## Seven Keys TO **Baldpate**

EARLIDERR BIGGERS

ght. 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill

"Nothing," replied Kendrick wildly. There's nothing the matter. Let me -by-please." He crossed the swaying platform and disappeared into the oth

The train slowed down at a small yellow station. Mr. Magee peered out the window. "Hooperstown," he read, "Reuton-Ten Miles." He saw Mr. Max get up and leave the Noiselessly Max returned to the

group and stood silent, his eyes wide, his yellow face pitiful, the fear of a dog about to be whipped in his every "Jim," he cried, "Jim! You got to

get me out of this. You got to stand by me. "Why, what's the matter, Lou?" ask-

ed the mayor in surprise. "Matter enough," whined Max. "Do

you know what's happened? Well, I'll

Mr. Max was thrust aside and re placed by a train newsboy. Mr. Magee felt that he should always remember that boy, his straw colored bair, his freckled beaming face, his lips with their fresh perpetual smile.

"All the morning papers, gents," proclaimed the boy. "Get the Reuton Star. All about the bribery." He held up the paper. It's huge

black headlines looked dull and old and soggy. But the story they told was new and live and startling. "The Mayor Trapped," shrilled the

headlines. "Attempt to Pass Big Bribe at Baldpate Inn Foiled by Star Reporter. Hayden of the Suburban Commits Suicide to Avoid Disgrace."

"Give me a paper, boy," said the mayor. "Yes-a Star." His voice was even, his tace unmoved. He took the sheet and studied it, with an easy smile. Clinging in fear to his side, Max read too. At length Mr. Cargan spoke, looking up at Magee. "So," he remarked; "so-reporters,

eh-you and your lady friend? Reporters for this lying sheet-the Star?" Mr. Magee smiled up from his own copy of the paper. "Not I," he answered, "but my lady

friend-yes. It seems she was just that. A Star reporter you can call her and tell no lie, Mr. Mayor."

It was a good story-the story which the mayor, Max, the professor and Magee read with varying emotions there in the smoking car. The girl had served her employers well, and Mr. Magee, as he read, felt a thrill of pride in her. Evidently the employers had felt that same thrill. For in the captions under the pictures, in the headlines and in a first page editorial, none of which the girl had written, the Star spoke admiringly of its woman reporter who had done a man's workwho had gone to Baldpate inn and had brought back a gigantic bribe fund "alone and unaided."

"Indeed?" smiled Mr. Magee to him-

In the editorial on that first page the triumphant cry of the Star arose to shatter its fellows in the heavens. At last, said the editor, the long campaign which his paper alone of all the Reuton papers had waged against a corrupt city administration was brought to a successful close. The victory was won. How had this been accomplished? Into the Star office had come rumors a few days back of the proposed

payment of a big bribe at the inp on Baldpate mountain. The paper had decided that one of its representatives must be on the ground. It had debated long whom to send. Miss Evelyn Rhodes, its well known special writer. had got the tip in question; she had pleaded to go to the inn. The editor, considering her sex, had sternly refused. Then gradually he had been brought to see the wisdom of sending a girl rather than a man. The sex of the former would put the guilty parties under surveillance off guard. So Miss Rhodes was dispatched to the inn. Here was her story. It convicted Cargan beyond a doubt. The very money offered as a bribe was now in the hands of the Star editor and would be turned over to Prosecuter Drayton at his request. All this under the disquieting title, "Prison Stripes For the

The girl's story told how, with one companion, she had gone to Upper Asquewan Falls. There was no mention of the station waiting room nor of the tears shed therein on a certain evening, Mr. Magee noted. She had reach- afraid of any bunch yet, but this"ed the inn on the morning of the day when the combination was to be phoned. Bland was already there. Shortly after came the mayor and

"You got to get me out of this." Ma-

"Keep still?" replied the mayor roughly. He was reading his copy of the Star with keen interest now. "I've done your dirty work for years." whined Max. "Who puts on the rubber shoes and sneaks up dark alleys hunting votes among the garbage, while you do the Old Glory stunt on Main street? I do. You got to get

me out of this. It may mean jail. I

couldn't stand that. I'd die."

