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RAILWAY TIME-TABLES

GRAND TRUNK BAILWAY. Time of departure from Belleville sin

Golng Magt No. 18—2.00 and Jack train, ayer, daily.
No. 32—Local for Brockville, 7.00 a.m. arrives back from Brockville, 8.50 p.m.; daily except Sunday.
No. 5—11.10 a.m.—Mail and Express

No. 5-11.10 a.m. — Express daily
No. 14-12.16 p.m. — Express daily
No. 28-5.35 p.m. — Local pass, daily
except Sunday. Going West No 19-2.15 a.m.-Mail and Express

dally
No. 13—4.35 a.m.Ltd Express daily.
No. 29—7.50 a.m.—Local Pass, daily except Sunday, leaving Toronto
6.00 p.m. arrives in Belleville
at 9.35 p.m.
1.20 a.m.—Passenger daily except Sunday.
No. 1—2.05 p.m.—International Limited No. 7-4.55 p.m. daily.

WELLEVILLE AND PETCRBORO

Going West Leave 5.20 a.m. 6.00 p.m. Going East Arrive 10.55 a.m. 4.15 p.m. BELLEVILLE AND MADOC Lv. Belleville 12.11 p.m. 6.80 p.m.

CANADIAN NORTHERN BAILWAY

Effective March 1st 1916. For Toronto and Intermediate points
*3.40 a.m., 6.35 a.m., 5.10 p.m.
Trenton, Wellington, Picton and intermediate points: 6.25 a.m., 1.10 p.m.
7.80 p.m. 7.30 p.m.

Marmera, Bancroft, Marmooth, and intermediate points; 6.25 a.m.

Descronte and Napanees 10.56 a.m., 2.20 p.m., 2.40 a.m., 19.25 p.m.

Fr.akford, Marmora and Coe Mult 1.16 Napance ,Smiths Falls, Ottawa and intermediate points: 2.20 p.m., *1.40 a.m.

Trains arrive from Toronto and intermediate points: 2.20 p.m., 12.40 a.m.

"Whereupon you went hunting for turns up to make it slip."

"Whereupon you went hunting for turns up to make it slip."

9.25 p.m.
From Picton, Trenton and intermediate points: 16.55 a.m., 6.25 p.m., 9.26 p.m.
From Napance, Descronto and intermediate points: 16.25 a.m., 1.10 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 9.46 a.m.
From Maynooth, Bancroft and Marmora and Intermediate points: 16.25 p.m.
From Coe Hill and intermediate points From Brockville, Smiths Falls and Ottawa; 5.10 p.m. \$2.40 a.m.
Daily except Sunday unless otherwise marked.

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Geing West
Leave Ottawa
Leave Belleville 44.00 ja sa 6.22 p.m

DODDE

PILLS

Arrive Toronse 9.86 p.h "Benson, are you sure you went over Leave Belleville 2.18 p.ll. all the line lying west of the Gloris bridge?" be asked pointedly. "Every foot of it, up one side and All cannot fight—but everyone can give something to heal and comfort

lown the other. No: hold on. There is that old spur running up on the eastern side of Little Butte. It's the the wounded soldiers who are one that used to serve Flemister's mine fighting for us. Do your share on Belleville's Red Cross Day, Tueswhen the workings were on the eastern slope of the butte. I didn't go over day next, Dec. 5. that spur. It hasn't been used for years. As I remember it, the switch connections with the main line have

een taken out." "You're wrong about that," said idgerwood definitely. "McCloskey thought so, too, and told me that the rogs and point rails had been taken out at Silver Switch, at both of the main line ends of the Y, but the last time I was over the line I noticed that the old switch stands were there and that the split rails were still in

"Say, Lidgerwood, I'm going back to the park on extra 71, which ought to leave in about five minutes," said Benson hurriedly. "Tell me half a dozen Strings in him there or many seconds

Bas Flemister used that spur since you took charge of the road?"

