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CANADIAN NORTHERN

PICTON FALL FAIR

SEPTEMBER 22, 23, 24

Special Reduced Fares Napanee to Trenton inclusive

Belleville \$1.00 Goo's going Special Train Sept. 24 only. Return Special Train Same Day. All Trains Sept. 25th, 1914

going Sept. 21st to 24th inclusive. Return limit until Sept.

Special Train Service Sept. 24th only For tickets and further information apply to J. A. Burke, Town Agent, or L. W. Buller, Station Agent.

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Most Direct Line to Central Canada Exhibition **OTTAWA**

\$4.10 September 15-17-18 \$5.50 Sept. 11 to 19 inclusive Return Fares from Belleville

All tickets valid returning until Sept. 21, 1914

For tickets and information, call on Burrows of Belleville, C.P.R. Agent.

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Excursion to Valcartier Military Camp

Ouebec and Hotel Lake St. Joseph-\$8.00 Good coing Sept. 17th and 18th only. Return limit until Sept. 23rd, 1914. ttop-over privileges at points East of Ottawa. A La Carte Dining Car Service at Valcartier all day

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\$4.10 -Going Sept. 15, 17, 18 only. \$5.50-Going Sept. 11 to 19 inclusive Return limit until Sept. 21st. 1914.

The only through service between Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec and Valcarties For Rail and Steamship Tickets and all information apply to J. A. Burke, Town Agent, or L. W. Buller. Station Agent.

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OTTAWA \$4.10 Sept. 15-17-18 \$5.50 Sept. Il to 19 inclusive

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WESTERN FAIR. LONDON Fare and One-third September 11-12-13-14-18 Special Excursion Days

Return limit Sept. 21st, 1914.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION

OTTAWA Fare and One-Third Daily until Sept. 19th Special Excursion Fares Sept. 15-17-18 Return Limit September 21st, 1914

WESTERN FAIR, LONEON Sentember 12-13-14 and 18. Special Excursion Fares September 15-16.17 Return limit Sept. 21st, 1914

S. BURHOWS, CENERAL ACENT, BELEEVILLE



September 18th and 19th

\$3.35 Good going Sept. 17th to 19th, inclusive Return limit until Sept. 21st, 1914.

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE Sept. 19th only .4 46 p m

Grand Trunk Timetable. GOING BAST 18-12.30 a.m. Mail train daily. 16-2.08 a.m. fast train (Flyer 32—Local for Brockville 7. a.m. e back from Brockville 8.50 p.m. except Sunday. 6—11.10 a.m. Mail and Express

19-2.15 a.m. Mail and Express lly.

No. 13—4.35 a.m. Ltd Express daily.

No. 29—7.50 a.m., Local Passenger,

lly except Sunday, leaving Toronto

p.m. arrives in Be-fleville at 9.25p.m.,

rives in Kingston at 11.05 p.m. daily

No. 1—1.50 p.m. International Limited 7-4.55 p.mm. Mail and Express 27-11.15 a.m. Passenger. daily

BELLEVILLE and MADOC GOING NORTH. Leave Ar. Madoc. . 7.50 p.m. 7.50 p.m. 12.11 p.m. 1.50 p.m. GOING SOUTH. Arrive Lv. Madoc ..9.15 a.m. 7.15 a.m. ..4.50 p.m. 8.20 p.m. BELLEVILLE AND PETERBORO

GOING WEST. Passenger GOING EAST. Arr. Lv. Peterboro4.15 p.m. 8.20p.m. 1.30 p.m.

Canadian Pacific Timetable.

GOING WEST. Ottawa—Toronto Express, daily except Sunday.
Leaves Ottawa 10 a.m., leaves Belleville 2.54 p.m., arrives Toronto 6.50 p.m. GOING EAST. Belleville Local, daily except Sunday.
Leaves Toronto 6.30 p.m. arrives Belleville 10.25 p.m.
Toronto—Ottawa Express, daily except Sunday. Leaves Toronto 8.05 a.m., leaves Belle-ville 11.58 a.m., arrives Ottawa 4.50 p.m.

Canadian Northern Timetable. Effective September 14.

For Toronto and Intermediate Stations 6.40 a.m. and 5.15 p.m.

For Trenton, Wellington, Picton and Intermediate Stations.

6.40 a.m., 12.40 noon, 6.22 p.m.

For Marmora, Bannockburn, Bancroft, Maynooth and Intermediate stations.

For Deseronto, Napanee; also Bay of Quinte stations

10.35 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 9.40 p.m.

For Kingston, Brockville, Smith's Falls Ottawa and Intermediate Stations, 1.00 p.m.

TRAINS ARRIVE

TRAINS ARRIVE.

From Toronto and Intermediate Stations 1.09 p.m., 9.40 p.m.

From Picton, Wellington, Trenton etc., 10.35 a.m., 1.00 p.m., 6.05 p.m., 9.40 p.m.

From Napanee, Deseronto, and Intermediate stations 6.40 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 5.15

From Maynooth and Intermediate stations 6.22 p.m.

From Coe Hill and Intermediate stations 5.15 p.m.

From Kingston, Brockville, Smith's Falls, Ottawa and Intermediate Stations 5.15 p.m.

