

## FIREMEN'S EFFORTS SAVED MANY HOUSES FROM FLAMES

Fires on Three Streets—Sparks Spread the Conflagration—Chief Brown Divided Brigade.

### BURNED

Barn, owned by W. Adamson and Mrs. Casey.

### DAMAGED

Huffman and Bunnett's storage. G. T. H. freight platform. Roofs of eight different residences—Nos. 393, 395, 397 and 399 Bleeker Ave. and Nos. 1, 5, 7, 14 Bettee street.

Fire discovered at 3:15 o'clock this morning. The high wind prevailing this morning accounted for great demands on the Belleville Fire Department. From one fire sparks flew and set many buildings ablaze until at one time the heroic fighters were engaged in subduing a dozen different fires.

### STATION ROAD

At 3:15 this morning in some unaccountable manner the large storage barn owned by Mr. Wm. Adamson and Mrs. Casey Station street, formerly known as the Meagher flour and feed depot caught fire. This was an immense two-story structure of wood about eighty feet long. The wind and the start the fire flared had secured were responsible for the destruction of this building. The flames mounted skyward and lighted up the whole northeastern portion of the city and the gale blew sparks towards the east and south east. Appeals for help came from eight or ten different places at once. When the huge blaze of the barn had been controlled, Chief Brown divided his department into three sections keeping one at Station street, and sending the others to Bettee street and Bleeker avenue.

The post on the double barn was pretty heavy as there was a great quantity of lumber in the structure. The contents included sleighs, timbers and many valuable articles. The platform of the G.T.H. siding next to Huffman and Bunnett's implement storage caught fire but this was extinguished. A corner of the

storage although sheeted with metal began to smoke and the firemen were obliged to tear out a portion to get out the flames. The damage on this will not be heavy.

The fires which had been started on the hill hundreds of yards away on the roofs of eight different residences were causing a great deal of alarm. The owners and tenants were getting ready to move out their furniture and belongings. The phinches in every case were blazing. Gangs of firemen were sent to the roofs and by chopping out the burning wood prevented spreading. In some cases water was turned on the roofs to make doubly sure that the fires were out. The properties affected were—

Bleeker Ave.—No. 393, Mr. Harry Pringle; 395, Mr. Fitchett; 397, Mrs. Rush; 399, Mr. McHardy.

Bettee Street—No. 1, Mrs. Baker; 5, Mr. C. Bonesteel; 7, Mrs. Young; 14, Mrs. Welch.

The firemen had completed their heavy duties by 5:30 o'clock. Fire Chief W. J. Brown and his firemen this morning earned the greatest praise for their work. That they saved thousands of dollars' worth of property, there is not the slightest doubt whatever in the minds of the Belleville ward citizens. Chief Brown's strategy in successfully coping with unusual conditions place him higher than ever in the public estimation as an expert fire-fighter.

It is difficult to form an idea of the loss at present. About eight o'clock this morning, the firemen were called out to extinguish a small roof blaze caused by a shingle.

At 9:20 an alarm was sounded for an extinguisher. No. 1 fire company sent up the appliance to Mrs. J. J. Parks' feed store, Front street where the pipes were afire. The ceiling was burning to show signs of being ready to ignite. No damage resulted.

## WHIRLIGIG OF TIME

It Brings Many Strange Coincidences to the Life of True Man.

By WALTER JAMES O'LEANEY.

Coward! How that word rankled within the soul of Ralph Warden, and what a difference its utterance had made in his life! Looking back six months, it seemed to him as though that word had been the start of all his troubles, the evil star of his destiny.

He had lived at Junta, a frontier town and a military post, since boyhood. Just as he came of age his mother had died. Through her brief period of illness it had been the friendly visits and kind ministrations of Ethel Lynd that had made her serene and peaceful. Ralph had grown to love the beautiful daughter of Colonel Lynd. He had fancied that she somewhat encouraged him, when a rude circumstance had brought down to ruins all his fair air castles of hope.