The Taming of

Red Butte

Western

FRANCIS LYNDE

right, 1910, by Charles Scrib-ner's Sons.

es if they knew they wouldn't tell. That was the case with every man I

talked to on our side of the river. But

over across the Timanyoni, nearly op-

a little creek coming in from the

north, and on this creek I found a

"Go on," said Lidgerwood when the

"The old man told me a fairy tale,

all right," Benson went on. "He was

as full of fancies as a fig is of seeds.

I have been trying to believe that what

he told me isn't altogether a pipe

dream, but it sounds mightly like one.

neglected to explain how he happened

"Oh. no. indeed! I put in the entire

afternoon that day on a handcar with

four of my men to pump it for me, and

if there is a foot of the main line, side-

tracks or spurs west of the Gloria

bridge that I haven't gone over I don't

know where it is. The next night I

ald prospector again. I wanted to

sheck him up see if he had forgotten

mearthly hour."

the superintendent.

bear it."

wmills?" asked Lidgerw

"That is just what I did, and if there

one within hearing distance of that

old man's cabin on Quartz creek I

that there is one and that the thieves.

whoever they were, lost no time in

board lumber, and I'll bet a hen worth

\$50 against a no account yellow dog

that I have seen those boards a dozen

times within the last twenty-four hours without knowing it."

"Didn't see anything of our switch

ingine while you were looking for your

bridge timbers and sawmills and other

hings, did you?" queried Lidgerwood.

"No." was the quick reply; "no, but I

have a think coming on that too. My

old prospector says he couldn't make

out very well in the dark, but it seemed to bim as if the engine which hauled away our bridge timbers didn't have

Lidgerwood grew thoughtful: The

pissing engine was of the "saddle

tank" type, and it had no tender. It

was hard to believe that it could be

hidden anywhere on so small a part of

the Red Butte Western system as that

covered by the comparatively short

pot hole in the river it was unques

ionably hidden somewhere.

sawing my bridge timbers up into

dn't find it. But I am confident

"Where

ngineer stopped to light his pipe.

ite the mouth of the Gloria, there is

"Have you ever suspected him of being mixed up in the looting?" "I haven't known enough about him to form an opinion." Benson stepped to the door communi-

eating with the outer office and closed it quietly. "Your man Hallock out there-how be mixed up with Flemister?"

"I don't know. Why?" "Because the day before yesterday when I was on the Little Butte station platform talking with Goodloe I saw Plemister and Hallock walking down the new spur together. When they saw me they turned around and began

to walk back toward the mine." "Hallock had business with Flemister-I know that much-and he took half a day off Thursday to go and see him." said the superintendent

"De you happen to know what the "Yes, I do. He went at my request." "H'm!" said Benson. "Another string

broken. Never mind; I've got to catch that train." lene prospector, a queer old chap who halls from my neck of woods up in "Still after those bridge timbers?" "Still after the boards they have probably been sawed into. And before get back I am going to know what's

at the upper end of that old Silver Switch Y spur." The young engineer had been gone less than half an hour and Lidgerwood had scarcely finished reading his mail when McCloskey opened the door. Like Benson, the trainmaster also had

He says that about 2 o'clock in the the light of discovery in his eye. morning of Saturday, two weeks ago. "More thievery," he announced an engine and a single car backed gloomily. "This time they have been down from the west to the Gloria looting my department. I had ten or bridge and a crowd of men swarmed twelve thousand feet of high priced inoff the train, loaded those bridge timsulated copper wire and a dozen or bers and ran away with them, going more telephone sets in the storeroom. back up the line to the west. He tells The wire and all those telephone sets it all very circumstantially, though he are gone.

"Well?" said Lidgerwood evenly. to be awake and on guard at any such The temptation to take it out upon the nearest man was still as strong as was he when he saw all ever, but he was growing better able to resist it.

