

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, LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S.

Just Arrived

40 CASES Fall Footwear CASES 40

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. 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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Groceries of the Green Kind--

all fruits and vegetables in season—are a special feature with us. See what we have to show, place a trial order with us and your satisfaction will be complete. We are prompt in calling for, filling and delivering all orders. Everything in the staple and fancy grocery line here.

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NEW FALL CLOTHING

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



J. HARRY HICKS, Queen St.

Richard the Brazen

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,
Author of "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Southwestern," etc., etc.
AND EDWARD PEPE,
Author of "A Broken Heart," "The Prince of Champs," etc.

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With the lapse of time and with the advent of other objects of affection—her Cornelius Van der Awe, for instance, this love passage was dropped from Miss Chittenden's memory, especially as she had never heard from the recreant Roderick till he was brought rudely to her recollection by the receipt that morning of a fateful letter. In this document Mr. Roderick Fitz-george advised her briefly that, owing to several unhappy circumstances, he was forced to leave for the far west and, being lightly supplied with funds, would be grateful if she could spare her devoted lover a hundred dollars for the journey.

In case she found it inconvenient he still had in his possession a dozen letters which would not look well if printed in the newspapers. In case she did find it convenient to make the loan, which, knowing her generous nature, her correspondent did not doubt, she was first to tie a piece of white string on the left post of the Renwick's front gate as a signal of assent, then open the library window at 8 o'clock on Friday night, when Mr. Fitzgeorge would enter, exchange her letters for the sum above mentioned and bid her an eternal farewell. If Miss Chittenden played him false—of which perhaps the thought—a friend had copies of said correspondence which would immediately be published, together with the garbled details of the former romance, a condition undesirable for a lady so widely known in the social world. The letter ended with the hope that Miss Chittenden was enjoying good health and spirits and that she might persuade herself to meet him on Friday, as requested.

To say that Miss Imogene was terrified would be putting it mildly. Her resulting condition bordered upon complete collapse, mental and physical.

"Oh, Harriet, Harriet!" she sobbed. "Whatever shall I do?"
"My dear," returned her friend as she bathed the sufferer's temples with cologne. "It is perfectly simple. You need give yourself no uneasiness. Father will quietly put the matter in the hands of the police. We will then tie the white string on the gatepost, and when this wretch enters the library window he will find himself in the arms of our officers, and we will not only have the letters, but the man."

Miss Renwick's eyes flashed upon wisdom and sound common sense, yet to the frightened Miss Imogene it was the worst possible thing to do. She felt certain that if caught the man would put his threat into execution and expose the copies of her letters to the eager gaze of society. To prevent such a happening she would gladly pay five times the sum demanded. Therefore she decided hysterically that Harriet's plan was out of the question.

"Oh, Harriet, dear," she wailed, "you don't know how silly my letters were, and I'd go through anything to get them back again. Why, the pet names I called that creature—good gracious, Harriet—they were positively mushy!"

"What did you call him?" asked Miss Renwick, humorously interested in this phase of the romance.
"Boddy-poddykins was one," confessed the debutante, with a vivid blush. "Then there were a whole lot more like that and worse—really, darling, I'd rather die than tell even to you. I should be of shame if Mr. Van der Awe or Lord Croylard or any one knew."

Miss Renwick smiled, while the indiscreet Juliet went on tiring her handkerchief into hard, wet knots.

"I've just got to see him, Harriet. I know I shall be just scared to death; but no matter what you say, I'll not allow you to tell a single solitary soul, and if I'm found dead on the library floor in the morning nobody will care anyway—so there!"

The sufferer's state now became so alarming that her friend was forced to suggest another plan. It was against her better judgment, but something had to be done at once, for otherwise Miss Imogene would never be in a condition to act the part of the bird in the play that evening.

"Imogene," she said sternly, "stop crying this instant and listen to me. I believe you will do a very wrong thing in seeing Mr. Fitzgeorge in the middle of the night, but of course I have no right to interfere against your wishes. I am older than you, and I tell you candidly I don't like it. How much money have you with you?"

"Fifty dollars, and I'll give him jewelry enough to make up the balance."
"That won't be necessary. I'll lend you whatever you need, and if you still insist upon seeing the man I will go down with you."

In an instant more two very shaky little arms were twined about Miss Renwick's neck and a sobby voice was pouring delirious thanks into her ears.