A horrible parody of a man's real fear was in his face. The mayor shook self as though he would be rid

"Hush up, can't you?" he said. "I'll see you through.

"You got to," Lou Max wailed.
Miss Rhodes' story went on to tell how Hayden refused to phone the combination; how the mayor and Max dynamited the safe and secured the precious package, only to lose it in another moment to a still different contingent at the inn; how Hayden had come, of his suicide when he found that his actions were in danger of exposure-"a bitter smile for Kendrick in that" reflected Magee and how finally, through a strange series of accidents, the money came into the hands of the writer for the Star. These accidents were not given in de-

"An amusing feature of the whole affair," said Miss Evelyn Rhodes, "was the presence at the inp of Mr. William Hallowell Magee, the New York writer of light fiction, who had come there to escape the distractions of & great city, and to work in the solitude, and who immediately on his arrival became involved in the surprising drama of Baldpate." "I'm an amusing feature," reflected

Magee.

"Mr. Magee," continued Miss Rhodes, will doubtless be one of the state's chief witnesses when the case against Cargan comes to trial, as will also Professor Thaddeus Bolton, holder of the Crandall chair of comparative literature at Reuton university, and David Kendrick, formerly of the Suburban, but who retired six years ago to take up his residence abroad. The latter two went to the inn to represent Prosecutor Drayton and made every effort in their power to secure the package of money from the reporter for the Star, not knowing her connection with the affair."

"Well, Mr. Magee?" asked Professor Bolton, laying down the paper which he had been perusing at a distance of about an inch from his nose. "Once again, professor," laughed Ma-

gee, "reporters have entered your life." The old man sighed.

"You got to get me out of this," Max was still telling the mayor.

"For God's sake," cried Cargan, "shut up and let me think!" He sat for a moment staring at one place, his face still lacking all emotion, but his eyes a trifle narrower than before. "You haven't got me yet!" he cried. standing up. "By the eternal, I'll fight to the last ditch, and I'll win. I'll show Drayton he can't play this game on me. I'll show the Star. That dirty sheet has hounded me for years. I'll Mr. Mages encountered the mayor of put it out of business. And I'll send the reformers howling into the alleys, sick of the fuss they started themselves."

"Perhaps," said Professor Bolton, "but only after the fight of your life, Cargan.'

"I'm ready for it!" cried Cargan. "I ain't down and out yet. But to think woman-a little bit of a girl I could have put in my pocket-it's all a big joke. I'll beat them. I'll show them. The game's far from played out. I'll win, and if I don't"-

He crumbled suddenly into his seat, his eyes on that unpleasant line about. "Prison Stripes For the Mayor." 'If I don't," he stammered pitifully,

well, they sent him to an island at the end. The reformers got Napoleon at the last. I won't be alone in that." At this unexpected sight of weakness in his hero, Mr. Max set up a renewed babble of fear at his side. The train was in the Reuton suburbs now. At a neat little station it slowed down to a stop and a florid policeman entered the smoking car. Cargan look-

"Hello, Dan," he said. His voice was lifeless; the oldtime ring was gone. The policeman removed his belmet and shifted it nervously. "I thought I'd tell you, Mr. Cargan."

he said. "I thought I'd warn you. You'd better get off here. There's a big crowd in the station at Reuton. They're waiting for you, sir: they've heard you're on this train. This lying newspaper, Mr. Cargan, it's been telling tales-I guess you know about that. There's a big mob. You better get off here, sir, and go downtown on a car." If the mighty Cargan had looked limp and beaten for a moment he looked that way no more. He stood up and his head seemed aimost to touch the roof of the car. Over that big patrolman he towered; his eyes were cold and hard again; his lips curved in the smile of the master.