"On his own side of the river, of "I've done what I could," snapped course. It was a dark night, and the McCloskey, seeming to know what was ingine had no headlight. But the expected of him, "but nobody knows ading gang had plenty of lanterns. anything, of course. So far as I could and he says they made plenty of and out, no one of my men has had occasion to go to the storeroom for a "You didn't let it rest at that?" said

"Who has the keys?"

"I have one, and Spurlock, the line chief, has one. Hallock has the third." "Always Hallock!" was the half imatient comment. "I hope you don't suspect him of stealing your wire." "That's just what I do. I've got him

dead to rights this time. He was in that storeroom day before yesterday, crossed the Timanyoni and tackled the or, rather, night before last. Callahan saw him coming out of there." Lidgerwood sat back in his chair and

any of the little frills and details. He badn't. On the contrary, he was able to add what seems to me a very im-portant detail. About an hour after the disappearance of the one car train "I don't blame you much, Mac. This thing is getting to be pretty binding upon all of us. But I think you are mistaken-in your conclusion, I mean with my bridge timbers he heard some-Hallock has been making an inventory thing that he had heard many times before. He says it was the high pitchof material on hand for the past week more, and now that I think of it I ed song of a circular saw. I asked him remember having seen your wire and the telephone sets included in his last

sheet of telegraph supplies." "There it goes again," said the trainnize that song wherever he might master sourly. "Every time I get a half hitch on that fellow something

> be as fair to him as you can," Lidgerwood advised. "I know you dislike him, and probably you have good reasons. But have you stopped to ask yourself what possible use he could make of the stolen material?" "I can tell you one thing, Mr. Lidgerwood-Flemister has just put a complete system of wiring and telephones his mine, and if he had the stuff for the system shipped in over our railroad the agent at Little Butte doesn't

know anything about it." "That proves nothing against Hallock, Mac, as you will see when you cool down a little," he said.

"I know it doesn't." wrathfully "Nothing proves anything any more. I suppose I've got to say it again-I'm all in, down and out." And he went away, growling to his hat brim. Late in the evening of the same day

Benson returned from the west. He sought out Lidgerwood at once and any tender. How does that strike made his report of the day's doings. "I have and I haven't," he said, beginning in the midst of things, as his sabit was. "You were right about the track connection at Silver Switch It is in. Flemister put it in himself a nth ago, when he had a carload of taken up to the back door or nin

nileage in Timanyoni Park. Yet if it "Did you go up over the spur?"

act, and I had my trouble for my

seles. Before I go any further. Lidhad not been dumped into some deep gerwood. I'd like to ask you one ques

tion—can we afford to quarrel with Mr. Pennington Flemister?" "Benson, we shan't hesitate a single moment to quarrel with the biggest mine owner or freight shipper this side of the Crosswater hills if we have

the right on our side. Spread it out What did you find?" Benson sank a little lower in his chair. "The first thing I found was

a couple of armed guards, a pair of tough looking citizens, with guns sagging at their hips, lounging around the Wire Silver back door. There is quite a little nest of buildings at the old entrance to the Wire Silver, and a stockade has been built to inclose them. The old spur runs through a gate in the stockade, and the gate was open. but the two toughs wouldn't let me go faside. I wrangled with them first and tried to bribe them afterward, but it was no go. Then I started to walk around the outside of the stockade, which is only a high board fence, and they objected to that. Thereupon I told them to go straight to biazes and walked away down the spur, but when

a got out or signt around the arst curve I took to the timber on the butte which I could look over into Flemis ter's carefully built inclosure."

"Well, what did you see?" "Much or little, just as you happen to look at it. There are half a doz buildings in the yard, and two of m are new and unpainted. Sizing them up from a distance, I said to myself that the lumber in them hadn't been very long out of the mill. One of them is evidently the power house. It has an iron chimney set in the roof and the power plant was running.