He recalled the day when Miss Lynd, her girl cousin, Lieutenant Vanderloot and three visiting school friends of Ethel were strolling near the river, when a homeless drunkard known about the district as Pauper Joe, reeled across their path. He changed to joggle against Ralph. In his maudlin fury called him a name that was always wiped out with blood in that primitive section, and struck him.

For a moment the fire of resentment and indignation sprang to the eyes of Ralph. Then, clutching his fists, holding his breath, his face grew ashen as he stood rigid as a statue. He fancied he noted a look of contempt cross the face of Miss Lynd. He heard a word spoken—

"Coward!"

Then the group passed on, but not until Lieutenant Vanderloot had stepped forward, vaulting his chivalrous strength in some sneer at Ralph, and with a cruel blow sent the poor wretch, Pauper Joe, to the ground.

It might have been over-sensitive, but Ralph fancied that Ethel and



Made Out a Horseman in the Distance.

her friends purposely hurried on. He lingered. The same influence that had held his hand back from resenting an insult, now drove him to the exercise of a further humanity. It was Ethel who lifted the stranded wreck to his feet, led him to a lodging house, and left enough money with its proprietor to care for his pensioner till he recovered from the effects of drink and injury.

Two days later Ethel left Junta, and Ralph had not met her in the meantime. Ethel was going on a long visit to a distant point where her father was making his annual round of the military posts.

"I kept my promise," said Ralph to himself staunchly, as he thought of the blight that had come over his love dreams. "I have lost Ethel, the story of that blow has got around town, and some think me a mean spirited craven; but I promised mother, and I have kept my word!"

It was on her death bed that Mrs. Warden had drawn her son to the sacred pledge regarding two things—drink and fighting. Her own father had been a victim to the wine cup. Ralph's dead father had suffered death in a hot border fight brought about by a mere trifling remark. Mrs. Warden had died with a satisfied smile, when her loyal son had promised never to raise his hand against another in temper or hate.

And the whirligig of time had gone on. Ralph had drifted to another town. He was not very successful in getting work. One day a sudden resolution came into his mind; he would join the regular army. Thus it was that one year after this last sight of the only woman he had ever loved, he was a sergeant at Fort Danger, under the orders of the man he had considered a rival—a rival no longer, however.

"I wronged you once, Warden," admitted the lieutenant voluntarily the day Ralph came to the fort. "I thought you a poltroon, and said so. Later it leaked out to all of us about your sacred promise to your mother. I respect you for it. I think that discovery made pretty Miss Lynd edge

away from me. No hearts broken, though, for I am now engaged to a girl who owns three ranches, and when my term of service is out, I am going to settle down to an easy life."

The whirligig of time brought about another strange happening—Pauper Joe, no longer a drinker, the fond, fervent friend of the man who had been kind to him, was also stationed at Fort Danger.

The place had been truly named. Situated on the edge of an almost impassable desert, the nearest fort two hundred miles distant, it was isolated among Indians who had the habit of a periodical blood-thirsty outbreak.

Another strange coincidence in the whirligig of time was the fact that Ethel Lynd was now at Fort Blain, where her father was making a governmental inspection.

It was late of a blazing hot summer afternoon, when as she sat in a breezy corner of the fort scanning the broad plain with a field glass, Ethel made out a horseman in the distance, going at tearing speed. She informed the officer in charge. Twenty minutes later there dashed into the fort a reeking horse. In the saddle was a man, tattered, sun-blistered, with a gaping bullet wound in one arm, and propped up in front of him another man, his coldness, accompanied by his coldness, accompanied him in silence. Talbot was thinking bitterly of his folly—his absolute folly. It was too late to draw with honor now. The wedding was only one month away. And during the past two weeks he had come to realize that he had made the mistake of his life.

He had thought Elsie Landis all that could be desired in any woman until—until he had met Edith Spinner. A friend had introduced them, and then Talbot knew that, deeply as he had been in love during his thirty-odd years of life, he had never surrendered so completely to the divine passion before. Honor forbade him to speak; but the pressure of their hands when they met must have betrayed them to each other. They had met three times only—and he was head over heels in love with Edith.

