

Carolyn May went in through the front gate and set down on the door-tep, while Prince dropped to a com-fortable attitude beside her. The dog stept. The little girl ruminated. slept. The little girl ruminated.

She would not go back to Uncle
Joe's—no, indeed! She did not know
just what she would do when dark
should come, but Frince should not be
sacrificed to her uncless wrath.

A voice, low, sweet, yet startling.

"What are you doing there, little

Both runaways started, but neither of them was disturbed by the appear-ausce of her who had accested Caro

iyn May.
"Oh, Mins Mandy!" breathed the lit-tle girl, and fhought that the carpen-ter's daughter had never looked so

"What are you doing there?" repeated Miss Parlow.
"We we've run away," said Carolya May at last. She could be nothing but frank; it was her nature.
"Run away!" repeated the pretty woman. "You don't mean that?"

EXes, ma'am, I have. And Prince. From Uncle Joe and Annty Rose," Carolyn May assured her, nedding her head with each declaration.

"Oh, my dear, what for?" asked.
Miss Amanda.

auch a thing? Would he drown your dog?"

"I—I saw him putting the stones in the bag," sobbed Carolyn May. "And he said he would."

"But he said it when he was angry, dear. We often say things when we ard angry—nearly the pity i—which we do not mess, and he which we are bitterly sarry thereseed. I am sure, Carolyn May, the party that we do not intention of december of the late."

the sudden death of their brother. Mr. Alford Anderson, who passed the sour will be greatly missed in our community.

Mr. James Simpson is very fill with pneumonia:

Miss Lydia faby re and word that her sister-in-is of Pe erboro, is tilled. A. Juby, of Pe erboro, is tilled. A. Juby, of Pe erboro, is tilled. The "fill."

Mr. Frank Lent in on the sick list.

LATE R. H. MORDEN

The funeral of the late R. B. Morden was held this murning from his late residence. Z15 George St., Rev. Dr. Scott officialing, Owing to the fact that there is liliness in the family, the funeral was of a private and ture. The remains were taken by O. N. R. train to Picton for interment in Glenwood cemetery.

Wrong with them all, so the dector said."

"Oh, my dear! All three of them?" the sighed Carolyn May.

"Two girls and boy. Only one lived to be three months old. They are all buried behind the church you are all

"Oh, Miss Amanda! Are you perive?"
"Positive! I know Jor

ith Hor Arms About the Little Girt, Miss Amanda Snuggled Her Up

yn May. Whatever else he may be to is not a hater of helpless and dumb

"Miss Amanda," cried Carolyn May, with clasped hands, "you—you are just lifting an awful big lump off my heart? Fil run and ask him right away."

She raced with the barking Prince back to the Stagg premises, Mr. Stagg had just finished filling in with the stones the trench Prince had dug under the garden fence.

"There," he grunted. "That dratted dog won't dig this hole any bigges, freckon. What's the matter with you. Car'lyn?"

"Are—are—you going to drown'd.

Car'lyn?"

"Are—are you going to drown'd frincey, Uncle Joe? If—if you do, it just seems to me, I—I shall die!"

He looked up at her searchingly.

"Humph! is that mongrel so all-important to your happiness that you want to die if he does?" demanded the

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

"Humph!" ejaculated the hardware feeler again, "I believe you think more of that dog than you do of me."

"Yes, Uncle Joe."

The frank answer hit Mr. Stags aarder than he would have cared to acknowledge.

mowiedge.
"Why?" he queried.
"Because Prince never said a word
hurt me in his life!" said Carolyn

Frince Awakens The Corners.

Carolyn May assured her, nedding her lead with each declaration.

"Oh, my dear, what for?" asked Miss Amanda.

"Both Satan and the parson have Miss Amanda.

So Carolyn May told her—and with now they can tackle each other again.

"I think he's a very nice man," said monishingly.

"I think he's a very nice man," said monishingly.

"I think he's a very nice man," said Carolyn May suddenly. "And I kep! "I wonder what is the matter with you now." Carolyn May began, when Prince Awakens The Corners

tears.

Meanwhile the woman came into the yard and sat beside the child on the step. With her arm about the little girl, Miss Amanda anungled her up close, wiping the tears away with her own handkerchief.

"I just can't have poor Prince drownded," Carolyn May sobbed. "I'd want to be drownded myself, too."

"I know, dear. But do you really believe your Uncle Joseph would do such a thing? Would he drown your dog?"

