

CARMEN'S MESSENGER

(Continued from page 15.)

company. Then he told Featherstone about his journey, and the latter said:

"I have heard nothing from Daly but soon after you left a gentleman from Edinburgh came here to inquire about you."

"Ah!" said Foster, rather sharply. "I suppose he was sent by the police and imagine I met him at my hotel. His name was Gordon; I thought it curious that he gave me his card."

"That was the name. He asked if I knew you and I did."

"Then it looks as if he meant to test my statements. Did he seem surprised to learn I was staying here?"

"It was hard to tell what the fellow thought; but somehow I felt that he expected to find your story true. He, however, gave me no information. What do you suppose he wants?"

"I can't imagine; the thing's puzzling. What makes it stranger is that I thought the interest Gordon took in me was, to some extent, benevolent."

"But why should it be benevolent, if he had any ground for suspecting you?" Featherstone asked.

Foster glanced at him keenly. There was a change in his host's manner, which had grown less cordial, but he admitted that Featherstone's confidence was being subjected to some strain. It would certainly be disturbing to find the police inquiring about him, Lawrence had not written, and Foster saw that there was much in his statements that sounded rather lame.

"I don't understand the matter at all; but it might be better if I left quietly in the morning," he said. "I don't put Daly on my trail again; he may come back."

"Very well," said Featherstone, getting up. "But what did you do with Lawrence's bag?"

"I left it at a Peebles hotel. I thought if Daly found it was there, it would give him a place to watch."

Featherstone gloomily made a sign of agreement.

"I wish Lawrence would write to us. We are getting anxious about him and a letter would put our minds at rest."

CHAPTER XIV.

Foster Sees a Light.

After leaving the Garth, Foster went to Carlisle, where he bought small articles at different shops and had them sent to his hotel, addressed to Featherstone. He also asked if any letters for his partner had come, and then, having done all he could think of to give his pursuers a hint, waited to see what would happen. He imagined that Daly, who seemed well provided with money, would not undertake the search alone, and there were, no doubt, private inquiry agents who would help him. The services of these gentlemen would not be cheap, and Foster wondered if the fellow knew that there was very much to be extorted from Featherstone. This, however, was Daly's business and seeing no result from his experiment, he resolved to leave Carlisle.

He reached the station undecided where to go. A Midland express would shortly start for the south, but it would be difficult to leave a clue in the big manufacturing towns, and there was a stopping train soon after the other on the North British line, which traverses the Border hills. Foster preferred this neighbourhood, because he was beginning to know it and it was not far from the Garth, but after a few moments' consideration went to the Midland ticket window.

A row of passengers were waiting their turn, and as he took his place in the line a man crossed the floor and stood behind him. There was nothing suspicious in this, but the fellow had not come in by the entrance hall, and if he had been in the station, it was curious he had not got his ticket earlier. When his turn came, Foster asked for a ticket carrier. When his turn came, Foster asked for a ticket to Appleby in a husky voice, and when the booking clerk demanded, "Where?" looked over his shoulder. The man behind was leaning forward, as if to catch his reply.

"Appleby," said Foster, who had seen by a railway map that the town was not far off, and getting his ticket, joined the passengers on the platform. As he did so, the lank train came in, but knowing that it would be a minute or two before the engine was changed he walked up the platform leisurely, looking into the carriages. There was some bustle, for people were getting out and in, and he kept out of sight among them until the guard waved his flag. Then he stepped behind a truck with milk-cans as the train rolled away.

If the man he had noticed had been watching him, he thought he had put him off the track, but he had no time to lose if he meant to

catch the stopping train. He got in as it started, choosing an old carriage without a corridor, so that nobody could spy on him. They jolted over the crossings, the old red wall of the city rolled by and dropped behind, and as they ran out towards the open country across the Eden, Foster thoughtfully lighted a cigarette. He had tried to put his pursuers on his partner's suppositious trail, but it began to look as if they were not following Lawrence but him. His injured hand could hardly have escaped notice and he was not really like Lawrence, of whom Daly would not doubt have given his agents a good description.

He wondered who on his track and with what object. Daly would gain nothing by molesting him, and he could not see why the police should take an interest in his movements, but he was being watched, and felt uneasy. He was not sure that he had sent the last man off to Appleby, although he hoped he had. The train, which stopped now and then, ran across flat fields until it entered the valley of the Esk. The valley narrowed as they sped through the woods beside the stream, and when the line turned up the water of Liddel bleak hills began to rise ahead. The trees and rich cultivation were gradually left behind, the air got keener, and lonely moors rolled down to the winding dale. It got dark as they followed the river, and soon afterwards Foster alighted at a small station. Nobody else left the train except two or three country people and he went to an inn in the straggling little town.

