

Business Directory

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—Frank Bealain, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc. Money to Loan. Office in Madoc open Friday and Saturday Opposite Post Office. Office in Bancroft open Tuesday and Wednesday.

MEDICAL

—Dr. J. J. Robertson, Physician and Surgeon. Office of late Dr. Vather, 217 Pinnacle St. Phone 211.

ASSAYERS

—Belleville Assay Office — Ores and Minerals of all kinds tested and assayed. Samples sent by mail or express will receive prompt attention. All results guaranteed. Blecker and Victoria Avenue, East Belleville. Phone 398.

—Fraser Aylesworth, Ontario & Dominion Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Madoc. Phone 6.

LEGAL

—Mikel and Alford, Barristers, Etc., Solicitors for the Molsons Bank. W. C. Mikel, K.C., G. Alford. Offices: Belleville and Trenton.

—Malcolm Wright, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc. Office 15 Campbell St., Belleville. Money to loan at lowest rates.

—PONTON AND PONTON—Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Commissioners. Office East Bridge St. Solicitors Merchants Bank of Canada, Bank of Montreal and Town of Deseronto. Money to Loan on Mortgages. W. N. Ponton, K.C. W. B. Northrup, K.C. R. D. Ponton. Offices: Belleville and Stirling.

—Porter, Butler & Payne, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. Solicitors for Union Bank. E. G. Porter, K.C., M.P. E. J. Butler. Chas. A. Payne. Money to Loan on Mortgages, and Investments made. Office: 219 Front St., Belleville, Ont.

—Wm. Garraway, Barrister & County Crown Attorney. Office: Court House Building. Phone: office 238, house 435.

—Cut Flowers in Season; Wedding and Funeral Designs a Specialty. COLLIP, Phone 205, night Phone 175.

—Norman Montgomery, Auctioneer, Brighton, Box 180; telephone 101.

The BLUE PENNANT

And a Little Wisp of Stained and Tattered Silk.

By PHILIP KEAN

Helen Marshall was always dressed with a demureness that made an effective foil for the bronze brightness of her hair, the warm ivory of her skin, the red of her lips. Today she wore blue—a trim tailored gown of deep colored cloth, a little cocky felt hat and a great bunch of violets that outshone all the other blues except that of the pennant which she carried at the end of a slender cane. "You beauty!" Holden said under his breath as he took his seat beside her on the grand stand. She turned quickly. "Oh, Irwin," her face was brilliant with color, it's worth everything to see you again! Aunt Sue," she said to the lady beside her, "this is Irwin Holden, the famous halfback of two years ago."

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" Irwin quoted solemnly. "There have been so many famous halfbacks, Helen, that it isn't any wonder that Mrs. McDonald doesn't remember me."

"But I do remember," Mrs. McDonald assured him. "Helen has talked of you so much—and," she hesitated, "of your accident." "I haven't been able to walk well on two feet since," Holden said grimly, "and this is the first game I have dared let myself see. I makes me wild."

"To think that you can't play!" Helen's tone was sympathetic. "To know that I can't ever do things that make a man worth while!" biterly.

"But you have done so many things that are worth while, and they tell me that you are writing a book." "Oh, a book!" His tone was scornful.

"You might have let me know what you were doing," she complained. "I think our old friendship deserved that."

He glanced down at her. "Ah, our friendship," he said. "I had two good feet when we cemented that, Helen. I wasn't a dummy on crutches."

"Irwin," she flashed out reproachfully, "as if that made any difference."

"But it does make a difference," he said as he bent over her. "You know you worship strength in a man, don't you?"

"Yes," she agreed quietly, "but not always mere physical strength."

"The one isn't much without the other. Look at those fellows now." Down the field came the teams. The bands of the opposing sides crashed out the good old tunes, college yell succeeded college yell, and the banks of spectators stretching up and on the seats in solid masses of blue and crimson were agitated to uproariousness.

"Isn't it fine? Isn't it fine?" Helen said breathlessly, having cheered the blue team to the echo. Holden nodded.

"They are bound to win," he said. "They are made of the right stuff." "I know only one of them personally," Helen told him—"Van Dorn."

"He's the strongest man in the lot. He's an ideal halfback."

"He's an ideal in more ways than one," she agreed. He flashed a quick glance at her. "I have heard you thought so."

"Who told you?" "Some of the fellows." She turned her back on him squarely.

"I didn't suppose you talked me over with the fellows," she said over her shoulder. "I don't," uncomfortably, "but one couldn't help hearing that Van Dorn is awfully daffy over you."

"So were you—two years ago?" She said "daringly," giving him a glimpse of flaming cheeks and indignant eyes and then once more he was forced to contemplate the knot of bronze hair under the cocky hat.

His face went white, but he said quietly, "We are missing the best of the game," and turned his attention to the field.