"I—I saw him putting the stenes in the bag," sobbed Grown May. "And he said he would."

"But he said he would."

"But he said to when he was assery, dear. We often any hings when we ard angry—mores he pity i—which we do not mean, and for which we are biliterly serry discrete. I am sure, Carolyn May, Red gard I am sure, Red gar

bliterly serry described. It am sure Carolyn May, that see I has sure Carolyn May, that see I had been had been they did not admit it to each other.

MASSASSAGA.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Valleau called on Miss Lydia and Mr. Fred Juby on Sinday.

We are glad to report Miss Marferle Davidson impraving.

Oh. account of the "flu" epidemic, we had no church or Sunday school on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Ackerman came home from Toronfo on Saturday.

Mr. Stanley Price spent Sunday effect tone. "Three Muse in a matter final and Mr. J. Anderson in the sudden death of their brother.

Mr. Alford Anderson who passed on the sunday little boys? I was been to my arms for a very little while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died soon after coming to me. There was something quite while. Each died carelyn May

"I'm Carlyn May, if you please," ahe replied looking up at him frankly.
"Carlyn May Stage?" he asked.
"You're Mr. Stage's little girl? Two heard of you."

"Car'lyn May Cameron," she corrected scriously. "I'm only staying with Uncle Joe. He is my guardian, and he had to take me, of course, when my

"Do you s'pose," she asked him con-fidentially, "that Satan is really wicked enough to trouble little girls?" It was a startling bit of new philoso-phy thus suggested, and Mr. Driggs shook his head in grave doubt. But it gave him something to think of all that day; and the first sermen preached in The Corners church that autumn seemed rather different from most of those solid, indigestible discourses that the good man was wont to drone out to his parishioners.

his parishioners.
"Dunno but it is worth while to give the parson a vacation," pronounced Uncle Joe at the dinner table. "Seems to me his sermon this morning seemed to have a new snap to ft. Mebbe he'll give old Satan a hard rub this winter.

"I think he's a very nice man," said Carolyn May suddenly. "And I kep' awake most of the time—you see, I heard poor Princey howling for me here, where he was tied up."

"Hum!" ejaculated Mr. Stagg. "Which kept you awake—the dog or the minister?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Driggs very much," the little girl assured him. "And he's in great fliction, too, I am sure. Hehe wears crepe on his hat and sleeve." "Huh, so he does," grunted Mr. Stagg. "He's 'mest always in mourning for semebody or something."

"De you s'pose, Uncle Joe, that he looks up enough? It does just seem to me as though poor Mr. Driggs must always be looking down instead of looking up to see the sanshine and the blue sky and—and the meantains, like my papa said you should."

Uncle Joe was silent. Aunty Ross said, very briskly for her:

"And your papa was right, Car'lyn May, He was a very sensible man, I have me doubt."

again of excitement.

"I wonder what is the matter with you now." Carolyn May began, when suddenly suddenly she sighted what had evidently so disturbed the dog.

A man was crouching under one of the schoelhouse windows, bobbing up now and then to neer in. It was the man whom they had previously seem to be does," grunted Mr. Carolyn May, holding the dog.

"Hunh, Prince!" whiceped Mtile of the collar.

"She, too, could see through the open window. Miss Minnie was still at her desk. She had finished correcting the pupils' papers. Now she had her bag open and was counting the money Mr. Brady had given her.

"O-o-oh!" breathed Carolyn May, to linging to the eager dog's collar.

The man at the window suddenly left his position and slipped around to the door. In a moment he appeared in the schoelroom before the startled in the schoelroom before the situation.

Miss Minnie screamed. The man "Which kept you awake—the dog or the minister?"

"Oh, I like Mr. Driggs very much," the little girl assured him. "And he's in great 'fliction, too, I am sure. He—he wears crepe on his hat and sleeve."

"Huh, so he does," grunted Mr. Stagg. "He's 'most always in mourning for semebody or something."

"De you spose, Uncle Joe, that he looks up enough? It does just seem to me as though poor Mr. Driggs must always be looking down instead of looking up to see the sunshine and the blue sky and—and the mountains, like my papa said you should."

Uncle Joe was silent. Aunty Ross said, very briskly for her:

"And your paps was right, Carlyn May, He was a very sensible man, I have ne doubt."

"Oh, he was quite a wonderful man."

