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# The RETURN of TARZAN

By ...  
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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crept back toward it until he saw that it was but a man. A moment later he was beside the figure and in another had recognized it as the corpse of the Manyema who had stood on guard at the village gate.

His companions rapidly gathered around at his call, and after a moment's excited conversation they did precisely what Tarzan had reasoned they would. Raising their guns to their shoulders, they poured volley after volley into the tree from which the corpse had been thrown. Had Tarzan remained there he would have been riddled by a hundred bullets.

When the Arabs and Manyema discovered that the only marks of violence upon the body of their dead comrade were giant finger prints upon his swollen throat they were again thrown into deeper apprehension and despair. That they were not even safe within a palisaded village at night came as a distinct shock to them. That an enemy could enter the midst of their camp and kill their sentry with bare hands seemed outside the bounds of reason, and so the superstitious Manyema commenced to attribute their ill luck to supernatural causes, nor were the whites able to offer any better explanation.

With at least fifty of their number flying through the black jungle, and without the slightest knowledge of when their uncanny foemen might resume the cold blooded slaughter they had commenced, it was a desperate band of cutthroats that waited sleeplessly for the dawn. Only on the promise of the Arabs that they would leave the village at daylight, and hasten on toward their own land, would the remaining Manyema consent to stay at the village a moment longer. Not even fear of their cruel masters was sufficient to overcome this new terror.

And so it was that when Tarzan and his warriors returned to the attack the next morning they found the raiders prepared to march out of the village. The Manyema were indeed with them. As Tarzan saw it he grinned, for he knew that they would not carry it far. Then he saw something which caused him anxiety—a number of the Manyema were fighting torches in the remnant of the camp fire. They were about to fire the village.

Tarzan was perched in a tall tree some hundred yards from the palisade. Making a trumpet of his hands, he called loudly in the Arab tongue, "Do not fire the huts or we shall kill you all. Do not fire the huts, or we shall kill you all!"

A dozen times he repeated it. The Manyema hesitated; then one of them flung his torch into the camp fire. The others were about to do the same when an Arab sprang upon them with a stick, beating them toward the huts. Tarzan could see that he was commanding them to fire the little thatched dwellings. Then he stood erect upon the swaying branch a hundred feet above the ground, and, raising one of the Arab gups to his shoulder, took careful aim and fired. With the report the Arab who was urging on his men to burn the village fell in his tracks, and the Manyema threw away their torches and fled from the village. The last Tarzan saw of them they were racing toward the jungle, while their former masters knelt upon the ground and fired at them.

But, however angry the Arabs might have been at the insubordination of their slaves, they were at least convinced that it would be the better part of wisdom to forego the pleasure of firing the village that had given them two such nasty receptions. In their hearts, however, they swore to return again with such a force as would enable them to sweep the entire country for miles around, until no vestige of human life remained.

They had looked in vain for the owner of the voice which had frightened off the men who had been destined to put the torch to the huts, but not even the keenest eye among them had been able to locate him. They had seen the puff of smoke from the tree following the shot that brought down the Arab, but, though a volley had immediately been loosed into its foliage, there had been no indication that it had been effective.

Tarzan was too intelligent to be caught in any such trap, and so the report of his shot had scarcely died away before the ape-man was on the ground and racing for another tree a hundred yards away. Here he again found a suitable perch from which he could watch the preparations of the raiders. It occurred to him that he might have considerable more fun with them, so again he called to them through his improvised trumpet.

"Leave the ivory!" he cried. "Leave the ivory! Dead men have no use for ivory!"

Some of the Manyema started to

And so they marched out of the village of the Waziri, and on the shoulders of their slaves was the ivory ransom of a score of kings. Toward the north they marched, back toward their savage settlement.