Next morning he set off on foot, heading north-east into the hills. He walked leisurely, because he was going to Jedburgh, but had not made up his mind if he would get there that night, since Pete had told him of a place where he could stop before he reached the town.

About four o'clock in the afternoon he stopped near the middle of a barren moorland and looked round. The road ran back into the strong yellow glow of the sunset, but it crossed a ridge about a mile off, and there was nobody in sight. It was very rough in places, but he thought a skilful driver could take a car over it. To the east, where the horizon was hazy, the high ground fell away and he thought he could strike another road to Jedburgh in three or four miles if he crossed the heath. There seemed to be no reason why he should do so, but he left the road and some time later came to a burn that ran down hill.

By and by a rough track began in a marshy field and got smoother as it followed the burn. Then a hedge of tall thorns, with wool-fringed gaps between their stems where the sheep went through, ran down the water-side, and Foster sat down on a stone and studied his map. He thought it would take him nearly two hours to reach Jedburgh, but the small farm Pete had spoken of was not far off. The track he was on seemed to lead to a better road in the valley. Mist was gathering in the hollow, but when he looked back the sky was bright and the yellow glow rested on the hill. The evening was very calm; he heard a curlew crying far off across the moor and then raised his head sharply at a quick ringing sound. There was a wire fence up the hill, which he had got over because the rotten gate stuck fast. Somebody had stumbled in clumping it and his foot had struck the wire.

Foster's eyes narrowed as he gazed up the track and saw two figures come round a bend. They were too far off to be distinct, but were walking fast. If he sat still, he would be invisible for two or three minutes but not longer, and he quickly studied his surroundings. There were large boulders and brambles between him and the water, and the tall hedges offered a hiding-place on the other side. It might be wiser to get out of sight, but he would make an experiment, and dropped a few wax matches and a London newspaper he had bought in Carlisle. The country people did not use wax matches and London newspapers were not common among the Border moors.

Then, moving slowly he made for the hedges. There were only a few bushes between him and the approaching men, but he had a good background, into which his figure would melt, and was ready to hide down if needful. He paused for a moment at the edge of the burn, which spread out in a shallow that reflected the fading light. He might be seen against the water, but something must be risked, and if the men were looking for him, they would watch the road. Stepping into the stream, he waded across, making as little splash as possible, and found a hole in the hedge, through which he crawled. He was now in the shadow and it would be difficult to distinguish him among the thick stems.

The men were plainly visible and did not look like country people, for

the hill farmers and shepherds walk with a curious gait. Foster crouched down and waited, knowing he would get a useful hint when they reached the spot he had left. They stopped and one plucked up the newspaper, while his companion bent down and got up with something in his hand. Foster, who imagined the fellow had found the matches, wondered whether he had made the trail too plain. If they suspected the trick, they would know he was not far off and search for him.

He could not see their faces well and regretted this, because it would have been useful to know them again and although they began to talk their voices were too low for him to hear what they said. Presently one left the road on the opposite side to the stream and climbed the steep bank, on which he stood as if he wished to look across the moor. The other walked along the edge of the grass with his head bent, but Foster thought it was too dark to see any footprints he might have left. The fellow came on a few yards towards the stream, and then stood still for about half a minute while Foster tried to see his face, but could only distinguish it as a white oval in the gathering dark.

He was anxious and puzzled, because he did not know whether the men wanted him or Lawrence. The nearer of them would, no doubt, see him if he crossed the burn, but Foster thought he might seize and put the fellow out of action before the other came up. This, however, would be risky, and since he did not know their intentions he was not sure he would gain much if he came off victor. To his relief, the man went back and joined his companion in the road, where they stood looking about, and then set off rapidly down hill as if they had decided to go on to Jedburgh.

When their footsteps died away Foster turned back along the hedge and struck across the moor in the dark. It would be better to avoid Jedburgh, and he must try to find the house that Pete had told him of. He had some trouble in doing so, and the way fell into a bog, but at length a light blinked on a hillside and he came to a small building, sheltered by a few stunted ash trees. A shed thatched with heather and a rough stone byre stood near the house, and a big peatstack filled one end of a miry yard. A dog ran out and circled round Foster, barking, until an old man with a lantern drove it off and asked what he wanted.