When the fear of creeping down a flight of dark stairs alone was eased by the thought of companionship the sentimental young lady began to view the affair in an entirely different light. It would be an adventure which appealed to her strongly. There would be no earthly danger, she argued, as each could be a protection to the other, while if the worst came to the worst

their screams would quickly summon aid.
The more Miss Imogene thought of it the more excited she became, declaring finally that she would gladly pay \$100—which somebody else had earned for her, by the way—just for the fun of the thing. She felt now that she had exaggerated the possibility of danger, as the wretched, disgraceful man was after money only and would go away instantly he had received it.

"You see," she explained, "he shows his intentions are not bad by his very letter. If he had asked me to meet him outside in the dark somewhere I shouldn't have dared, but coming here into the library where we can call for assistance, surely that he means no harm."

"But suppose he should not come alone?" suggested Miss Harriet.

"But he will," the other continued. "Besides, you and I will stand in the door on the opposite side of the room, and the moment we see two men instead of one, why, then, dear, we'll just begin to scream 'Fire' or something like that, and then we can say we heard a noise and came down. Oh, Harriet, precious, do go and find a piece of white string!"

Miss Renwick was not convinced. She did not lack courage for a woman, nor had she any actual fear of this man, who was clearly an ordinary petty blackmailer who tried to make profit out of an innocent schoolgirl's foolish correspondence. She could not imagine any other motive for his coming, inasmuch as the library window would be opened by an inmate of the house and closed and locked again immediately after his departure. Yes, clearly it was blackmail, and if Imogene had her letters returned intact perhaps it was the easiest solution after all.

"What sort of a looking person is this Mr.—Boddy-poddykins?" she asked, with a smile.

"Now, please do not call him that," begged Miss Imogene. "It makes me



"Stop crying this instant and listen to me."

feel like such a silly. Side face he is very handsome, you know, but full face—well, there is something the matter with one of his eyes."

"How do you mean?" she answered doubtfully. "He is looking at you all the time, you understand, but his eye seems to be pointing somewhere else. I think they call it a cast."

"Oh," said Miss Renwick. "Uncle Michael told me never to trust a person with a cast in his eye."
"Did he?" asked the debutante. "I wonder why. Oh, well, I'll never trust one—never again. Now, come on, precious, and let's tie the string on the gatepost!"

CHAPTER XVII.
UPON this eventful Friday, which might justly be termed "black" by the various persons connected with this narrative, two more gentlemen mentioned herein had occasion to use the telegraph lines vigorously.

The first was the Hon. Mr. Frank Kinwail, member of the upper house of the Texas legislature and chairman of the state improvement committee thereof. Contrary to Mr. Renwick's positive statement, the distinguished legislator had not gone back to Australia. Instead he had quietly stopped over in Washington, held close communication with several mighty officials, then wired frantically to his most trusted lieutenant, the vice chairman of the state improvement committee at Austin, in a cipher code. These communications were imperative orders concerning the passage of a certain deep water harbor bill.

The Hon. Mr. Kinwail while in New York had held several conferences of a delicate nature, including that "lunch" at Sherry's and other meals of a similar character elsewhere, and now deemed it expedient to be far away from the capital of Texas during the passage of the said harbor bill; therefore he gave the matter absent treatment, so to speak, though his meek as-

sociates on the committee carried out their leader's instructions to the letter. They had enjoyed no dinners in New York, but they were confident in a certain hope of at least partaking of the dessert vicariously through Mr. Kinwail.

The other person interested in telegraphy was the heavy hearted Mr. Bill Williams, himself en route for New York. Half a day before he reached Buffalo he received a dispatch from his son Richard, and for a quarter of an hour he was radiantly happy; then he received a second one couched in the same words, and it puzzled him, especially in the earnest warning to return to Texas at once and watch his harbor scheme. At Buffalo he received a sheet of yellow envelopes which resembled a fine poker hand, in that there were four of them—all of the same kind.

In highly ornate language the cattle king expressed his belief that a trick was being played on him by his enemies, so he left the train and sought the nearest telegraph office. His friend, Mr. Luger, had failed to state the name of the hospital in which the son lay dying, and Mr. Bill Williams had not seen in the San Antonio papers the dispatch about his son, so the father wired all the hospitals in New York for information and lost three hours' time in waiting for answers. He received a number of replies from various institutions, eight of which disclaimed all knowledge of the patient. The ninth advised him that Mr. Richard Williams of San Antonio, Tex., was truly confined in St. Luke's hospital and that his condition was not so favorable, owing to an increase of fever. Bill Williams was convinced some crafty trick was being hatched, but he hoped later on to settle with the hen. Meanwhile, whatever happened, he must go to his boy. He sent one more telegram and then hastened on to New York by the next train.

This telegram, addressed to Mr. Richard Williams, was received at St. Luke's hospital, and a pretty, fresh checked nurse took it to Lord Croylard's room.

