tyles Now

us more special inhe Ladies now we dies' Garle for the of Ladies' nore than you to de-

equal of Viyella wash like it. For led, and we say terns and Colors Prices 60c and

e Suitings

ill season we are ellent values in Vest of England Goods sold for m \$1.00 to \$2.50

New Zealand wh

of eges-teve to is

The Birthstone fer September

cottoe. With a fo T apic drapol 20: only is this the stone for Sepbut at is of the most lar stones of season, being in all kinds of lry and sendered have sapphire in single

es and combins of diamonds pearls in many and exclusive ens. creber stindet er which experies the

eset and an energ

US McFEE Optician with the Big Clock

your suits to be CLEANED ND PRESSED

Method lephone 794 Front Street

Colored Hats

LF-PRICE

odan & Sills

Seven Keys Baldpate

EARLIDERR BIGGERS

CHAPTER L Weep no more, my lady."

YOUNG woman was crying bitterly in the waiting room of the railway station at Upper Asquewan Falls, N. Y. A beautiful young woman? That is exactly what Billy Magee wanted to

know as, closing the waiting room door behind him, he stood staring just nside Were the features against which that frail bit of cambric was agonizingly pressed of a pleasing contour? The girl's neatly tailored corduroy suit and her flippant but charming millinery augured well. Should be step gallautly forward and inquire in sympathetic tones as to the cause of her woe? Should he carry chivalry even to the lengths of Upper Asque-

No; Mr. Magee decided he would not. The train that had just roared away into the dusk had not brought him from the region of skyscrapers and derby hats for deeds of knight errantry up state. Anyhow the girl's tears were none of his business. A railway station was a natural place for griefa field of many partings, upon whose floor fell often in torrents the tears of those left behind. A friend, mayhap a lover, had been whisked off into the night by the relentless 5:34 local. Why not a lover? Surely about such a dainty, trim figure as this courtiers hovered as moths about a flame. Upon a tender intimate sorrow it was not the place of an unknown Magee to intrude. He put his hand gently upon the latch

And yet dim and heartless and cold was the interior of that waiting room. No place surely for a gentleman to leave a lady sorrowful, particularly when the lady was so alluring. Oh, beyond question she was most alluring. Mr. Magee stepped softly to the ticket window and made low voiced inquiry of the man inside.

"What's she crying about?" he asked. "Thanks," said the ticket agent. "I get asked the same old questions so often one like yours sort of breaks the monotony. Sorry I can't belp you. She's a woman, and the Lord only knows why women cry. And sometimes I reckon even be must be a little puzzled. Now, my wife"-

"I think I'll ask ber," confided Mr. Magee in a hoarse whisper.
"Oh, I wouldn't," advised the man behind the bars. "It's best to let 'em

alone. They stop quicker if they ain't open now. It's a summer resort

sponded the cynic, "if you interfere | she ever saw it." No. siree! Take my advice. Shoot old Asquewan's rapids in a barrel if gruous family pair waiting on the you want to, but keep away from cry- | bench.

Mr. Magee, approaching, thought himself again in the college yard at for any one whose outlook on life is dusk, with the great elms sighing over. not rosy at the moment. I'm sorry." head and the fresh young voices of the glee club ringing out from the steps the words they sang so many times?

Weep no more, my lady, Oh, weep no more today! He regretted that he could not make use of them. But troubadours, be knew, went out of fashion long before railway stations came in. So his remark to the young woman was not at

"Can I do anything?" A portion of the handkerchief was removed and an eye which, Mr. Magee noted, was of an admirable blue, peeped out at him. To the gaze of even a solitary eye Mr. Magee's aspect was decidedly pleasing. Mr. Magee thought he read approval in the lone eye of blue. When the lady spoke, however, he hastily revised his opinion.

