## The Girardet Estate

By F. A. MITCHEL

Albert Girardet was left ten years after his marriage with one child, a son, Jules, eight years old. Two years later the father murried a widow with one child, a daughter, Louise, also eight years old. Jules, who was in-clined to be wild, was very fond of his stepmother, and she alone had any in-

About the time Jules came of age the second Mme. Girardet died. Jules. who had entered the army, was at the time fighting with his regiment in Algeria and, of course, could not come bome. His father was much embittered, needing his son in this second bereavement, especially since he was getting old and desired a younger man whom to lean. He had been much troubled by his son's disposition to lead a reckless life and had opposed his following the career of a soldier. He wished his boy to remain at home and learn the business of taking care of his

estate, which was a large one. But all his pleadings were in vain. Jules seemed fitted for a turbulent life and could not be made to settle down as a country gentleman. The boy's only redeeming trait-so his father considered it-was his affection for his stepmother, somewhat unusual in stepchildren, and his unselfishness with regard to Louise. His father, in order to make him subservient to his wishes. had once threatened to leave all his property to Louise. Jules told him that he could not do anything that would please him better.

Soon after the death of the second Mme. Girardet the old man called his stepdaughter into his study and said to

"It is now a month since Jules was notified of your mother's death, and not a word has come from him. Could a father be treated worse by a son?"

"But, papa, Jules is campaigning. He may not have received our letters and if he has may not have had an opportunity to answer them. The newspapers report a great deal of fighting at the front."

"That may be, my dear girl, but it does not alter the case, so far as I am concerned. I am an old man, and I have one son, on whom I should be able to rely. That son has disappointed me-not one thing I have asked of him that he has granted. I am not wells and I shall not live long. I must settle my affairs. You shall be my sole heir. But a woman is not fitted to manage an estate. You must have a husband, and that husband must be a steady man, with a head for business." I have such a man in view. I have entered upon negotiations with

M. Meydieu for his son, Armand." One would naturally suppose that Louise, on being told that she would inherit an estate worth 1,000,000 francs. would rejoice. But the look on her face indicated that she was not at all favorably impressed with the plan. yet realizing that her stepfather was in no mood to be opposed she accepted the situation, at least temporarily.

M. Girardet made his will in her favor and ignored his son. He also mand Meydieu and Louise. When it was signed he showed the will to Armand, explaining why he had made it and that Armand was expected to take care of the estate. All these matters having been arranged, the old man tried to deceive himself that he fell content. But he did not. He loved his boy and would have much rather left his estate in the natural way.

Not long after the making of this marriage contract the war in Algeria came to an end, and Jules' regiment was ordered home. At the time the troops reached the French coast M. Girardet was lying at the point of death. Louise, seeing a notice of the arrival of Jules' regiment, telegraphed him that his father was dying and if he desired to see him alive he must come at once.

The next day the old man, his life ebbing away, saw his son standing over his bed in a colonel's uniform and covered with decorations. The young man bent down and uttered-the words "Forgive me, father"

"A notary," gasped the old man. "s notary! I must make another will." Too late. Before a notary could be summoned the old man died

After the funeral Louise, to whom her stepfather had given his will for safe keeping, led her stepbrother into the library, shut all the doors and took the instrument out of a desk. A bright fire burned on the hearth, and Louise stood near it.

"Jules," she said, "papa has been unjust to you in trying to make you what you are not and trying to keep you from being what you are. By this paper he has deprived you of your rightful inheritance."

"To whom has he left it?" She threw the paper into the blaze and when it was consumed replied. "To

Jules sprang toward her and caught her in his arms. Not a word was spoken, but each saw in the other's epression what neither had seen before "What papa would have done if he had lived to do it I have done," st. il Louise presently. "You are your ta-

ther's sole heir, and no will is neces sary to insure his estate to you." "And as n.y wife it will all be yours." Nothing was needed to get rid of the marriage contract that had been made with Armand Meydieu except to make It known that no will existed in Louise's favor and that Colonel Girardet as heir at law would inherit the estate.

