard table, while that of a man was - 458,306.61 on the other side, with his back toward the library door, but with his face balf turned toward the spot where \$2,577,890.18 | the Texan walted. "Very well," whispered the man \$663,047.22 again. "I guess you are playing fair. all right." He took a package from his inner pocket. "Here are your letters. Have you got the money?" "Yes," said Harriet softly: "I have But wait. I must see that the letters are all here. Imogene, look over them as quickly as you can. I am afraid to turn on the light, but perhaps Mr. Fitzgeorge will be kind enough to lend us his lantern." "Well, say," chuckled the visitor quietly, "you've not your nerve with you, all right! I'm sorry I didn't meet you before." Again he laughed noiselessly, produced his bullseye and throw a blaze of light on the pile of letters which he laid upon the table. "Look em over, Imogene, my dear." he continued, with unblushing familiarity "That's every one you ever wrote me." With a thrill of pleasure the Texan caught this last remark. The letters. thea, were not Harriet's, after all, and she, brave girl, had dared to face this scoundrel in order to shield a friend. He coald wing the fellow as he stood. But no. That would alarm the house and undo everything which this spientwine?"

copies?" quavered Miss Imogono as the sound terrified at the sound of her

"Ne," said the man; "I give you my word me a contleman," with a singular misapprehension of the meaning of the term. "Hurry with the dough. It's

Assured that the letters complete. Miss Imogene's indiscreet list, Miss Earriet tossed a roll of bills in the circle of light which was made by the

"Yes would better go now." she said in a tone of disgust which she made no attempt to disguise. "I will close

The man counded the money hurried-ly, slipped it into his sest pocket and clessed the slide of the lantern.

"Thank you," he murmured, with a mest elaborate bow. "I'm much obliged to both of you. Rich people like you won't ever miss a little sum like this, had it will make me remember you for many a day, even without the recellection of your pretty faces. You've been square by me, and I'll be square by you. And now one kiss all around, and we'll say good night."

"You scoundrel!" breathed Harriet. furious to her finger tips. "Go instantly or I will call for help." .

laughed the man. "I'll bet you've kissed uglier men than me before, and I'm going to take you down a peg. You boller once and I'll shoot the man that comes to help you."

Miss Renwyck, with the limp and door. whimpering Imogene clinging to her ""One moment," Richard demanded. waist, moved slowly around the billiard table, while the burglar watched her, breathing hard and following with a catlike tread. He had taken perhaps six steps, and his back was now After a moment's silent scrutiny the read toward the door which led into Texan spoke in a stern but level voice: the ball. Suddenly he felt a savage grip about his neck and found himself with outflung arms, his mouth and nose smashed flat against the table. the kindness of the ladies. The next while a tiny ring of cold steel was pushed behind h's ear. "Steady, you hound, or I'll give you a shot that you never saw in bliliards!" The tone was low, but masterful, and Mr. Jack Bibbs mas far too prudent a tiomen to it sard his is the by futile disobedience. Therefore he made no immediate attempt to move. On Harriet's brain, even in that dreadful instant, flashed a vivid, insistent memory. Again she was perched on the quivering broncho's back. pressed onward in a reeling, dizzy pool of death, while in her ears rang words of sweet encouragement. And as then she had exercised her force of will, so now she saved herse!f once

twenty other names which have no bearing on this comedy. His clear out but dissipated features were distorted and sullen in his rage against the wo-

men whom he thought had laid a trap for him.

"Ly, what a prize package!" observod the Texan softly. "You have a bad eys. my friend; but, after all, I'm rather glad to know you. Miss Renwyck, do you think you could find me a rope or a piece of good, strong

"Oh, what is he going to do?" Miss imogene began to whimper. "Oh. please, Lord Croyland, won't you let him go? He's my friend. We let him in the library window, and if you tie him up everybody will know all about It. Oh, oh, oh!"

Onve more sharp symptoms of kys teries threatened to develop, and Miss Leuters most persuasive powers were faxed to avert an alarming outbreak. "Hush, doar, hush!" she whispered soothingly, then turned to Richard "Lord Croyland," she said, "there are circumstances connected with this strange affair which prevent me from explaining fully. Tomorrow, when Imogone and I are less nervous, perhaps we can make you acquainted with the reasons. For the present I beg you to let this man go quietly. We have nothing more to fear from him."

Richard hesitated, glancing from Miss Harriet to the prisoner.

