

CANADIAN NORTHERN PICTON FALL FAIR

SEPTEMBER 22, 23, 24

Special Reduced Fare
Napawa to Trenton inclusive
Belleville \$1.00

Get going Special Train Sept. 22 only.
Returns Special Train Same Day.
All Trains Sept. 22, 23, 24.

FARE AND A THIRD FOR THE ROUND TRIP
Get going Sept. 22 to 24th inclusive.
Returns limit until Sept. 24th 1914.

For tickets and further information apply to J. A. Burke, Town Agent, or L. W. Buller, Station Agent.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

Through Service To Ottawa, Quebec and Valcartier
Daily except Sunday

Double Service To Toronto
Daily except Sunday

Lv. Belleville 6:40 a.m.
Ar. Ottawa 10:20 p.m.
Lv. Belleville 8:14 a.m.
Ar. Valcartier 8:35 a.m.

Sleeping, Dining and Parlor Cars. Electric-lighted coaches.

For Rail and Steamship Tickets and all information apply to J. A. Burke, Town Agent, or L. W. Buller, Station Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

COLONIST FARES

ONE-WAY SECOND CLASS

Alberta British Columbia
Arizona California
Colorado Idaho
Montana Nevada
Oregon Texas
Utah Washington, ETC.

On Sale Sept. 21 to Oct. 31 inclusive

For full particulars from agents or write to E. MORAN, General Manager, Grand Trunk Railway System, 100 St. James Street, Toronto, Ont.

SHERIFF'S SALE OF LANDS

County of Hastings, To Wit:

By virtue of a writ of Execution issued out of the Division Court of the County of Hastings, to me directed and delivered, against the lands and tenements of John R. Keating, Defendant, as the suit of John James Breaker Flint, Plaintiff, I have seized and taken in execution, and will offer for sale by public auction in the City of Belleville, on Thursday, the 1st day of October, A.D. 1914, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the said defendant, John R. Keating, in or out of the following lands and tenements situated, lying and being in the County of Hastings, in the Province of Ontario viz: That part of Lot number 11 on the west side of Pines Street in the City of Belleville, and lot number 7, lying immediately north of said lot number 11, shown on the Plan of the City of Belleville, and described in a deed from one Patrie to one Kaiting duly registered and particularly described in an instrument registered in Book P for the City of Belleville, numbered 753.

M. B. MORRISON,
Sheriff, County of Hastings,
Belleville, June 19th, 1914.

Homeseekers Excursions to Western Canada

The Grand Trunk Railway System issue round trip Homeseekers' tickets at very low fares from stations in Canada to points in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, en route to the United States, via Chicago, St. Paul or Duluth, and are good returning two months from date of issue. Through Pullman Tourist Sleeping cars are operated each Tuesday, leaving Toronto at 11:45 p.m. and running through to Winnipeg without change. A berth on the Tourist Sleeping car may be obtained at a nominal charge on application to any Grand Trunk Pacific Railway station and quickest route between Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton with smooth roadbed, electric lighted sleeping cars, through the newest, most picturesque and most rapidly developing section of Western Canada.

Before deciding on your trip ask Grand Trunk agents for full particulars. For Maynooth, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

Osteopathy

Dr. J. P. Kimmel and his wife at 28 Victoria Avenue are now prepared to treat all kinds of chronic and acute diseases. These diseases yield quickly to osteopathic treatment, but still more quickly to osteopathy and its aids—cold and hot baths, massage, therapeutic exercises, and proper diet. Baths and massage will be given when needed; also instruction in the exercises and diet. Mrs. Kimmel will treat those patients who prefer a lady operator.

Canadian Northern Timetable

Effective September 14.

For Toronto and Intermediate Stations 6:45 a.m. and 8:15 p.m. daily.
For Trenton, Wellington, Picton and other Intermediate Stations 6:40 a.m. and 8:10 p.m. daily.
For Marmora, Bannockburn, Bancroft, Maynooth and Intermediate Stations 6:40 a.m. and 8:10 p.m. daily.
For Deseronto, Napawa, also Bay of Quinte and Intermediate Stations 6:40 a.m. and 8:10 p.m. daily.