Trivial Annoyances It is surprising how trivial are the annoyances which suffice to make some men miserable. A lump of soot falling on a man's linen, a beefsteak over-done, losing a railway train by forty seconds after running himself out of breath, a visit from a bore when he is overwhelmed with cares, the rasping of his nerves by a hand organ when he is weary, inclined to head ache or trying to sleep; even the want of a pin or a shirt button flying off at an unlucky moment, as when he is dressing for a dinner party and has scant time in which to do it-all these are annoyances which sorely try man's nationce and chafe and ver many a person more than a serious misfortune. Alexander Smith goes so far as to say that if during thirty vears all the annoyances connected with defalcating shirt buttons alone could be gathered into a mass and endured at once it would be misery equal to a public execution.

Water and Pure Water: Pure water is nothing more or less than a chemical curiosity. Even when distilled it cannot rightly be considered perfectly pure. Mineral matter is the most common foreign substance found in "Adam's ale." This is largely ow ing to the fact that all water passes through rock and soil at some time or other. In moderate quantities these mineral salts are quite desirable, as they are particularly needed for our t ones and muscles. When water is dis tilled these mineral substances become detached; hence distilled water is useess for drinking. But if more than a hundred grains of such salts as magne. sium or sodium sulphate are contained in a gallon of water it should then be regarded as a mineral beverage rather than a good drinking material. The mportance of water can be well realzed when we consider that the very elasticity of our muscles, cartilages and tendons is due to the amount of water that these tissues contain.-Pear

Wonderful Stones. Probably the largest stones ever used n any building are seen in the western wall of the great temple of Bualbek, in Syria, and the problem is still unsolved as to the methods used in conreying them from the quarries and of placing them in position. The quarries rom which these blocks were undoubtdly cut can be seen about a half a nile to the southwest of the temple. The three stones lie horizontally and form part of the other wall of the building. They are not on the lowest part of the masonry, but are twenty hree feet above the first row of stones

hirteen feet high and ten feet thick The most wonderful block of all still ies in the quarries, for something must gave occurred to stop the work of separating it completely from the rock, and the great stone has lain there for centuries awaiting completion. This stone is seventy feet long, fourteen feet high and thirteen feet thick. The three sides and part of the fourth have been beautifully chiseled and are smooth and even

Each stone is over sixty feet long.

Tainted Money. Eugene was not accustomed to receiving sums of money coins of a larger denomination than the nickel, and pennies were more familiar. A wealthy relative who was visiting the family and wished to talk over subjects that were not for young ears gave him a quarter and bade him go downtown and spend it. His eyes shone. In the three and a half years of his life he had never had so much money. Then craft entered into his soul. "If I take the money do I have to stay out a long time?" he inquired. On being told that this was expected of him he sadly but firmly returned the money and kept his freedom of action.

Finnish Respect For the Law. In Finland there is a deep and pre vailing respect for law. "Can I have a shot at an elk?" asked

stranger of a peasant who lived on the fringe of a forest well stocked with this noble game. "No, sir. It's against the law." "What is the penalty?" "Two hundred Finnish marks."

"All right. Will you come along with me if I agree to pay the fine?" "No, I won't. It's against the law, and I'm not going to break it."-"Russian Characteristics.

His Chosen Profession. "And what do you expect to be when you grow up, Bobby," asked a minister, "a lawyer, like your father?" "No," Bobby replied. "Mother says I'm too much like papa to make a successful lawyer. I did think I'd be a

drum major, but guess I'll be a lion

Egypt's Desert. It has been discovered that the air of the Egyptian desert is as free from bacterial life as the polar regions or the high seas, and it is an excellent place for people suffering from theumatism or consumption to take up their abode.-London Telegraph.

lick of an Ostrich. An angry ostrich is a great fighter. He strikes out with his feet, and his legs, being immensely strong, he can with no great amount of exertion, kill man.

Her Prize. Daughter - Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa? Mother- Fish, my dear fish. was bear hunting.-London M. A. P.

Virtue that parleys is near surren der.-French Proverb.