"Of course, Miss Renwyck," he an swered regretfully, "I must bew to your judgment, though in my opinion you would better allow me to turn this fellow over to the police. I imagine they would be inordinately glad to see him. But-just as you like. There is one more little matter, however, which I must insist upon." He turned to the prisoner. "This young lady," he said, quietly pointing to Miss Imogene, "has paid you a somewhat exorbitant price for her own rightful property. Oblige me by returning the amount." "Oh, no, no; let him keep it!" begged

the victim, but Richard was obdurate. upon this point.

Mr. Roderick Fitzgeorge, having accomplished the real object of his visit, was glad to be released at any price, especially as the disposal of the letters was merely a device for entering the house and holding the ladies while his confederate rifled the safe. Without more ado he took the money from his pocket, tossed it upon the billiard table and turned to the library

Hiss Renwyck, turn this light upon him, please. Thank you. Now on me. I want this gentleman to know me if we chance to meet again."

"Fresh air." he murmured easily "it's so beastly warm, you know. I rather fancy I'm a bit feverish, really." Mr. Renwyck frowned thoughtfully. "Lord Croyland," he asked, "did you open that window yourself?"

"To be sure," lied Richard suavely, while he screwed in his ever ready monocle, thanking God that he had not laid it aside. Somehow the thing seemed to give him confidence now. It was something to cling to. "No harm. I trust?"

"Well, no," returned Mr. Renwyck slowly, "only I don't understand why it didn't raise a hullabaloo. I'm posi-



"Lord Croyland," he asked, "did you open that window yourself?"

tive I set the burglar alarm, and"-He took a step toward the wall. "By George! It's turned off!"

Now, Richard knew nothing whatever about the burglar alarm and began to feel icy beads of perspiration gathering on his brow, the more so as Mr. Renwyck was gazing at him in ill disguised and increasing suspicion.

"Oh, that!" he laughed. "I turned the lever before I raised the sash. Miss Renwyck explained it to me yesterday. Jolly little contrivance, 'pon my word. I should like immensely to have the system installed at Croyland Park."

The bogus earl looked innocent to the point of childishness, and the mystified host was forced to accept the work from a small tent, which, paintvery inadequate explanation of the

PHOTOGRAPHERS' RISKS

THRILLING ADVENTURES OF SNAP-SHOTTERS.

Camera Men Who Risk Their Lives For Pictures Have to Possess Intrepid Courage and Unlimited Patience-F. J. Mortimer's Work Photographing Big Waves - Snapping Wild Birds.

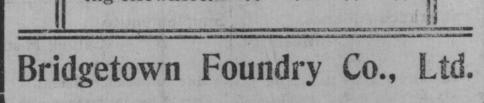
Although the sensational photograph has provided a fund of amusement and interest to the readers of the up-to-date illustrated periodical, few realize that in many cases the intrepid photographer-journalist has risked his life in order to obtain such splendid results.

A professional photographer with years of experience told the writer recently "that the man who desires, to take up newspaper photography as a means of livelihood must have a constitution of iron, nerves of steel. and the abilities of an expert steeplejack to enable him to climb to any eminence to secure the snapshots the public are thirsting for." However that may be, fear must be unknown to the photographer, and he must frequently be prepared to run more than ordinary risks of serious injury.

Most photographers nowadays sp2-cialize. Mr. F. J. Mortimer has won renown by his daring and ill in obtaining photographs of big aves. His happy hunting-ground is in the Scilly Isles, where the full force of the Atlantic makes itself felt on the numerous rocky islands' which abound.

Clad in oilskins from head to foot, and with camera similarly protected, the daring photographer finds some coign of vantage-often a rock, almost surrounded by the sea - from which to bag his prey. If he has to occupy some particularly dangerous position, he takes the precaution to have a rope fastened round his waist, held by someone nearer the shore. He has had some narrow escapes, and on several occasions a wave has dashed him to the rocks, smashing his cam-era to pieces. Mr. Mortimer has been most happy in his work, however, having taken over two thousand successful pictures of big waves.