Under Tarzan's guidance the black Waziri warriors stationed themselves along the trail on either side of the densest underbrush. They stood at far intervals, and as the column passed a single arrow or a heavy spear, well aimed, would pierce a Manyema or an Arab. Then the Waziri would melt into the distance and run ahead to take his stand further on. They did not strike unless success were sure and the danger of detection almost nothing, and so the arrows and the spears were few and far between, but so persistent and inevitable that the slow moving column of heavy laden raiders was in a constant state of panic—panic at the pierced hole of the comrade who had just fallen, panic at the uncertainty of who the next would be to fall and when.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the Arabs prevented their men a dozen times from throwing away their burdens and fleeing like frightened rabbits up the trail toward the north. And so the day wore on—a frightful nightmare of a day for the raiders—a day of weary but well repaid work for the Waziri. At night the Arabs constructed a rude boma in a little clearing by a river and went into camp.

At intervals during the night a rifle would bark close above their heads, and one of the dozen sentries which they now had posted would tumble to the ground. Such a condition was insupportable, for they saw that by means of these hideous tactics they would be completely wiped out, one by one, without inflicting a single death upon their enemy. But yet, with the persistent aviciousness of the white man, the Arabs clung to their post and when morning came forced the demoralized Manyema to take up their burdens of death and stagger on into the jungle.

For three days the withering column kept up its frightful march. Each hour was marked by its deadly arrow or cruel spear. The night was made hideous by the beating of the invisible gun that made sentry duty equivalent to a death sentence.

On the morning of the fourth day the Arabs were compelled to shoot two of their blacks before they could compel the balance to take up the hated ivory, and as they did so a voice rang out clear and strong from the jungle. "Today you die, oh, Manyema, unless you lay down the ivory. Fall upon your cruel masters and kill them. You have guns, why do you not use them? Kill the Arabs, and we will not harm you. We will take you back to our village and feed you and lead you out of our country in safety and in peace. Lay down the ivory and fall upon your masters. We will help you. Else you die!"

As the voices died down the raiders stood as though turned to stone. The Arabs eyed their Manyema slaves. The slaves looked first at one of their fellows and then at another. They were not waiting for someone to take the initiative. There were some thirty Arabs left and about 150 blacks. All were armed—every one who was acting as porters had their rifles slung across their backs.

The Arabs drew together. The black ordered the Manyema to take up the march, and as he spoke he cocked his rifle and raised it. But at the same instant one of the blacks threw down his load, and, snatching his rifle from the black, fired at the group of whites. In an instant the camp was a-cursing, howling mass of demons, fighting with guns and knives and pistols. The Arabs stood together and defended their lives valiantly, but with the rain of lead that poured upon them from their own slaves and the shower of arrows and spears which now leaped from the surrounding jungle aimed solely at them, there was little question from the first what the outcome would be. In ten minutes from the time the first porter had thrown down his load the last of the Arabs lay dead.

When the firing had ceased Tarzan spoke again to the Manyema: "Take up your ivory and return it to our village, from whence you stole it. We shall not harm you."

CHAPTER XX.  
In Search of Gold.

FOR a moment the Manyema hesitated. They had no stomach to retrace that difficult three days' trail. They talked together in low whispers, and, on the whole, they seemed to be in agreement. They turned toward the jungle, calling aloud to the voice that had spoken to them from out of the foliage.

"How do we know that when you have us in your village you will not kill us all?" he asked.

"You do not know," replied Tarzan. "Other than that we have promised not to harm you if you will return our ivory to us. But this you do know, that it lies within our power to kill you all if you do not return as we direct, and are we not more likely to do so if you anger us than if you do as we bid?"

"Who are you that speaks the tongue of our Arab masters?" cried the Manyema spokesman. "Let us see you and then we shall give you our answer."

Tarzan stepped out of the jungle a dozen paces from them. "Look!" he said. When they saw that he was white they were filled with awe, for never had they seen a white savage before, and at his great muscles and giant frame they were struck with wonder and admiration. "You may trust me," said Tarzan. "So long as you do as I tell you and

you no hurt. Will you take up our ivory and return in peace to our village or shall we follow along your trail toward the north as we have followed for the past three days?"

The recollection of the horrid days that had just passed was the thing that finally decided the Manyema, and so, after a short conference, they took up their burdens and set off to retrace their steps toward the village of the Waziri.