"And why," he bellowed, "should get off here? Tell me that, Dan." "Well, sir," replied the embarrassed copper, "they're ugly. There's no telling what they might do. It's a bad mob. This newspaper has stirred

'em up." "Ugly, are they?" sneered Cargan. Ever seen the bunch I would go out

of my way for, Dan?" "I meant it, all right, sir," said Dan -"as a friend to a man who's been a friend to me. No, I never saw you "This," replied Cargan, "is the sam

old bunch - the same fily livered crowd that I've seen in the streets since I laid the first paving stone under 'em myself in '91. Afraid of gee heard Max pleading over Cargan's them? H-! I'd walk through an ant hill as scared as I would through that asked. mob. Thanks for telling me. Dan. but Jim Cargan won't be in the mollycoddle class for a century or two yet."

"Yes, sir," said the patrolman admiringly. He turned out of the car, and the major turned to find Lou Max

hear what he said? A mob! I saw a

pale and fearful by his side. "What ails you now?" he asked. "I'm afraid." cried Max. "Did you

tried to smile to pass it off as a pleasant jest, but he had to wet his lips with his tongue before he could go on. forever of the coward hanging on his "Come on, Jim. Get off here. Don't the mayor sent him scurrying. Mr.

The train began to move. "Get off yourself, you coward!" sneered Cargan. "Oh, 1 know you! It doesn't take much to make your stomach shrink. 'Get off!"

Max eagerly seized his hat and bag. "I will if you don't mind," he said. "See you later at Charlie's." And in a flash of tawdry attire be was gone. The mayor of Reuton no longer sat of seeming surrender was put behind forever. He walked the aisle of the car, fire in his eyes, battle in his heart. "So they're waiting for me, eh?" he said aloud. "Waiting for Jim Cargan. Now, ain't it nice of them to come and meet their mayor?"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Mayor Welcomed Home. R. MAGEE and the professor went into the day coach for their baggage. Mrs. Norton motioned to the former. "Well," she said, "you know now,

suppose. And it didn't do you no harm to wait. I sure am glad this to do is all over, and that child is safe. And I hope you'll remember what I said. It ain't no work for a woman nohow, what with the shooting and the late hours.

"Your words," said Mr. Magee, "are engraved on my heart." He proceeded to gather her baggage with his own and was thus engaged when Kendrick came up. The shadow of his discovery in the smoking car an hour before still haunted his sunken eyes, but his lips were half smiling with the new joy of living that had come to him.

"Mr. Magee," he began, "I hardly need mention that the terrible thing which happened-in there-is between you and me-and the man who's dead. No one must know. Least of all, the girl who is to become my wife-it would embitter her whole life-as it has mine." "Don't say that," Magee pleaded.

"You will forget in time, I'm sure. And you may trust me-1 had forgotthe instant when his eyes fell upon the Reuton Star.

Miss Thornhill approached, her dark smiling eyes on Magee. Kendrick looked at her proudly and spoke suddenly, "You're right, I will forget.

A shadow had fallen upon the train -the shadow of the huge Reuton station. In the half light on the platform

shall help me."



"Did you hear what he said? A mob!" Reuton. Above the lessening roar of the train there sounded ahead of them the voices of men in turmoil and riot. Mr. Cargan turned upon Magee a face as placid and dispassionate as that of one who enters an apple orchard in

"The boys," he smiled grimly, "wel-

coming me home." Then the train came to a stop, and Mr. Magee looked down into a great array of faces and heard for the first time the low, unceasing rumble of an angry mob. Afterward he marveled at that constant guttural roar, how it went on and on. humming like a tune. never stopping, disconnected quite from the occasional shrill or heavy voices that rang out in distinguishable words The mayor looked coolly down into those upturned faces, he listened a moment to the rumble of a thousand throats; then he took off his derby

with satiric politeness. "Glad to see one and all!" he cried. And now above the mutterings angry words could be heard. "That's him!" "That's \$200,000 Cargan!" "How's the weather on Baldpate?" and other sar-

castic flings about tar and feathers. A squad of policemen who had en tered the car from the rear forced their way out on to the platform. "Want us to see you through the crowd, Mr. Cargan?" the lieutenant

New hoots and cries ascended to the station rafters. "Who pays the police?" "We do." "Who owns 'em?" "Cargan." Thus question and answer were bandied back and forth. Again a voice demanded in strident tones the ignominious tar and feathers.