## Barking Up the Wrong Tree

By MARTHA V. MONROE

My engagement to Stewart Barnes brought me a great deal of happiness. which was suddenly broken in a very singular way. One day while shopping. in order to examine goods, I laid my bag on the counter. I was hunting for something difficult to find and visited teveral stores. Finding what I wanted. I opened the bag to take out my purse and at once discovered that I had changed bags with some one else. My portemonnaie was not there, but instead I found \$16 in bills. Among other articles was an unsealed letter addressed to Evelyn Tewkesberry, general delivery of the postoffice.

Thinking that the letter would help me to find the person with whom I had made the exchange, I took the letter from the envelope and read it. It was short and to the point: Will be at the corner of Eighth and Lo-cust streets at 7:30 tonight, made up for

cust streets at 7:30 tonight, hand seedy individual with green spectacles, wear thick veil and carry violets in left wear thick veil and carry violets in left band. Great heavens! Could I have stumbled on a letter my own Stewart had written to some other woman appoint ing a clandestine meeting? I trembled Whether it was through force of imag ination I know not, but I recognized my Stewart's handwriting. To further confirm my suspicion, there was a post-

script, "Anna is watching me." My name is Anna. Here were three elements pointing to my lover's identity with this Stewart whose name was signed to the letter. though one of the three, the handwriting, was doubtful. I had not been long familiar with Stewart Barnes' writing and could not be sure that what I saw he had written; nevertheless I had no doubt of it. At any rate I determined to profit by my find. But how should I proceed? I shrank from\_interrupting the meeting as beneath me. Instead I put the letter in a new envelope, readdressed it, and, inserting a slip of paper stating that I had exchanged bags with its owner, giving my address, I dropped the letter in a mailbox. I also put in a note to Stewart breaking our en-

The next day a messenger brought me my bag containing the articles in it when it was exchanged and a request for the one in my possession. I returned it, and, so far as the owner was concerned, I was at quits. There remained to settle with Stewart. I presumed he would come to see me posthaste to learn what was the trouble, for I had given him no inkling as to my discovry of his perfidy.

The day after the one on which I had posted my letter to Stewart passed, and he neither appeared nor wrote. I had assumed that if his conscience was clear he would come to me at once; if I had really caught him in a delinquency he would recognize the fact that I had discovered his deception and would either try to beg off or would accept his dismissal without a word. Then, too, he might really prefer the Tewkesberry woman, in which case I should probably not hear anything from him.

Three days passed without a word. Nothing is so tantalizing as ignorance much interested in knowing. Every day that passed left me in a more agitated condition than the preceding. Why had I not stated to my lover my reason for breaking my engagement?

I had not foreseen this result. One of two courses was open to me, either to call on Stewart for an explanation of my discovery or to write to Evelyn Tewkesberry to learn from her if her correspondent was my Stewart. Thinking the latter course would be the easier for me. I followed it.

For several days I waited impatiently for a reply and then broke down completely. I was ready to forgive my lover, innocent or guilty. But my )ride held me back from doing what should have done in the first placehat is, stating the case to Stewart and asking him if he was the writer of the letter I had stumbled on. Since I could not bring myself to do

his, I determined to try again to reach he Tewkesberry woman. I wrote her note and hired a boy to watch he general delivery for the claimant. He reported that the letter had been taken from the postoffice by an old woman, who had given her name as Evelyn Tewkesberry. He had follow. ed her from the postoffice and had

noted the house where she lived.

This was a surprise to me. But apon ferreting out the matter I went to the house and asked for Mrs. or Miss Tewkesberry. An old woman came into the room where I was and asked me what I wanted. Was she Evelyn Tewkesberry? She was. Did. she know a man of the name of Stewart Barnes? She did not. I then told her that I was the person who had taken up her bag by mistake and asked her to explain the letter it had conteined. She berated me for reading the letter and declined to explain it. left her no wiser than I came, exept that I was conscious of having made a fool of myself in sending away a lover without a hearing. It would have been even wiser for me to appear at the meeting appointed in the

Resolved to "eat humble pie," I ser for Stewart, and he came to see me. I think he had intended to crush me ut when he saw my altered appear-'nce he took me in his arms, and I ried awhile before telling him of my errible mistake.