"Oh, he was quite a wonderful man," said the little girl with full assurance. It was on the following morning that school opened. The Corners district school was a red building, with a squatty bell tower and two front doors, standing not far up the road be youd the church.

Miss Minnie Lester taught the school, and although Miss Minnie looked very sharply through her classes at one, Carolyn May thought she was going to love the teacher very much.

she was going to love the teacher very much.

Indeed, that was Carolyn May's attitude toward almost everybody whom she met. She expected to love and to be loved. Was it any wonder she made so many friends?

There proved, however, at the start, to be a little difficulty with Miss Minnie. Prince would not remain at home. He howled and whined for the first half of Monday morning's session — as Aunty Rose confessed, almost driving her mad. Then he slipped his collar and tore away on Carolyn May's cold trail.

Irail.

Into the school marched the dogs, having drawn the staple with which his chain had been fastened to the bole of the tree in Mr. Stage's back

"Car'lyn May Cameron," she corrected Seriously. "I'm only staying with Uncle Joe. He is my guardian, and he had to take me, of course, when my papa and mamma were lost at sea."

"Indeed?" returned the gentleman. "Do you know who I am?"

"I'—I think," said Carolyn May, doubtfully, "that you must be the undertaker."

For a moment the gentleman looked startied. Then he flushed a little, but his eyer twinkled.

"The undertaker?" he murmured. "Do I look like that?"

"Rexuse me, sir," said Carolyn May, "Rexuse me, sir," said Carolyn May, "T don't really know you, you know. Maybe you're not the undertaker."

"No, I am not. Though our undertaker." Mr. Snivyins, is a very good man."

"Yes, sir," said the little girl, politicly.

"I am the pastor here—your pastor, I hope," he said, putting a kind hand upon her head.

"Oh, I know you now!" said Carolyn May brightly. "You're the man Uncle Joe says is going to get a strangle hold on Satun now that vacation is over."

Rev. Afton Driggs looked rather odd again. The shocking frankness of the

growl at you."

"He wouldn't, hey?" said the man hoarsely, licking his fingers of the last crumbs of his lunch. "An' suppose a feller ain't got no Bunday suit?"

"Why then, I s'pose Prince wouldn't ever let you come into our yard—if he was loose."

"Don't let him loose now, little girl," said the fellow, getting up hurriedly and eyeing the angry dog askance.

"Oh, no, sir, We're going visiting up the road. Come away, Prince. I won't let him touch you," she assured the man.

the man.

The latter seemed rather doubtful of her ability to hold the dog long, and he hobbled away towards the school-

Carolyn May had a very pleasant call—Freda's mother even approved of Prince—and it was an hour before the

teacher.

Miss Minnie screamed. The man, with a rough threat, darted forward to seize her purse.

Just then Carolyn May unsnapped



as very grave and serious looking.
"Who are you, little gir?" he asked, seemed prejudiced against her because of Prince.

After all. She had always loved and schoolmistress, was searce. He went up the well and scrambled over the sill with a savage determination that see it again. That's a skirt I see the again. That's a skirt I see the again. That's a lady!

Why, it's a lady!"

"Uncle Joe," she said, "would that out of Prince.

"Uncle Joe," she said, "would that see it again. That's a skirt I see the again. That's a lady!"

"Huh? No; I reckon not," admitted that out of Prince.

of Prince.

The little girl felt badly about this, but she was of too cheerful a temperament to droop for too under the pressure of any trouble. The other children liked her, and Carolyn May found plenty of playmates.

It was on the last Friday in the mount that something happened which quite changed Miss Minnie's attitude towards "that mongrel." Incidentally, the Corners, as a commanity, was rully awakened from its lethargy, and, as it chanced, like the Riesping Beauty it chanced, like the Riesping Beauty it chanced, like the Riesping Beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But it chanced here to stubbornly, yet as though looking, as well as might.

With a yell of terror the fellow beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But it chanted beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But it chanted beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But it chanted beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But it chanted beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But it chanted beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But it chanted beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But was long the road and through the road.

Prince lost a little time in recovering his feeling tamp, But he was soon baying the feliow past the black smith shop and the store.

The Corners, as a commanity, was rully awakened from its lethargy, and, as it chanced, like the Riesping Beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. "But was they had entered seemed lost on him. "But was they had entered seemed lost on him. "But was they had entered seemed lost on him. The corners at a speed entered seemed lost on him. The beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. The corners at a speed entered seemed lost on him. The beauty of the day and of the glade they had

CHAPTER VII.

day Mr. Brady, one of the school rank. It his ages tryinfield.