At the end of the third day they marched into the village gate and were greeted by the survivors of the recent massacre, to whom Tarzan had sent a messenger in their temporary camp to the south on the day that the raiders had quitted the village, telling them that they might return in safety.

It took all the mastery and persuasion that Tarzan possessed to prevent the Waziri falling on the Manyema tooth and nail and tearing them to pieces, but when he had explained that he had given his word that they would not be molested if they carried the ivory back to the spot from which they had stolen it and had further impressed upon his people that they owed their entire victory to him they finally acceded to his demands and allowed the cannibals to rest in peace within their palisade.

That night the village warriors held a big palaver to celebrate their victory and to choose a new chief. Since old Waziri's death no one had been elected the warriors in battle, and the temporary command had been tacitly conceded to him. There had been no time to choose a new chief from among their own number, and in fact so remarkably successful had they been under the ape-man's generalship that they had had no wish to delegate the supreme authority to another for fear that what they already had gained might be lost. They had no recent memory of the results of running counter to the savage white man's advice in the disastrous charge ordered by Waziri, in which he himself had died, that it had not been difficult for them to accept Tarzan's authority as final.

The principal warriors sat in a circle about a small fire to discuss the relative merits of whomsoever might be suggested as old Waziri's successor. It was Busuli who spoke first.

"Since Waziri is dead, leaving no son, there is but one among us whom we know from experience is fitted to make us a good king. There is only one who has proved that he can successfully lead us against the guns of the white man and bring us easy victory without the loss of a single life. There is only one, and that is the white man who has led us for the past few days." And Busuli sprang to his feet and, with uplifted spear and half bent, crouching body, commenced to chant slowly in his own language, the name of the Waziri: Waziri, killer of Arabs! Waziri, king of the Waziri!

One by one the other warriors signified their acceptance of Tarzan as their king by joining in the solemn dance. The women came and squatted about the rim of the circle, beating upon tom-toms, clapping their hands in time to the steps of the dancers and joining in the chant of the warriors. In the center of the circle sat Tarzan of the Apes—Waziri, king of the Waziri; for, like his predecessor, he was to take the name of his tribe as his own. Faster and faster grew the pace of the dancers, louder and louder their wild and savage shouts. The women rose and fell in unison, shrieking now at the tops of their voices. The spears were brandishing fiercely, and as the shelleys upon the heads of the dancers the circle of the whole sight was as terribly primal and savage as though it were being staged in the dim dawn of humanity, countless ages in the past.

As the excitement waxed the ape-man sprang to his feet and joined in the wild ceremony. In the center of the circle of glittering black bodies he leaped and roared and shook his heavy spear in the same mad abandon that enthralled his fellow savages. The last remnant of his civilization was forgotten. He was a primitive man to the fullest now, reveling in the freedom of the fierce, wild life he loved, gloating in his kingship among these wild blacks.

Ah, if Olga de Coude had but seen him then could she have recognized

the well dressed, quiet young man whose well bred face and irreproachable manners had so captivated her but a few short months ago? And Jane Porter! Would she have still loved this savage warrior chieftain, dancing naked among his naked, savage subjects? And D'Arnot! Could D'Arnot have believed that this was the same man he had introduced into half a dozen of the most select clubs of Paris? What would his fellow peers in the house of lords have said had one pointed to this dancing giant, with his barbaric headdress and his metal ornaments and said, "There, my lords, is John Clayton, Lord Greyhound, a real king among men—slowly but surely he was following the evolution of his ancestors, for had he not started at the very bottom?"

The very night that Tarzan of the Apes became chief of the Waziri the woman he loved, Jane Porter, lay dying in a tiny hut 200 miles west of him upon the Atlantic. Of the six persons in the boat in which she had escaped from the Lady Alice, only three survived. They were Jane herself, Clayton and Thurman.

The same had been lost when the sailor in charge of them fell asleep and they drifted away, and for weeks the boat had been tossed helplessly about on the waves. The supplies soon

gave out. The three sailors who had been with them assembled to thirst and hunger and had been heaved overboard. Now Jane and her two companions drifted about in the ocean. They were reduced to the last extremity and death would have come as a welcome relief from the tortures they endured. Of the three other boats there had been no sign.