Strindberg and Magic. Georges Brandes, writing in Vanity Fair about August Strindberg, declares lief in magic was deep rooted and cites the following conversation in proof. Strindberg once said to Brandes: "You have an enemy. A newspaper

"You're very kind. But I should pre-"So all criminals think. Besides, don't you feel it would be rather unjust to kill a man on account of an un-

enemy. I want to do something for you. Let me kill your enemy."

kind newspaper article?" "Well, let's not kill him. We'll simply blind him." "I still have my doubts. However

how would you go about it?" "If you will give me the man's pho ograph I will, with my magic, blind im by driving a needle through his yes

"In that case you could easily deprive me of my eyesight, too, if you "Hardly. It must be done with ha-

"Granted. But if a man who hates me tears my picture into pieces will I fall to the ground in bleeding bits?" This remark seemed to put him out and he did not answer me.

Where Pigs Climb Trees. Presumably the walrus and the carpenter never did settle the discussion s to whether pigs had wings, and it was a foolish theme for an argu-

And yet is it any stranger than the undisputed fact that in Morocco pigs climb trees in search of nuts-not only pigs, but goats too? The puzzle s not in the pigs and the goats, however. They are of the common variety that we see in the back lots in our own communities. It is the tree that is strange. It is called the argan nut tree and grows near Agadir. Usually it shoots out from a steep hillside. The trunk is broad and flat and almost horizontal, and so are the main branches forming ample and solid foothold for any animal which may be tempted by the olive shaped nuts growing withn easy reach of the main branches.

Recovered Manuscripts.

The Magna Charta manuscript is not the only one that was found by acci-The "Diary of John Evelyn" was found by William Upcott among the waste paper in the lumber room at Wotton, while the tutor of the Marquis de Ronville when playing tennis found that the drum of his racket was formed of some parchment upon which was written a fragment of the lost 'Second Decade" of Livy.

One of the oldest fragments of Anglo-Saxon poetry, "The Fight at Finnsburg," was found pasted inside the covers of a book of homilies in Lambeth library, and twelve volumes of the manuscript journal of the house of lords were found in the Walworth road in a cheesemonger's shop about to be used as wrapping paper for butter and

A Short Lived Island.

In 1867 a new shoal was discovered in the group of the Tonga or Friendly | why he had befriended the lovers. islands. In 1877 smoke was seen over the shoal. In 1885 the shoal had volcanic island more than two miles long and 240 feet high, and made the best of it and soon became a flerce eruption was taking place withof some important matter one is very in it. In 1886 the island had begun to shrink in dimensions. In 1889 its height had diminished one-half, and the ocean close around it was more than a mile deep. In 1892 the island rose only about twenty-six feet above sea level, and in 1898, under the action of the waves, its complete disappearance was reported.

The Safety First Critic. "Brown is a very careful critic, isn't

"In what way?" "He always manages to take the sting out of his unfavorable comment."

"For instance?" "His bride made him a shortcake the other day, and when she asked him how he liked it he replied, 'It isn't as good as your mother used to make.' 'L

Birds and Lightning.

Birds are sometimes struck by lightuing. Darwin records the case of a wild duck that be saw struck by a bolt while flying. It was killed instantly and fell to the ground. But birds seem to know instinctively that lightning is to be feared. That perhaps why they seek shelter in thunderstorms. The sudden disappearance of the birds is, indeed, in the country one of the surest signs of an approaching tempest.

Italics. Italics are letters formed after the Roman model, but sloping toward the right, used to emphasize words or senences.' They were first used about 1500 A. D. by Manutius, a Venetian printer, who dedicated them to the Italian states; hence the name.

Just the Man. First Artist-Well, old chap, how is siness? Second Artist-Oh, splendid! of a commission this morning from a uillionaire. Wants bis wife and chiliren painted very badly. First Artist-Well, you're the very man to do that.-Exchange.