The Kearton Brothers, who are, perhaps, the most wonderful nature photographers in the world, have taken photographs of wild birds in their nests, which required not only skill, but nerve and caution. The Keartons adopted all sorts of subterfuges in order to get close to their subjects. Their favorite method is to ed green and covered with twigs and looks like a mound or hillock. For photographing birds such as larks and whitethroats they have a special life-size model of a bull, with hole in the chest for the lens; and for mountain birds a stuffed sheep made on the same principle. Sometimes the photographer must disguise himself as a tree trunk for birds in the bushes. Most of the Kearton Brothers' thrills have been experienced in trying to "snap" a sea-eagle. They have been trying fifteen years, and have not succeeded yet. Many photographs have been taken dangling in mid-air at the end of a rope, while once Mr. Cherry Kearton waited six hours a day for three days up to his shoulders in water to get a picture of an osprey. The camera on this occasion was placed on stilts. The most desperate efforts were made to photograph a certain golden eagle on a Highland estate. Every day for a fortnight Mr. Kearton tramped up the mountains in dreadful weather, and one day during a snowstorm he fell over a cliff, smashing the camera and injuring himself so that he was laid up for a week. Many other stories these brothers tell of strategems and adventures in their work on cliff, crag, and moor. Herr Schillings, the German explorer, is one of the most remarkable men among enterprising photographerjournalists. He has recently published a book of his fine sets of photographs of wild animals of the forest in their native element. For several years Herr Schillings has lived in Central Africa, and his wonderful stories of hair-breadth escapes furnish us with one of the most exciting books of adventure of recent times. Apart from these cases the general news photographer has had adventures that might have given pause to the stoutest heart. As a case in point, reference may be made to the riots which occurred some months when the angry crowd broke down some of the stands and set fire to the remainder. A noted Paris photographer was observed amidst the flames taking snapshots of the extraordinary scenes, and it was only at persuaded to leave his perilous post. His enterprise nearly cost him his life, but he reaped a rich harvest from the number of extraordinary photographs he had obtained by his laring courage. The launching of great battleships and liners is a time for photographers to show their mettle. They climb the masts of ships, to be dislodged sometimes from their point of vanextreme peril just in time. Then the intrepid photographer is expected to descend coal mines after disasters to get snap-shots; he must go down with a diver to inspect the hull of a vessel or photograph coral beds at the bottom of the ocean, or ascend to a giddy height on the iron girder of a skyscraper, or, while troops are lay-



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could wait, and if the fellow offered no affront he would let him go rathed than mortify Miss Bonwyck by his own appearance on the scene. When the man was safely gone the Texan and these two couargeous girls would

never know that a sentinel had stool guard outside the door. Miss Imogene opened each letter to make certain that it was there, counted the pile and looked up timidly.

"They-they are not all here," she faltered. "1-1 wrote fourteen, and here are only twelve." "That's all I got." said the burglar shortly. "You never wrote but twelve." "But I did," protested the trembling Imogene. "You know I did. Rod-er-I mean Mr. Fitzgeorge. Oh, Harriet.

won't you make him give me the other "Yes, I will," said Harrist Ermly.

"Mr. Fitzgeorge, we have acted in good faith toward you and expect at least a fair return. You demanded \$100. I have the money here in my hand, but I tell you once for all that



the person of Mr. Fitzgeorge and se- a book." cured a short, ugly looking pistor and Mr. Renwyck glanced at his cosmau?"

can explain in"-

don't mean words. I refer to the bulls- in his haste had failed to close. I shall not pay you unless you surscar. For sale by eye lamp. Just turn it on him, please. The Texan interpreted the blank as-J. HARRY HICKS, Queen St. "I haven't got any more," the bur-glar answered sullenly. "And, what's and we'll look him over." Miss Harriet complied. The light re-W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES

"My friend, I am forced to let you go this time, though sadly against my inclination. You owe your release to time the affair will be mine. If you ever molest them again in any way I'll settle with you in a way we make use of in Texas. You understand? You are marked, my friend. I'd know your bad eye in Jericho. Yes, and I'd foliow you there, too, for the pleasure of wringing your worthless neck. Now

apologize to these ladies, then git!" In Richard's present tone there was no suspicion of an English drawl, and Harriet marked it joyously, though half unconsciously, for the strain of fear and anxiety was now beginning to tell upon her nerves. Miss Imogene was ready for complete collapse, and the two stood trembling in each other's arms.

The burglar mumbled a stumbling apology, then passed into the library through the door which Richard opened for his exit. He lost no time in stepping through the still open window and in a moment more was skuiking across the lawn.