All about them people were absorbed by the play. Aunt Sue, unlearned and unlettered in football lore, was obvious to everything else. These two alone thought of other things.

It was at Van Dorn's touchdown that the place went wild. "Oh, he's great, great, great!" Helen enthused as she waved her pennant frantically. "I haven't seen anything like it since the last game you played. Oh, do you remember the little blue pennant that I made you pin to your sweater for luck—

"How does any man ask?" blushing. "But other men are not cripples." "Oh, what difference does it make?" she flung out. "Haven't you the same mind and heart and soul as before?"

The light that illumined his face transfigured it. "Marry me," he cried, "and mind and heart and soul shall go to the making of your happiness!"

Van Dorn came back presently, making triumphant progress with Aunt Sue in tow. On his arm was the blue pennant for all the world to gaze, but Holden's eyes rested on it serenely, for above his head, hidden from the profane glances of the multitude, was the little stained wisp of sapphire silk, the token of his dear lady's favor.

"No," he said dully. "It didn't bring me luck. I lost the game, I lost the strength I gloried in—I lost you, Helen."

"No, no," she protested. "You knew you always had my friendship, Irwin."

"But I don't want friendship and you knew it, and I knew it. And I hadn't the right to ask for anything else, and so I kept away from you. But after two years of separation the temptation to see you was too great, so I sent you the tickets and asked you to come to the game."

"The whole world was changed when I read your letter," she said simply. "I have missed you so, dear boy."

Then for a moment he let himself go. "Oh Helen, Helen!" he said brokenly.

But the game was over and a tumultuous throng poured out of the seats.

"Irwin wants us to go to dinner with him, Aunt Sue," Helen said as they went down the steps.

In their walk across the green they attracted more than usual attention, the younger boys admiring Helen's beauty, the older ones recognizing in the man with the crutch the famous halfback of two years ago, who had then been reported engaged to the girl at his side.

Van Dorn, flushed with victory, came up to their table at the college inn.

"I've won your pennant, Miss Marshall," he said, looking like a young god with his great, strong figure, his fair hair tossed back from his forehead.

"Did I promise it?" Helen asked uncertainly.

"Indeed you did," he stated securely, "and I shall wear it like a knight for his lady."

With her eyes avoiding Holden's Helen untied the blue trophy slowly from the cane. In the sight of the whole room Van Dorn pinned it to his sleeve. He did it triumphantly, bending over her with an air of possession that made Holden set his lips sternly and turn to a tense study of the menu.

"May I come back and go home with you?" Van Dorn asked; but Helen shook her head.

"Irwin will take us," she said, "but I wish if you have a minute you'd show Aunt Susie the trophy room. She has never seen it."

As they went away she faced Holden.

"Oh, he took things so for granted," she told him. "I promised 'So I said into a few rags and went downstairs and into the yard. Just as I approached the dog old Billshaw who lived next door, opened his bedroom window and threw an old frying pan. Of course he meant it for the dog, but his aim was poor and it rained me in the bread basket and knocked the wind out of me."

"I sat down on the grass and gasped for breath, and a shower of bottles and bootjacks and stove wood came from Billshaw's window, and every blamed item hit me in one place or another. When I finally got my breath I yelled to Billshaw to let up, for he was hounding me, and he said it was just what I deserved for keeping such a menagerie where it would give the whole neighborhood the horrors."

"After I had rubbed my bruises for half an hour I took the dog into the house and went back to bed. I was just dropping off to sleep when I was aroused by the almighty racket. It sounded as though the side of the house was falling in. My wife was shrieking that the dog was upsetting all the furniture and ruining everything. So I went downstairs again, quoting a few passages from Webster's Dictionary."

"I had forgotten about the cat when I took the dog into the house. But the dog had discovered the pet and was chasing it through the house and you never saw such a scene of wreckage. Everything that wasn't nailed down had been overturned, and nearly everything was broken. The gas light was burning, and there was the cat hanging to the gas fixtures and the dog standing on his hind legs trying to reach her."

"My memories of what followed are rather confused. I seem to recall reaching the dog by the scruff of the neck and take him outdoors, and he bit a sample from my shin, and then we mixed things on the floor. I managed to stuff the pincushion into his mouth so he couldn't bite, and we resorted to Greco-Roman wrestling."

"Then the cat came down from the

OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.



MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ

29 St. Rose St., Montreal. "I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well. I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good. I read about 'Fruit-a-tives' and tried them. After taking a few boxes, I am now entirely well. You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from Dyspepsia to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well."

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ, "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

gas fixture and took a hand and clawed most of my scalp off, and my wife came to the rescue with the poker. She said afterward that she was trying to hit the dog. I reckon I'd have been on ice next day if the neighbors hadn't come in with shot-guns and pruning hooks and such things and pried us apart.

