

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.

F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN N. S.

Just Arrived

40 CASES Fall Footwear 40 CASES

For MEN, WOMEN, YOUTHS and CHILDREN.

Heavy Grained Bals Kid Patent Colt Box Calf

Rubber Footwear of all kinds

Granville Street, BRIDGETOWN E. S. PIGGOTT

Harness! Harness!

We have just received a shipment of harnesses which for quality of material and workmanship surpass anything we ever carried before.

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.

The Manufacturers' Life Record for 1908.

Table with 2 columns: Category (Net Premium Income, Interest and Rents, Total Income, etc.) and Amount.

O. P. GOUCHER General Agent, Western Nova Scotia. OFFICE—MIDDLETON, N. S. The E. R. Machum Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B. MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

NEW FALL CLOTHING

Youths and Boys is ready

OFF for college, off for school, off for the real new start in life, your first position; the needed clothing is ready.

Men's fall clothing is coming in but we were most concerned to have the young Men's and Boy's ready. Plenty for the early Man's demand is here

- Men's Overcoats \$7.00 to \$18.00
Men's Suits 5.00 to 20.00
Boy's Overcoats 3.50 to 10.00
Boy's Suits 2.50 to 12.00

also new Coat Sweaters, Underwear, Caps, Shirts, etc., etc.

J. HARRY HICKS, Queen St.

Richard the Brazen

... BY ... CRIS TOWNSEND BRADY, Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southwestern," Etc. EDWARD PEPPE, Author of "A Broken Heart," "The Prince Chap," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII. ESTAIRS the music of Mr. Renwyck's snoring slumbers still echoed through the chimneys of his bedroom door, while at the further end of the hall another closed and the sleepless Mr. Richard Williams.

The young man had heard the clock strike 3 and was still pursuing his train of tangled thought when it occurred to him that perhaps if he read for half an hour his mind might become composed enough for sleep. He remembered a partly finished book which he had left in the billiard room and started downstairs to get it. With a natural disinclination to disturb the household, he stepped very cautiously through the hall, down the flight of carpeted steps and approached the billiard room, which, like the library, was separated from the lower hall by heavy curtains.

Richard's hand slid instinctively to his hip before he remembered the absurdity of fashionable clothes. Clearly there was some one in the room who had no business there. Yet to 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 blackmail—nothing else. Give me the letters, take your pay and go."

Richard's hand slipped from his pocket, and he felt a sharp sting as 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.

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

"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.

"Who's there?" called a voice in the darkness from the stairs in the hall.

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"Fresh air," he murmured softly. "It's so beastly warm, you know. I rather fancy I'm a bit feverish, really."

"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 post-

ive 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 Crolyland Park."



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

"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 it trail. The vault'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.

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 acrobat, in order to enable him to climb to any eminence to secure the snapshots the public are thirsting for."

Most photographers nowadays specialize. Mr. F. J. Mortimer has won renown by his daring and skill in obtaining photographs of big waves. His happy hunting-ground is in the Scilly Isles, where the full force of the Atlantic waves itself fall 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. On several occasions a wave has dashed him to the rocks, smashing his camera 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, 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 work from a small tent, which, painted green and covered with twigs and leaves, looks like a mound or hillock. For photographing birds such as larks and whistlers they have a special life-size model of a bird, with a 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 during the end of a rope, while one Mr. Chas. 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 endangering 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 in the enterprising photographer-journalist. 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 ago on the Longclamps racecourse, when the angry crowd broke down some of the stands and set fire to one. A noted Paris photographer was observed amidst the flames taking snapshots of the extraordinary scenes, and it was only at the last moment that he could be 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 daring 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 vantage by the huge tidal wave, and are often rescued from a position of extreme 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 laying down their lives for their country, he must calmly make pictures of the scene, in order to arouse the enthusiasm of his countrymen at home.

Digging the Canal. In the making of the Panama Canal 100 steam shovels are employed, each of which can do the work of 500 men.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.