"A telegram, Mr. Williams. Shall I open it for you?"

"Please," said the earl, with the listless indifference of a very sick man. "I dare say it is some beastly business matter. Read it."

The girl complied, reading as follows:

Buffalo, N. Y.,
Mr. Richard Williams, St. Luke's Hospital, New York.
Cheer up, Dickie. Will be with you tomorrow morning. DAD.

Lord Croylard stared at the unfamiliar young lady while he fumbled fruitlessly for his monocle among the folds of his nightshirt.

"Rot!" he observed in languid disgust. "Haven't got a dad, you know. Some silly ass is trying to come a cropper."

The nobleman then turned on his pillow and closed his eyes, while the fair attendant looked thoughtful, took the patient's temperature and made a memorandum—the effect that his mind had begun to wander.

Meanwhile matters at Irvington were dragging along unsatisfactorily. The last rehearsal of the play had resulted in a spirited quarrel between Miss Imogene and her dismal fiancé, Mr. Van der Awe was a champion of realism, even on the stage. He considered the height of absurdity for a passionate lover to imprint kisses upon his adored one's theatrical wig near the region of her left ear.

"But, good gracious me!" stormed the indignant bird, with a dangerous snap in her big blue eyes, "don't you have enough realism when we are alone? If you think I'm going to let you kiss me before all those people you are very much mistaken. Now, one more word and we'll leave out that part altogether, sir! No, don't speak to me! Don't come near me! I think you are perfectly hateful and I think I'm more than I can understand. So don't tempt me!"

The argument had become somewhat one sided, so the dismal one retreated from the field of action, crestfallen, but unconvinced on matters pertaining to realism. He was a practical young man, however, and decided to kiss the wig in the region of its wearer's left ear for the present. Later—ah!

Richard had made several desperate attempts at a tete-a-tete with Miss Harriet, but found her nervous, distrustful and unsympathetic to his advances. She acted as though some shadow of impending trouble lay upon her mind, so the Texan gave up in despair, took a short lesson in British etiquette from the much subdued Bills and then went for a solitary horseback ride.

His deception could not be kept up much longer, for troubles were gathering above him like Longfellow's soaring vultures, and he fancied he knew one sick and wounded pigeon that would shortly be pecked to pieces, hoof and hide. And yet, no matter what happened, he would brazen it out to the bitter end. If he could only win the girl before the inevitable crash, then nothing else would matter—nothing!

Shortly after dinner the final preparations were made for the evening's entertainment. A tiny stage had been constructed at one end of the double drawing room and was provided with handsome plush curtains designed to slide upon a wire—when they worked properly, which was infrequent—which when opened revealed a dainty interior scene. The drawing room was arranged with chairs to accommodate the guests, who began to arrive shortly after dinner, and Restmore soon became a sparkle of lights and laughter. A gong announced the opening of the theater doors, and the audience crowded in, took their seats and waited with a flutter of excitement.

(Continued from last issue.)

Shying in Horses

Young horses which are being, or have just been, broken in are very generally apt to shy more or less at various objects and sights until they have become thoroughly familiar with and used to the road or street.

Nor is it in any way surprising that they should shy more or less frequently in these circumstances, seeing that they are unfamiliar with many things they meet. Such natural nervousness gradually but quickly wears off, as a rule, and the shying ceases. No importance need, therefore be attached to this form of shying in a young horse, as it is but natural and quite temporary in character only.

There is, however, a right and a wrong way of treating this kind of shying. The right way is to be gentle to the young animal when it shies, to allay its nervousness by speaking to it quietly. If it will not pass an object or shows much fear of it, the young horse should be coaxed to it with patience, so that the animal may have the opportunity of familiarizing itself with it and of smelling at it. Once having done this, and being convinced that its fears are groundless, the young horse will no longer evince any fear of it, and the next time will probably take very little notice of it.

Patience and kindness are all that is needed under the conditions. Unfortunately but too frequently, the horses are punished with the whip, jolled in the mouth with the bit, and roughly spoken to, being forced past the object by sheer rough treatment, the result being that the animal's fears are much increased, that its temper is upset, and that increased trouble is experienced next time it shies at something of which it is afraid, or which is unfamiliar to it. Such treatment is eminently calculated to spoil the young animal, being apt either to cow it or to rouse its temper and obstinacy. In some cases young horses actually become confirmed bad shyers in consequence of such wrong and senseless treatment.

