

styles
n Now

us more
special in-
the Ladies'
now we
adies' Gar-
le for the
of Ladies'
more than
you to de-

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

Suitings
all season we are
ellent values in
West of England
Goods sold for
m \$1.00 to \$2.50

ir's

phire

The Birthstone

For September
only is this the
stone for Sep-
tember, but it is
of the most
ular stones of
season, being
in all kinds of

have sapphires
in setting
es and combin-
as of diamonds
pearls in many
and exclusive

US McFEE

Opinion
re with the Big Clock

your suits to be

CLEANED

AND PRESSED

Method

Telephone 794

Front Street

Colored

Hats

LF-PRICE

rodan & Sills

THE HALF OF BEAR

Buy it Because It's a Better Car

MODEL T Touring Car
f.o.b. Ford, Ontario

\$590

Get Catalog and particulars from
C. A. Gardner, Foxboro

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

ESTABLISHED 1873

SAVINGS deposited in this bank draw the highest current rate of interest. Withdrawals of part or the whole amount may be made whenever desired without delay.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
BELLEVILLE BRANCH

JOHN ELLIOTT, Manager.

branches also at Bloomfield, Brighton, Colborne, Colborne, Cassano, Deseronto, Foxboro, (open Tuesday and Friday,) Newburgh, Picton, Trenton and Wellington.

Merchants' Bank of Canada

CAPITAL \$7,000,000
RESERVE \$7,000,000
ASSETS, \$85,000,000

Your Savings Account Invited

Interest will be added to your balance every six 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 accounts a specialty. Banking can be done by mail.

A general banking business conducted.

BELLEVILLE BRANCH H. SNEYD MANAGER

UNION BANK OF CANADA

A Branch of this Bank has been opened at the

VALCARTIER MILITARY CAMP (VALCARTIER, QUE.)

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

Belleville Branch: F. C. Billingsley, Manager.
Picton Branch: W. Brown, Manager.

A. W. DICKENS 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
Mfr. of the Cream Chewing Taffy and Home-made Candy

Advertise in The Ontario

Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By EARLDERR BIGGERS

Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

CHAPTER I.
"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 inside. 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 argued—well, should he step gallantly forward and inquire in sympathetic tones as to the cause of her woe? Should he carry chivalry even to the lengths of Upper Asquewan Falls?

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 stairs. Anyhow the girl's tears were none of his business. A railway station was a natural place for grief—a field of many partings, upon whose floor fell often in torrents the tears of those left behind. A friend, maybe 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 courtesier 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 of the door.

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 on like yours sort of breaks the monotony. Sorry I can't help you. She's a woman, and the Lord only knows why women cry. And sometimes I reckon even he must be a little puzzled. Now, my wife—"

"I think I'll ask her," 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 noticed."

"But she's in trouble," argued Billy Magee. "And so'll you be most likely," responded the cynic, "if you interfere. No, siree! Take my advice. Shoot old Asquewan's rapids in a barrel if you want to, but keep away from crying women."

death a saucy black hat. "My grief," said the girl, "is utterly silly and—womanish. I think it would be best to leave me alone with it. Thank you for your interest. And—would you mind asking the gentleman who is pressing his face so feverishly against the bars to kindly close his window?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Magee. He turned away. As he did so he collided with a rather excessive lady. She gave the impression of solidity and bulk. Her mouth was hard and knowing. Mr. Magee felt that she wanted to vote and that she would say as much from time to time. The lady



"I was crying, mamma," the girl explained. "I had a glittering eye. She put it to its time honored use and fixed Mr. Magee with it."

"I was crying, mamma," the girl explained, "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 damsel in distress owing as her maternal parent a heavy unnecessary—person!

"Well, they ain't no use gettin' all worked up for nothing," advised the unclesureful parent. Mr. Magee was surprised that in her tone there was no hostility to him—this belying her looks. "Melbe the gentleman can direct us to a good hotel," she added, with a rather staid 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.

gets on my nerves sometimes. Nothing to do but work, work, work, and then lay down and wait for tomorrow. I used to think maybe some day they'd transfer me down to Hooperstown—there's moving pictures and such goings on down there. But the railroad never notices you—unless you go wrong. Yes, sir, sometimes I want to clear out of this town myself."