He thought, over his future that night. He could not withdraw. He

was my only friend—a hero, the sole survivor," breathed Joe. Heaven "Heaven bless him!" and died.

Fort Danger was relieved and saved. It was Ethel who nursed Ralph back to life. It was Ethel who contritely told how she had wronged him, and later how she regretted losing him. And now when his eager lips questioned her, she told, too, how she loved him.

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## SPEED IN HIGH ALTITUDES

An Aeronautical Theory That Is Borne Out by the Migrations of Birds.

The statement that a flying machine with a normal speed of 40 miles an hour would travel at a height of 5 miles at 150 miles an hour—made by Dr. Graham Bell, is supported by an ornithologist. Doctor Bell's view, which depended on a prolonged course of scientific inquiries, was that the speed of a flying machine increased in more or less definite ratio as the height from the earth increased. The thinner the air the faster the aircraft. That birds use this quality of the air now seems probable. Some of the migrants arriving in England have been observed to dive down from an incalculable height, as has often been observed in Heligoland. That the "weak flyers" should cross the North Sea in one dash has seemed an insoluble mystery, because it has necessitated the theory that they are endowed at that moment with a sudden access of power. May it not be that then only they find themselves in the thinner higher air? Swifts, which are the most rapid flyers of all, for the most part fly higher than other birds.

Cranes have been seen to cross the sun's disk at an estimated height of 10 miles, and others have passed over the highest mountain ranges. The verdict of one of the best students of migration is that "without ascending to a considerable altitude the migration of many birds would be simply impossible." That very poor flyer, the corn-crake, has traveled the seemingly impossible distance of 5,000 miles.

It is true that many birds have been observed to fly low during migration. Swallows especially have been seen migrating at a low elevation, and even to cover 100 miles an hour—London Mail.

Strange Case. Prof. C. J. Dillon of Manhattan tells of a farmer who met a doctor on the street. "Doc," said he, "if you're out our way this week you might as well come in and see me."

"What ails her?" inquired the doctor.

"Dunno. After gettin' breakfast an' fixin' the children for school, an' churning an' sloppin' the hops an' doin' a little washin'—they's only seven in the family, y'know she plumb declared she'd have to lay down before gettin' dinner!" Says she's tired out. Kicks about gettin' a Sunday dinner!

"Yes," said the wise doctor, "T'll come out and see her. It's a strange case."—Kansas City Star.

## WHEN A MAN MARRIES

This One Fancied Himself in Love With His Fiancee's Avowed Rival.

By GEORGE MUNSON.

"I'll walk home with you, Dick," said Frank Fyries to his friend Richard Talbot, and started away with him from Miss Landis' door. At the corner of the block he stopped and wrung his friend's hand violently.

"I congratulate you, old man," he said warmly. "I think your fiancée is one of the finest girls I've ever met—and just suited to you, too."

"It's odd, Dick," he continued, "but I never gave you credit for being able to pick a winner like that. I don't believe any of your friends did, either. I suppose your being an artist makes you think you must be erratic and miserably married and all that. But you've done splendidly, my boy, and I bet your married life will be one long dream of paradise."

Talbot did not reply, and his friend, mortified by his coldness, accompanied him in silence. Talbot was thinking bitterly of his folly—his absolute folly. It was too late to draw with honor now. The wedding was only one month away. And during the past two weeks he had come to realize that he had made the mistake of his life.

He had thought Elsie Landis all that could be desired in any woman until—until he had met Edith Spinner. A friend had introduced them, and then Talbot knew that, deeply as he had been in love during his thirty-odd years of life, he had never surrendered so completely to the divine passion before. Honor forbade him to speak; but the pressure of their hands when they met must have betrayed them to each other. They had met three times only—and he was head over heels in love with Edith.