"The undertakes" he murmored.

"De I look like that?"

"Account really know you, you know. Maybe you're not the undertakes."

"No, I am not. Though our undertakes."

"No, I am not. Though our undertakes."

"No, I am not. Though our undertakes."

"Yes, sit," said the little girl, politicly.

"Tam the pastor here—your pastor."

I hope," he said, putting a kind hand upon her higd.

"Oh, I know you now!" said Carolyn May brightly. "You're the man hunder of the subscided in the invitation. Freda rully underside and upon her higd.

"Oh, I know you now!" said Carolyn May brightly. "You're the man hunder of the subscided of the invitation. Freda rully underside and upon her higd.

"Oh, I know you now!" said Carolyn May saw Miss Minnie at his echochhouse, and he had look as sain now that vacation in over."

Hev. Afton Driggs looked rather odd again. The shocking frankness of the child came pretty near to flooring in me," he said drily. "You don't know that he is ready to do his share, do you?"

"Has hare!" Your unde compiliments me," he said drily. "You don't know that he is ready to do his share, do you?"

"This hare!" repeated the pussled little girl.

"Toward strangling the Beil One." pursued the minister, a way smile curling the minister, a way smile curling the corners of his tips.

"Has he got a share in it, too?" asked Carolyn May.

"Think we all should have." add the minister, looking down a her with general large the corners of his tips.

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"Has he got a share in it, too?" asked Carolyn May.

"Think we all should have." add the minister, looking down at her with general large the corners of h

stand,

"And he is always reading about the "Begatz." she complained gently to "Uncle Joe as they went home together on this particular Sunday, "and I can't keep interested when he does that. I s'pose the "Begatz' were very nice people, but I'm sure they weren't related to us—they've all got such funny names."

related to us—they've all got such funny names."

"Hum!" ejaculated Uncle Jos, smothering a desire to laugh. "Flow gently, sweet Afton, does select his passages of Scripture mostly from the 'valleys of dry bones,' I allow. You've got it about right these, Carolyn May."

"Uncle Jos," said the little girl, tabing her courage is both hands, "vill you do something for me?" Then, as he stared down at her from under his bushy brows, she added: "I don't mean that you aren't always doing something for me—tetting me sheep here at your house and est with you and all that. But something special."

"What is the something special."

"What is the something special?"
asked Mr. Stage cautionaly.
"Something I want you to do today. You always go off to your store
after dinner and when you come home
it's toe dark."

"Too dark for what?" "For us to take a welk," said the little girl very carnestly. "Oh, Uncle Joe, you don't knew how dreadful I miss taking Sunday walks with my papa! Of course we took 'sm in the morning, for he had to go to work on the paper in the afternoon, but we did just about so everywhere. If you would go with me," the little girl added wistfully, "just this afternoon, seems to me! I wouldn't feel so—so empty."

"Humph? said Unels Jee, clearing his throat. "R it's guing to do you any particular good, Carlyn May, I suppose I can take a walk with you."

It was a crisp day—one of those antumn days when the ting of first remains in the cit, in spite of all the efforts of the sum to warm M.

Here and there they stopped to pick up the glossy brown chestmuts that had buset from their burrs. That is, Carchyn May and her unels did. Prince, after a single attempt to mose one of the prickly burrs, left them strictly alone. "For us to take a walk," said the

the prickly burns, left them strictly alone.

"Tou might just as well try to eat Aunty Rose's strawberry needle cushion, Princey," the little girt said wisely. "You'll have a sorer nose than Amos Bartlett had when he tried to file it down with a wood rasp."

"Hum!" ejacutated Mr. Stags.

"whatever possessed that Bartlett child to do such a fool trick?"

"Why you know his posse is empelled.

child to do such a fool trick?"

"Why, you know his nose is awfully big," said Carolyn May. "And his mother is always worried about it. She must have worried Amos, too, for one day last weak he went over to Mr. Parlow's shop, borrowed a wood rasp and tried to file his nose down to a proper size. And now he has to go with his nose all greased and shiny till the new akin grews back on it."

"Bless-ms, what these hids will do!" muttered Mr. Stags.

It was just at that moment that the little girl and the man, becoming really good comrades on the walk, met with an adventure. At heart to Carolyn May it was a real adventure and one she was not to forget for a long, long time.

time.

