

# THE TRAGIC DEATH OF THE BRANT COUPLE

From the Deseronto Post of Oct. 1st we clip the following further particulars of the tragic death of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Brant:

Several tragic deaths have taken place in and around Deseronto within the past year or so, but perhaps none more appalling than the death of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Brant, who resided about two miles from Deseronto on the Marysville road.

The deceased were in Deseronto on Friday, where Mr. Brant delivered butter to several private patrons, she being considered one of the very best butter makers in these parts. On Saturday they went to Belleville, returning to their home early in the evening. Mr. Brant's hired boy, Dechene by name, put the team away and afterward had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Brant. After supper Mr. Brant gave him some money and he returned to his home in Deseronto, intending to go out again on Sunday morning. Dechene was the last one to see Mr. and Mrs. Brant alive.

Shortly after midnight the neighbors saw the house enveloped in flames, and rushed to the scene of the conflagration, but too late to prevent the total destruction of what was just a few minutes before a well-appointed country home.

There are many theories as to how the fire was started, but the most natural one is that when the fire was started to get supper the pipes upstairs became overheated and ignited the woodwork, which burned slowly until after Mr. and Mrs. Brant had gone to bed and had gotten into sound sleep, when they were overcome by the smoke.

On Sunday morning, when the heat had subsided sufficiently to allow of a search of the ruins all that was found was a few charred bones and a purse containing some change. Autos, carriages and people from Deseronto and all parts of the surrounding country wended their way all day Sunday to the scene of desolation and sorrow.

The late Mr. Brant was well-to-do owning about 225 acres of land, about nine horses and one of the best dairy herds hereabouts. He was a member of the Indian Council, and treasurer of the Mohawk Agricultural Society, and was estimated to be worth in the neighborhood of \$12,000 as for Mrs. Brant, she was a woman of irreproachable character and a helpmate to her husband in every respect. Mr. Brant is survived by two brothers Josiah and William C.

The funeral services were conducted at Christ Church, Tyndings, yesterday, by Rev. Dean Croghan, in the presence of a very large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

## GAME AND FISHERIES.

The appointment of Mr. John McGowan, who entered upon his duties as Game and Fisheries Overseer for Hungerford and Huntingdon, will meet with the approval of all true sportsmen and the news of his appointment to office will undoubtedly have a salutary effect on the observance of the game laws in this vicinity. We trust that he will meet with the cooperation of our citizens in the performance of his duties and that no occasion will present itself for him to press his authority into service. In conclusion we wish to congratulate Mr. McGowan upon his appointment.

## MAY NOT RECOVER

Word was received by Mr. Chas. McGuire of Stirling, that the recovery of his brother, Mr. Norman McGuire at present in a hospital in St. Catharines, is very doubtful.

A short time ago "Marm," as he was known about Campbellford, was shot several times by a foreigner at Thorold, where he was a foreman on the construction of the Welland canal. While in town he held a similar position on the Trent Canal, and made a large number of friends during his residence here. Several bullets were extracted, but others are found most difficult to remove. Despite the serious injuries, his friends hope that he may recover from the effects of the fanatic's rage. —Campbellford News.

## GLEN ROSS SCHOOL.

- For the month of Sept. Names in order of merit
- Junior Fourth  
 Annie Abbott  
 Ward Wallace  
 Ray Armstrong
- Senior Third  
 Evelyn Holden  
 Howard Holden  
 Retta Carlisle  
 Etyhel Armstrong  
 Myrtle Brown  
 Hazel Smith
- Second Class  
 Vernon Holden  
 Fred Weaver  
 Hazel MacDonald  
 John Carlisle  
 George Carlisle  
 Whitney Armstrong  
 Edith Abbott  
 Bruce Armstrong  
 Gordon Armstrong
- First Class  
 Elma Armstrong  
 Frank Abbott  
 Charles Holden  
 Violet Winslow  
 Walter Benedict
- Primer  
 Sanford Wilson  
 Clifford McDonald
- Visitors 3  
 Average attendance 23  
 H. T. Hutchinson, Teacher
- One Month In Jail
- The boy Eugene Doyle accused of assault, was yesterday given one month in jail by Judge Frazer. The youth pleaded guilty.