From Toronto and Intermediate Stations 8:45 a.m. and 9:40 p.m. daily.
From Picton, Wellington, Trenton etc. 8:45 a.m. and 9:40 p.m. daily.
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Seven Keys TO Baldpate

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

Copyright, 1913, by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

"You might relate," Mr. Magee told him, "that portion of it that has led you trespassing on a gentleman seeking seclusion at Baldpate Inn."

"Trespassing, eh?" said the young man. "Far be it from me to quarrel with a man who smokes as good cigars as you do, but there's something I haven't quite doped out. That is—my trespassing on you or you?"

"My right here," said Mr. Magee, "is indisputable."

"It's a big word," replied the other, "but you can't back it to my right here and tell me no. We can't dispute, so let's drop the matter. With that settled I'm encouraged to pour out the story of why you see me here tonight, far from the madding crowd. It's your a stray tree. You'll need it. It's a sad, touching story, concerned with haberdashery and a trusting heart, and a fair woman—fair, but oh, how false!"

"Proceed," laughed Mr. Magee. "I'm a admirer of the vivid imagination. Don't curb yours, I beg of you."

"It's all straight," said the other in a hurt tone. "Every word true. My name is Joseph Bland. My profession, until I've entered my life, was that of haberdasher and cutter. In the city of Trenton, fifty miles from here, I taught the Best Brunelms of the thoroughfare what was doing in London in the necktie line. I sold them coats with padded shoulders and collars high and awe inspiring. I was happy, twisting a piece of silk over my hand to show them how it would look on their heaving bosoms. And then—the game was up."

Mr. Bland puffed on his cigar.

"Yes," he said, "Arabella sparked on the horizon of my life. When I have been here in the quiet for about two centuries, maybe I can do justice to her beauty. I won't attempt to describe her now. I loved her madly. She said I made the short story shorter. I spent on her the profits of my haberdashery. I whispered-diarrhea. She didn't care. I had my wadding necktie picked out from the samples of a drummer from Troy."

"From here on—the rear I spoke of, please. There flashed on the scene a man she had known and loved in Jersey City. I said flashed. He did. I said that. A swell dresser—say, he had John Deere boots, by the way, and a purple frock coat. No use. He outdressed me. I saw that Arabella's love for me was waning. With his charcoal gloved hands that new guy fanned the ancient flame."

He paused. Emotion—or the smoke of the cigar—choke him.

"Let's make the short story shorter," he said. "She threw me over. I was blue, bitter. I resolved on a dreadful coup—in the night, I wrote her a letter and carried it down to the box and posted it. Life without Arabella, said the letter, was Shakespeare with Hamlet left out. It blined at the river, carbolic acid, revolvers. Yes, I posted it. And then?—well, you've got me beat a mile, old man," he said.

"You don't mean to say," began the other, "that you were a madman?"

"Oh, that's all right," Mr. Bland assured him. "I don't believe every word of it. I'm all as real as the haberdashery to me. I'll keep my eye peeled for novelists. What gets me is, when you pull our two by eight stories down. 'Yes, come here by night. You want to be alone. We can't be alone here together. One of us must clear out.' 'Nonsense,' answered Billy Magee. 'I'll be glad to have you here. Stay as long as you like.'"

The haberdasher looked Mr. Magee fully in the eye. He saw in the latter's face the quality he saw in the other's face—courage.

"The point is," said Mr. Bland, "I don't want you here. Why? Maybe because you recall beautiful dainties on book covers and in that way, Arabella, maybe—but what's the use? I put it simply. I got to be alone—alone on Baldpate mountain. I won't put you out tonight."

"See here, my friend," cried Mr. Magee. "You're green as turnip greens. You won't put me out tonight or tomorrow. I'm here to stay. You're welcome to stay with me. I know you're a man of courage, but it would take at least ten times of courage to put me out of Baldpate Inn."