Prince suddenly bounded away, barking, down a pleasant glade, through the bottom of which flewed a brook. Caretyn May cought a glimpse of something brown moving down there and she called shally to the dog

Why, it's a lady!"

Mr. Stagg suddenly grew very stern-looking, as well as silent. All the beauty of the day and of the glade they had entered seemed lost on him. He went on stubbornly, yet as though loath to proceed.

"Huh? No; I reckon not," admitted Mr. Stagg absent-mindedly. "Black-makes don't bite. A big one like that can squeeze some."

"But you were scared of it—like me and Prince. And for Miss Amanda," said Carolyn May very much in ear-

not!
For there on the log, raising its flat, wicked head out of an aperture, was a make, a horrid, effent, writhing creature, the look of which held the little girl horror-stricken and speech-

creature, the look of which held the little girl horror-stricken and speechless.

Uncle Joe glanced down impatiently, to see what made her held back so. The child's feet seemed gired to the carth. She could not take another the could be considered by the carth. She could not take another takes the carth. She could not take another the carth. She carthagain the carthagain t

The child's feet seemed glued to the carth. She could not take another step.

Writhing out of the hole in the log and colling, as it did so, into an attitude to strike, the smake leoked to be dangerous indeed. The fact that it was only a large blackmake and nonpolegous made ne difference at that moment to the dog or to the little girl—nor to Joseph Stagg when he saw it.

It was colled right at Miss Amanda's back. She did not see it, for she was quite as intent upon keeping her face turned from Mr. Stagg as he had been determined to ignore her presence.

Carolyn May was shaking and helpless. Not so Prince. He repeated his challenging growl and then sprang at the vibrating head. Miss Amanda uttered a stiffed erream and jumped up from the log, whiching to see what was happening behind her.

Joseph Stagg dropped Carolyn May's hand and leaped forward with his walking sidek missed in strike. But

The child's present her will be then they were new.

And the girl bestde him in the picture! Sweet as a wild rose, Mandy Parlow's levely, calm countsmaned premised all the beauty and digniture of the planty? "Mandy! Mandy! Why? Wny?

He held the tintype for a long, long time in his hand, gazing on it with year that saw the vanished years rather than the portraits themselves. Finally he hid the picture away again, they will be more first themselves.

Charlies provided the drawer with it and with show steps left the more of the very best passon in the world with whom to addite upon the momentous question which so troubled her.

Whe could be more interested in the provided the mandy!

And the girl be



Longed Forward Was the Walking and the mengrel dog was these first. He was going the street and proceed the Sunday," "But I kin these Did you hear shout the mengrel dog was these first. He was going the street and the street blackman behind the head, his street sharp beeth severing its vertebrase.

"Good dog!" shouted life, Starg or citedity. "The dog!"

"Oh, Miss Amanday" skricked Userly May, "I-I thought he was going to sting you. I did!"

She ran to the startled woman and clung to her color and her voice simultaneously.

"What a have dog years is, little girl," she said to Cheelyn May. "And I do so despise mannes." Then she looked directly at Mr. Starg and hoved gravely, "I thank you," and ald, but so colly, so Carolyn May come "just off an siedley," "Oh, Mir. Parlow, don't you think the wood he need to gravely, "I thank you," and ald, but so colly, so Carolyn May women "just off an siedley."

"Oh, I didn't do anything—really I didn't," stemmeed the man, "It was the dog."

Both leoked very uncomfortable, Joseph Starg began to jetk up the actitized chesimus from the overturned healter. The lady steeped and whingsweet to Garelyn May and shipped quietly away from the undergrowth.

Joseph Starg began to jetk up the actitized chesimus from the overturned healter. The lady steeped and whingsweet to Garelyn May and slipped quietly away from the brook disappearing quietly in the undergrowth.

Joseph Starg began to the title girl went on across the steeping account while Prince spinnised through the was not the right one to advise with about the matter. The little girl went on across the steeping account while Prince spinnised through the was can the little girl went on across the steeping account while Prince spinnised through the water. Carelyn May to work again. He acted as if he under you want of the water of the street while Prince spinnised through the water. Carelyn May to work again, the color was to be seen as a process of the way was thinking the water of the prince spinnised through the water. Carelyn May

The carpenter's daughter was sitting on a bare brown log by the brook.

She was dressed very prettily, all is brown.