"Yes," she said, "you can do some thing. You can go away-far, far away.' Mr. Magee stiffened. Thus chivalry

fared in Upper Asquewan Falls in the year 1911. "I beg your pardon," he remarked. "You seemed to be in trouble, and I

thought I might possibly be of some assistance. The girl removed the entire handker-

chief. The other eye proved to be the same admirable blue-a blue halfway between the shade of her corduroy suit and that of the jacky's costume in the "See the World-Join the Navy" poster that served as background to her woe. "I don't mean to be rude." she explained more gently, "but-I'm crying, you see, and a girl simply can't look

attractive when she cries." "If I had only been regularly introduced to you and all that," responded Mr. Magee, "I could make a very flattering reply." And a true one, he added to himself, for even in the faint flickering light of the station he found ample reason for rejoicing that the bit of cambric was no longer agonizingly pressed. As yet he had scarcely looked away from her eyes; but he was dimly aware that up above wisps of golden hair peeped impudently from

"My grief," said the girl, "is utterly silly and-womanish. I think it would ing to do but work, work, work, and then lay down and wait for tomorrow be best to leave me alone with ft. I used to think maybe some day they'd Thank you for your interest. Andtransfer me down to Hooperstownwould you mind asking the gentleman there's moving pictures and such gowho is pressing his face so feverishly ings on down there. But the railroad against the bars to kindly close his never notices you-unless you go wrong. Yes. sir; sometimes I want to "Certainly," replied Mr. Magee. He clear out of this town myself." turned away. As he did so he collided

"A natural wanderlust," sympathis ed Mr. Magee. "You said something just now about Baldpate inn"bulk. Her mouth was hard and know-"Yes; it's a little more lively in sum

mer, when that's open," answered the agent "We get a lot of complaints about trunks not coming from pretty swell people too. It sort of cheers things." His eye roamed with interest over Mr. Magee's New York attire. "But Baldpate inn is shut up tight other day I picked up a newspaper and now. This is nothing but an annex to a graveyard in winter. You wasn't as 'the best fall novel Magee ever thinking of stopping off here, was wrote.' It got on my nerves. I felt you?"

"Well, I want to see a man named Elijah Quimby," Mr. Magee replied. "Do you know him?"

"Of course," said the yearner for pastures new. "He's caretaker of the inn. His house is about a mile out on the old Miller road that leads up Baldpate. Come outside and I'll tell you now to get there."

The two men went out into the whirl ing snow, and the agent waved a hand efinitely up at the night.

"If it was clear," he said, "you could see Baldpate mountain over yonder looking down on the falls, sort of keep ng an eye on us to make sure we don't get reckless. And halfway up you'd see Baldpate inn, black and peaceful and wintery. Just follow this street to the third corner and turn to your left. Elijah lives in a little bouse back among the trees a mile out. There's a gate you'll sure hear creaking on a night like this."

Billy Magee thanked him and, gathering up his two bags, walked up Main street. A dreary, forbidding building at the first corner bore the sign "Commercial House." Weep no more, my lady. Oh, weep no more today!

hummed Mr. Magee cynically under his breath and glanced up at the solitary upstairs window that gleamed vellow in the night. At a corner on which stood a little shop that advertised "Groceries and

Provisions" he paused. "Let me see," he pondered. "The lights will be turned off, of course. Candles and a little something for the inner man in case it's the closed sea-

son for cooks." He went inside, where a weary old woman served him. "What sort of candles?" she inquired, with the air of one who had an infinite variety in stock. Mr. Magee remembered that Christmas was

"For a Christmas tree," he explained. He asked for two hundred. "I're only got forty," the woman said. "What's this tree for-the Or-

With the added burden of a package containing his purchases in the tiny store Mr. Magee emerged and continued his journey through the stinging

"Don Quixote, my boy," he muttered, "I know how you felt when you moved on the windmills." to Elijah Quimby's door.