## WEDDING BELLS

Parkdale Baptist Church was the scene of a quiet wedding on September 30, when Miss Mary Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Flint of this city, was married to Robert J. R. Shortill, B.S.A., of Belleville, and son of Mrs. Shortill and the late William H. Shortill of Georgetown, by Rev. Frederick B. Greul, D. D. The bride wore a tailored suit of cream serge, with hat of cream velvet. At the close of the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Shortill left for a short trip, and upon their return will reside at the Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.

At high noon on Wednesday, the 30th of September, there occurred a very interesting and pleasing event at the residence of Mr. Stanley Walker on the fourth concession of Thurlow, when his daughter, Miss Eureka Oresta, became united in marriage to Mr. John Franklin Fournier, also of Thurlow. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. M. E. Wilson, M. A., of Canifiton and took place on the spacious verandah of the family residence which, was specially prepared and decorated for the occasion with a large company of friends and relatives upon the remaining verandah space and lawn, surrounded the bride party. The bride very prettily groomed in ivory dress satin trimmed with shadow lace, covered with a beautiful veil and orange blossoms, always beautiful and a favorite with all who knew her, looked even more charming as she approached the marriage altar leaning upon the arm of her father while the wedding march of "Lohengrin" was played by Miss Emma Walker. Also, accompanied by a sweet little flower girl, Miss Edna Ketcheson bearing a little basket of flowers containing the wedding rings, quickly took her place by the side of the groom at the marriage altar. The brief marriage service was soon over, when congratulatory were fairly showered upon the happy young couple now made one in the bonds of matrimony. The party then retired to the dining-room, which was likewise decorated most appropriately for the occasion, and a very sumptuous lunch was enjoyed by all. The tables being dismissed and the marriage register duly signed the company was arranged upon the verandah and lawn by Mr. Ketcheson, of Thurlow, when a photograph of all was taken. While the guests enjoyed themselves in joyous merriment the hour of going away soon came. A huge motor car stood waiting. Presently, the bride again appeared clad in a neat costume of Leavy blue bedford cord with silk waist to match, and black velvet hat with white plumes.

Very soon the bridal party was out of sight on their way to take the train west for a honeymoon trip. The brides presents were unusually beautiful and beautiful. The grooms presents were a beautiful gold watch to the bride, and bracelets to the pianist and little flower girl. A check for a very liberal sum in cash was noticed in the large collection, the gift of the brides father. The young couple are followed by the best wishes of hours of friends in both church and community. They will take up their residence in Thurlow, upon their return from their wedding trip.

## PICKING A CHIEF.

(Special to the Ontario)

Toronto, Oct. 2.—It is neither honest nor bold to evade calling a caucus of the Conservative members and to engineer the choice of a tool, a putty man, who will obey the rules of the Ottawa Government. This is not what the members of the Ontario Legislature were elected for, nor is it what they want. Party discipline may have reduced them to a frame of mind in which they are afraid to say what they think, but we have not the least doubt that we are expressing the opinions of most of them, and that if a caucus were in session they would have courage enough to express them.

With an Ottawa no-nonce the Conservative party in Ontario would be working in the dark, the members could have no real loyalty to a machine in which they had no interest and over which they had no control. The party would very soon, as in the case of the Liberals in 1904-5, be on the way to disintegration and collapse. It is on that way now if the members be supine enough to permit their prerogatives to be extinguished.

What right has the federal government to butt into the situation at all? Are the people, or the members of the legislature to have a chance of exercising their rights in the matter? Will time be given to thresh it out? Or, are men outside the Whitney tradition to do it and tell the members and the public, "Here's your chief, we've picked him for you!" We have heard a good deal about kaiserism of late, but this is kaiserism in principle coming right home to Ontario, and it is just as well to start fighting it where it puts in an appearance, and before it becomes more active.

## MRS. EMILY SMITH DEAD

The death occurred in Kingston on October 1st of Mrs. Emily Smith, aged 26 years. The remains were yesterday taken to her former home, Moira, where the funeral was held today.