Foster said he wanted shelter for the night and was willing to pay for the accommodation, to which the other replied that they did not take in strangers. Who Foster stated that Long Pete had told him to go there he hesitated and finally said, "Well, we can come awa' in and see the mistress."

The flagged kitchen was very clean and a big peat fire burned in the grate. A black oak meal chest stood against the wall and old-fashioned china filled the rack above. On the opposite side there was a large cupboard, which Foster thought concealed a bed. The room was warm and looked comfortable after the wet moor. Then Foster turned to the red-cheeked old woman who sat knitting by the fire and fixed on him a quietly-scrutinizing gaze. He explained that he was tired and wanted to stay the night, adding that Pete had said they would be willing to accommodate him.

"What for no, if ye're a friend o' his?" she agreed. "It's a lang road to Jedburgh. But ye'll be wantin' some supper."

Foster confessed that he was hungry and after a time sat down to a plain but appetizing meal. When this was over he gave his host his tobacco pouch and for an hour or two they talked and smoked. The man farmed a patch of sour moor-land, but he was marked by a grave politeness and asked his guest no awkward questions. Foster thought the woman was studying him, but she restrained her curiosity and he admitted that the manners of both were remarkably good. He was beginning to understand and like the lowland Scots, though he saw that some of the opinions he had formed about them were wrong.

They were reserved, essentially practical, and industrious, but they had, when one came to know them, a certain reckless humour that one did not often find among Englishmen. Then they were marked by an individualistic independence of character that made them impatient of authority. They were not turbulent or given to protesting about freedom, but they could not be cajoled or driven. It was strange to find a well-organized fraternity of poachers in a quiet, law-keeping country, but one must allow something for habits inherited from moss-trooper ancestors. Foster had noted their respect for good landlords of ancient stock, but this did not prevent them using the landlord's salmon and game. Since he had, so to speak,

been made a member of the band, it was comforting to feel that they could be trusted, and he was somehow sure of this.

He slept soundly in the cupboard bed and made an excuse for staying at the farm next day, but as he stood outside the house in the afternoon his host came up.

"There were two men on the Jedburgh road asking about a stranger on a walking tour."

"Ah!" said Foster. "Do you know whether they asked if the man they wanted wore a glove?"

"They did that!"

Foster pondered. He was being searched for, and his host knew he was the man inquired about, but the old fellow's face was expressionless.

"Since I didn't get so far as the road, they'd learn nothing."

The other's eyes twinkled. "I wouldn't say they would find out much if they can't see here."

"Well," said Foster, "I don't know yet if I'll go today or not."

"Ye ken best about that," the farmer answered with Scottish dryness. "I dinna see much objection if ye're for stopping another night."

He went off, but Foster felt satisfied that he was safe with him, and presently strolled round to the peatstack where he sat down in the sun. There was a hollow where the peats had been pulled out, and the brown dust was warm and dry. Lightning his pipe, he began to think. He was being watched, but whether by the police, or Daly, or somebody else, there was nothing to show. He did not think his poaching adventure had much to do with it, but he had taken the packet to Newcastle, although he had been warned against this. There was a mystery about the packet.

For a time he got no further, and as he sat, gazing vacantly across the moor, the sun went behind a cloud and the freshening wind whistled round the stack. It got cold and Foster's pipe burned out, but he did not move. Hitherto he had been working in the dark, feeling for a clue, but he began to see a glimmer of light and presently clenched his fist with an exclamation. The light dawned on him in an illuminating flash.

He had been tricked and made a fool. Carmen had acted by her father or somebody else's orders when she gave him the packet, and the man in Edinburgh had enclosed some-thing before he had sent him on to Newcastle. Nobody would suspect him and that was why he had been entrusted with the packet in Canada. It was now clear that he had been made use of to carry the stolen bonds to Great Britain. Carmen, of course, knew nothing about them, but had been influenced by Daly. Perhaps she was in love with him, but in the meantime this did not matter. Foster filled his pipe again, because he meant to solve the puzzle while the light was clear and his brain was working well.

Alice Featherstone had given him the first hint of the truth when she suggested that the packet was somehow connected with his being watched and Daly's pursuit of Lawrence. Of course it was! The police had not much ground for suspecting him, but he had come to England without any obvious business, and if Hulton or his agents had warned them, they would inquire about strangers from Canada. Then he began to see why Daly was determined to find Lawrence.

