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THE BLACK BOX

Bare. Phillips oppenheim

nuarters. Come on, Lenora."

valting automobile, and drove rapid-

she came out to meet them at once, ac-

companied by a short, thick-set man

"This is Mr. Horan, the section

"Say, I've heard of you, Mr. Quest,"

he announced. "The young lady tells

me you are some interested in that

prisoner they lost off the cars near

like to go to the spot if we could."

plied. "I'll take you along on the

The section boss turned round and

whistled. From a little side track two

men jumped on to a handcar, and

brought it around to where they were

standing. A few yards away the man

who was propelling it—a great, red-

headed Irishman—suddenly ceased his

efforts. Leaning over his pole, he

gazed at Quest. A sudden ferocity

darkened his coarse face. He gripped

"I guess so." the other grunted.

'Are you going to try and do him in?"

shouted. "What are you hanging about

peared in the direction of the section

house. Quest looked after them curi-

"He was the most troublesome fel-

low on the line once, although he was

"He got five years in the penitentiary

"I believe I was in the case," Quest

"That's so! Now then, young la-

They ambled down the line for

about half a mile. Then Horan

"This is the spot," he declared.

"I'll take your advice," Quest de-

cided. "We'll spread out and take a

"Good luck to you!" the bess ex-

They searched carefully and delib-

"Say, that guy of a section boss

"Our search is over," he declared

Lenora's face sank into her hands

"I'll have to get," he said, "but I'll

send someone along. Cheer up, Le-

nora," he added kindly. "Look after

That is Macdougal's body."

Quest glanced at his watch

told me to look out for caves. I've

"Now, if you want my impressions you

brought them to standstill.

I seem to have seen him be-

"Now then, you fellows," Horan

other answered. "I see him."

his mate by the arm.

pointing at Quest.

Jim. eh?"

whom she introduced as Mr. Horan.

boss," she explained

here."

handcar."

Mr. Horan shook hands.

ce Macdeugal, the murderer of shielgh's daughter, he has but just red a life-and-death contest with a desired a life and-death contest with a mysterious master criminal. Engaged by Professor Ashleigh, Lord Ashleigh's brother, to recover the stolen skeleton of an anthropoid ape, hurried to Mrs. Rheinhold's reception, where her diamonds have been to recover the stolen skeleton of an anthropoid ape, hurried to Mrs. Rheinhold's reception, where her diamonds have been to the stolen from their throat by a pair of han's without arms or body, a black box lat appears from nowhere in his rooms and a note contained in it, signed by the arm-less hands, sarcastically suggests that the Rheinhold diamonds and the skeleton may be hidden together. While Laura, Quest's secretary, shadows Craig, the professor's valet, Quest and Lenors, his assistant, find the skeleton in a hut in the professor's garden, and discover there an inhuman creature, half monkey and half man. As the professor explains, the hulls set aftre and the monkey-man and skeleton ar destroyed in the flames. In Quest's rooms the Rheinholdt diamon's suddenly reappear, enclosed in a second black box with a note signed by the threatening hands. in an envelope. sir?" he inquired. out for the wireless, and you had betly towards the confines of the city.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT AN OLD GRUDGE.

CHAPTER X.

Sanford Quest was smoking his after-breakfast cigar with a relish somewhat affected by the measure of his perplexities. Early though it was, Lenora was already in her place, bending over her desk, and Laura, who had just arrived, was busy divesting herself of her coat and hat. Quest watched the latter impatiently.

"Well?" he asked. Laura came forward, straightening

her hair with her hands. "No go," she answered. "I spent the evening in the club, and I talked with two men who knew Craig, but I couldn't get on to anything. From all I could hear of the man, respectability is his middle name.'

"That's the professor's own idea," Quest remarked grimly. "We're fairly up against it, boss,"

Laura sighed. "The best thing we can do is to get on to another job. The Rheinholdt woman has got her jewels back, or will have at noon today. I bet she won't worry about the thief. Then the professor's moldy old skeleton was returned to him, even if t was burned up afterwards. I should take on something fresh."

"Can't be done," Quest replied short-"Look here, girls, your average intellects are often apt to hit upon the truth, when a man who sees too far ahead goes wrong. Rule Craig out. Any other possible person occur to you? Speak out, Lenora. You've something on your mind, I can see." "I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," she her down the line for a bit."

began tentatively. "Won't hurt you if I do," Quest re-

"I can't help thinking of Macdou- ously. gal," Lenora continued falteringly. "He "That's a big fellow," he remarked. great form blocked up the doorway. has never been recaptured. I don't "What did you call him? Red Galla-"No," he cried fiercely, know whether he's dead or alive. He gher? had a perfect passion for jewels. If fore." he is alive, he would be desperate and would attempt anything."