In answer to Billy Magee's gay peared. Evidently be had just finish-"There's only one hotel," he said, ed supper. At the moment he was engaged in lighting his pipe. He admitted Mr. Magee into the intimacy of the kitchen, and took a number of calm judicious puffs on the pipe be-

fore speaking to his visitor. "My name's Magee," blithely explained that gentleman, dragging in his bags. "And you're Elijah Quimby, of course. How are you? Glad to see

The older man did not reply, bu regarded Mr. Magee wonde through white puffs of smoke. His face was kindly, gentle, ineffectual. "Yes," he admitted at last. "Yes,

I'm Quimby." Mr. Magee threw back his coat, and sprayed with snow Mrs. Quimby's immaculate floor.

"I'm Magee," he elucidated again, William Hallowell Magee, the man Hal Bentley wrote to you about. You got his letter, didn't you?" Mr. Quimby removed his pipe and

forgot to close the aperture as he "Good Lord," he cried; "you don't mean-you've really come? Why, we -we thought it was all a joke!"

"Hal Bentley has his humorous moments," agreed Mr. Magee, "but it isn't his habit to fling his jests into Upper Asquewan Falls." "And-and you're really going to"-

Mr. Quimby could get no further. "Yes," said Mr. Magee brightly, slipping into a rocking chair. "Yes; I'm "Come on, Mary," cried a deep voice going to spend the next few months

"It's closed," expostulated Mr. Quimby. "The inn is closed, young fellow."
"I know it's closed," smiled Magee. Bentley's instructions-in the letter."

gee, a shirt sleeved statue of honest "Excuse a plain question, young mated that it made her heavy of man," he said, "but what are you hid-

Tivolous literature of the day." What's that?" inquired Mr. Qui "You don't read," continued Mr. Ma-

se, "the sort of novels that are sold by the pound in the department stores. Now, if you had a daughter-a suffy laughter inseparable from a hammock plain. You see I write those novels. Wild thrilling tales for the tired business man's tired wife shots in the night, chases after fortunes, Cupid DUST WILD his arrows all over the place! It's good fun, and I like to do

it There's money in it." "Is there?" asked Mr. Quimby, with show of interest.

"Considerable," replied Mr. Magee. "But now and then I get a longing to do something that will make the critical sit up-the real thing, you know. The found my latest brain child advertised like a literary dressmaker, and I could see my public laying down my fall novel and sighing for my early spring styles in fiction. I remembered that once upon a time a critic advised me to go away for ten years to some quiet spot and think. I decided to do it. Baldpate inn is the quiet spot."

"You don't mean," gaspen Mr. Quim by, "that you're going to stay there ten years?"

"Bless von no!" said Mr. Mages 'Critics exaggerate. Two months will do. They say I am a cheap melodramatic ranter. They say I don't go deep. They say my thinking process is a scream. I'm afraid they're right Now, I'm going to go up to Baldpate inn and think. I'm going to get away from melodrama. I'm going to do a novel so fine and literary that Henry Cabot Lodge will come to me with tears in his eyes and ask me to join his bunch of self made immortals. I'm going to do all this up there at the inn, sitting on the mountain and looking down on this little old world as Jove looked down from Olympus." "I don't know who you mean," objected Mr. Quimby:

"He was a god-the god of the fruit stand men," explained Magee. "Picture me, if you can, depressed by the overwhelming success of my latest brain child. Picture me meeting Hal Bentley in a Forty-fourth street club and asking him for the location of the lonesomest spot on earth. Hal thought a minute. T've got it,' he said, 'the lonesomest spot that's happened to date is a summer resort in midwinter. It makes Crusoe's island look like Coney on a warm Sunday afternoon in comparison.' The talk flowed on along with other things. Hal told me his father owned Baldpate inn and that you were an old friend of his, who would be happy for the entire winter over the chance to serve him. He happened to have a key to the place-the key to the big front door, I guess, from the weight of it-and he gave it to me. He also wrote you to look after me. 80

> CHAPTER II. Alone on Baldpate Mountain.