## BITTEN BY DOG.

A boy named Logan, of Church St. was yesterday bitten by a dog about five o'clock yesterday afternoon. A physician did not think the bite serious.

## HIGH SCHOOL FIELD DAY

The annual field day sports of the Belleville High School took place today. The games were held this morning on the H. S. grounds and this afternoon at the fair grounds.

## Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

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"A difficult task, this indeed,"

Magee. "Not difficult—long," corrected the hermit. "When I started out four years ago I thought it would just be a case of a chapter on Eve and honorable mention for Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, and a few more like that and the thing would be done. But as I got into the subject I was fairly buried under new evidence. Then Mr. Carnegie came along and gave Upper Asquith Falls a library. It's wonderful to think the great works that man will be responsible for. I've dedicated 'Woman' to him. Since the new library I've dug up information about a thousand disasters I never dreamed of before, and I contend that if you go back a ways in any one of 'em you'll find the fluffy little lady that started the whole rumpus. So I hunt the woman. I reckon the French would call me the greatest cherchez la femme in history."

"A fascinating pursuit," laughed Mr. Magee. "I'm glad you've told me about it, and I shall watch the progress of the work with interest, although I can't say that I entirely agree with you. Here and there is a woman who more than makes amends for whatever trouble her sisters have caused. One, for instance, with golden hair and eyes, that when they weep—"

"You're young," interrupted the little man, rising. "There ain't no use to debate it with you. I reckon I'll start your fire."

He went into the outer room, and Mr. Magee lay for a few moments listening to his preparations about the fireplace.

"I say, Mr. Peters," he cried, leaping from bed and running into the other room, where the hermit was persuading a faint blaze, "I've an idea. You can cook, can't you?"

"Cook?" repeated the hermit. "Well, yes; I've had to learn a few things about it, being far from the ratcatchers the way I do."

"The very man!" rejoiced Mr. Magee. "You must stay here and cook for me—for us."

"Us?" asked the hermit, starting. "Yes. I forgot to tell you. After Mr. Quimby left me last night two other amateur hermits have in view. One is a haberdasher with a broken heart—"

"Woman!" cried the triumphant Peters.

"Name Arabella," laughed Magee. "The other's a college professor who made an indiscreet remark about blondes. You won't mind them, I'm sure, and they may be able to help you a lot with your great work."

"I don't know what Quimby will say," studied the hermit. "I reckon he'll run 'em out. He's against this thing—'arm of fire."

"Quimby will come later," Mr. Magee assured him, drawing on a dressing gown. "Just now the idea is a little water in ronder tub and a nice cheerful breakfast after. It's going to pay you a lot better than selling postcards to romantic ladies, I promise you. I won't take you away from a work for which the world is panting without more than making it up to you financially. Where do you stand as a coffee maker?"

"Wait till you taste it," said Peters reassuringly. "I'll bring you up some water."

He started for the door, but Mr. Magee preceded him.

"The haberdasher," he explained, "sleeps below, and he's a nervous man. He might commit the awful error of shooting the only cook on Baldpate mountain."

Mr. Magee went out into the hall and called from the depths the figure of Bland, fully attired in his flashy garments and looking tawdry and tired in the morning light.

"I've been up hours," he remarked. "Hear somebody knocking around fast brought in on a silver tray. My inside feels like the Mammoth cave."

Mr. Magee introduced the hermit of Baldpate.

"Pleased to meet you," said Bland. "I guess it was you I heard in the kitchen. So you're going to cater to this select few, are you? Believe me, you can't get on the job any too soon to suit me."

Out of a nearby door stepped the black garbed figure of Professor Thaddeus Bolton, and him Mr. Magee included in the presentation ceremonies. They talked little, being men unfeeling, while Jake Peters started proceedings in the kitchen and tramped upstairs with many pails of water.

"You ain't going to see any skirts up here," Mr. Bland promised him. And Mr. Peters, bringing the water from below, took occasion to point out that shaving was one of man's troubles directly attributable to woman's presence in the world.