"A natural wanderlust," sympathizing Mr. Magee. "You said something just now about Baldpate Inn?"

"But Baldpate Inn is shut up tight now. This is nothing but an annex to a graveyard in winter. You wasn't thinking of stopping off here, was 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 how to get there."

The two men went out into the whirling snow, and the agent waved a hand indefinitely up at the night.

"If it was clear," he said, "you could see Baldpate mountain over yonder looking down on the falls, sort of keeping an eye on us to make sure we don't get reckless. And halfway up you'd see Baldpate Inn, black and peaceful and wintry. Just follow this street to the third corner and turn to your left. Elijah lives in a little house 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 critically, under his breath and glanced up at the solitary upstairs window that gleamed yellow in the night.

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Quimby. "You don't read," continued Mr. Magee, "the sort of novels that are sold by the pound in the department stores. Now, if you had a daughter—a snuffy daughter inseparable from a hammock in the summer—she could help me explain. You see, I write those novels. Wild thrilling tales for the dread woman's man's fired wife—shots in the night, chases after fortunes, Cupid busy with 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 a show of interest. "Considerable," replied Mr. Magee. "But now and then I get a longing to do something that will make the critics sit up—the real thing, you know. The other day I picked up a newspaper and found my latest brain child advertised as 'the best fall novel Magee ever wrote.' It got on my nerves. I felt 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," gasped Mr. Quimby, "that you're going to stay there ten years?"

"Bless you, no!" said Mr. Magee. "Critics exaggerate. Two months will do. They say I am a cheap melodramatic rafter. 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 Joyce 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 loveliest spot on earth. Hal thought a minute. 'I've got it,' he said, 'the loveliest spot that's happened to date is a summer resort in midwinter. It makes Cruise'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 weight of it—and he gave it to me. He also wrote you to look after me. So here I am."

CHAPTER II.
Alone on Baldpate Mountain. "THIS 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 wondering what his father will say. And there's a lot of things you haven't took 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 greplaces. Mr. Quimby will keep me supplied with fuel from the forest primal, for which service he will receive \$20 a week."

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

LEGAL.

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

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

WILLS & WRIGHT
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc. Office 2 Campbell St., Belleville. Money to loan at lowest rates.
Malcolm Wright,
J. Franklin Wills, K.C.

E. J. BUTLER.
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, and Notary Public.
Office 23 Bridge Street.

CLUTE & SHOREY.
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Office north side Campbell St., Belleville. Solicitors for Dominion Bank. Money to loan on Mortgages on easy terms.
A. H. Clute, L.L.B.
W. D. Shorey.

INSURANCE.

H. F. KETCHESON,
Representing North American Life Assurance Company, Anglo American Fire Insurance Co., British American Assurance Co., Equity Fire Insurance Co., Commercial Union Assurance Co., Montreal-Canada Fire Insurance Co., Hand-in-Hand Fire Insurance Co., Atlas Assurance Co., Merchants Fire Insurance Co., Independent Fire Insurance Co., Wellington Fire Insurance Co., General Accident Fire & Life Assurance Co., London Guarantee & Accident Insurance Co., Canadian Casualty & Boiler Insurance Co. Office 23 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 Glass—all the best companies represented. Offices, Bridge St., Belleville, Ont., above G.T.R. Ticket Office.

R. W. ADAMS.
Insurance and Real Estate Agent
Marriage Licenses issued.
Office—Campbell St., Belleville, Ont.

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

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., Canadian Accident Insurance Co., Montreal. Office over Bell Telephone, Office, Belleville, Ont.

CHANCEY ASHLEY
Presenting Royal Fire Insurance Co., Norwich Union Fire Ins. Co., Western Assurance Co., Canada Fire Ins. Co., North British Fire Ins. Co., Travellers' Accident Co., I. Represents the complete Tariff, fire and non-Tariff and insures and can give you the best rates in reliable companies. Call and see me before placing your insurance. Office, 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 Eleventh and Victoria Avenues, East Belleville. Telephone 899.

DANCING.

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

FLORISTS.

ROSES! ROSES! 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

THE BELLEVILLE PHARMACY.
The Kodak Store.—Bridge St.

(To Be Continued)