HIS ain't exactly-regular," Mr. Quimby protested. "No, it ain't what you might call a frequent occurrence. I'm glad to do anything I can for young Mr. Bentley, but I can't help wonder-"But she's in trouble," argued Billy

There ain't no place open now, but the Commercial House. And I wouldn't but the creak of a gate in the storm there's a lot of things you haven't took into consideration." ing what his father will say. And into consideration."

"There certainly is, young man," remarked Mrs. Quimby, bustling forward. "How are you going to keep warm in that big barn of a place?" "The suits on the second floor," said Mr. Magee, "are, I hear, equipped with fireplaces. Mr. Quimby will keep me supplied with fuel from the forest primeval, for which service be will receive \$20 a week."

"And light?" asked Mrs. Quimby. "For the present, candles. 1 have forty in that package. Later, perhaps, you can find me an oil lamp. Oh, everything will be provided for."

"Well," remarked Mr. Quimby, looking in a dazed fashion at his wife. "I'll reckon I'll have to talk it over with ma."

The two retired to the next room, and Mr. Magee fixed his eyes on a "God Bless Our Home" motto while he awaited their return. 'Presently they

reappeared. "Was you thinking of eating?" inquired Mrs. Quimby sarcastically, while you stayed up there?"

"I certainly was," smiled Mr. Magee. 'For the most part I will prepare my own meals from cans and-er-jarsand such pagan sources. But now and then you, Mrs. Quimby, are going to send me something cooked as no other woman in the county can cook it. 1 can see it in your eyes. In my poor way I shall try to repay you."

He continued to smile into Mrs. Quimby's broad, cheerful face. Mr Magee had the type of smile that moves men to part with ten until Saturday and women to close their eyes and dream of Sir Launcelot. "It's all fixed," he cried. "We'll get

on splendidly. And now-for Baldpate "Not just yet," said Mrs. Quimby

"I ain't one to let anybody go up to Baldgate inn unfed. I 'spose we're sort o' responsible for you while you're up here. You just set right down and I'll have your supper hot and smok-

ing on the table in no time.' Mr. Magee entered into no dispute on this point, and for half an hour he was the pleased recipient of advice, philosophy and food. When he had assured Mrs. Quimby that he had eat-en enough to last him the entire two months he intended spending at the inn Mr. Quimby came in, attired in a huge "before the war" ulster and carrying a

LEGAL.

NORTHRUP & PONTON. Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Publics, Commissioners. Office — North Bridge Street. Solicitors for Merchants Bank of Canada and Bank of Montreal. Money to loan on Mortgages. W. N. Ponton, K.C. W. B. Northrup, K.C., M.P. R. D. Ponton

W. C. MIKEL, K.C. Office Bridge St., over G.N.W. Phone 343 Solicitor for Molsons Bank

WILLS & WRIGHT Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc., Office 9 Campbell St., Belleville, Money to loan at lowest

Malcolm Wright. J. Franklin Wills, K.C.

E. J. BUTLER. Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, and Notary Public. Office .29 Bridge Street.

CLUTE & SHOREY. Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc., office north side Campbell St., Belleville, Solicitors for the Dominion Bank. Money to loan on Mortgages on easy terms. A. R. Clate, LL.B. W. D. M. Shorey.

INSURANCE.

H. F. KETCHESON,

H. F. KETCHESON,

Representing North American
Life Assurance Company, Anglo
American Fire Insurance Co., British
American Assurance Co., British
American Assurance Co., Equity
Fire Insurance Co., Montreal-Canada
Fire Insurance Co., Hand in-Hand
Fire Insurance Co., Hand in-Hand
Fire Insurance Co., Has Assurance
Co., Merchants Fire Insurance Co.,
Mellington Fire Insurance Co., General Accident Fire & Life Assurance
Co., London Guarantee & Accident
Insurance Co., Canadian Casualty &
Boiler Insurance Co., Office 32
Bridge St. Phone 228. Marriage Licenses Issued.