He thought, over his future that night. He could not withdraw. He



"Do You Know You Have Been Acting in a Very Odd Manner Lately?"

could not tell Elsie the cause of his coldness. But he could, and must, in honor tell her of his miserable doubts for their future happiness. How could he ever have thought himself in love with Elsie, when Edith Spinner was the very complementary portion of his soul?

He rose up after a sleepless night, resolved to give Elsie the chance to reconsider. One thought buoyed him up; loving as she was, he had felt that of late—ever since he had known Edith, in fact—her affection had been less demonstrative. What if she also had come to believe that happiness would not bless their union? The day dragged with feet of lead. It was not until eight o'clock that evening that he found himself in Elsie's presence.

Their greeting was commonplace enough: The handshake, the kiss, and even that seemed perfunctory. Talbot sat down.

"Richard," said his fiancée, looking at him curiously, "do you know you have been acting in a very odd manner lately?"

"If. How is that?" he stammered.

"You haven't seemed to love me as much as you used to," she stammered. "I have been thinking—O, Richard, don't you care for me?"

A moment later and she was on her knees at his side, her arms around him, weeping.

"Elsie!" exclaimed Richard, miserably, "I—I love you!"

"You won't love me when I have told you something," she sobbed.

"Tell me and see," said he. He could think of nothing better to say. "I have been untrue to you," she sobbed.

"Don't mean that I've—kissed anybody else. No, but—O, Richard, you are so simple and noble, you would never understand. Well, I—I had been wondering whether our marriage was going to be happy. It had begun to seem so ordinary, our love. And then I met a man—just two weeks ago. He fascinated me and—I loved him more than you, dear."

Richard sat up very straight. This was a turning of the tables with a vengeance.

"We never told each other," she went on, weeping bitterly. "But he knew and I knew, and it seemed so

hopeless that that only added to the feeling between us. And I was frantic I felt that we ought not to be married until you knew—and I didn't dare to tell you until today."

"Why today?" inquired Richard kindly.

"Because he is married now," sobbed Elsie. "He got married yesterday. And he had been engaged to her for a whole year—just think of that! He had just been flirting with me and I—fooling me. And then a sudden revulsion came over me and I knew that it was you I had loved all the time."

Richard, can you ever forgive me or shall I give you back your ring?"

She rose to her feet and stood before him, a picture of tragic misery and despair.

"Who was the man?" inquired Richard, conscious of an odd sense of helplessness.

"Nobody you know, Richard," she answered. "So it wouldn't do you any good to tell you his name. But I'll tell you whom he married. I believe you met her once. It was a Miss Spinner."

"Edith Spinner?" he shouted, and out of the tumult of emotions in his heart he was conscious of a mad rage that dominated all others.

"Yes, Richard. She is said to be a dreadful flirt and to have had affairs with half a dozen men at the same time. I don't believe there will be much happiness for them. Why, what is the matter?"

"Come here, Elsie," said Richard, and led her to the lounge. "Elsie, dearest, I have been as big a fool as I mean, we have both behaved like ninnyms. Do you know I have been fancying myself in love with Edith?"

"You, Richard? Since we were engaged? Why, how dared you?"

"How dared you?" he retorted. "I didn't!" she cried. "It was pure imagination. I just feared that you mightn't be quite suited to each other."

"That's what I did."

"You never kissed her, Dick?"

"Never!" he said, looking her in the eyes, and then suddenly he drew her upon his knee and kissed her.

"You see, dearest," he said, "I am about to this. I guess when two people are going to get married they expect all sorts of things of each other, and then, when they don't quite measure up to the mark, each thinks the marriage is going to be unhappy. Well, I guess that isn't the proper basis for marriage. There must be a sort of mutual trust and confidence and—what I'll call faith. Elsie, darling, shall we start over again in this spirit?"

"Yes, Richard," she answered, raising her lips to his. "But—you're quite sure that you never kissed her, Dick?"

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## QUAINT OLD GERMAN CITIES

Empire of Peoples That Are as Diverse as Are Territories They Occupy.