Carolyn May wanted awfully to speak to Miss Amanda. The brown "Then you don't hate her, do you?" by the sight of a snake, Car'lyn May."

Carolyn May wanted awfully to speak to Miss Amanda. The brown indy with the, pretty roses in her cheeks sat on a log by the brook, her face turned from the path Joseph Stagg and his little niese were coming along.

And Uncle Joe was quite stubborn. He stared straight shead down the path without letting the figure on the log get into the focus of his vision. Hanging to Uncle Joe's hand but looking longingly at the allent figure on the log. Carolyn May was going down to the steeping stones by which they were to cross the brook, when suddenly Prince came to a halt right at the upper end of the log and his body stiffened.

"What is it, Prince?" whispered his little mistress. "Come, have."

But the dog did not move. He even growled—not at Miss Amanda, of course, but at something on the log. And it was just then that Carolyn May wanted to acream—and she could not!

For there on the log, raising its flat, wicked head out of an aperture, was a suake, a hoard, aftent, withing creature, the look of which held the little girl horror-stricken and speech-less.

Who could be more interested in the applicase of Miss Amanda than Mr.

Parlow himself?
The little girl had been going to call un Miss Amanda. Aunty Rose had said she might and Miss Amanda had havised her "specially."
But the thought of taking the old targenter into her confidence and advising with him delayed that visit. Ma. Parlow was busy on some piece of calence work, but he nodded briskly to the Mole gail when she came to the door of the chop and looked in.

"Are you very busy, life. Parlow?" she asked him after a westchful minute or two.

the or two.

"My bends be Orrhos May," said the temperatur to his day voice.

"On "
"But I kin tistes to yo—and I kin talk."

Edgar DeS Passed

ficient and Popular a Victim of Pn

When the news spr reets last night that Shane had passed home of his sister-in-Palmateer, No. 4A, as a result of pneum p.m., the deepest expr gret were heard on all progress of his illness lowed with the greates large number of frien been taken ill a week afternoon and at once bed as he was threaten monia. During the latte week, fears for his safe but it was hoped he through Friday with g of recovery. On Friday condition was desperate yesterday all hope ha been abandoned. Yester he himself felt that the the grip of pneumonia one. His filness was great patience and rega who ministered to him,

sufferings were intense Police Officer Edgar was forty years old last January 17th, 1910 he Belleville Police Force His career as an officer was unimpeachable. H unique quality of perform ty and yet remain popu ery class for his sterling uprightness and his har He had every instinct

man and for this the teemed and honored him The loss to the Belle Department is a heavy ful to duty even at gree risk and fidelity to his the force made him belov His death is not only a efficiency of the departm deep personal bereavem associates. Chief Const. Newton summed up the dead officer this morning said: "Never was the thought more of than

Before joining the po ment, he spent eight yet graph gallery. He was motographer. For several years he a cigar and tobacco she

stand very successfully lately added a phonogra ment to his business. He was a member of nacle Methodist Church

ternity of Eagles. The deceased was th son of Mr. and Mrs. Ora of this city. He also leave dow (formerly Miss M. G brothers —Joseph of Belle iel of Breckport, N.Y., Ac troit, Andrew of Toronto of Toronto and two siste Darius Johnson of Big Ir Mrs. Alfred Meeks of Mar deepest sympathy from all extended to the grief strick parents, brothers and siste

irreparable loss. Moira Chapte Pays a

Twelve Companions Guesta cient Frontenac and Ca Chapter

Companions of Moira C. 7. Royal Arch Masons of who last evening paid Ancient Frontenac and Chapter No. 1, Kingston h njoyable time. There wer chapter men in the visiting was past principals' night ton. The past principals of Frontenac and Cataraqui Ch mplified the Royal Arc with much distinction. Follo work came a magnificent the dining hall. After the to King and the Craft" a qua Messrs. Haffner, Wilson, H Thompson sang. The next to Wost Excellent the Grand F cipal and the Grand Chapte nada," was proposed by Comp. A. Shaw of Kingston sponded to by Rt. Exceller R. H. Spencer of Trenton. Comp. W. Y. Mills propos health of Moira Chapter No the response was made by E F. H. Chesher. It was one nost pleasant evenings in ory of the two chapters. A feature of Moira Chapt was the presentation of sixt nemberships in Moira Ch

he sixteen Kingston compa commemoration of their v Belleville some months ago.