THOMAS STEWART. Bridge St., Belleville. Representing the oldest and most reliable companies for Fire, Accident and Plate Glass Insurance. Real Estate Agent. Stocks and Bonds bought and sold

ROBERT BOGLE Mercantile Agency. Estates managed, Accountant, Auditor, Financial, Broker, Real Estate Agent, Loans negotiated, Insurance: Fire, Life, Accident, Health, Plate Glassall the best companies represented. Offices, Bridge St., Belleville, Ont., above G.T.R. Ticket Office.

Insurance and Real Estate Agent Marriage Licenses Issued. Office--Campbell St., Belleville, Ont.

W. H. HEDSON. Presenting Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co., North British and Mercantile Insurance Co., Sun Fire Insurance Co., Waterloo Mutual Insurance Co., Lloyd Plate Glass Insurance Co., Dominion of Canada Guarantee and Accident Insurance Co., Farm and City, prosurance Co., Farm and City property insured in first-class reliable companies and at lowest current rates. Land valuators and agent for selling, purchasing or renting property, both in city or country. Office No. 17 Campbell St., Beileville.

JAMES LITTLE.

General Insurance Agent, representing the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada, Union Assurance Society, London, Eng., Alliance Assurance Co., of London, Eng., Monarch Fire Insurance Co., London, Eng., Canada Accident Assurance Co., Montreal. Office oper Bell Telephone Office, Belleville, Ont.

CHANCEY ASHLEY Presenting Royal Fire Insurance Co., Norwich Union Fire Ins. Co., Western Insurance Co., Carada Fire Iss Co., Perth Mutual Fire Ins. Co., Travellers' Accident Co., I represent the thove companies Tarin' and non-Tarin and Mutuals, and can give you the best rates in reliable companies. Call and see me before placing your insurance Ofbefore placing your insurance. Of-fice Bridge Street, Belleville, opp. Post Office.

MINERALS.

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. Office and Laboratory corner of Bleecker and Victoria Avenues, East Belleville. Telephone 393.

DANCING.

MR. T. RAMSEY'S Academy, Front Street Will Hold Classes Every Wednesday and Saturday Nights 4-Piece Orcnestra

FLORISTS.

ROSES! Come and see them in bloom now and make your selections for next year. THE BELLEVILLE NURSERIES. Phone 218.

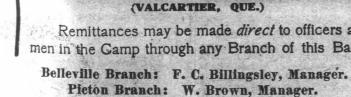
LET US DEVELOP AND PRINT YOUR FILMS WE KNOW HOW

(To Be Continued)

ROSES!

THE BELLEVILLE PHARMACY.

The Kodak Store. - Bridge St.



OF CANADA

BELLEVILLE BRANCH

Remittances may be made direct to officers and men in the Camp through any Branch of this Bank.

Buy it Because

It's a Better Car

MODEL T Touring Car

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

C. A. Gardner, Foxboro

STANDARD

BELLEVILLE BRANCH

JOHN ELLIOTT, Manager.

Merchants' Bank

of Canada

ASSETS, \$85,000,000

Your Savings Account Invited

months. Small or large amounts (\$1.00 and upwards) may

be deposited by you at any time. Our statements show

figures which guarantee the utmost security for your

money. We help you to save money. Cheese factory ac-

counts a specialty. Banking can be done by mail.

A general banking business conducted.

Interest will be added to your balance every six

- - \$7,000,000 - - \$7,000,000

H. SNEYD MANAGER

A Branch of

this Bank has

been opened

at the

Branches also at Bloomfield, Brighton, Cobourg, Colborns, Consecon, Deseronto, Foxboro, (open Tuesday and Friday,) Newburgh, Picton, Trenton and Wellington.

OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE

TORONTO

CAPITAL

RESERVE

CAVINGS deposited in this bank

draw the highest current rate of

interest. Withdrawals of part or the

whole amount may be made when-

ever desired without delay.

A. W. DICKENS

A. W. DICKEN

ICE CREAM Take a brick home with you. Plain pints 20c, quarts 4 c. Neapolitan or others 25c pt., 50c qt.

Home-made Candy Fresh made every day in Belleville. Strictly pure and

only one quality—the best. A. W. DICKENS

Mfgr. of the Cream Chewing Taffy and Home-made Candy

Advertise in The Ontario

had a glittering eye. She put it to its plained, "and this gentleman inquired if he could be of any service." Mamma! Mr. Magee wanted to add his tears to those of the girl. This frail and lovely damset in distress

with a rather excessive lady. She

gave the impression of solidity and

ing. Mr. Magee felt that she wanted

to vote and that she would say as

nuch from time to time. The lady

owning as her maternal parent a beavy unnecessary-person! "Well, they ain't no use gettin' all worked up for nothing," advised the unpleasant parent. Mr. Magee was surprised that in her tone there was no bostility to him-thus belying her looks. "Mebbe the gentleman can direct us to a good hotel." she added,

with a rather stagy smile.

"I'm a stranger here, too," Mr. Magee replied. "I'll interview the man over there in the cage." The gentleman referred to was not cheerful in his replies. There was, he said. Baldpate inn. "Oh, yes, Baldpate inn," repeated

Billy Magee with interest. "Yes, that's a pretty swell place," said the ticket agent. "But it ain't recommend no human being there-es- that brought Mr. Magee at last to a "And so'll you be most likely." re- pecially no lady who was sad before stop. He walked gladly up the path

> Mr. Magee explained to the incon-"and I'm told it's not exactly the place

"It will do very well," answered the girl, "whatever it is." She smiled at Billy Magee. "My outlook on life in of a century old building. What were Upper Asquewan Falls," she said, "grows rosier every minute. We must find a cab."

She began to gather up her traveling bags, and Mr. Magee hastened to assist The three went out on the sta. tion platform upon which lay a thin carpet of snowflakes. There the older woman, in a harsh rasping voice, found fault with Upper Asquewan Falls—its geography, its public spirit, its brand of weather. A dejected cab at the end of the platform stood mourning its lonely lot. In it Mr. Magee placed the large lady and the bags. en, while the driver climbed to his seat he spoke into the invisible ear of

the girl. "You haven't told me why you cried," he reminded her. "Upper Asquewan Falls," she said.

"Isn't it reason enough?" Billy Magee looked; saw a row of gloomy buildings that seemed to list as the wind blew, a blurred sign, "Liquor and Cigam." a street that staggered away into the dark like a man who had lingered too long at the emporium back of the sign.

he asked.

from the cab. "Get in and shut the at Baldpate inn." door. I'm freezing." "It all depends," said the girl. "Thank you for being so kind and-good night."

"Are you doomed to stay here long?"

"Well, what was she crying for?" inquired the ticket agent when Mr. Magee stood again at his cell window. "She didn't think much of your town," responded Magee. "She inti-

"H'm! It ain't much of a place," ad-

"That's the very reason I'm going to honor it with my presence. I'm sorry The door closed with a muffled bang. the cab creaked wearly away and Mr. to take you out on a night like this, Magee turned back to the dim walting but I'll have to ask you to lead me up to Baldpate. I believe those were Hal Mr. Quimby towered above Mr. Ma American manhood. He scowled.

ing from?" "I'm not hiding," said Magee. "Didn't tears at sight of it. Yes, Upper As- Sit down, Mr. Quimby. You are not, I quewan is slow, and no mistake. It take it, the sort of man to follow close-

mitted the man, "though it ain't the Bentley explain? Well, I'll try to, general rule with visitors to burst into though I'm not sure you'll understand.