Germany is a big country. Moreover, it is the most interesting country in Europe save Italy. Towns can be found there that are, as Henry James would call them, "medieval all bouettes"; and there also are the most ultra modern cities in the world. Cities that are more representative of the best of the twentieth century's thought on municipal life and municipal problems than is any American municipality, says the Travel Magazine.

It is an empire of peoples as diverse as are the territories they occupy; the brusque and domineering Prussians, living in the vast plain of northern Germany; the ancient Saxons, still clinging to former superstitions and still living in the beautiful environment of their exquisite old-time towns and in the atmosphere of legend and romance that lingers yet around the regions of the Harz; the gay Wurttembergers, with their brilliant capital of Stuttgart; and best of all, beautiful, enchanted Bavaria, land of medieval cities, mountains, castles, of lakes, of the kindly, fine-faced men and women who live there, let me outline a charming trip from Cologne to Heggensburg.

From Cologne to Mayence, which constitutes the tourist's Rhine, is 117 miles, and the trip can be made in a day on steamers that are comfortable. The narrow stream, seldom more than a quarter of a mile in width and more frequently much less, is crowded with boats of every description; on the banks are large cities of modern look, and villages that still preserve in wall and tower the appearance of a distant past; terraced vineyards lead from the water's edge up steep hillsides to ruined castles on the summits; and over all is an atmosphere of legend and of wild and thrilling historic fact that makes of the rhine country one of the great objective points in every European tour. Querver's "Legends of the Rhine" should be read by the traveler who would get the spirit of what he sees; and some knowledge of the history of the varied peoples now united in imperial Germany, and of their varying stages of civilization, is also essential to a full enjoyment of the land.

Royalties Pocket-Money: The King and Queen do not make the mistake of giving their sons unlimited pocket-money. The younger prince, George and Henry, have never had more than \$1.55 a week, a sum which they all receive until they are sixteen. At the same time nothing within reason is denied them, and their father has permission to order things for them. Princess Mary, on her seventeenth birthday, was presented to a cheque-book, and has proved herself well able to take care of it.

## Looking Old Too Soon

The Condition of Too Many Women and Too Many Girls.

Too many women and too many girls look old long before they should. Their faces become pale and drawn, wrinkles appear and their eyes lack brightness. Can this be wondered at when they so frequently have headaches, backaches and a general feeling of wretchedness and weakness?

In most cases it is the blood that is to blame. From one cause or another the blood has become thin and watery and it is a fact that anemia (bloodless) more than any other cause and more women this prematurely aged appearance. It is important that the blood supply of girls and women be regularly replenished—important not only on the score of looks, but to restore robust health, which is of greater value. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood and restore the system shattered by overwork or worry. These pills give a glow of health to the face, and make the hair grow. Women and girls feel bright and happy. With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at hand there is no need for any woman or any girl to look old or feel old.

Mrs. J. McDonald, Jr., Bay (Ind.) says: "I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Some years ago I had anemia, and as I did not realize the seriousness of the trouble I soon became a complete wreck. I could not walk, could not sleep, and could not go upstairs without stopping to rest. At times I had an almost unbearable pain in my back, and would have to lie in bed for several days. I suffered almost constantly from dull headaches, and when awoken I would stop to pick up anything I would get so dizzy that I would have to catch hold of something to keep from falling. At times my heart would beat so fast that I would have to stop to rest. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long I could see and feel that they were helping me. I gladly continued the use of the pills until I was completely cured, and I cannot say enough in their praise, and I sincerely recommend them to all run-down girls and women."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicines or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CENTRE

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Spencer, Dickson, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Robin spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Stafford. Douglas Redner is spending a few weeks in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fox visited Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hillier on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Lott, Mrs. Lewis Lott called at Mrs. Geo. E. Robin's on Friday.

Mr. H. Gelman of Pecon visited his daughter, Mrs. Roy Gillet, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Redner visited friends at Mt. Pleasant over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gies spent the week-end visiting friends at Bloomfield.

