

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.

F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN N. S.

Bridgetown Clothing Store

Cool Dressy Clothing for Summer Outing



Everybody plans an outing during the summer. In order to fully enjoy the outing, you must be appropriately dressed. We keep our store well filled with neat, cool, Dressy Suits, Outing Shirts, light weight Underwear, Belts, Braces, Ties, Collars, etc. etc.

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

J. HARRY HICKS 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--



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.

J. E. LLOYD, Phone 23 Granville Street.

The Manufacturers' Life Record for 1908:

Net Premium Income	\$2,119,583.57
Interest and Rents	458,306.61
Total Income	\$2,577,890.18
Payment to Beneficiaries & Policyholders	\$663,047.22
Reserve for Protection of	\$9,428,591.00
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 the Brazen

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, Author of "The Freedom of the Sea," "The Southern Cross," Etc., AND EDWARD PEPE, Author of "A Broken Rosary," "The Prince Chap," Etc.

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was glad of any break in the dull monotony, accepted with alacrity. The motor was a four cylinder Layton, with a vicious back fire and a hoarse, wet cough, which would have warned an expert to look after his engine and relieve the oil valves, machinery was a rental, and, in detail to be looked after in the garage; therefore the driver hunched up Riverside drive with a charming disregard for signs and omens.

The Englishman talked, and the Texan listened, though he adroitly kept the conversation in a social vein on the chance of finding some opening for an attack on Irvington. In this he was not disappointed. The earl had secured letters of introduction to Jacob Renwyck, but on calling at the Broad street offices had found the gentleman absent. He left his letters, together with a note of request, and had promptly 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 on the following day, where his valet 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 with caution. "Renwyck," he said thoughtfully. "Seems to me I've heard that name. Well, it's not."

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 understand." Richard agreed with him, but did not think it necessary to mention the fact. "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 blasé and superior manner. The Texan's white teeth not bear his angry snap. He could not bear his friend in that pose, but he put a curb on his tongue. "Look here, Croylaud," he asked as inadvertently as he could, "do you mean to tell me that you are going to Irvington tomorrow with the arched intention of making love to a lady you have never seen?" "Call it prospecting," laughed the Englishman. "It's a fair game, isn't it?" "No, it isn't," snapped the Texan, falling into the vernacular of the plains. "It's a dinky 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."

young woman of a Panhard stopped to view a general wreck and took bustling notice of every one's name and address," he detoured of raising the Englishman's head. The Texan about to answer truthfully when he opened his eyes and drawled languidly, but in a sufficiently polite voice: "My name is Richard Williams of San Antonio, Texas—I'll pay all damages. The man has one of my cards."

The earl's eyes deliberately shut out any reproachful glance. The man of San Antonio, however, was not so easily deterred. He was checked by the vigor of the Englishman's elaborate and cordially delivered questions. "What name?" asked the patient man. "Richard Williams," interrupted Croylaud. "Were you a gentleman?" "I was a gentleman," replied Croylaud. "I am a gentleman now." "I am a gentleman now," replied Croylaud. "I am a gentleman now," replied Croylaud.

Richard truthfully admitted to that idiot, and special dispensation of his own to answer anything more. The Texan had evened up with the machine happen to be his cart?" continued. "I am a gentleman now," replied Croylaud. "I am a gentleman now," replied Croylaud. "I am a gentleman now," replied Croylaud.

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 hat and thanked her also. He was about to follow his friend when Miss Sempson 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 woman and guaranteed for speed and—"

"Why—under the tank," said Richard as he wild guess. The young woman hung back her head and laughed. "Did you learn to drive a motor in a hansom cab, sir?" "On a broncho, ma'am," returned Richard, cheerfully seeing the game was up. "There," she said as she held out her hand to him. "One thing more. Your friend Mr. Williams is an Englishman, isn't he?" "No," answered the young man solemnly: "he's a Turk."

