## A CARLOAD OF CARRIAGES

Just arrived, a carload of first class carriages, bought direct from the factory. I am prepared to give you any style of a vehicle in rubber tire or steel tire. All I ask is an inspection of my goods and I am sure you will buy if in need of a carriage. These carriages are made in Nova Scotia by skilled workmen and are guaranteed by manufacturers. :-: :-: :-:

BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN N. S.

# Bridgetown Clothing Store



Cool Dressy Clothing for Summer Outing

ing during the summer. In ot disappointed. The earl had seorder to fully enjoy the Renwyck, but on calling at the Broad outing, you must be appropriately dressed. We keep with a note of regret, and had promptour store well filled with neat, cool, Dressy Suits, light weight Outing Suits, on the following day, where his valet Outing Shirts, light weight Underwear, Belts, Braces, Ties, Collars, etc. etc.

A call will convince you that we have bargains in every line.

#### HICKS HARRY

Queen Street.

#### 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.

### CENTRAL

GROCERY



Groceries of the Green Kind--

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.

J. E. LLOYD, Phone 23 Granville Street.

Phone 23

# The Manufacturers' Life Record for 1908:

\$2,119,583.57 Net Premium Income 458,306.61 Interest and Rents \$2,577,890.18 Total Income

Payment to Bereficiaries & Policyholders Reserve for Protection of Insurance in Force End of 1908 - \$54,287,420.00

No other Can. company has ever equalled this record at the same age

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.

# Richard

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY. EDWARD PEPLE.

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was glad of any break in the dull momotor was a four cylinder Layton, with a vicious back fire and a hourse, wet cough, which would have warned an expert to look after his igniter and relieve the oil vent. The auto car was rented, and, besides, machinery was a detail to be looked after in the garage; therefore the driver bicconghed up Riverside drive with a charming disregard for signs and omens.

The Englishman talked, and the Texan listened, though he advoitly kept the conversation in a social vein on the chance of finding some opening for Everybody plans an out- an attack on Irvington. In this he was cured letters of introduction to Jacob street offices had found the gentleman absent. He left his letters, together ly received a cordial invitation to join. a small house party in the home of the Renwycks on the Hudson. He had accepted and intended to go there would join him, bringing his luggage from Washington:

Richard's heart rose and rejoiced. Here was a possible chance to meet Miss Renwyck, yet he must proceed "Renwyck," he said thoughtfully.

"Seems to me I've heard that name. The earl became so eloquent on that subject that his companion's suspicions were at once aroused, and more so as the Englishman's attention was riveted upon an income rather than his

steering gear "Any daughters in the family?" asked the Texan carelessly.

"One. Aw-quite passable, I under-Richard agreed with him, but did not think it necessary to mention the

"Did you ever meet the lady?"

"No old chap. "Nor any of the family?"

"Never. I am-ah-not so keen, however, on Miss Renwyck's-er-relatives, don't you know," drawled his lordship in his most blase and superior manner. The Texan's white teeth closed with | w an angry snap. He could not bear | be his friend in that pose, but be put a curb on his tongue.

"Look here, Croyland," he asked as | sent his claim t indifferently as he could, "do you mean | company, but, firs to tell me that you are going to Irvington tomorrow with the ayowed intention of making love to a lady you

Englishman. "It's a fair game, isn't

"No, it isn't," snapped the Texan, falling into the vernacular of the plains. "It's a dingy deal with a cold deck. Where does the girl come in?" "Coronet," drawled the noble earl, "and not such a bad sort under it. If

she is satisfied, I am, I'm sure." Birthright, mess of pottage and a Why, great Scott, man, you've seen her! She may be hump

port covers a multitude of By Jove, I've even known

They were far out on the Westches road in the vicinity of New Rochelle. posite direction, with a big yellow dog | trotting beside the wheel.