They stood eyeing each other for a moment. Bland's thin lips twisted into a sneer. "Well, see," he said. "Well, settle all that in the morning. He took on a more friendly aspect. 'I'm going to pick out a downy couch in one of the rooms. Say, I could give you a blanket like a long lost friend.' Mr. Magee professed some of the cover that Quilby had given him and accompanied Mr. Bland to cut 10 across the hall. With a brisk good night Mr. Magee returned to No. 7.

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Baldpate mountain, with a gasp, "I tried to shut the door with a table fork. The wrath of the world swept down upon me. I was deluged with telegrams, editorials, letters, denouncing me. I had fixed my mind on waiting for the end, but my wife turned on me, saying that while we did not ask me to find her views on the question of suicide, she thought I might at least refrain from publicly commending a type of woman found chiefly in musical comedy burlesques. I received a note from the president of the university asking me to be more circumspect in my remarks. Mr. Magee Bolton—the most conservative man on earth by instinct!

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CHAPTER IV

Bland and Subjunctives

MR. MAGEE slipped into his dressing gown, seized a candle and, like the boy in the nursery rime with gas engine and a pipe shoe on ran into the hall. All was silent and dark below. He descended to the landing and stood there, holding the candle high above his head. It threw a dim light as far as the bottom of the stairs, but quickly lost the battle with the shadows that lay beyond.

"Hello," the voice of Bland, the haberdasher, came out of the blackness. "The Goddess of Liberty, as I live! What's your next intimation?"

"There seems to be something doing," said Mr. Magee.

Mr. Bland came into the light, partially disrobed, his revolver in his hand.

"Somebody trying to get in by the front door," he explained. "I shot at him to scare him away. Probably one of your novelists."

"Or a robber," remarked Mr. Magee, coming down.

"No," answered Bland. "I distinctly saw a derby hat."

With Mr. Magee descended the yellow candlelight, and brushing aside the shadows of the hotel office, it revealed a man in a dark suit, a white shirt, and a white necktie.

"I am seated back of a desk on a platform in a bare yellow room. In front of me, tier on tier, sit a hundred of your novelists. I am trying to tell them something of the idea of poetry that marked the rebirth of the Saxon genius. They are bored. I—well, gentlemen in confidence, even the mind of a college professor has been known to wander at times from the subject in hand. And then I begin to read a poem—a poem descriptive of a woman dead 600 years and more. Ah, gentlemen—"

He sat erect on the edge of his seat. Back of the thick leaves of his spectacles he had eyes that still could flash.

"This is not an era of romance," he said. "Our people grub in the dirt for the dollar. Their visions perish. Their souls grow stale. Yet now and then, at most inopportune times, comes the flash that reveals to us the glories that might be."

Mr. Bland wrapped his gay quilt more securely about him. Mr. Magee smiled encouragement on the newest mountaineer.

"I shall be brief," continued Professor Bolton. "Heaven knows that pedagogic room was no place for visions, nor were those athletic young men fit companions for a soul gone giddy. Yet I lost my head. As I read on there returned to my heart a glow I had not known in forty years. The bard spoke of her hair."

Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wires, about her shoulders, were loosely shed. And I saw, in a dream, a vision, I can trust you, gentlemen—a girl in the distance, lost no time in warning me."

Mr. Magee passed, chuckling inwardly. He stood looking down at the lovelorn haberdasher. The latter got to his feet and solemnly took Magee's hands. "I am a fool," he said.

"You don't mean to say," began the other, "that you were a madman?"

"Oh, that's all right," Mr. Bland assured him. "I don't believe every word of it. I'm all as real as the haberdashery to me. I'll keep my eye peeled for novelists. What gets me is, when you pull our two by eight stories down. 'Yes, come here by night. You want to be alone. We can't be alone here together. One of us must clear out.' 'Nonsense,' answered Billy Magee. 'I'll be glad to have you here. Stay as long as you like.'"

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He Recklessly Reordered a Hole Through the Crown of His Hat.

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Wisely Professor Bolton blinked about him. Mr. Bland was half asleep in his chair, but Mr. Magee was quick with sympathy.

"Professor," he said, "you are a much suffering man. I feel for you. Here, I am sure, you are safe from reporters, and the yellow journals will soon forget you in their discovery of the next distorted wonder. Briefly, Mr. Bland and myself will out of our own accord something that brought us to the inn."