"That experience was enough for me. I'd rather have forty burglars on the premises than one watchdog." —Walt Mason in Chicago News.

TRENTON

Trenton, Jan. 24.—The High School Cadet Corps Ball which is being held this evening will be well attended, judging by the number of townspeople as well as out-of-town guests, the latter coming from Toronto, Cobourg, Belleville, Brighton and Picton. The following officers have charge of the dance: E. A. Blakely, A. G. Whittier, and W. C. Saylor. The lady patronesses are Mrs. Robt. Whyte, Mrs. Patten, Mrs. F. J. Farley, Mrs. J. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. H. F. Whittier, Mrs. C. W. Saylor and Mrs. A. Shurie.

Mrs. Darrell Coud and Master "Larry" Coud left yesterday to visit Mrs. I. B. Mowat in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Barclay and Miss Green left for Toronto today.

Mr. Owen Fortune is in Gilmore this week.

Mr. C. N. Barclay had rather an exciting time with a burglar last night. It seems that about one o'clock Mr. Barclay's sister-in-law, Miss Green, awoke and hearing a noise downstairs, went and woke Mr. Barclay who immediately went down and investigated. In the living room Mr. Barclay found a man, grappled with him and succeeded in holding him down until the police arrived and took him off to the lock-up, where he gave his name as Lynch.

At the annual meeting of the Local Council of Women held on Tuesday evening last, splendid reports were read from each of the affiliated societies, and Nursing Sister Smith's report, which showed a grand total of 1,069 visits during the seven months of her work here. Mrs. Fortune, treasurer of the Local Council, reported handling money to the amount of \$1,378.80. Mrs. Temple, treasurer of the Red Cross Committee of Local Council, read a report of money amounting to \$1,374.32; making a total of \$2,753.12 raised this year. The following officers were elected for the coming year: Mrs. Farncomb, President; Mrs. C. K. Temple, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Parley, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Miss Driscoll, Treas.; Miss Alford, Cor. Sec.; Mrs. T. F. Rixon, Rec. Sec.; Miss A. Evans, Con- vention Finance Committee; Mrs. Jowett, Con. Red Cross Com.; Mrs. Graham, Con. Public Health; Mrs. Patten, Con. Enforcement by-Laws; Miss Nelson, Con- vention Citizenship.

The Misses Lorena and Francis McDonnell have returned from visiting friends in Belleville.

We are sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mrs. Robt. Gamble, who was taken suddenly ill while at the home of Mr. Dan Fairman. Slight hopes are held out for her recovery. His sister, Mrs. (Rev.) Ward, of Toronto, arrived yesterday.

Mr. Geo. Day has received word from his daughter, Nursing Sister Edna Day, that she is now attached to No. 15 Canadian General Hospital at Taplow, Bucks, Eng. Nursing Sister Day, who enlisted when war first broke out, has been attached to hospitals at Salonika, the Holy Land, Russia and France.

Decorate Her in After 48 Years

Romantic Recognition of Brave Woman's Act in War of 1870

Paris, Jan. 25.—The Official Journal publishes a nomination to the Knighthood of the Legion of Honor which was won forty-eight years ago. The nomination says: "Mrs. Gustave Erhardt, of exceptional services in the siege of Strasbourg. She conducted at the peril of her life on September 17th, 1870, through the German lines, Prefect Bashi from Bischwiller to Schiltigheim, whence he was able to reach Strasbourg, which was invested."

CURLING

In Central Ontario Curling League matches here last night, Belleville seniors defeated Kingston by 53 to 28. The local juniors were defeated by 35 to 27.

Seniors  
Kingston Belleville  
H. D. Bibby T. E. Ketcheson  
E. C. Gildersleeve C. H. Vermilyea  
J. Gibson A. P. Allen  
Prof. J. C. MacDonald W. N. Belair  
Skip 17 Skip 18

Kingston Belleville  
T. Green J. G. Galloway  
T. H. Cormosky S. Robertson  
E. O. S'ler F. Quick  
J. Elliott R. J. Wray  
Skip 11 Skip 35

Junior  
J. A. Lemmon W. Wals  
A. Fowler O. H. Soot  
L. Sleeth H. B. Stock  
W. J. Frizzell P. O. Pitney  
Skip 21 Skip 15  
W. O. Adam  
Henderson J. O. R. McCurdy  
Dr. Kinnea R. A. Backus  
Skip 14 Skip 11

PALACE  
If you wish to laugh, be entertained royally, and incidentally learn something of the methods familiarly ascribed to those members of the feminine sex who deliberately set out to fascinate the opposite sex, you should not fail to see "The Vamp"; Enid Bennett's new photoplay which will be shown at the Palace Theatre tonight, Tuesday and Wednesday. It is a Grimm feature and was produced by Thomas H. Ince.