Fred Hulton had been robbed and killed and Daly was implicated in the crime. If he had not committed it himself, the fellow's first object was not blackmail; he meant to use his power over Lawrence to ensure his secrecy. Lawrence was the only person who had seen the murderer. It could not have been clear if he had mistaken him for the watchman or not when he went into the pay-office at the factory, and as long as a doubt remained Lawrence was the greatest danger the gang had to reckon on. Foster felt sure there was a gang. Admitting all this, one could see why Daly meant to find his partner, but he began to think of something else.

He had been easily deceived and the plotters no doubt thought him a fool. Suppose he took advantage of their belief and asked for an answer to his message or something of the kind? He might by good luck get a letter or find out enough about them to explain what had happened in Canada. The vague plan appealed to him strongly. He was savage at the way he had been tricked, and it would be something to circumvent the people who had made him a fool. Besides, he could not go to the police yet; Lawrence's secret must be kept. He must first of all gain such a hold on Daly as would render him powerless to injure his comrade. After that, when he knew how far the man was implicated in the robbery, he could decide what ought to be done. Well, he would go to Newcastle and see Graham, to whom he had given the packet, but he might need help and thought he knew where

to find it. Getting up with a quick, resolute movement, he went back to the house.

"I'm going to write to Pete and bring him here," he said to the woman. "I don't suppose you'll turn me out before he comes?"

She gave him a quiet, searching glance, and her husband seemed to leave the matter to her.

"For a' his poaching, ye'll find that Pete an honest man," she answered meaningly.

"So am I; it's an honest man I want. You have trusted me and I'll trust you as far as I can when Pete arrives. Shall we leave it until then?"

The woman nodded. "Ye can stay until we ken what yer business is."

"Thank you," said Foster, who sat down to write to Pete.

He thought her judgment would be just, if she had not already decided in his favor. Until he came to Scotland, he had never met people who could say so little and mean so much. Moreover, he imagined one could depend upon their standing by all that they implied. They were taciturn but staunch.

CHAPTER XV.

The Glove

Pete arrived in the evening when it was getting dark, and after the meal, which they ate together, Foster moved his chair back from the table and sat opposite his companions. A lamp was burning and the red glow from the peat fire on their faces shone in quiet brown faces as they waited for him to speak.

He admitted that what he was about to do was rash. He had no logical reason for trusting these people and perhaps no right to involve them in his difficulties, while the sensible course would be to put the matter in the hands of the police. But this was a course he did not mean to take.

"I sent for you because I want your help and I'm willing to pay well for it," he said to Pete.

"Just that!" Pete answered quietly. "In an ordinary way, I'm no verra particular, but before I take the money I'd like to ken how it's to be earned."

"As a matter of fact, you won't get all of it until it is earned and I see how much the job is worth. In the meantime, you can judge, and if necessary go to the police."

Pete grimaced. "They're no' kin' o' gentry's has money dealings with."

"What for are ye hiding frae them?" the woman asked.

Foster saw that the others' eyes were fixed on him and he must, to some extent, satisfy their curiosity. He did not think he could have convinced conventional Englishmen, or perhaps Canadians, but these Scots were different. They were certainly less shallow than the others, but while sternly practical in many ways they had imagination; moreover, they were descendants of the Border cattle-thieves.

"I'm not really hiding from the police, but from people who have better grounds for fearing them. I owe nobody anything and, so far as I know, have done nobody wrong."

There was silence for a moment or two and he recognized that his statement was very incomplete, but somehow thought the others did not discredit it.

"If I could tell you the whole story, I would, but that's impossible just now," he resumed. "Other people, honourable, upright people, are involved. Of course, the thing looks suspicious, and you know nothing about me, but what I mean to do is not against the law."

They were silent yet, but after a few moments Foster saw his host glance at the woman.

"What is it ye mean to do?" she asked.

"I'm going to Newcastle to try to get some information and papers that will help me to save a friend from serious trouble. That's my first object, but I hope to find out something about a crime in Canada, by which another friend of mine suffered terribly. I may have to steal the papers, and if I get them, expect I shall have to deal with a gang of dangerous men, who will try to take them back. That's why I want Pete; but he'll probably find it risky business."

Foster waited anxiously for a reply. He was not justified in expecting it to be favourable, but he did so. The woman seemed to ponder, but presently turned to Pete.

"Ye had better gang."

Pete laughed, a reckless laugh that hinted at a love of excitement and danger.

"Aye," he said, "that's what I was thinking!"

After this the matter was soon arranged, and next morning Foster and Pete set off. They went south by hill-tracks, for Foster meant to visit the Garth, but preferred to arrive when dusk was falling. He did not want his visit to be marked, but must see Alice before he embarked upon his new adventure.