CHAPTER IV. RICHARD, greatly annoyed by the turn of affairs and smarting because of his easy fall into Miss Sempson's clever trap, was forced to cool his heels in the waiting room while the serious and aged Englishman was being pitched up temporarily by the doctors and put to bed in a private room. After a while the uniformed nurse came briskly and accepted the Texan's check. "Are you the chauffeur?" "The chauffeur—no, sir, I am not," stammered Richard in wrathful confusion. "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. Richard, however, rose obediently—he could do nothing else—but his cheeks were flaming hotly at his false and humiliating position. Croylaud was carrying his joke a little too far. "Thank you," he answered grimly, to the great surprise of the nurse. "I'm 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 and then turned to face the handmaiden who was waiting in the doorway. "Look here, Croylaud! 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 reluctantly 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 Sempson, eh? Don't let me forget her address—322 Madison avenue. I shall send flowers—"

and it won't be long either. By the way, I won't be able to go to the Renwycks at Irvington tomorrow." Richard brightened visibly. The proposition afforded some points of advantage after all. "You see," the earl went on, "I'll be laid up here for perhaps two weeks, and I don't want our ambassador to know it. My right arm is out of commission, and I can't write my excuses to Mr. Renwyck. I want you to 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 fellow?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so, so long as I am in for it," said Richard, striving to conceal his joy. "Anything else?" The earl nodded. "I'd be glad if you would despatch my man as soon as he arrives. Bill's his name, Wadsway Bill." "Yes, I remember him now. Lord, but a name!" said Richard, who had seen the man at San Antonio with a view to 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—especially on the first of the month, you know."

"Is that why you are going to fire him?" "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 cigar cutter. Mention it to him—he'll understand. You might say also that I have a letter from my friend Mr. Drake of Scotland Yard." For half an hour longer Richard remained with the earl discussing the details of the explanation to Mr. Renwyck and some other matters which he could attend to for Lord Croylaud. Then he arose to take his leave, promising to run up to Irvington the next morning.

"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 bonyard. Richard and immediately became oblivious to "beastly machines" and everything else on earth except the memory of a warm, limp 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. Richard Williams, dressed in his best and with a soul full of hope and foreboding, took the 10:30 local train at the 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 say:

"Richard me, but are you not Lord Croylaud?" Richard turned to see outside the fence a restive mare latched to a perfectly appointed trap, in which sat an elderly man of distinguished appearance. 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 disastrously affected by the unfortunate contretemps. He had hoped to enter the house before his name became known, and also he had prayed that the tractor thereof might not be at home at the moment of his arrival. However, he must put on a bold front and trust to luck. He pushed his way through the gate and approached the vehicle. "I recognized you instantly from your picture," said Mr. Renwyck, thrusting out a cordial hand. "Glad to see you, Jump in."

"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 an old skinkin', cattle king, and so on, named Bill Williams?"

The tone of Mr. Renwyck's voice indicated perfectly in what low estimation he held the aforesaid Williams. "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 growing interesting! For the moment Richard forgot he was Lord Croylaud, although 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 bitter but carefully veiled anger, his heart lodging in the very bottom of his boots at this suggestion. The development of Renwyck's disgust for his father, which, in addition to 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 spite 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 Croylaud had coolly appropriated the name of Richard Williams. A fair exchange was no robbery by the laws of love and war, and if Richard bowed the Englishman's title for the time being an imminent calamity might be averted. At all events, he 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 once.

"Pardon me, Mr. Renwyck," he observed, with a faint suggestion of what he thought was the Englishman's drawing manner, "what jolly fine grounds you have! What d'ye call 'em?" "Restmore." "Ha, ha! Very good. Really, you know, quite up to Croylaud Park." "Think so?" said his flattered host. "I'm glad you like the place. Here we are!" 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 wisteria 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 Croylaud," 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 my baby, which was then about 18 months old, was taken seriously ill with cholera infantum, vomiting and diarrhea profusely," writes J. J. Dempsey, Ala. "I did not know how to relieve her but did call on a doctor and being very much alarmed at her bent for a physician but failed to find one, so came back by E. Bros. & Carter's store and Mr. Eld recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I procured a bottle of it, went home 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 employed 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 abandoned work and who are now returning the company is rapidly fitting up available places.



You are a private citizen and can do what you please.