A TRIUMPH OF CIVIC REFORM

Montreal is to be very cordially congratulated on the election which took place at her limits last Monday. A most corrupt civic administration was swept away. The number of Aldermen is to be reduced by one-half. A Board of Control will be elected. Great satisfaction is expressed by the better class of citizens. For years past corruption prevailed in every department under the control of the Aldermen. Montreal has not had as wholesome a shaking up for the past fifty years. It is gratifying to find that French as well as English and Irish voted for the change, and Protestants and Catholics stood side by side. It was a genuine "smashing of Tammany." *Presbyterian Witness, Sept. 25.*

CURE THAT OBSTINATE SORE

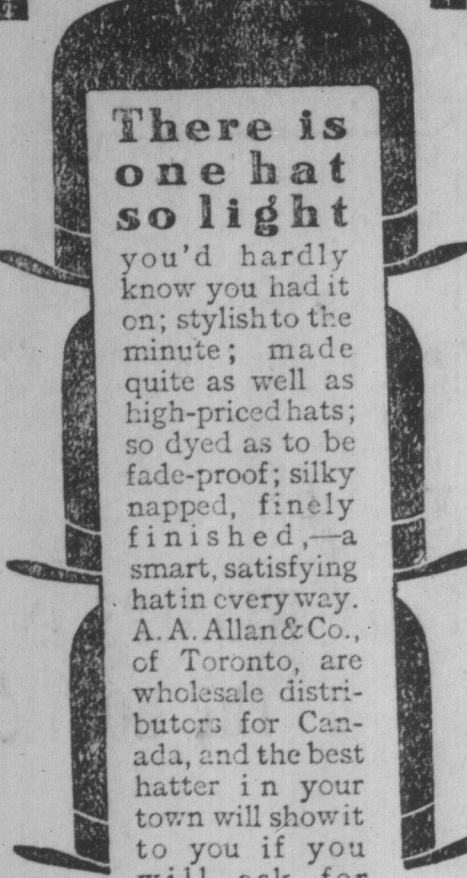
Where Ordinary Salves fail Zam-Buk Succeeds.

Chronic sores which cause trouble by "breaking open," may be cured by Zam-Buk, as well as recent injuries and diseases, if you suffer from some old sore—hidden, perhaps, but none the less painful for that—don't dally, apply Nature's healing essences as provided in Zam-Buk. Mrs. I. E. Ashton, of 111, Vickers St., Fort William, tells how valuable Zam-Buk is as a family balm. She says:—"We first used Zam-Buk for cuts and bruises, etc., and found it so satisfactory that my husband started using it for a chronic sore. For a long time he had been bothered with an old sore on his leg, and had used various preparations, yet nothing had permanently cured it. He began applying Zam-Buk balm, and was very soon agreeably surprised to notice a great improvement."

"It was only a matter of a short time before Zam-Buk had thoroughly cleansed the sore of all foul matter and healing commenced. It is now some months since the sore was completely closed, and there is no likelihood of its breaking out again."

"Since then my baby, eighteen months old, has been cured of eczema on the scalp by Zam-Buk. This eczema came in red pimples, and it rubbed or scratched, formed it into sores. The child was very fretful from the irritation of the scalp, but whenever Zam-Buk was applied it seemed to bring the greatest relief. Frequent applications were effective in clearing all traces of the disease from the baby's scalp in a short space of time. I feel it my duty to give the credit where due, and I cheerfully recommend Zam-Buk to all sufferers from chronic sores, bad leg or eczema."

Zam-Buk is Nature's own healing balm, being composed of pure herbal essences. It is a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruised sores, chronic wounds, bad leg, piles, festering sores, chapped hands, cold-sores, frost-bite, and all skin injuries and diseases. Drugists and stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 3 boxes \$1.25. You are warned against harmful imitations represented to be "just as good"



The Wafer-lite HAT

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Bridgetown, Sept. 20th

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Hyacinths
Tulips
Crocus
Daffodils
etc., etc.

We handle only the best quality stock. Write for price list

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P. O. Box 359

ONE TOUCH LACKING.

When the Bell telephone had been completed and perfected the inventor did not know for a certainty for several years that he had won the success for which he had so long striven. But he had constructed an instrument which would receive and transmit the sound of the human voice and there it lay before his eyes and within his grasp, lacking just one very slight touch of the hand! All that was required was to turn a screw in a certain direction a few times and the triumph would be known. But the inventor turned the screw in the opposite direction, and several years elapsed before he found out just how to administer that final touch which would disclose perfection.

Like one who was groping in the dark the inventor worked on until he got at last touched the right spot. The Bell Co., Toronto; 3 boxes \$1.25. You are warned against harmful imitations represented to be "just as good"

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