Quest smoked in silence for a mo- the biggest worker," the boss replied. ment. "I guess the return of the jewels and that seems to have taken the squelched the Macdougal theory." he spirit out of him." remarked. "He wouldn't be likely to part with the stuff when he'd once got observed carelessly. his hands on it. However, I always

meant, when we had a moment's spare dies," Mr. Horan advised, "hold tight, time, to look into that fellow's where- and here goes!" abouts. We'll take it on straight away. Can't do any harm." "I know the section boss on the railway at the spot where he disap-

peared." Laura announced. "Then just take the train down to are welcome to them. All the search Mountways—that's the nearest spot— has been made on the right-hand side and get busy with him," Quest direct here and in New York. I've had my ed. "Try and persuade him to loan eye on that hill for a long time. My us the gang's handcar to go down the impression is that he hid there." line. Lenora and I will come on in the automobile."

"Take you longer," Lenora re- little exercise in hill climbing." marked as she moved off to put on her jacket. "The cars do it in a claimed. quarter of an hour."

"Can't help that," Quest replied. erately for more than half an hour. Mrs. Reinholdt's coming here to iden- Then Laura suddenly called out. They tify her jewels at twelve o'clock, and I looked around to find only her head can't run any risk of there being no visible. She scrambled up, muddy and train back. You'd better be making with wet leaves clinging to her skirt. good with the section boss. Take plenty of bills with you."

"Sure! That's easy enough," Laura been in one, sure enough! Only just promised him. "I'll be waiting for saved myself."

you." She hurried off and Quest com-Quest peered into the declivity down menced his own preparations. From which she had slipped. Suddenly he his safe he took one of the small gave vent to a little exclamation. At black lumps of explosive to which he the same time Laura called out. An had once before qwed his life, and fit- inch or two of tweed was clearly visted it carefully in a small case with ible through the strewn leaves. Quest, a coil of wire and an electric lighter. flat on his stomach, crawled a little He locked at his revolver and re- way down, took out his electric torch charged it. Finally he rang the bell from his pocket and brushed the stuff for his confidential valet. away. Then he clambered to his feet.

"Ross," he asked, "who else is there here today besides you?"

gravely, "and your troubles, Lenora. "No one today, sir." "Just as well, perhaps," Quest observed. "Listen, Ross, I am going out for a moment. Quest stood on one now for an hour or two, but I shall be side while Laura passed her arm back at midday. Remember that. Mrs. around the other girl's waist. Rheinholdt and Inspector French are to be here at twelve o'clock. If by any chance I should be a few minutes late, ask them to wait. And, Ross, a young woman from the Salvation

the spot where he had left the can The chauffeur, who saw him coming. started up and climbed to his seat. "Drive to the office," he ordered.

The man slipped in his clutch. They were in the act of gliding off when here was a tremendous report. They copped short. The man jumped down nd looked at the back tire. "Blow out," he remarked laconically. Quest frowned.

"How long will it take?" "Four minutes," the man replied.

I've got another wheel ready. That's queerest blowout I ever saw The two men leaned over the tire. Suddenly:Quest's expression changed. His hand stole into his hip pocket. Army will call too. You can give her

Ross Brown, who was Quest's secre-"Tom," he explained, "that wasn't a blowout at all. Look here!" tary-valet and general factorum, accepted the slip of paper and placed it He pointed to the small level hole.

Almost at once he stood back and the "There are no other instructions, sunshine flashed upon the revolver clutched in his right hand. 'None," Quest replied. "You'll look "That was a bullet." he continued. Someone fired at that tire. Tom,

ter switch the through cable and telegraph communication on to headthere's trouble about." The man looked nervously around. They left the house, entered the

"Get on the wheel as quick as you By Quest's directions the automoyou a hand " bile was brought to a standstill at a He stoopped down to unfasten the point where it skirted the main railstraps which fastened the spare wheel. way line, and close to the section house which he had appointed for It was one of his rare lapses, realized his rendezvous with Laura. She had

came the hoarse cry: apparently seen their approach, and second or I'll blow you to hell!" road. A very ugly little revolver was pointed directly at Quest's heart.

"My mate's got you covered on the other side of the road, too. Hands up. both of you, or we'll make a quick job were racing almost side by side toof it."