"You say two of the buildings are new. Did you make any inquiries about recent lumber shipments to the Wire Silver?" "I did," said the young engineer berly. "So far as our station records

show, Flemister has had no material

mave coal shipped in over either the eastern or the western spur for sev eral months." "Then you believe that he took your

bridge timbers and sawed them up

"I do as firmly as I believe that the sun will rise tomorrow. And that isn't all of it. Lidgerwood. He is the man who has your switch engine. As I have said, the power plant was running while I was up there today. The power is a steam engine, and if you'd tand off and listen to it you'd swear it was a locomotive pulling a light train up an easy grade. Of course I'm only guessing at that, but I think you will agree with me that the burden of proof lies upon Flemister." Lidgerwood was nodding slowly. Yes, on Flemister and some others

Who are the others, Benson?" "I have no more guesses coming and I am too tired to invent any. Suppose we drop it until tomorrow I'm afraid it means a fight or a funeral, and I am not quite equal to

either tonight."

JUDSON'S JOKE. ARTON RUFFORD, ex-distiller of illicit whisky in the Tennessee mountains, ex-weisher turned informer and betraying his neighbor lawbreakers to the United States revenue officers, ex-everything which made his continued stay in the Cumberlands impossible, was a man of

CHAPTER IX.

listinction in the Red desert. In the wider field of the west he had been successively a claim jumper, a rustler of unbranded cattle, a telegraph operator in collusion with a gang of train robbers and finally a fare lookout, the armed guard who sits at the head of the gaming table in the untamed regions to kill, and kill quickly, if a dispute arises.

Angels acknowledged his citizenship without joy. He tyrannized the town when the humor was on him, and as yet no counter bully had come to chase him into oblivion.

For Lidgerwood to have earned the mity of this man was considered equivalent to one of three things-the superintendent would throw up his job and leave the Red desert, preferably by the first train, or Rufford would kill him, or he must kill Rufford. In the Angels roundhouse on the second morning following the attempt upon Lidgerwood's life at the gate of the Dawson cottage the discussion was spirited, not to say acrimonious

I'm telling you byense that College and Cuffs ain't going to run away," insisted Williams, who was just in from the all night trip to Red Butte and return. "He ain't built that way." Lester, the roundhouse foreman, himself a man queller of no mean repute, thought differently. Lidgerwoo would most likely take to the high grass and the tall timber. The alternative was to "pack a gun" for Rufford, an alternative quite inconceivable to Lester when it was predicated of the superintendent.

"I don't know about that," said Judsen, the discharged-and consequently momentarily sobered-engineer of the "He's fooled everybody more than once since he lit down in the Red desert. I don't know but he might even run a bluff on Bart Rufford if he felt like it."

"Come off, John!" growled the big foreman. "You needn't be afraid to talk straight over here. He hit you when you was down, and we all know you're only waitin' for a chance to his

Judson was a red headed man, effu-sively good natured when he was in Bonor and a outck tempered fighter of battles when he was not

"Don't you make any such mistake! he snapped. "That's what McCloskey said when he handed me the goodby. You'll be one more to go round feelin for Mr. Lidgerwood's throat, I sup pose, says he. By cripes, what I said to Mac I'm sayin' to you. Bob Lester! I know good and well a-plenty when I've earned my blue envelope If I'd been in the super's place the 271 would have bad a new runner a long time ago!"

"I say he'll chase his feet," puffed Broadbent, the fat machinist, who was truing off the valve seats of the 195 'If Rufford doesn't make him there's some others that will."

Judson flared up again. "Who you quotin' now, Fatty-one of the shop 'prentices? Or maybe it's Rank Hallock? Say, what's he doin' monkeyin' round the back shop so much lately? I'm goin' to stay round here till I get a chance to lick that

"You rail pounders 'd better get next table. to Rankin Hallock," Broadbent warned. "He's the next sup'rintendent of the R. B. W. You'll see the 'pointment circular the next day after that jim-dandy over in the Crow's Nest gets moved off a the map."