Miss Gladys Redner called at the home of Mrs. D. T. Stafford on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. O. Watson, Miss Robertson and family, Mr. Campbellford spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Stafford.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Spencer spent Sunday with friends in Hillier.

## Message of Hope For all Women

MISS MARY SABOURIN TELLS HOW SHE FOUND HEALTH.

Suffered For Three Years and Could Find No Lasting Relief Till She Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Thurso, Que., Nov. 1st.—Specie Tired, run-down women can read a message of hope in the statement of Miss Mary Sabourin, an estimable lady living here. In a statement to the public Miss Sabourin says:

"I was a doctor for three years. I was always tired and nervous. My sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I was troubled with headaches and pain in my back. I had heart fluttering to add to my anxiety.

"I was treated by a doctor and specialist, but nothing seemed to do me any lasting good till I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I lost just three boxes of them."

Ninety-nine out of a hundred women come from sick kidneys. Sick kidneys fail in their duty of straining the impurities out of the blood. This means that poison and disease is carried to all parts of the body. The remedy is to cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. If you haven't used them ask your neighbor about them. Nearly every family in Canada is using or has used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Tom Marks Coming. Perhaps twenty-eight years ago Tom Marks and company made their first appearance before a Belleville audience. Thom and his company has been "doing" the West for the past few years and it is some time since he has visited Belleville. He comes highly recommended with his Kith and Bond and patriotic program which always pleases, and will appear in Scott's Palace Theater for two nights, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5th and 6th, and Saturday matinee presenting a new play each performance, opening Friday with the patriotic drama "The Man From Canada." Plan open Wednesday at theater box office. Price 25c, 35c, and 50c.

## McINTOSH BROTHERS

### Special Sale

Announcement of Greatest Importance for Tuesday, Nov. 2nd, at 9 o'clock.

We place on sale a beautiful assortment of Sham's Scaris and Stand Covers, hemstitched, worked in dainty feather stitch designs on good strong material, will launder beautiful and very suitable for buffets, dresser and stand covers. Worth in the regular way 50 cents each.

Tuesday Sale Price Only 25c Each.

Be on hand early if you want one as they are bound to be picked up quickly.

\$1.50 Bed Spreads, special for this sale only 98c.

See window displays. Superior qualities at the right price.

McINTOSH BROS.

S. A. HYMAN & CO.

Established 1870 Makers of Fine Furs

Remodeling Persian Lamb Coats

The economy of having us remodel your Persian Lamb Coat

to the newest style is what we claim comparison of prices must prove. Obtain our estimate for this class of work.

S. A. HYMAN & CO.

242 Front Street

## Electric Irons \$2.00

Not FANCY, but GOOD

THE SMITH HARDWARE CO.

We Do Plumbing

## WITH

AN ADDRESS SOCIETY OF FORMERLY

To the Members of the

Canadian Society

The subscription list of this Society in the past has been very generous and represents only a minor portion of the total subscription list of the Society.

You have been informed of the Committee of the distribution of the money at more money is needed not only for more enthusiastic Canadian sentiment.

I have visited with the exception of the incoherence and having reference to my fellow members, they have to tell you how the Canadian are acting in these days and great sacrifices.

A few days ago I was in Ontario. There were a number of volunteers in that city, training for the early morning work. I was awakened at the hotel. I arose and passed on my morning walk. I was a part of the hard training. It was only a glimmer of the sun in the eastern sky. I saw these boys marching hands clasped to their well up and my heart that I was of their team. I had been a Canadian and as eager as perhaps had the call I would have marched, training to

Why were these boys earnestly before day? Martin Ryan told me. Until a few weeks baggage man at the of a village on a Kildare, north of Kildare. He had been fishing there was also pitcher of the team. Martin has a old Irish lady of whom I had heard and support. On that Martin Ryan had a soldier and the next I asked him about it.

"Sure," he told me tomorrow.

"But your mother

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