The earl drawled something about it familiar with the vagaries of this particular brand of motor. He descended from the car and turned his engine over, being rewarded by a claftering liams?" she asked, turning her head roar which caused him to leap back into his seat again. He released his brake and inadvertently threw his weight upon the speed controller. The machine arose and rejoiced as a strong,

man going to battle. As Mr. Richard Williams afterws described it, "the thing first bucked and then bolted for nowhere in particular. It attended to the yellow dog first, then ate up the farmer's wagon, turned over on its back and kicked up its heels, hellering like a calf under the branding iron."

The graphic historian found himself salling gracefully over a barbed wire fence until he alighted in a soft field. where he plowed up considerable earth, but sustained no serious injury. The Earl of Croyland had fared worse. In his headlong plunge he had struck a fence post, wrenching one leg badly and fracturing his right collar bone. The irate farmer arose from the dust with a bleeding nose and immediately put in a claim for damages, not only for his wagon and his valuable dog. but for loss of time and the greater portion of his costume. Nothing seemed to have happened to his vocab-

Blehard erawled under the barbed wire fence back to the road and turned his attention to his injured friend. In the meantime a correctly attired I "Where is the ignition cell la circle"

"On a broncho, ma'am," returned Richard, cheerfully seeing the game

isn't he?"

stopped to view general wiech while a road pat an galloped up ge of every one "What's the get man's name and address?" he der inded of Richard. who was in the ac of raising the Englishman's head

The Texan about to answer he earl opened his truthfully whe fut languidly, but in eyes and drawl Folce: "My name | fexan. a sufficiently of San Antonio. is Richard Wi Texas-Hotel egis-I'll pay all man has one of damages. Th

matter were enerately, a ally to shut out and reproachful Richard's glance. Williams of San was checked by an om the sufferer. Acela bora te ed the officer one of cordingly d stood forth ready his own er all questions. and eagy "What

trolman.

entleman?" terrupted Croyland

in hand.

his eyes delib-

Richard truthfully. to that idiot, and ecial dispensation of now able to answer ything more?" had evened up with

machine happen to 's cart?" continued

led at something. I

twenty dollar billay-and asked him towed to the nearat if Mr. Williams erly it might not sadvantage. de of the in-to pre-Lay a Motor

all, to stop talking He suggested ending a carriage and a doctor from New Rochelle, but here the lady motorist, who had been an interested spectator, descended from "Call it prospecting," laughed the her car and graciously offered to conver the two gendemen back to New

This offer was gratefully accepted. Richard and the patrolman helping the Englishman in the tonneau. The farmer wished to ccompany them, but pressed by divers was promptly threats of the la for blocking public highways.

skly remarked the id given her name I think your eme comfortable if the patrolaian

, wincing as the ma-

To Richard the ride was not very pleasant. Miss Sempton talked to him politely, it is true, but much in the same manner as she might have consulted her groon with regard to the being "most extrawd'n'ry" and began | condition of her horses. With the earl to manipulate the various levers, but she was on different terms, being without results. Clearly be was un- charmingly solicitous for his comfort and expressing deep regret at his mis-

"How are you getting on, Mr. Wilwith a selemathetic smile.

the earl, though beads were glistening ou his sed his drooping shoulwhat comfort he could oses of a wind flashed pair of sparklin eyes that were turned upon him ever and

They stopped at the entrance of St Luke's hospital, on Cathedral heights, where the bogus Williams, with profuse thanks to his good Samaritan. was borne away by two attendants.

The real Richard Williams raised his but and thanked her also. He was about to follow his friend when Miss Sempton detained him. "One moment, Mr. Wilson. That

Layton motor you are driving-is it a pretty fair machine?" "Delightful," said Richard, who for the first time in his life had received his baptism of fire and gasoline "Cheerful as a child, gentle as a wom

an and guaranteed for speed and"-"Is it a water cooler?" "Water cooler?" exclaimed the young man in undisguised astonishment Well, no: I never heard it called that, or a temper cooler either. No ice about

Miss Simplen regarded him critical Yau are a private citizen and can do some time, haven't you?" ly through her drooping eyelashes.