"Briefly is right," broke in Bland. "And then it's me for that mountainous mattress of mine. I can rattle my story off in short order and give you the fine points tomorrow. Up to a short time ago—"

But Billy Magee interrupted. An idea, magnificent, delicious, mirthful, had come to him. Why not? He chuckled inwardly, but his face was most serious. "I am going to tell you my story, if you please," he said.

The haberdasher grunted. The professor nodded. Mr. Magee looked Bland squarely in the eye, straightened the laugh inside and began:

"Up to a short time ago I was a haberdasher in the city of Trenton. My name, let me state, is Magee—William Magee. I stood the gay-shoulder blades of Trenton with clothing from the back of pages of the magazines, and as for neckties—"

Mr. Bland's sly eyes had opened wide. He rose to a majestic height—majestic considering the bedquilt.

"See here," he began.

"Please don't interrupt," requested Mr. Magee sweetly. "I was, as I have said, a happy, carefree haberdasher. And then she entered my life. Arabella was her name. She was your lady of the yellow hair, crisp and golden, with eyes as the misty gray in my presence he compared with Arabella. She had a face—a face—Noah Webster couldn't have found words to describe it. And her heart was true to yours truly—at least I thought that it was."

Mr. Magee rattled on. The haberdasher, his ceiling, and this tragedy watched from him by the humorous Magee, retired with silent faces into the back of the yellow hair, crisp and golden, as the man from Jersey City had said he had had the look of a haberdashery found in the name of the fair Arabella. As he proceeded his eyes stanced triumphantly at Bland. The gentleman was razing thoughtfully at the blinding logs.

"You did quite right," commented Professor Bolton, "in taking up your mind to live. And now, the gentleman in the—er—the bedquilt. Has he, too, a story?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Magee, "let's hear from the gentleman in the bedquilt. Has he, too, a story? And if so, what is it?"

He smiled delightedly into the eyes of Bland. "What would the haberdasher do, short of a fictional explanation? Would he rise in his wrath and denounce the man who had stolen his Arabella? Mr. Bland smiled back. He stood up, and a contingency that had not entered Mr. Magee's mind came to be.

CHAPTER V

A Professional Mercantile Appearance

MR. BLAND walked calmly to the table and picked up a popular novel that lay thereon. On its cover was the picture of a very beautiful maiden.

"See that dame?" he inquired of the professor. "Sort of makes a man sit up and take notice, doesn't she? Even the fishermen haberdashers, as you call them, admit that in some ways she has got a certain piquet looking like a good chrome in your grandmother's parlor on a rainy afternoon. Ever get any notion of what the guy a picture like that boots a novel in the line of sales?"

Mr. Bland continued. Mr. Magee looked back, vexed, in his chair. "Ever get any notion of what the guy a picture like that boots a novel in the line of sales?"

Up to the time that story appeared I had no time to visit my own office. The blinding light of the sun, the light of heaven. I slept at last.



He Wouldn't Wonder round none, he said, 'What might fall down none.'

tried to shut the door with a table fork. The wrath of the world swept down upon me. I was deluged with telegrams, editorials, letters, denouncing me. I had fixed my mind on waiting for the end, but my wife turned on me, saying that while we did not ask me to find her views on the question of suicide, she thought I might at least refrain from publicly commending a type of woman found chiefly in musical comedy burlesques. I received a note from the president of the university asking me to be more circumspect in my remarks. Mr. Magee Bolton—the most conservative man on earth by instinct!

"And still the denunciations of me poured in; still women's clubs held meetings toasting me with my wife's name; a stream of reporters sowed through my life, urging me to state my views further, to name the ten greatest blonds in history, to—heaven knows what. Yesterday I resolved I could stand it no longer. I determined to go away until the whole thing was forgotten. But they said to me, 'There is no place on land or sea where the reporters will not find you. Call the editor of the paper with my old friend, John Bentley, owner of Baldpate Inn, and be in his kindness gave me the key to this hotel.'"

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