Rather. "I don't believe the woman who has the next apartment to ours ever touches her parlor carpet." "My dear, that's a sweeping arraignA Medieval Tale

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Medieval times were prolific of stories of the devil, who was supposed to be going about making bargains for souls. A great many such tales illustrating his methods have been handed down to us from that age in which they were believed by those who circulated them. Here is one that has remained dormant for many years. It was told me by an American multimillionaire who bought a castle in Germany and found the legend among papers that had not been disturbed for undreds of years. Count Caspar Ardenreid, the lord of

castle in question, was in love with Bertha, the daughter of a neighboring Baron Cronsheld. There had been a feud between the families, and Cronsheld refused the young count the hand of his daughter. One evening the count was sitting in

his cabinet, disconsolate that he must be deprived of his love, when the door opened and a man entered wearing a pointed beard and an upturned mus-

"Who are you," asked the count, "and how did you gain access to me unannounced?" "I am the devil," was the response.

"and I have come to help you to win the hand of the girl you love." "Leave me; you will require a soul to

pay for your assistance." "You are right. I must have soul of your firstborn child."

Begone, I say; I will have nothing to do with you." "Then you must give up all hope of

a union with the Countess Bertha. Her

father will never yield." The devil stuck to his work, converse ing with the count and constantly getting him under his satanic influence. Caspar asked him how he would accomplish his object, and he said the baron was a skillful chess player. The devil would taunt him into playing a game, the winner to name a husband for his daughter. Caspar, who was desperately in love, finally consented, but only after wringing from the devil a certain condition. He might redeem his child's soul if he could beat the devil at a game of chess. This did not

seem likely, but it was the only hope Satan would give. The bargain having been struck, Satan sent the baron word that he had heard of his remarkable skill at chess and challenged him to a contest. The baron, much flattered, invited the challenger to his castle. Satan appeared in the person of an agreeable young man giving evidence by his rich attire and general lavishness of being a grand personage. He told the baron that he would play him a game of chess, the stake to be what he had named to Cas-

par. The baron, supposing that he wanted Bertha for himself, consented. Of course the devil beat the baron, and the winner named for a husband for his daughter Count Caspar Ardenreid. The baron consented, cursing the trickster at the same time and wondering Since there was nothing against Count Caspar but the feud with which he had nothing to do, Baron Cronsheld

attached to his son-in-law. Caspar told him how he had won his consent and what he had agreed to pay for it. This excited the old man to spend a great deal of time studying difficult chess problems in order that when the devil came to claim his grandchild he might redeem him by beating the arch fiend his ability as a chess player that he either of Shakespeare or of Jane Ausreally aspired to beat the devil.

The day a man child was born to the count and countess was both a happy and a sad one. The lady had learned from her husband the secret that her baby's soul must go to the devil, and since she was very religious the calamity was the more awful. Her father it had been stipulated that if any one could be found to beat the devil at chess the bargain would be off. He (the baron) had learned a number of combinations any one of which was sure to win.

The mother proposed that the baby be baptized at once, hoping that this might forestall Satan, but before it could be done he appeared and claimed the child's soul. Since all depended on a chess contest the count proposed that three games be played between the baron and the devil, two games to win. So they sat down at once and began to play. Satan said he would play the first game with his eyes shut. He purposely threw away the game, but even without seeing the chessmen he could have beaten his antagonist if he had been so disposed. The second game he beat the baron in less than a dozen

moves. Cronsheld refused to play the third game, declaring that the best chess player in the world could not beat one who played using superhuman means. The count went to his wife to impart the news that their son's soul depended on the third game, which the devil was sure to win. Bertha said she had been praying to the Virgin Mary for help and had been told what to do. When her husband went back to the devil he said he would play the third game himself. Satan laughed scornfully, but sat down at the board.

Half a dozen moves had been made and Satan had but two more to make to checkmate when Caspar threw back his doublet and displayed a gold cross. Satan cringed under the table and left the room like a dog with his tail between his legs.

And he never came back for his pay.