Richard as a wild guess. The young way, I won't be able to go to the woman flung back her head and

"Did you learn to drive a motor in a hansom cab, sir?"

hand to him, "I knew you were not a mission, and I cawn't write my ex- tion he held the aforesaid Williams. chauffeur! One thing more. Your cuses to Mr. Renwyck. I want you to

"No," answered the young man son emuly; "he's a Turk."

CHAPTER IV.

ICHARD, greatly annoyed by the turn of affairs and smarting because of his easy fall into Miss Sempton's elever trap, was forced to cool his beets in the waiting room while the seriously dataaged Englishman was being patched up temporarily by the doctors and put to bed in a private room. After a ton: time the uniformed nurse oppose briskly and accosted the back

"Are you the chauffeur?" "The chauf-no-er-yes, of

stammered Richard in wrathful con-"Very well, then. Mr. Williams

wants to see you at once. This way, please.

She spoke curtly, as if she had little use for chauffeurs in general and none at all for this particular specimen. thunderstruck at Richard, however, rose obediently-he y of nerve, but his | could do nothing else-but his cheeks were flaming hotly at his false and humillating position. Croyland was carrying his joke a little too far.

"Thank you," he answered grimly, to the great surprise of the nurse. "I'm ame?" asked the pa- particularly anxious to see the gentleman myself."

He was led to the door of a bare but sunny room, spotlessly clean, where the woman left him. He entered and closed the door sharply behind him trolman. "Were you and then turned to face the handaged earl reposing peacefully in bed. "Look bere, Croyland! What do you

mean by giving my name in place of your own?" The earl smiled up at him and winked craftily.

"Now, don't be a silly ass, old chap.

Sit down. You can't smoke here, but I dare say you won't mind." Richard seated himself somewhat irritably and awaited the answer to his question. For a moment the Englishman lay with closed eyes, then opened

them and drawled out irrelevantly: "Ripping girl, that Miss Sempton, eh? Don't let me forget her address Madison avenue. I shall send flowers

"To thunder with your flowers!" on either cheek. "Why did you give

"Now, don't be in a hurry, Dickle; I'm coming to that," returned the Englishman, with maddening complacency. "You see, dear boy, it is this way: I'm here in New York on a most delicate affair in the interests of a foreign government, and I can't afford to be written up in the newspapers as having been knocked out in an accident. Really, you know, it might lead to international complications and all that sort of thing. By Jove, you can't imagine!" "But"- began his friend, when the Englishman checked him with his un-

chap. I'd have a lot of fellows after known, and also he had prayed that me, and all that. Your newspaper the master thereof might not be at my business out of me and ruln evrything. And, then, another thingthere'll be trouble about that motor through the gate and approached the ad possibly a lawsuit by that idiot of farmer. I couldn't have that, you now. It would be most annoying-

"Oh, I see," said Richard, with in- to see you. Jump in." inite scorn in his tone; "it will be far easier for you to lie snug here and be petted and coddled by good looking rupted: nurses, while I'm saddled with tribuation and a live wire."

"Infinitely," agreed the Earl of Croyland, with beaming good nature. "You can see that yourself." "No. I can't," said Richard, "and,

what's more, I won't!" "You are a private citizen and can do what you please, you know. I'm a public person and cawn't." "I won't do it, I say!" persisted the

other stubbornly "Oh, yes, you will, old chap," the Englishman asserted with infectious assuminge "I'd to the same for you.



"Vi ty-why-under the tank," said and it won't be long either. By the Renwycks at Irvington tomorrow." Richard brightened visibly. The

proposition afforded some points of

advantage after all. be laid up here for perhaps two weeks. | named Bill Williams?" and I don't want our ambassador to "There," she said as she held out her know it. My right arm is out of comfriend Mr. Williams is an Englishman, see him personally and explain the matter to him quietly. Ask him if he'll be good enough to hold my luggage until I can get out of this place and send for it. My man will arrive there with my boxes tomorrow from Washington. Now, won't you do this for me, old

> "Well, yes, I suppose so, so long as am in for it," said Richard, striving o conceal his joy. "Anything else?" The earl nodded.

"I'd be glad if you would dismiss my out as soon as he arrives. Bills is his ome, Woolsey Bills."