"Well, I'm some afeared Bart Rufford's likely to move bim." drawles ciay, the six foot kentuckian, who key? said the disgraced one notiv. was filing the 195's brasses at the "I hain't asked it yet, and, what's bench. "Which the same I ain't re- more, I'm sober." joicin' about neither. That little cuss

And when you ain't rubbin' his fur the wrong way he treats you white." "For instance!" snapped Hodges, a find out," said Judson steadily. freight engineer who had been thrice "on the carpet" in Lidgerwood's office

for overrunning his orders. "Oh, they ain't so blame' hard to when we was out on the Navajo wreck me and the boy didn't have no dinner buckets. Bradford was the super's car, and when Andy just the super's car, and when Andy just sort of happened to mention the famine up along, the little man made that Jap cook o' his'n get us up a dinner that'd made your hair frizzle. He shore did." It was Williams' inning, and what on sight. You can figure that out, can't he said was cautionary.

"Dry up. you fellows! Here comes Gridley

The master mechanic was walking down the planked track from the back shop carrying his years, which showed only in the graying mustacue and chin beard, and his 180 pounds of well set

up bone and muscre jauntily. Like many another man, Henry Gridley lived a double life, or perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that there were two Henry Gridleys. Lidgerwood, the Dawsons, the little world of Angels at large, knew the virile, acsed mechanical engineer and master of men, which was his normal personality. What time the other personality, the elemental barbarian. vawned, stretched itself and came awake, the unspeakable dens of the Copah lower quarter engulfed him until the nether man had gorged himself on degradation.

To his men Gridley was a twent exacting, but just, ruling them as the men of the desert could only be ruled. with the mailed fist. Generous roughnesses were recorded of him, and if the attitude of the men was somewhat tempered by wholesome fear it was none the less loval

Hence when he entered the roundbouse industrious silence supplanted the discussion of the superintendent's case. Glancing at the group of enginemen, he beckoned to Judson. When the discharged engineer had followed him across the turntable he faced about and said, not too crisply: "So your sins have found you out one more time, have they, John? What is it this time-thirty days?"

Judson shook his head gloomily "No: I'm down and out." "Lidgerwood made it final, did he Well, you can't blame him."

"You hain't beard me saying any. thing, have you?" was the surly reloinder. "No, but it isn't in human nature to

forget these little things." Then suddenly. "Where were you day before vesterday between noon and 1 o'clock about the time you should have been taking your train out?"

Judson had a needle-like mind when

the alcohol was out of it, and the sudien query made him dissemble. "About 10 o'clock I was playing poo in Rafferty's place with the butt end the cue. After that things got kind of

"Well, I want you to buckle down and think hard. Don't you remember going over to Cat Biggs' about noon ng down at one of the card tables to drink yourself stiff?" Judson could not have told under the thumbscrews why be was prompt ed to tell Gridley a plain lie. But be

"I can't remember," he denied. Then the needle pointed brain got in its work, and he added, "Why?"

"I saw you there when I was going up to dinner. You called me in to tell me what you were going to do to Lidgerwood if he slated you for getting drunk. Don't you remember it?"

Judson was looking the master me-

chanic fairly in the eyes when he said. No; I don't remember a thing about "Try again," said Gridley, and now

the sbrewd gray eyes under the brim of the soft rolled felt hat held the enrineer helpless "I guess—I do—remember it—now." said Judson slowly, trying, still ineffectually, to break Gridley's masterful

eye hold upon him. "I thought you would," said the master mechanic without releasing him. "And you probably remember also that I took you out into the stree

and started you bome." "Yes," said Judson, this time without hesitation. "Well, keep on remembering it. You went home to Maggie, and she

put you to bed. That is what you are o keep in mind." Judson had broken the curious eye grip at last, and again he said, Gridley hooked his finger absently

n the engineer's buttonhole. Rufford says he'll start a lead mine in you. I heard him say it last nightoverheard him, I should say; that's