Jim Cargan had not risen from the slums to be master of his town with

mob once. Never again for me," He out a keen sense of the theatric. He ordered the police back into the car. Cargan took from his pocket a big cigar and calmly lighted it.

"Some of them guys out there," he remarked to Magee. "belong to the Sunday school crowd. Pretty actions for them, pillars of the church bowling like beasts.'

And still, like that of beasts, the mutter-of the mob went on now in an | throes of the holiday season. The winundertone, now louder, and still that voice that first had plead for tar and limp in his seat. That brief moment | feathers plead still for feathers and tar. And here a group preferred the and of the upheaval in civic pulities rone

> And toward them, with the bland smile of a child on his great face, his cigar tilted at one angle, his derby at another, the mayor of Reuton walked unflinchingly. The roar became mad, defiant, But

Cargan stepped forward boldly. Now he reached the leaders of the mob. He pushed his way in among them, smiling, but determined. They closed in on him. A little man got firmly in his path. He took the little man by the shoulders and stood him aside with some friendly word. And now he was past ten rows or more of them on his way through, and the crowd began to scurry away. They scampered like ants, clawing at one another's backs to make a path.

And so finally, between two rows of them, the mayor of Reuton went his way triumphantly. Somewhere, on the edge of the crowd, an admiring voice spoke. "Hello, Jim!" The mayor waved his hand. The rumble of their voices ceased at last. Jim Cargan was still master of the city.

"Say what you will," remarked Mr. Magee to the professor as they stood together on the platform of the car. 'there goes a man.'

He did not wait to hear the profes sor's answer, for he saw the girl of the Upper Asquewan station standing on a baggage truck far to the left of the mob wave to him over their heads. Eagerly he fought his way to her side It was a hard fight. The crowd would not part for him as it had parted for the man who owned the city.

"Hello, Mr. Holdup Man!" The girl ten already." And indeed he had, on seized Mr. Magee's proffered hand and leaped down from the truck to his

"Bless the gods of the mountains." said Magee; "they have given me back my accomplice, safe and sound!" "They were black, lonesome gods,

she replied, "and they kept whispering fearful things in my ear I couldn't understand. I'm glad they didn't keep "So am I." The crowd surged about

them. Many in it smiled and spoke admiringly to the girl. "It's great to be acquainted with the heroine of the hour," Mr. Magee continued. "I congratulate you. You have overthrown an empire of graft, it seems." "Alone and unaided," she quoted,

smiling mockingly up into his face: "Absolutely alone and entirely un aided," said Billy Magee. "I'll swear to that in court." As Mr. Magee and the girl turned

they beheld the hermit of Baldpate staring with undisguised exultation at the tall buildings of Reuton. 'Why, it's Mr. Peters!" the girl

"Yes," replied Magee. "His prediction has come true. We and our excitement proved too much for him. He's going back to Brooklyn and to

"I'm so glad!" she cried. She stretched out her hand to the hermit. He took it, somewhat embarrassed. "Glad to see you," he said. "You certainly appear to have stirred things up, miss. But women are good at that. I've always said"-

"Mr. Magee tells me you're going back, after all?" she broke in.

I told you so. It was all right in the summer, when the bands played and the warm wind was hermiting on the mountain too. But in the fall it's always been hard, and I've heard the white lights calling, calling-why, I've even heard her heard Ellen. This fall you came, and there was something doing on Baldpate-and I knew that when you went I'd just naturally have to go too. So-I'm going."

"Splendid!" commented the girl. "It'll be somewhat delicate," continued the hermit, "bursting in on Et. len after all these years. As I told Mr. Magee I wish I had an inaugural address or something like that."