Yes, I remember him now. Lerd. eat a name" said Richard, who had be man at San Antonio with fand for a day or so before his. lordship started for the ranch, sending

his man back to New York. "Yes, isn't it? So suggestive, you know, to have him always around-spe-

cially on the first of the month, you "Is that why you are going to fire

"No; he's a lazy beggar," returned the earl, languidly suppressing a yawn, and a thief, too, by Jove! The last time it was four pound six and my jeweled eigar cutter. Mention it to him-he'll understand. You might say also that I have a letter from his friend

Mr. Drake of Scotland Yard." For half an hour longer Richard remained with the earl discussing the detalls of the explanation to Mr. Renwyck and some other matters which he could attend to for Lord Croyland. Then he arose to take his leave, prom-Ising to run up to Irvington the next

"Oh, I say, Wilson," the earl called after him as he reached the door, the nurse having just entered with a warning that Mr. Williams must be left alone forthwith, "you won't forget about that beastly machine, will you?" "Certainly not," returned the buoyant Richard and immediately became ob-

livious to "beastly machines" and everything else on earth except the memory of a warm, Hmp form that had nestled in his arms and a head of wind blown hair that cuddled against his shoulder while he rode amid that mass of cattle on that faroff Texan prairie. On the following morning Mr. 1810 ard Williams, dressed in his best and

villa a soul full of hope and foreboding, took the 10:30 local train at the snapped Richard, a red spot appearing Grand Central station. He chanced to be the only male passenger to alight at Irvington, and with a beating heart he walked down the platform to the exit gate, when suddenly he heard a voice

"Pardon me, but are you not Lord

Croyland?" Richard turned to see outside the fence a restive mare hitched to a perfeetly appointed trap, in which sat an elderly man of distinguished appears ance. He recognized him at once, of course. Now, the Texan had not counted upon meeting Mr. Jacob Renwyck at the station, and his plans were disarranged materially by the unfortunate contretemps. He had hoped to enter "It is simply out of the question, old the house before his name became chaps are such silly asses they'd get home at the moment of his arrival. However, he must put on a bold front and trust to luck. He pushed his way

"I recognized you instantly from your picture," said Mr. Renwyck, thrusting out a cordial hand. "Glad

"Pardon me, Mr. Renwyck," Richard began nervously, but the other inter-

"No time now. The mare has the devil in her this morning. Jump in. Steady, Molly! Steady!" Richard's mind was in a whirl. If

he wished to see the daughter, he must pass the fractious father first of all, so without more ado he sprang into the trap, intending to explain as they went along. The mare reared, wheeled and started off at a lively pace. Mr. Renwyck held the lines with an expert hand and plunged into a rapid fire of

"First trip up the Hudson, I take it. Magnificent river, but of course nothing like the Rhine. That's old Walker's piace over on your right. Steep hill, this, but good for Molly. Will take some of the spunk out of her, confound her! Steady, girl! Steady!" "Pardon me, Mr. Renwyck," Richard began again, "my name"-

"Yes, yes; I know," said the old gentleman, taking a corner sharply; "icame's all right. I have your letter from Carthwaite. Fine old fellow, isn't he? Had hoped to have him during your visit, but he's gone to Chicago. Hello, postman! Whoa, Molly! Anything for me?"

A letter carrier stepped from the sidewalk and handed a packet of mail. Party by the name of Lord Croyland stopping at your place, sir?" he asked. "Yes," replied Mr. Renwyck; "this is the gentleman. Here you are, Lord Croyland. Thanks, postman. Go along,

The bewildered Richard found several official looking envelopes handed to him and, scarcely knowing what to nto his pocket. They had reached the rest of the bill now and swung away to the left on a level road. Richard essayed once more to straighten out his friend's affair, when his host again

"Yes, for some time," answered Richard, sparring for an opening.

"What part of it?" "Oh, around in spots-Texas mostly

-dabbling in cattle, you know." The old gentleman drew his mare up sharply, then let her go again.