Quest shrugged his shoulders, threw "That's so," Quest admitted. "We'd his revolver into the road and obeyed. As he did so, the other man stole out "That's dead easy," the boss refrom behind a bush and sprang for the chauffeur, who under cover of the car was stealing off. There was a brief struggle, then the dull thud o the railway man's rifle falling on the chauffeur's head. He rolled over and lay in the road

"Pitch him off amongst the bushes." Red Gallagher ordered. "You don' want anyone who comes by to see Now lend me a hand with this char. What do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked.

"You'll know soon enough," Red Gal "See that bloke there?" he asked lagher answered. "A matter of five minutes' talk, to start with. You see "The guy with the linen collar?" the that handcar house?" "Perfectly well," Quest assented "That's Quest, the detective," the

"My eyesight is quite normal." Irishman went on hoarsely. "That's "Get there then. I'm a yard behind the man who got me five years in the you and my revolver's pointing for pen, the beast! That's the man I've the middle of your back." been looking for. You're my mate, Quest sprang lightly down from the

road, crossed the few intervening yards and stepped into the handcar house Gallagher and his mate follower close behind. Quest paused on the there for, Red Gallagher? Bring the threshold.

carriage up. You fellows can have a "It's a filthy dirty hole," he resmoke for an hour. I'm going to take "Can't we have our littlemarked. chat out here? Is it money you The two men obeyed and disap- want?"

Gallagher glanced around. Then with an ugly push of the shoulder he

"it's not money I want this time. Quest, you track. The freight had already almost brute, you dirty bloodhound! You sent me to the pen for five years—you



"Hande Up, Guynori"

with your cursed prying into other people's affairs. Don't you remember around away from the city. me, eh? Red Gallagher?"

They hurried to where she was. "Of course I do," Quest replied coolly. "You garroted and robbed an it. Sit tight." old man and had the spree of your life. The old man happened to be a friend of mine, so I took the trouble to see that you paid for it. Well?"

"Five years of hell, that's what I had," the man continued, his eyes flashing, his face twitching with anger. "Well, you're going to have a little bit more than five years. This shed's been burnt down twice, sparks from passing engines. It's going to spector with a beaming smile as he be burnt down for the third time." "Sounds remarkably unpleasant," Quest admitted. "You'd better hurry

or the boss will be back." Gallagher finally slammed the door. Quest heard the heavy footsteps of tell the man to drive to Mr. Quest's the two men. as they turned toward house in Georgia square?" the section house. He drew a little

case from his pocket.

He opened what seemed to be a

totals a transfer to as the authorities of the same of the same of the course against a man process of the

all a salva WYou Don't -- You Don't Suspect Me of This?"

Church water the duy, Bro. u. "That's a rifle bullet, sure," he mut- of black substance inside wlosed it up, placed it against the far wall, untwisted the coil, stood back near the can," Quest directed. "Here, I'll give door and then pressed the button. The result was extraordinary. The whole of the far wall was blown out and for some distance in front the ground was furrowed up by the explosion. a moment too late. Almost in his ears Quest replaced the instrument in his pocket, sprang through the opening "Hands up, guvnor! Hands up this and ran for the tower house. Belind him on its way to New York he could Quest glanced over his shoulder and see a freight train coming along. He looked into the face of Red Gallagher, could hear, too, Red Gallagher's roar raised a little above the level of the of anger. It was less than fifty yards, yet as soon as he reached the shelter of the tower the thunder of the freight sounded in Quest's ears. He glanced around. Red Gallagher and his mate wards him. He rushed up the narrow stairs into the signal room, tearing open his coat to show his official badge. "Stop the freight." he shouted to the operator. "Quick. I'm Sanford Quest,

detective-special powers from the chief commissioner.' The man moved to the signal. Another voice thundered in his ears. He turned swiftly around. The Irishman's red head had appeared at the top of the staircase.

"Drop that signal or I'll blow you into bits," he shouted.

The operator hesitated, dazed, "Walk towards me," Gallagher shouted. "Look here, you guy, this will show you whether I'm in earnest or not!