"I have it," responded Evelyn Rhodes. "I'll write a story about you for tomorrow morning's paper - all about how the Christmas spirit has overcome the hermit of Baldpate and how he's going back to his wife with his heart filled with love for her. It is filled, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," agreed Mr. Peters. reckon you might call it that." "And then you can send her a copy of the paper and follow it up in per-

"A good idea," commented Billy Ma-

"At first glance, yes," studied Peters; "but, on the other hand, it would be the death knell of my postcard business, and I'm calculating to go back to Baldpate next summer and take it up again. No, I'm afraid I can't let it be generally known that I've quit living in a shack on the mountain for love of somebody or other."

"Once more," smiled Magee, business muzzles the press." "Not that I ain't obliged to you the offer," added the hermit. "Miss-er-Miss Rhodes and I will see you again," predicted Mr. Magee, "next summer at Baldpate inn."

The hermit looked at the girl, who turned her face away. "I hone it'll turn out that way, I'm

reduction on all postcards, just for old "And stay there," he demanded. The times' sake. Now, I must find out lieutenant demarred. One look from about the New York trains."

He melted into the crowd, an odd figure still, his garb in a fashion long forgotten, his clumsily backed bair shing the collar of his ancient coat. Magee and the girl found the check of the burden of his baggage, set out up the main street of Reuton. It was a typical up state town, deep in the dows of the stores were green with bolly. The faces of the passers hy reflected the excitements of Christmas which were upon them almost together. "Tell me," said the girl, "are you

Are you glad I was no lady Captain Kidd? "It has all turned out-or is about to turn out-beautifully." Mr. Magee answered. "You may remember that on the veranda of Baldpate inn I spoke of one summer hotel flirtation that was going to prove more than that. Let

glad-at the way it has turned out?

Her laugh interrupted. "You don't even know my name." "What's the matter with Evelyn Rhodes?" suggested Magee.

"Nothing, It's a perfectly good name. But it isn't mine. I just write under it.' "I prefer Mary, anyhow," smiled Bil-

ly Magee. "She called you that. It's Marv. "Mary what?" "You have no idea," said he, "how

immaterial that is " They came upon a throng blocking the sidewalk in front of a tall building of stone. The eyes of the throng were on bulleting It mattered much as they had muttered who gathered in the station.

"The office of the Stat." explained the girl. "The crowd is looking for new excitement. Do von know ? r two whole hours this morning we had on exhibition in the window a certain package a package of money!" "I think," smiled Magee, "I've seen

t somewhere." "I think you have. Drayton came and took it from us as soon as he heard. But it was the very best proof we could have offered the people. They like to see for themselves. It's a passion with them. We've done for Cargan forever."

"Cargan says he will fight." "Of course he will," she replied But this will prove Napoleon's Waterloo. Whether or not he is sent to prison-and perhaps he can escape that; he's very clever-his power in Reuton is broken. He can't possibly win at the next election. It comes very soon. I'm so glad! For years our editor has been fighting corruption, in the face of terrible odds and temptations. I'm so glad it's over now-and the Star has won!"

"Through you," said Magee softly. "With-some one-to belp," she smiled. "I must go upstairs now and find out what new task is set for me."

> CHAPTER XXVI. The Usual Thing.

R. MAGEE postponed the protest on the tip of his tongue, and, climbing the gloomy stairs that newspapers always affect. they came into the city room of the Star. Though the paper had been le on the street, the excitement of the greatest coup of years still lingered in the place. Magee saw the deferential smiles that greeted the girl and watched her as she made her way to the city editor's desk. In a moment she was

"I've got my assignment," she smiled ruefully. They descended to the street. "It's wonderful," she went on, "how curt a city editor can be with any one who pulls off a good story. The job I've got now reminds me of the experience of an old New York reporter who used to work on the Star."

With difficulty they threaded their way through the crowd and moved along beside the green decked win-

dows. "He was the first man sent out by his paper on Park row on the Spanish war, assignment," she went on, "and he behaved rather brilliantly, I believe. Well, he came back after the fight was over, all puffed up and important, and they told him the city editor wanted him. 'They're going to send me to the Philippines,' he told me he thought as he went into the presence. When the city editor ordered him to rush down to a two alarm fire in Houston street he nearly collapsed. I know how he

felt. I feel that way now." "What was it, a one alarm fire?" asked Magee.