At length the hermit summoned them to breakfast, and as they descended the heavenly odor of coffee sent a glow to the hearts. Peters had built a rous-

ing fire in the outer room, and the clerk's desk in the office, and in front of this he had placed a table which held promise of a satisfactory breakfast. As the three sat down Mr. Bland spoke:

"I don't know about you, gentlemen, but I could fall on Mr. Peters' neck and call him blessed."



"I'm not a regular hermit."

### CHAPTER VI.

"From Tears to Smiles."

THE gentleman thus referred to served them genially. He brought to Mr. Magee, between whom and himself he recognized the tie of authorship, a copy of a New York paper that he claimed to get each morning from the station agent, and which helped him greatly, he said, in his eternal search for the woman. As the meal passed, Mr. Magee glanced it through. Twice he looked up from it to study keenly his queer companions at Baldpate Inn. Finally he handed it across the table to the haberdasher. The dull yellow sun of a winter morning drifted in from the white outdoors; the fire sputtered gaily in the grate; also Mr. Peters' falling for literature interfered in no way with his talents as cook. The three finished the repast in great good humor, and Mr. Magee handed round cigars.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, pushing back his chair, "we find ourselves in a peculiar position. Three lone men, knowing nothing of one another, we have sought the solitude of Baldpate Inn at almost the same moment. Why? Last night, before you came, Professor Bolton, Mr. Bland gave me as his reason for being here the story of Arabella, which I afterward appropriated as a joke and gave as my own reason. I related to Mr. Bland the fiction of the Arabella and the gentleman's allusion. We swapped stories when you came. It was our merry little method of doubting each other's word. Perhaps it was bad taste. At any rate, looking at it in the morning light, I am inclined to return Mr. Bland's Arabella, and no questions asked. It is again the lovers' haberdasher. I am inclined to believe, implicitly, your story. That is my proposition. No doubts of one another. We are here for whatever reasons we say we are."

The professor nodded gravely. "Last night," went on Mr. Magee, "there was some talk between Mr. Bland and myself about one of us leaving the inn. Mr. Bland demanded it. I trust he sees that matter differently this morning. I for one should be sorry to see him go."

"I've changed my mind," said Mr. Bland. The look on his thin face was not a pleasant one.

"I have a letter to Mr. Quimby from my old friend, John Bentley," said the professor, "which I am sure will win me the caretaker's warm regard."

Mr. Magee looked at Bland. "I'll get Andy Butzer on the wire," said that gentleman. "Quimby will listen to him, I guess."

"Maybe," remarked Magee carelessly. "Who is Butzer?"

"He's manager of the inn when it's open," answered Bland. He looked suspiciously at Magee. "I only know him slightly," he added.

"Those matters you will arrange for yourselves," Mr. Magee went on. "I shall be very glad of your company if you can fix it to stay. Believe it or not—I forgot, we agreed to believe, didn't we?—I am here to do some writing. I'm going up to my room now to do a little work. All I ask of you gentlemen is that, as a favor to me, you refrain from shooting at each other while I am gone. You see, I am trying to keep crude melodramas out of my stuff."

"I am sure," remarked Professor Bolton, "that the use of firearms as a means of social diversion between Mr. Bland and myself is unthought of."

"I hope so," responded Magee. "There, then, the matter rests. We are here—that is all." He hesitated, as though in doubt. Then, with a decisive motion, he drew toward him the New York paper. With his eyes on the headlines of the first page, he continued: "I shall demand no further explanations. And except for this once I shall make no reference to this story in the newspaper, to the effect that early yesterday morning in a laboratory at one of our leading universities a young assistant instructor was found dead under peculiar circumstances." He glanced keenly at the bald-headed little man across from him. "Nor shall I make conversation of the fact," he added. "The un-

tenor of chemistry at the time was a man past middle age, respected highly in the university circle is missing."

An oppressive silence followed this remark. Mr. Bland's sly eyes sought quickly the professor's face. The older man sat staring at his plate; then he raised his head and the round spectacles were turned full on Magee.

"You are very kind," said Professor Bolton evenly.