"Texas, eh? So have I. Ever met "You see," the earl went on, "I'll an old skinflint, cattle king, and so on, The tone of Mr. Renwyck's voice in-

dicated perfectly in what low estima-"I-I know his son," said Richard nonchalantly

"Umph! Any improvement on the father?

"In a way, yes," the young man replied, with a ghost of a smile. Really, the conversation was grow ing interesting! For the moment Richard forgot he was Lord Croyland, al though a resentment which he could not exhibit considerably modified his

amusement. "Don't believe it!" the old gentleman asserted flatly. "No, sir," he exclaimed, with a snap of his jaw under his white mustache; no, sir! No member of that generation of vipers could ever be anything else than a-than a"-

"Snake, naturally," suggested Richard in a hitter but carefully veiled auger, his heart lodging in the very bottom of his boots at this su velopment of Renwyck's unjust fa of his father, which, in addition, bo ill for the success of his love affair.

"That's it," continued Mr. Renwyck, with cool deliberation, nodding vigorously-"a rattler!" "Yes," smiled Richard, the humor of the situation appealing to him in space of its possibilities, "I've heard him

called that, too, in-in a poker game." The adventurer was sinking every moment deeper into the mire. He did not think the present instant was auspicious for declaring himself a viper, yet tell his name he must soon, for even now they had passed the iron gateway of the Renwycks' country home and were whirling up a winding avenue lined with trees. What the result of this declaration would be he could but too well imagine. His heart

sank; his hopes vanished. Suddenly into his brain there flashed a brilliant idea-nothing less than an inspiration. To avoid trouble the Earl of Croyland had coolly appropriated he name of Richard Williams. A fair exchange was no robbery by the laws of love and war, and if Richard borrowed the Englishman's title for the time being an imminent calamity might be averted. At all events, be would meet the girl he loved, which was the chief object in view, and, besides, the proposition appealed to his sense of humor. His spirits rose at

"Il"-pardon me, Mr. Renwyck," he observed, with a faint suggestion of what he thought was the Englishman's drawling manner, "what jolly fine grounds you have! What d'ye

"Restmore." "Ha, ha! Very good. Really, you know, quite up to Croyland Park." "Think so?" said his flattered host. "I'm glad you like the place. Here we

He drew the mare up sharply beneath the porte cochere and tossed the reins to a waiting groom. In a moment the pseudo noble guest was standing on a wide portico whose pillars and trellises were twined with wistaria in the season's first luxuriant bloom. From a seat on the lawn a vision in a bewildering white morning gown arose and came toward him. The Texan was conscious of an electric current turned slowly to the crowning notch of ecstasy. He saw for the second time in his life an oval face framed in dark hair, a pair of melting eyes and a nose with just that saucy tilt which seemed to dare him to plant a kiss beneath it, and a figure that he had once held in his arms. How could

he have ever let it go? "Lord Croyland," said Mr. Renwyck, indifferently enough, as if adorable girls like that were as plenty as blackberries, "allow me to present you to

my daughter." The adorable girl smiled and extended a hand, which Richard took, striving to prevent his own from trembling. "Miss Renwyck," he murmured, looking squarely into her eyes, "you convince me that America is the very

finest country in the world." (Continued in next issue.)

CHOLERA INFANTUM CURED. "Something like two years ago m baby, which was then about ye old, was taken seriously i cholera infantum, vomiting ing profusely," writes J of Dempsey, Ala. "I did to relieve her but did he. and being very much alarmed at her went for a physician but faile find one, so came back by El Bros. & Carter's store and Mr. Eld recommended Chamberlain's Col Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy. procured a bottle of it, went hom as quickly as possible and gave the baby a dose of the remedy. It relieved her in fifteen minutes and soon cured her entirely." For sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN; A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

COLLAPSE OF MINERS' STRIKE IN VIEW.

(Sydney Record.) In so far as the number of men emdo with them at present, thrust them | ployed and the output of coal secured is concerned the strike at the collieries may be regarded from now on as practically at an end.

With the men brought in from outside places and with those who had turning the company is rapidly filling up available places.