There is a well sustained plot by a master-craftman, C. Gardner Sullivan, involving a labor mix-up in coal mining district and a Hun scheme to foment trouble. The vamp wins her husband and also exerts her talents in this gentle art to win the secrets of the vile schemer employed by the Germans. Enid Bennett has a wonderful role. It is said, to which she does full justice. She is splendidly supported.

The added attraction will be Charles Chaplin in "His Million Dollar Job" and the Screen Telegram.

BANCROFT  
Miss Vera McCaw and Miss Edna French are visiting the former's sisters, Mrs. F. Smith, of Madoc, this week. Before returning they intend seeing the sights in Toronto.

Farmers are taking advantage of the good roads and fair prices for farm produce and are bringing large quantities of grain, beef and pork.

May's Moving Picture Show will continue all this week and next week up to Feb. 1st.

Mr. Roy Saries, former principal of the public school here, is expected to arrive in Frankford this week from overseas. His many friends here will be pleased to know he has returned safely.

Mr. W. Carawell, of Maynooth, was in town on Tuesday and reports business thriving in the northern hamlet. There are several lumber camps in operation still further north and those no doubt have a tendency to make business good.

After a short illness from that dreaded disease, the "flu", Miss Sarah Jane Fulton, of Egan Creek, aged sixteen years, died suddenly on Saturday last. The young girl had been working in Trenton and returned home for medical attention with the result that she died a couple of days later. —Times.

There may be other corn cures but Holloway's Corn Cure stands at the head of the list so far as results are concerned.

"The Molding of Character"

Address of Evangelist Honeywell at Sunday Morning Service.

On Sunday morning at Bridge St. Methodist church, Evangelist Honeywell delivered an address which was of very great interest. His subject was "The Molding of Human Character."

"God has a distinct design for the life of every man," said the speaker in his sermon. He intends for every life to be replete with goodness, grandeur and beauty. He intends for the design of human life to produce a character that is useful, beautiful and clean. For this reason He has an intense interest in human affairs.

How Potter Works.  
"The potter places a piece of clay onto his wheel and with his hands begins the formation of some pottery. He wants to make it the best piece possible. If the potter has clay that refuses to make a first class vessel, he tries to make it a second class and then a third class and does not throw it away until he finds the clay is unresponsive to his touch."

"You have it in your power to prevent God carrying out his design for your life, because he created man with that power. He wants everybody to be a first class vessel, but if you are obstinate and will not let Him he cannot make you first class. You can prevent the invitations of the evangelist and the promptings of the Holy Spirit in these meetings and ten years later perhaps accept Christ and finally be saved. But for all eternity you will be an inferior vessel."

Case of Paul.  
"We can see in the case of the Apostle Paul an example of a vessel in the hands of the potter. He was prepared to be the carrier of the messages of salvation to the Gentile by being raised and educated in a Greek city. He was prepared to carry it to the Jews by being Jewish born. His education made him one of the foremost thinkers of his day and of all ages. When God wants to convey a message to the world he always chooses a human vessel. When he wanted to teach justification by faith rather than by good works he sent Martin Luther. The testimony of the Holy Spirit as to a man's conversion and acceptance by God was emphasized by John and Charles Wesley after their conversion in the little Moravian church in London."

"God has some message, some truth, some design he wants to put into your life to convey to Belleville, to the church, to the world.

God's Desire.  
"God wants to make beautiful vessels of us. He never made a strictly utilitarian thing. He always crosses the line of utility into the realm of beauty. He tries in his workings to take out of you the malformations and make of your design of character a beautiful thing. A Christian's character must be beautiful as well as good and honest. Religion is to be made an ornament of grace in the lives of men and God uses sorrows, hardships, cares and disappointments to beautify people's characters."

"In the church today we have the golden vessels, the men with plenty of money and with ten talents. We have also the silver vessels the persons not so rich, not so talented, but still useful. Then there is the large mass of clay vessels, but in the eye of God it makes no difference of what material the vessels is made so long as it has been consecrated to His service and is clean. If a vessel of any kind is clean He can use it to His glory. The great question is 'Am I a clean vessel?' The great question is 'Is your heart given to God?'"

An Oil That is Famous.—Though Canada was not the birthplace of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, it is the home of that famous compound. From here its good name was spread to Central and South America, the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. That is far asid enough to attest its excellence, for in all these countries it is on sale and in demand.

A Frenchman learning English said once to his tutor: "English is a queer language. What does this sentence mean? 'Should Mr. Noble, who sits for the constituency, consent to stand again and be run, he, in all probability, will have a walk-over.'"

Some men have no objection—in fact they are quite delighted to permit their wives to be the bright and morning stars of their homes; but they do object to having them think they're the whole solar system.

Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS  
ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
PNEUMATISM  
BRIGHT'S DISEASE  
DIABETES  
BACKACHE  
RHEUMATISM  
GRAVEL  
23 THE PRINCE