The week following the induction of Tarzan into the kingship of the Waziri was occupied in escorting the Manyema of the Arab raiders to the northern boundary of Waziri in accordance with the promise which Tarzan had made them. Before he left him he exacted a pledge from them that they would not lead any expeditions against the Waziri in the future, nor was it a difficult promise to obtain. They had had sufficient experience with the fighting tactics of the new Waziri chief not to have the slightest desire to accompany another predatory force with in the boundaries of his domain.

Almost immediately upon his return to the village Tarzan commenced making preparations for leading an expedition in search of the ruined city of gold which old Waziri had described to him. He selected fifty of the sturdiest warriors of his tribe, choosing only men who seemed anxious to accompany him on the arduous march and share the dangers of a new and hostile country.

The fabulous wealth of the fabled city had been almost constantly in the mind since Waziri had recounted the strange adventures of the former expedition which had stumbled upon the vast ruins by chance. The lure of adventure may have been quite as powerful a factor in urging Tarzan of the Apes to undertake the journey as the lure of gold, but the lure of gold was there, too, for he had learned among civilized men something of the miracles that may be wrought by the possessor of the magic yellow metal. What he would do with a golden fortune in the heart of savage Africa it had not occurred to him to consider—it would be enough to possess the power to work wonders, even though he never had an opportunity to employ it.

So one glorious tropical morning Waziri, chief of the Waziri, set out at the head of fifty clean limbed able warriors in quest of adventure and of riches. They followed the course which old Waziri had described to Tarzan. For days they marched up one river, across a low divide, down another river, up a third, until at the end of the twenty-fifth day they camped upon a mountain side, from the summit of which they hoped to catch their first view of the marvelous city of treasure.

Early the next morning they were climbing the almost perpendicular crags which formed the last, but greatest, natural barrier between them and their destination. It was nearly noon before Tarzan, who headed the thin line of climbing warriors, scrambled over the top of the last cliff and stood upon the little flat tableland of the mountain top. On either hand towered high peaks thousands of feet higher than the pass through which they were entering the forbidden valley. Behind him stretched the wooded valley across which they had marched for many days, and at the opposite side the low range which marked the boundary of their own country.

But before him was the view that centered his attention. Here lay a desolate valley—a shallow, narrow valley dotted with stunted trees and covered with many great boulders. And on the far side of the valley lay what appeared to be a mighty city, its great walls, its lofty spires, its minarets, domes and domes showing red and yellow in the sunlight. Tarzan was yet too far away to note the marks of ruin—to him it appeared a wonderful city of magnificent beauty, and in imagination he peopled its broad avenues and its happy temples with a throng of happy, active people.

For an hour the little expedition rested upon the mountain top, and then Tarzan led them down into the valley below. There was no trail, but the way was less arduous than the ascent of the opposite face of the mountain had been. Once in the valley their progress was rapid, so that it was still light when they halted beneath the towering walls of the ancient city.

The outer wall was fifty feet in height where it had not fallen into ruin, but nowhere as far as they could see had more than ten or twenty feet of the upper courses fallen away. It was still a formidable defense. On several occasions Tarzan had thought that he discerned things moving behind the ruined portions of the wall, but to them, as though creatures were watching them from behind the bulwarks of the ancient pile. And often he felt the sensation of unseen eyes upon him, but not once could he be sure that it was more than imagination.

That night they camped outside the city. Once, at midnight, they were awakened by a shrill scream from beyond the great wall. It was very high at first, descending gradually until it ended in a series of dismal moans. It had a strange effect upon the blacks, almost paralyzing them with terror while it lasted, and it was an hour before the camp settled down to sleep once more. In the morning it required considerable encouragement and urging on Tarzan's part to prevent the blacks from abandoning the venture upon the spot and hastening back across the valley toward the cave they had scaled the day before. But at length, by dint of commands and threats that he would enter the city alone, they agreed to accompany him.

For fifteen minutes they marched along the face of the wall before they discovered a means of ingress. Then they came to a narrow cleft about twenty inches wide. Within a flight

of concrete steps, worn hollow by centuries of use, rose before them to disappear at a sharp turning of the passage a few yards ahead.