The sun was setting behind the moors when they came down the water-side, and leaving Pete in the gloom of the fir wood, he walked through a shrubbery to the house. He had seen nothing to indicate that he was watched and could trust Pete to see that nobody followed him from the road, but he meant to take precautions and did not want to meet Featherstones. When he left the shrubbery he had only a few yards of open lawn to cross and the light was dim beside the house, but he kept off the gravelled terrace until he was abreast of the door. He was now faced by a difficulty, but must leave something to chance and he felt relieved when John answered his quiet knock. The man showed no surprise at seeing him.

"Mr. Featherstone is at, sir, and Mrs. Featherstone occupied, but Miss Featherstone is at home," he said.

"Will you ask her if she can meet me for a few minutes in the orchard?"

"Very good, sir, I will take your message."

Foster turned away. He had given John no hint to keep his visit secret, because this would be useless. If the old fellow thought it was his duty to tell his master, he would do so; if not, one could trust to his discretion. Entering the orchard by an arch in a mossy wall, he waited where a soft light shone into it from the west. Outside the arch, the smooth sweep of lawn ran back into deepening shadow and the bare trees behind it rose, sharp and black, against the sky. Above there was a heavy bank of grey-blue clouds.

Then his heart began to beat as Alice appeared in the arch. Her figure silhouetted against the light and he noted how finely she held herself and moved. Still he could not see her face and waited some-what uneasily until she advanced and gave him her hand.

"I hoped you would come," he said. "But I was half afraid!"

Alice smiled and as she turned her head the fading glow touched her face. It gave no hint of resentment or surprise.

"That I would not come?" she suggested. "After all, I really think men are more conventional than us. But why did you not let John bring you in?"

"When I was last here, I noted a change in your father's manner. That is one reason, though there are others. There I must go in two or three minutes."

Alice looked at him steadily and he knew that frankness was best.

"You mean you thought he had lost his confidence in you?"

"I was afraid he might find it getting strained." He seemed disturbed.

"He is disturbed," Alice said quietly. "We have heard nothing from my brother yet."

"One can sympathize with you, but I don't think you have much ground for uneasiness. Lawrence was told he must be careful, but that was all, and there's no likelihood of his health's suddenly breaking down. Then I understand he was rather irregular about writing home; he forgot now and then."

"He did forget," Alice agreed and fixed her eyes on Foster while a slight flush crept into her face. "Perhaps I had better say I do not altogether share my father's anxiety."

Foster felt a thrill, for he thought she meant she had not lost her confidence in him.

"Lad like to go back and look for Lawrence, but can't do so yet," he said. "For one thing, it might put Daly on his track and it's no important that he shouldn't meet Lawrence in Canada. There have been developments; in fact, I have come to think Daly had something to do with sending the packet I took to Newcastle."

"Then Miss Austin is in the plot against my brother and made use of you?"

"No; she certainly made use of me, but I imagine others made use of her. There's a plot, but I don't believe she knew anything about it."

"I suppose you feel you must defend the girl?"

"In a way," Foster agreed. "Carmen Austin is a friend of mine; but I'm not sure she really needs defending. Anyhow, if I'd known what was in the packet, I wouldn't have taken it."

"Then you have found out what was in it?"

"I have a suspicion. I'm going to see how far it's justified, and if I'm fortunate, rather than the people who sent me to Newcastle will be sorry."

Alice said nothing for a few moments, but he thought she grasped the significance of his hint that he was willing to spoil the plans of Carmen's friends. He did not know if this gave her any satisfaction, and did not expect her to show her feelings.

"Can you tell me anything more?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I feel I ought to tell somebody, because it may turn out rather a serious undertaking. One reason for choosing you is that it's a complicated and unlikely tale where others might doubt?"

Foster bowed. "I did hope something of the kind. I don't know if I was too venturesome. But if you'll listen—"

She gave him a curious look and he began by telling her of the tragedy at the Hulton mill and Lawrence's meeting the suppositious watchman. Then he related how he had been tracked through the hills and explained the conclusions he had arrived at when the light first dawned on him as he puzzled out the matter by the peat stack. She said nothing until he finished, but he thought she looked somewhat moved.

"But wouldn't it be better to leave the thing to the police?" she asked.

"No," said Foster, smiling. "To begin with, they might suspect me; one understands they're not very credulous people and it would take some time to prove my story. Then, if they weren't very careful, they'd frighten the Newcastle man away, while I might, so to speak, catch him off his guard."