A bullet passed within a few inches of the operator's head. He came slowly across the room. Below they could hear the roar of the freight.

continued savagely. "We want the cop, and we're going to have him." Quest had stolen a yard or two nearer during this brief colloquy. Gallagher's mate from behind shouted out a warning just a second too late. With a sudden kick, Quest sent the revolver flying across the room and before the Irishman could recover he struck him full in the face. Notwithstanding his huge size and strength, Gallagher reeled. The operator who had just begun to realize what was happening flung himself bodily against the two thugs. A shot from the tansent Quest reeling into the shed. His gled mass of struggling limbs whistled past Quest's head as he sprang to the window which overlooked the passed. Quest steadled himself for a supreme effort, crawled out on the little steel bridge and poised himself for a moment. The last car was just beneath. The gap between it and the previous one was slipping by. He set

his teeth and jumped on the smooth ton: Back behind the tower Red Gallagher and his mate bent with horrified faces over the body of the signalman. "What the hell did you want to plug him for," the latter muttered. "He ain't in the show at all. You've done

us, Red, he's cooked!" Red Gallagher staggered to his feet, Already the horror of the murderer was in his face as he glanced furtively around.

"I never meant to drop him," he muttered. "I got mad at seeing Quest get off. That man's a devil." "What are we going to do?"

other demanded hoarsely. "There's the auto," Gallagher shouted. "Come on, old man! I can fix the wheel. If we've got to swing for this job. we'll have something of our own back first."

They crawled to the side of the oad. Gallagher's rough, hairy fingers were still trembling, but they knew their job. In a few minutes the wheel was fixed. Clumsily but successfully, the great Irishman turned the car

make her go when we get the hang of They drove clumsily off, gathering speed at every yard. " Behind, in the shadow of the tower, the signalman lay dead. Quest, half way to New. York, stretched flat on his stomach, was struggling for life with knees and

"She's a hummer." he muttered. "I'll

CHAPTER XI. Mrs. Rheinholdt welcomed the inproached her automobile.

hands and feet.

"How nice of you to be so punctual, Mr. French," she exclaimed, making room for him by her side. "Will you

The inspector obeyed and took his place in the luxurious limousine. "How beautifully punctual we are!" Little mabogany hox, looked at the ball she continued, glancing at the clock. "Know anything about this?" Quest

"Inspector, I am so excited at the idea of getting my jewels back. Isn't Mr Quest a wonderful man?" "He's a clever chap, all right," th inspector admitted. "All the same, I'm rather sorry he wasn't able to lay hands on the thief." "That's your point of view, o course," Mrs. Rheinholdt remarked. "I can think of nothing but having my diamonds back. I feel I ought to go and thank the professor for recommending Mr. Quest."

The inspector made no reply. Mrs. Rheinholdt was suddenly aware that she was becoming a little tactless. "Of course," she sighed, "it is disappointing not to be able to lay your hands upon the thief. That is where I suppose you must find the interference of an amateur like Mr. Quest a little troublesome sometimes. He gets back the property, which is what the private individual wants, but he

doesn't secure the thief, which is, of

course, the real end of the case from your point of view." "It's a queer affair about these jewels," the inspector remarked. "Quest hasn't told me the whole story yet.

Here we are on the stroke of time!" The car drew up outside Quest's house. The inspector assisted his companion to alight and rang the bell at the front door. There was a somewhat prolonged pause. He rang again. "Never knew this to happen before." he remarked. "That sort of secretaryvalet of Mr. Quest's-Ross Brown I think he calls him-is always on the spot." They waited for some time. there was still no answer to their summons. The inspector placed his ear to "This ain't your job," the Irishman to be heard. He drew back, a little puzzled. At that moment his attention was caught by the fluttering of a little piece of white material caught in the door. He pulled it out. It was a fragment of white embroidery, and on it were several small stains. The inspector looked at them and looked at his fingers. His face grew suddenly

grave: "Seems to me," he muttered, "that there has been some trouble here. I shall have to take a liberty. If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Rheinholdt, I think it would be better if you waited in the

"You don't think the jewels have

been stolen again?" she gasped The inspector made no reply. He had drawn from his pocket a little pass key and was fitting it into the lock. The door swung open. Once more they were both conscious of that peculiar silence, which seemed to have in it some unnamable quality. He moved to the foot of the stairs and shouted:

"Hello! Anyone there?" There was no reply. He opened the doors of the two rooms on the righthand side, where Quest, when he was engaged in any widespread affair, kept a stenographer and a telegraph operator. Both rooms were empty. Then he turned towards Quest's study on the left-hand side. French was a man of iron nerve. No power on earth could have kept back the cry which broke from his lips.

A few feet away from the door was stretched the body of the secretary, valet. On the other side of the room, lying as though she had slipped from the sofa, her head fallen on one side in hideous fashion, was the body of Miss Quigg, the Salvation Army young woman. French set his teeth and drew back the curtains. In the clearer light the disorder of the room was fully revealed. There had been a terrible struggle. Between whom? How?