"No," she replied, "a sweet little story about the Christmas toys. I've done it to death every Christmas for three years. Oh, well, I can do it again. But it'll have to wait until after Mrs. Norton's lunch."

She led him into a street where every house was like its neighbor, even to the "Rooms" sign in the windows, and up the steps of one she could have recognized only by counting from the corner. They entered the murky and stereotyped atmosphere of 1 boarding house hallway, with its inevitable batrack and the uncollected letters of the homeless on a table. Mrs. Norton came breezily forth to meet them. "Well, Mr. Magee," she said, "I certainly am glad you've came. I'm busy

on that lunch now. Dearie, show him into the parlor to wait." Mr. Magee was shown in. That rooming house parlor seemed to moan

dismally as it received him. On an easel was the sad portrait of a gentleman, undoubtedly the late lamented Norton. His uninteresting nose appeared to be turned up at the constant odor of cookery in which it

ar, mage stared round the room and smiled. Was the romance of reality never to resemble the romance of his dreams? Where were the dim lights, where the distant waltz, where the magic of moontight amid which he was some day to have told a beautiful girl of his love? Hardly in Mrs.

Norton's partor. She came and stood in the doorway. Hatless, coatless, smiling, she flooded the place with her beauty. Mr. Magee looked at the flabby angels on the wall, expecting them to hide their faces in shame. But no! They still rode brazenly their unstable clouds. "Come in!" he cried. "Don't leave

me alone here again, please. And, tell me, is this the gentleman who took the contract for making Mrs. Norton happy?" "I-I can't come in." she said, blush-

ing. She seemed to wish to avoid him. 'Yes, that is Mr. Norton." She came nearer the easel and smiled at the late lamented's tonsorial crown, "I must leave you-just a moment"-"You're never going to leave me

again," he cried. "Don't you know that? I thought you knew. You're mine. I love you. I love you. It's all I can say, my dearest. Look at melook at me, please."
"It has happened so quickly," she murmured. "Things can't be true

when they-happen so quickly." "A woman's logic," said Mr. Magee "It has happened. My beautiful girl! Look at me." And then-she looked. Trembling.

flushed, half frightened, half exultant, she lifted her eyes to his. "My little girl!" he cried down at A moment longer she held off and

then limply she surrendered. And Bil ly Magee held her close in his arms. "Take care of me," she whispered I-I love you so!" Her arm went timidly about his shoulders. "Do you want to know my name? It's Mary"-Mary what? The answer was seemingly of no importance, for Mr. Ma-

gees hos were on hers, crushing the word at its birth. So they stood, amid Mrs. Norton's gloomy objects of art. And presently she asked "How about the book, dear?"

"What book?" he asked. "The novel you went to Baldpate to write. Don't you remember, dearestno melodrama, no wild chase no-"Why"- Mr. Magee paused for a moment in the joy of his discovery. Then he came back to the greater joy

But Mr. Magee had forgot.

in his arms.

"Why, darling," he explained gently, "this is /tt." THE END. The most popular puzzle of the day-

solving the Mexican problem.

Honor Roll of S.S No. 16, Thurlow. For Nov. and Dec. Fifth Class Evelyn Phillips 85% Zenas Palmer 83.3%

Emm aSills 75.12

Jack Shibley 69.3% Fourth Class Mary Wright 85.4% Carman Montgomery 85% Harold Ray 83.3% Flora Gordon 79.7% Leslie Gordon 76.5 Mildred Sills 65.27 Letitia Palmer 65% Ralph Sills 53% Fourth Class Annie Sills 74.1% Grace Wright 69% Senior Third Class Susie Montgomery 78.8% Edna Sills 69.3%

Mildred Marshall 65.4% Samuel Marshall 64.5% Junior Third Class Grant Lott 77.4% Gilbert Sills 61.2% Second Class Willie Sills Frnak Palmer

Hazel Ray Ross Lott Electa Lane Horace Palme

Mary Marshall Percy Ray C. Wright Robbie Gordon Ross Caveries Carrie Silis Jennie Gordon Armstrong Cooney C. Sills

Number on Roll 35 Average Attendance 32.3 J. McCarl, Teacher.