"It sounds plausible; but I think you have a better reason."

"If I have, it's to some extent temperamental; a natural reaction after leading a sober life." Foster said humbly. "There's a charm in trying to do something that's really beyond your mark and ought to be left to somebody else."

"It's possible; but I'm not satisfied yet."

Foster hesitated. "After all, it might be better to keep the police off Daly's track until I've seen him. He might make trouble for Lawrence if he was arrested, but I don't think this counts for much. You would be nearer the mark if you took it for granted that I'm naturally rash and can't resist a chance of adventure."

They had walked round the garden, and reached the arch again, but Alice stopped.

"So it seems," she said in a quiet voice that nevertheless gave Foster a thrill. "The charm of rashness is a favourite subject of yours."

"It's better that your friends should understand you," Foster replied modestly.

"One must admit that you live up to the character you give yourself. First you plunged into difficulties to keep a promise you should not have made, then you undertook to baffle a dangerous man because your partner needed help, and now I think you are going to face a very serious risk."

Foster, who felt embarrassed, said nothing, and Alice gave him her hand.

"I am glad you have been frank with me, and if my wish can bring you good fortune, it will be yours. You will do your best, I know; but be careful and come back safe!"

Foster had kissed her hand on another occasion, but must not do so now. He was conscious of a keen emotional stirring and though the girl felt some strain. There was a hint of suppressed feeling in her voice that sapped his self-control, and he thought it was because she trusted and liked him her manner had a certain touch of pride.

"After all, I don't think I run much risk," he answered. "But if there was a risk, it would be well worth while."

It was nearly dark, but he thought he saw some colour in her face.

"Good luck! But wait in the road for a minute or two," she said and turned away.

He watched her cross the lawn until her figure faded into the gloom, after which he went back to the gate and waited until John came up with a small packet.

"Miss Featherstone sends you this, sir, but hopes you won't open it until you are in the train."

Foster thanked him and went back with Pete up the water-side. The air was keen and a light mist hung about the rough track that took them to the moors. There was a beat of wings as a flock of wild duck passed overhead when they skirted a reedy pool, and once or twice the wild cry of a curlew came out of the dark. Except for this, the moor was silent and desolate, but Foster felt a strange poignant elation as he stumbled among the ruts and splashed across boggy grass. They walked for two or three hours and he was muzzy and rather wet when the lights of a small station began to twinkle in the gloom ahead.

(To be Continued)

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FOR the bay bridge over by the Department and to be freed step remains—for the authorize the expenditure funds to the amount of department's share of price agreed upon between P. C. Biggs and the city of Belleville and Prince As it is not certain will receive the royal when the bridge was not definite. The lease C. Baker and the Br calls for three months Mr. Baker will pay to the county of Prince portion of the amount between the time when the expiration of the no The bill which passed bills committee passed the city of Belleville to purchase must yet receive of the legislature. City Solicitor Messon presenting the city's case there has been no appeal as yet. It was his opinion that the bridge was a public utility and should be maintained. There has been a measure of opinion as to the the past two years and the extension of the bridge would accommodate traffic for from 20 to 25 He mentioned the making use of the present and the extension of the approach southward for a some four hundred feet, Schedule of Tolls.

The burden of the tolls has been placed on the ratepayers, more people, more present schedule came The rates obtaining now 10c; automobile cycle and motor cars; horse carriages with driver of horses, vehicle and horses, cattle, etc. 10c who pay return fare, 50c increase imposed for the The northern part of ward County has always most convenient market of its products and the supply in Belleville. Many a steam ferry plied the way between Belleville and Burgh and in winter was by way of the ice. The did not satisfy the requirements. The ferry traffic but a portion of times gales interfered with ation; no boat large enough accommodate the traffic at certain times and on occasions could be profitable on the route, and in early in spring there were pe the ice was forming a communication was imp of this state of affairs are for a bridge. The many years ago, planned structure of a bridge, came of this proposal.

EARLY PROSPECTS In the year 1873 the agitated so strongly that Keefer, C.E., a cousin ineer who eventually de structure—was employed series of soundings between Island and Rossmore, by forwarded an estimate of for a wooden bridge. This ed too large and the p through. Finally about Tinkell who was a memb council, moved a resolution of the project, which he would advocate until it accomplished fact. Ch took a favorable turn as an immense reduction in building bridges of steel and as the ferry service inefficient and the people Inshurg and Belleville, after great annoyance and muc several years were at an engage in any enterprise