The master mechanic passed on, going out by the great door which opened for the locomotive entering track. Judson hung upon his heel for a moment and then went slowly through the tool room and across the yard tracks to the Crow's Nest He found McCloskey in his office above stairs, mouthing and grimacing

over the stringboard of the new time "Well?" growled the trainmaster when he saw who had opened and closed the door. "Come back to tell

me you've sworn off? That won't go down with Mr. Lidgerwood. When he fires he means it." "You wait till I ask you for my job

"Sure you are," muttered McCloss shore a mighty good railroad man. key. "You'd be better natured with a drink or two in you. What's doing?" "That's what I came over here to "What is the boss going to do about this sareup with Bart Rufford?"

The trainmaster shrugged. "You've got just as many guesse Clay retorted. "Last week as anybody, John. What you can bet on is that he will do something dif-

Judson had slouched to the window. When he spoke it was without turning his head "I heard uptown that Bart has posted his defi-Mr. Lidgerwood shoots him on sight or he shoots Mr. Lidgerwood

"Not knowing Mr. Lidgerwood much better than you do, John, I'm not sure that I can"

"Well, it's easy. Bart 'll walk up to the boss in broad daylight, drop him



Bene MAGGIE AND THE BABIES and then fill him full of lead after be's down. I've seen him-saw him do it

to Bixby, Mr. Brewster's foreman at the Copperette.' "Say the rest of it," commanded Me-

"I've been thinking. While I'm laying round with nothing much to de 1 believe I'll keep tab on Bart for a lit-

tie spell. I don't love him much, no-McCloskey's face contortion was intended to figure as a derisive smile. "Pshaw, John." he commented, "he'd skin you alive! Why, even Jack Hepburn is afraid of him!"

"Jack is? How do you know that?" McCloskey shrugged again. "Are you with us, John?" he saked

"I ain't with Bart Rufford and the tin horns," said Judson negatively.
"Then I'll tell you a fairy tale," said the trainmaster, lowering his voice. "I would do something different. He did it, bright and early this morning; went to Jake Schleisinger and swore out a warrant for Rufford's arrest on charge of assault with intent to kill."

"Sure," said Judson. "That's what any man would do in a civilized country, ain't it?" Yes, but not here, John-not in the red colored desert, with Bart Ruff

name in the body of the warrant."
"I don't know why not," insisted the engineer stubbornly. "But go on with the story. It ain't any fairy tale s "When he'd got the warrant, Schlei

inger protesting all the while that Bart 'd kill him for issuing it, Mr. Lidgerwood took it to Hepburn and told him to serve it. Jack down so fast that he fell over his said to ask him anything else un seaven and he'd do it-anything but

"Hub!" said Judson. "If I'd took an oath to serve warrants I'd serve 'em if it did make me sick at my stomach."
Then he got up and shuffled away to
the window again, and when hext he spoke his voice was the voice of broken man.

"I lied to you a minute ago, Mac. did want my job back. I came over here bopin' that you and Mr. Lidger wood might be seein' things a dittle ifferent by this time. I've quit the whisky. With my record, I c get an engine anywhere eine in the United States. Can't you see what 'm up against?" The trainmaster nodded. He was

"Well, it's Maggle and the bable now," Judson went on. "They den't starve, Mac, not while I'm on top of earth. Don't you reckon you could make some sort of a play for me with the boss, Jim? He's got bowels." "No, John. One or two things I've learned about Mr. Lidgerwood—he does not often hit when he's mad, and he

loesn't take back anything he says in cold blood. I'm afraid you've cooked your last goose." "Let me go in and see him. He ain't half as hard hearted as you are, Jim." The trainmaster shook his head. "No; it won't do any good. I heard him tell Hallock not to let anybody

in on him this morning." "Hallock be -! Say, mac, what makes him keep that"- Judson broke off abruptly, pulled his hat over his eyes and said, "Reckon it's worth -tile to shove me over to the other hack again. won't you, Jim McClos- side. Jim McClosker?"

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