"There is another story in this paper," went on Mr. Magee, glancing at the haberdasher. "That, it seems to me, I ought to taboo as table talk at Baldpate Inn. It relates that a few days ago the youthful cashier of a bank in a small Pennsylvania town disappeared with \$30,000 of the bank's funds. No," he concluded, "we are simply here, gentlemen, and I am very glad to let it go at that."

Mr. Bland asserted knowingly. "I should think you would be," he said. "If you'll turn that paper over you'll read on the back page that day before yesterday a lot of expensive paintings in a New York millionaire's house were cut from their frames and that the young artist who was doing retouching in the house at the time has been just careless enough not to send his address to the police."

Mr. Magee threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"We understand one another, it seems," he said. "I look forward to pleasant companionship where I had expected solitude. Ah, here's Peters!" he added as the hermit entered through the dining room door at the side of the stairs.

"Peters," said Mr. Magee, "we have been wondering if you will stay on here and cook for us. We need you. How about it?"

"Well, I'll be glad to help you out," the hermit replied. "I guess I can manage to give satisfaction, seeing there ain't no women around. If there was I wouldn't think of it. Yes, I'll stay and do what I can to boost the hermit life in your estimation, I—"

He stopped. His eyes were on the dining room door, toward which Mr. Magee's back was turned. The jay of Peters fell, and his mouth stood wide open. Behind the underbrush of beard a very surprised face was discernible.

Mr. Magee turned quickly. A few feet inside the door stood the girl of the station, weeping no more, but radiant with smiles. Back of her was the determined, impossible companion of yesterday.

"Oh, mamma," laughed the girl, "we're too late for breakfast! Isn't it a shame?"

"From tears to smiles," said Mr. Magee, taking the girl's hand. "It worked the transformation? Not the Commercial House, I know, for I passed it last evening."

"No, hardly the Commercial House," laughed the girl. "Rather the sunshine of a winter morning, the brisk walk up the mountain and the sight of the hermit of Baldpate with eyes like saucers staring at a little girl who once bought his postal cards."

"Then you know Mr. Peters?" inquired Magee.

"Is that his name? You see, I never met him in private life—he was just the hermit I knew him. I used to come to Baldpate in the summers and send his cards back to the folks at home and dream dreams of his love story when from my window I saw the light of his shack at night. I'm so glad to meet Mr. Peters informally."

She held out her hand, but Peters, by long practice wary of women, had burdened himself with breakfast plates which prevented his clasping it. He muttered "How'd ye do?" and fled toward the door, narrowly averting what would have proved a serious collision with the large woman on the way.

"Mr. Peters meets so few of your sex in winter," Magee apologized, "you must pardon his clumsiness. This gentleman"—he indicated the professor, who arose—"is Thaddeus Bolton, a distinguished member of a certain university faculty, who has fled to Baldpate to escape the press of America. And this is Mr. Bland, who hides here from the world the scars of a broken heart."

The girl smiled brightly. "And you"—she asked.

"William Hallowell Magee," he returned, bowing low. "I have a neat little collection of stories accounting for my presence here, from which I shall allow you to choose later. Not to mention the real one, which is simple almost to a fault."

"I am so happy to meet you all," said the girl. "We shall no doubt become very good friends, for mamma and I have also come to Baldpate Inn—to stay."

Mr. Bland opened wide his usually narrow eyes and ran his hand thoughtfully over his one day's beard. Professor Bolton blinked his astonishment. Mr. Magee smiled.

"I for one am delighted to hear it," he said.

"My name," went on the girl, "is Mary Norton. May I present my mother, Mrs. Norton?"

The older woman adopted what was obviously her society manner. "I certainly am pleased to meet you all," she said in her heavy voice. "Ain't it a lovely morning after the storm? The sun's almost blinding."

"Some explanation," put in Miss Norton quickly, "is due you if I am to thrust myself thus upon you. I am perfectly willing to tell why I am here, but the matter mustn't leak out. I can trust you, I'm sure."

"The bandits of Baldpate," Magee remarked slyly, glancing at the two men, "have their own code of honor, and the first rule is never to betray a pal."



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By order of the Board,  
**G. F. Scholfield,**  
 General Manager.

Toronto, 29th September, 1914.

**John Elliott** Manager **Belleville Branch.**  
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