Into this narrow alley Tarzan made his way, turning his giant shoulders sideways that they might enter at all. Behind him trailed his black warriors. At the turn in the cleft the stairs ended and the path was level, but it wound and twisted in a serpentine fashion, until suddenly at a sharp angle it debouched upon a narrow court across which loomed an inner wall equally as high as the outer. This inner wall was set with little round windows alternating along its entire summit with pointed monoliths. In places these had fallen and the wall was ruined, but it was in a much better state of preservation than the outer wall.

Another narrow passage led through this wall, and at its end Tarzan and his warriors found themselves in a broad avenue, on the opposite side of which crumbled edifices of brown granite loomed dark and forbidding. Upon the crumbling debris along the face of the buildings trees had grown, and vines wound in and out of the hollow, staring windows, but the building directly opposite them seemed less overgrown than the others and in a much better state of preservation. It was a massive pile, surmounted by an enormous dome. At either side of its great entrance stood rows of tall pillars, each capped by a huge, grotesque bird carved from the solid rock of the monoliths.

As the ape-man and his companions stood gazing in varying degrees of wonderment at this ancient city in the midst of savage Africa, several of them became aware of movement within the structure at which they were looking. Dim, shadowy shapes appeared to be moving about in the semidarkness of the interior. There was nothing tangible that the eye could grasp—only an uncanny suggestion of life where living things seemed out of place in this weird, dead city of the long dead past.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## The Lost City.

TARZAN recalled something that he had read in the library at Paris of a lost race of white men that native legend described as living in the heart of Africa. He wondered if he were not looking upon the ruins of the civilization that this strange people had wrought amid the savage surroundings of their strange and savage home. Could it be possible that even now a remnant of that lost race inhabited the ruined grandeur that had once been their province? Again he became conscious of a stealthy movement within the great temple before him.

"Come!" he said to his Waziri. "Let us have a look at what lies behind those ruined walls." As Tarzan entered the building he was distinctly aware of many eyes upon him. There was a rustling in the shadows of a nearby corridor, and he could have sworn that he saw a human hand withdrawn from an embrasure that opened above him into the domelike rotunda in which he found himself.

The floor of the chamber was of concrete, the walls of smooth granite, upon which strange figures of men and beasts were carved. In places tablets of yellow metal had been set in the solid masonry of the walls.

When he approached closer to one of these tablets he saw that it was of gold and bore many hieroglyphics. Beyond this first chamber there were others, and back of them the building branched out into enormous wings. Tarzan passed through several of these chambers, finding many evidences of the fabulous wealth of the original builders. In one room were seven pillars of solid gold, and in another the floor itself was of the precious metal. And all the while that he explored, his blacks huddled close together at his back, strange shapes hovered upon either hand and he never close enough that he might say that they were not alone.

The strain, however, was telling upon the nerves of the Waziri. They begged Tarzan to return to the sunlight. They said that no good could come of such an expedition, for the ruins were haunted by the spirits of the dead who had once inhabited them.

"They are watching us, oh, king," whispered Busuli. "They are waiting until they have led us into the innermost recesses of their stronghold, and then they will fall upon us and tear us to pieces with their teeth. That is the way with spirits. My mother's uncle, who is a great witch doctor, has told me all about it many times."

Tarzan laughed. "Run back into the sunlight, my children," he said. "I will join you when I have searched this old ruin from top to bottom and found the gold or found that there is none. At least we may take the tablets from the walls, though the pillars are too heavy for us to handle. But there should be great storehouses filled with gold—gold that we can carry away upon our backs with ease. Run now out into the fresh air, where you may breathe easier."

Some of the warriors started to obey their chief with alacrity, but Busuli and several others hesitated to leave him—hesitated between love and loyalty for their king and superstitious fear of the unknown. And then, quite unexpectedly, that occurred which decided the question without the necessity for further discussion. Out of the silence of the ruined temple there came close to their ears the same hideous shriek they had heard the previous night, and with horrified cries the black warriors turned and fled through the empty halls of the ancient city.

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