Mr. Ernest Wardworth. New Year's with his parents, Mr. R. 31 6tw. Wardsworth Mr. Chas. Ferguson and family. New Year's with Mr. D. H. Rowe. The Rev. Anson Bronson is spendng a few weeks at his home. Miss A. Parks is spending a few weeks at Eldorado. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, spent Mon

CARRYING PLACE.

day evening at Mr. Marvin's.
Mr. Thos. Wardsworth is visiting his son, Mr. Robt. Wardsworth. Miss S. Russell is spending a few days at Mr. Marvin's. Mr. George Denike is home the West.

MARRIED

BENNETT - HUXTABLE at the home of the groom by the Rev. A R. Sanderson on Dec. 23, 1914, Mr Robt. N. B. Bennett to Miss Edith M. Huxtable.

ARTHURS - LONG on Jan. 1915 at the West Belleville parson- sult will be the prevention of pains age, Miss Myrtle Estella Long to in the muscles, and should a cut, or Wm. Henry Arthurs, C.P.R. conductor at Schreiber, by the Rev. A. R. Sanderson.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF, SIDNEY L. SHARPE, late of the Township of Sidney in the County of Hastings, Farmer, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to the Revised Statues of Ontario 1911, Chapter 121, section 56, that all Creditors and others having claims against or an interest in the state of who died on or about the 26th day of November 1914, are required on or before the 5th day of January 1915, to send by post prepaid or to deliver to W. D. M. Shorey, of No. 8, Campbell street in the City of Belleville in the County of Hastings, Solicitor for Clarissa Jane Caverly the Trustee and Executrix of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of hteir accounts and the nature of the security, if any,

held by them. AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that after said last mentioned date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased mong the parties entitled thereto. having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have notice, and that the said Executrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution

DATED at Belleville this 8th day of December, 1914. W. D. M. SHOREY. Solicitor for Clarissa Jane Caverly, the above named

FOR SALE OR RENT. About 100 acres, situated in 9th Con. Thurlow, Lot No. 7, fitted for

crop and some fall grain sowed-Apply to Wm. E. Bird, Foxboro. DIED.

At Trenton, Jan. 6th, 1915,

and daughter of the late McDonald, Belleville The West Hastings Farmers' Institute meeting will be held at Wall-bridge, Wed. Jan. 27. Hogle school. Thursday 28. Meetings at 2 and 7.30 p.m. each day j7 2td.

McDonald, wife of Jas, A. Pelkey

Isabe

The annual meeting of The Frankford Agricultural Society will be held at Frankford, on Wednesday, Jan. 20. 1915, at 1 o'clock p.m. Elias Ketcheson, President; H. C. Ketcheson secretary.

Useful in Camp.—Explorers, sureyors, prospectors and hunters will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil very useful in camp. When the feet and legs are wet and cold it is well to rub them freely with the Oil and the recontusion, or sprain be sustained. nothing could be better as a dressing ESTABLI

Bombs Fell Near Palace at Sa

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YARMOU' was estimated ered that bom the grand stand Two unexplode play in a store weighed six po

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CONSIDE LONDON, that during the in the neighbor Germans the li

frontier, three

MAI SHERINGI house here but of Yarmouth), ingham, Sandri

LONDON, Jan. craft made their on England last to blow up with royal residence County Norfolk. This intention King George an their family, who at Sandringham,

London yesterda sume their reside It is still not de ther the raiders aeroplanes, but ported yesterday over the North rection and most that event inclin The night w

those were the r very dark and cl impossible for the over which they even the outlin though the whir and the droning be distinctly hear A Zeppelin is been brought do

warship at Huns