There was suddenly a piercing shriek. The inspector turned quickly around. Mrs. Rheinholdt, who had disregarded his advice, was standing on the threshold. "Inspector!" she cried. "What has

happened? Oh, my God!" She covered her face with her hands. French gripped her by the arm. At that moment there was the sound of an automobile stopping outside.

"Keep quiet for a moment," the inspector whispered in her car. "Pull yourself together, madam. Go to the other end of the room. Don't look, Stay there for a few moments and then get home as quick as you can." She obeyed him mutely, pressing her hands to her eyes, shivering in every limb. French, stood back inside

the room. He heard the front door open, he heard Quest's voice outside. "Where the devil are you, Ross?" There was no reply.

The door was pushed open. Quest entered, followed by the professor and Craig. The inspector stood watching their faces. Quest came to a stand-

re he had passed the thresh He looked upon the floor and he across to the sofa. Then he oked at French.

"My God!" he muttered. rofessor pushed past. He had ked around the room, and gazed at [the two bodies with an expression of blank and absolute terror. Then he

fell back into Craig's arms. "The poor girl!" he cried. ble! Horrible! Horrible!"

asked quickly. "Not a thing," the inspector replies "We arrived, Mrs. Rheinholdt and I, at five minutes past twelve. There was no answer to our ring. I used my pass key and entered. This is what I found.

Quest stood over the body of his valet for a moment. The man was obviously dead. The inspector took his handkerchief and covered up the head. A few feet away was a heavy paperweight. "Killed by a blow from behind,"

French remarked grimly, "with that little affair. Look here!" They glanced down at the girl. Quest's eyebrows came together quickly. There were two blue marks upon

her throat where a man's thumbs might have been. "The hands again," he muttered.

The inspector nodded. "Can you make anything of it?" "Not yet," Quest confessed.""I must think.

The inspector glanced at him curiously. "Where on earth have you been to?" he demanded.

"Been to?" Quest repeated. "Look in the mirror!" French suggested.

Quest glanced at himself. His collar had given way, his tie was torn, a button and some of the cloth had been wrenched from his coat, his trausers were torn and he was cov ! with dust.

"I'll tell you about my trouble, a little later on," he replied. "Say, can't we keep those girls out?"

They were too late. Laura and Lenora were already upon the threshold. Quest swung round toward them "Girls," he said, "there has been some trouble here. Go and wait upstairs, Lenora, or sit in the holl.



He Set His Teeth and Jumped.

Laura, you had better telephone to the police station and for a doctor. That's right, isn't it, inspector?" "Yes!" the latter assented thoughtfully.

Lenora, white to the lips, staggered a few feet back into the hall. Laura set her teeth and lingered. "Is that Ross?" she asked. "It's his body," Quest replied. "He's been murdered here, he and the Salvation Army girl who was to come this

morning for her check." Laura turned away half dazed. "I'd have trusted Ross with my life." Quest continued, "but he must have been alone in the house when the girl came. Do you suppose it was the

usual sort of trouble?" Inspector French stooped down and picked up the paper-weight. Across it was stamped the name of Sanford Quest.

"This yours, Quest?" "Of course it is," Quest answered "Everything in the room is mine." "The girl would fight to defend herself," the inspector remarked slowly, "but she could never strike a man such

a blow as your valet died from." French stooped and picked up a small clock. It had stopped at elevenfifteen. He looked at it thoughtfully. "Quest," he went on, "I'll have to

ask you a question." "Why not?" Quest replied 100 % quickly up. "Where were you at eleven-fifteen?" "On tower No. 10 of the New York

Central, scrapping for my life," Quest answered grimly. "I've reason to remember ft." Something in the inspector's steady gaze seemed to inspire the criminologist with a new idea. He came a step

forward, a little frown upon his fore-"Say, French," he exclaimed, "you don't-you don't suspect me of this?" French was unmoved. He looked Quest in the eyes.

"I don't know," he said. (TO BE CONTINUED.) TABLIS

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LONDON, Ju re in circula erved here fr tro-German rush Berlin despa veloped a strong the Bessarabian in their advance

to enter within t On the other while admitting lines closer to t and that at the their forces sli declare that els not made mater

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LONDON, July loons are now be French army in first exploit of French Zeppelin bombardment of railway station pot at Vigneu last night. Two heavy calibre we senal with grea ship returned French lines.

Serbian A

. . LONDON, Jul armies are being organized, accor advices reaching soon be in a po offensive.

ALIES PREPAR LONDON, July bomb of greater hitherto used in vestigated by the of France," stat a speech in the this afternoon. "If it is fou be invaluable to