"Lord Croyland," began Miss Harrlet, who had followed from the billiard room with Imogene clinging hopelessly to her arm-"Lord Croyland, I want to thank you for"-

The words died suddenly upon her lips, and she leaned for support against the wall.

"Who's there?" called a voice in the darkness from the stairs in the hall. "Quick!" whispered Richard to the terror stricken girls. "It's your father! Go back into the billiard room and slip upstairs when you get the chance. There! It's all right. Leave it to me.'

He gave them no chance to disobey, but pushed them through the door. while he spurred his brain for some good excuse to account for his presence In the library at this unseeminy hour. "Who's there?" Mr. Renwyck called, and this time Richard answered back: "Hello! It is I! Wil-er-I mean

Croyland. Is that you, Mr. Renwyck?" He grabbed a book at random from one of the shelves, then drew the hall portieres aside, to discover his bost, revolver in hand, on the dim lit stairs, arrayed in a long white night robe, which made him look more gaunt and angular than ever.

"Oh, it's you!" said Mr. Renwych in great surprise. "I thought I heard a noise-a shot or something-and got up to investigate. Why in the name of heaven aren't you in bed?"

"I'm awfully sorry to have disturbed. you," the Texan answered easily. "1-I-stumbled over a beastly chair in the dark. Too bad, upon my word! You see," he explained, "I couldn't sleep, so

a pair of brass knuckles, both of which | tume, which, with the exception of his he promptly pocketed. "Good." he dress coat, which had been exchanged chuckled. "And now, Miss Renwych, for a house jacket, was the same his will you please be good enough to guest und worn earlier in the evening. throw some light upon this gentle- The financier thought for a moment. then descended the stairs, effered the "Yes." whispered Harriet; "I think I library and switched on the electric light. The first thing to catch his eye "No, no!" the Texan Interrupted. "I was an open window, whicl Richard

episode. Without comment he closed the window, set the alarm once more, switched off the lights and silently, not to say grimly, led the way upstairs, meekly followed by the Texan, glad to have escaped further inquisition. "I'm awfully sorry to have caused

you all this 'bother," Richard apologized again as they reached the upper landing. "I'm no end of a nuisance, really.

"Don't mention it, I beg you," answered the financier, with forced courtesy. "I hope you will sleep now. Good night." Then the two parted and entered their respective rooms.

"Strange," muttered Mr. Renwyck as he pulled the sheet about his chin. "A peculiar lot, these Englishmen. But I dare say I appear just as peculiar to them. He acted so strangely, too. about that check the other night. One hundred thousand dollars! Humph! I wonder if he has a hundred thousand dollars. I begin to doubt it-doubt it exceedingly."

Meanwhile the Texan reached his room, mopped his brow and hunted for his brandy flask. It seemed to him that he wanted a good stiff drink as he wanted nothing else in all the world. He failed to find his flask in its accustomed place and surmised accurately that if he found Woolsey Bills he might strike its trail. The valet's sleeping room was next his own, so without ceremony the master pushed open the door, admitting a flood of light. He did not find his flask, nor did he find his servant either, for the room was deserted, and the bed had

not been occupied. "Ab!" observed the Texan thoughtfully. "Bre'r Fox has changed masters for the second time. Humph! A little awkward to explain-for me. I mean.'

On Restmore a heavy silence fell again, which was broken as before, ago on the Longchamps racecourse, only by that antique clock and its soft chime as it struck another quarter hour. Then two dim, ghostly figures crept slowly up the stairs and entered Miss Harriet Renwyck's room. In a little while they were safely tucked in the last moment that he could he bed and lay whispering in each other's arms.

"Oh, Harriet, darling," breathed Miss Imogene, "wasn't he-er-just splendid when he told that bouncer? I don't helieve he's an Englishman at all."

"Nonsense!" the other laughed. "Of course he's an Englishman. Now try to go to sleep." It would be discourteous in the ex-

treme to state that a lady had been | tage by the huge tidal wave, and guilty of another "bouncer." but at are often rescued from a position of any rate Miss Harriet clasped a drows. little figure to her breast, thought of Texas and smiled into the darkness happily.

(Continued from last issue.)

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In case of a burn or scald what ing down their lives for their counwould you do to relieve the pain? try, he must calmly make pictures Such inquiries are liable to occur in of the scene, in order to arouse the any family and everyone should be enthusiasm of his countrymen at home. prepared for them. Champerlan's;

Balve applied on a soft cloth will relieve the pain almost instantly, and

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