In planning for the entrance hall arrange for plenty of light. Have at least one window of ample size. Do not depend upon the light admitted through a small pane of glass placed in the top of an ugly so called "mission" door. The entrance half may be made a very important factor in carrying out the general character of the home, and it needs the light equalwith any other room in the house. Another mistake often made is in depriving the entrance of heat. Certainly the impression conveyed by a cold entrance hall in winter is not a pleasing one and does not suggest the spirit of rest that we have laid so much stress upon. Not only this, but in winter weather cold drafts of air are cer-

The Entrance Hall.

Reckless Eating.

-Good Health.

tain to enter the room through the

opening of doors and through the cracks

around the door. It will mean much

to the comfort of the living rooms if

this air has the chill removed from it

before entering the general circulation.

Dietitians commenting on modern recklessness in eating quote the remark of Seneca, the Roman philosopher, "Man does not die; he kills himself." Originally made to live 1.000 years, man has fallen to an average of only one-third of a century. It has taken 6,000 years, the authorities tell us, to develop a race that will live, by hook or by crook, as long as thirtythree years, which is given as the present day average. The blame is placed upon our disregard of plain bonesty in living. We scorn everything natural and surrender to artificial gratifications and indulgence that tend to ruin the natural health of the body. Our discretion cannot be trusted to do the common sense obvious thing. It is pointed out that animals live longer on natural food than on man's mixture. A sick horse turned out to pasture will get well, and if fed on bran, oats and other food prescribed by man he dies .- Exchange.

Although Lord Rayleigh is a noted scientist and a profound scholar, he has a humorous side to his nature, and he once played a neat little joke on a learned friend with whom he had been discussing some deep subjects.

"What is the difference between the north and south poles?" he asked

His lordship's friend thought he had new scientific problem to grapple with and brought all the weight of his brain to bear upon the question. "I really must give it up." he said

at last. "The answer is simple enough," replied Lord Rayleigh with a smile. There is all the difference in the world."-London Anwsers.

The Bull. The bull is a male ruminant, specifically a he cow. The bull is a historical animal. He has been worshiped in Egypt, thrown in the cattle country. fought in Mexico and Spain and canned in Chicago. The Egyptians called him Apis and built temples to him, but bull worship was not a profitable business, as all 'be Egyptians who followed the bull are either dust or mummies and have been so for centuries. On the other hand, canning the bull has made a flock of millionaires, so the live ones everywhere have adopted the western dea and pretty generally can the bull. Don't be a buil thrower.

Why Tennyson Wrote No Letters. Tennyson once told Sir Henry Taylor that he thanked with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing and that the world knew nothing of Shakespeare but his writings and that he knew nothing of Jane Austen and at his own game. He was so proud of that there were no letters preserved ten; that they, in fact, had not been "ripped open like pigs."

Great Age of Halley's Comet. While Halley's comet has been identified as a member of our system for over 2,000 years, certain characterisassured her that her son was safe, for it has been with us at least ten or tics of its orbit lead us to believe that a hundred times as long as that, According to all accounts, it was a magnificent object at the time of the Norman conquest in 1066. Its head was equal to the full moon in size, and its tail increased to a wonderful length .-

> Languid Larry's Luck. Gentleman-What would you do with a nickel if I gave you one? Tramp (sarcastically)-Git a new rig, mister, an' some supper an' a night's lodgin' an' breakfast an' dinner termorrow. Gentleman-My good fellow, take this quarter and support yourself for the rest of your life.

Expensive Outlook. "My wife is named Hattle, and, by jiminy, she wants a new hat every month." "Gosh! Prospects look bad for me." "How so?"

"I'm engaged to a girl named Ruby." In Half Mourning. "I don't understand you. Linda. One

"Well, I'm in half mourning; that's why."-Fliegende Blatter. Kings in the earliest days were merely the "fathers of families," and the word is derived from the same source

day you're bright and jolly and the

next depressed and sad."

Every man will get his rights when every man does his duties and not be

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of Last Year

Any Rural Fa

The annual exhibition

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(From Friday's Da

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