Trains run daily except Sunday unless otherwise marked. TRAINS ARRIVE. therwise marked. For tickets, rates, folders, and other aformation apply to

J. A. BURKE, city ticket agent 243, Front Street Belleville. I. W. BULLER, Station Agent, Belleville, Ont.

Seven Kevs Baldpate

EARLI DERR BIGGERS

Copyright, 1915, by the Bobbs-Merrill

"So you're going to sit up there and reckon you'll be left to yourself, all

"I hope so," responded Mr. Magee.
"I want to be so lonesome I'll sob myself to sleep every night. It's the only road to immortality. Goodby, Mrs. Quimby. In my fortress on the mountain I shall expect an occasional culinary message from you." He took her plump hand. This motherly little woman seemed the last link binding him to the world of reality. "Goodby," smiled Mrs. Quimby. "Be

careful of matches." Mr. Quimby led the way with the lantern, and presently they stepped out upon the road.

"By the way, Quimby," remarked Mr. Magee, "is there a girl in your town who has blue eyes, light hair and the general air of a queen out

"Light hair!" repeated Quimby. "There's Sally Perry. She teaches in the Methodist Sunday school." "No," said Mr. Magee. "My de-

scription was poor, I'm afraid. This one I refer to, when she weeps, gives the general effect of mist on the sea at dawn. The Methodists do not mo

"I read books, and I read newspa pers," said Mr. Quimby, "but a lot of your talk I don't understand." "The critics," replied Billy Magee

"could explain. My stuff is only for low brows. Lead on. Mr. Quimby." Baldpate inn did not stand tiptee on the misty mountain top. Instead it clung with grim determination to the side of Baldpate, about halfway up, much as a city man clings to the running board of an open street car. This and even as he made it he knew that atmospheric conditions rendered it questionable. For an open street car suggests summer and the ball park; Baldpate inn, as it shouldered darkly into Mr. Magee's ken, suggested win-

ter at its most wintry. About the great black shape that was the inn, like arms, stretched broad verandas. Mr. Magee remarked upon them to his companion.

"Those porches and balconies and things," he said, "will come in handy in cooling the fevered brow of genius. "There ain't much fever in this locality," the practical Quimby assured him "especially not in winter."

Silenced, Mr. Magee followed the daily.
No. 14—12.16 p.m. Express daily
No. 28—5.45 p.m. Mail and Express
daily except Sunday.
No. 30—9.30 p.m. Local Passenger
daily except Sunday.
There Magee produced
front door. There Magee produced
from beneath his coat an impressive

Mr. Magee bade the man good night. key. Mr. Quimby made as though to and listened to the thump of his boots assist, but was waved aside. "This is a ceremony." Mr. Magee

Baldpate inn opening its doors to the great American novel"

He placed the key in the lock, turned it, and the door swung open. The coldest blast of air Mr. Magee had ever encountered swept out from the

"Whew," he cried, "we've discover-"It's stale air," remarked Quimby. "You mean the polar atmosphere." replied Magee. "Yes, it is pretty stale. Jack London and Dr. Cook

have worked it to death." "I mean," said Quimby, "this air has been in here alone too long. It's as stale as last week's newspaper. We couldn't heat it with a million fires. We'll have to let in some warm air from outside first."

"Warm alr-humph!" remarked Mr. Magee. "Well, live and learn." The two stood together in a great bare room. When they stepped forward the sound of their shoes on the hard wood seemed the boom that should wake the dead. "This is the hotel office," explained

Mr. Quimby. At the left of the door was clerk's desk. Behind it loomed a great safe and a series of pigeonholes for front door a wide stairway led to a landing halfway up, where the stairs were divorced and went to the right and left in search of the floor above. Mr. Mages surveyed the stairway crit-

"A great place," he remarked, "to show off the talents of your dressmaker, eh, Quimby? Can't you just see

the stunning gowns coming down that stair in state and the young men be-low here agitated in their bosoms?" "No, I can't," said Mr. Quimby frankly.

"I can't either, to tell the truth,"

was in reality the roof of the tirst | land. floor verands. On this balcony Magee And yet he was alone, intensely, alstood a moment, watching the trees on Baldpate wave their black arms in the wind and the lights of Upper Asque | wan Falls wink knowingly up at him. city with his masterpiece. What a Then he came inside, and his investimanterpiece! As though with a sur-

"Fine," he cried-"a cold plunge in the morning before the daily struggle for immortality begins!" He turned the spigot. Nothing hap-

"I reckon," drawled Mr. Quimby from the bedroom, "you'll carry your cold plunge up from the well back of the inn before you plunge into it. The water's turned off. We can't take hances with busted pipes."

"Of course," replied Mages less blithely. His ardor was somewhat dampened—a paradox—by the failure of the spigot to gush forth a response There's nothing I'd enjoy more than carrying eight pails of water upstairs every morning to get up an appetit for-what? Oh, well, the Lord will provide. If we propose to heat up the great American outdoors, Quimby, I think it's time we had a fire."

Soon Quimby came back with kindling and logs, and subsequently a noisy fire roared in the grate.

"I wouldn't wander round none." he advised. "You might fall down some thing-or something. I been living to these parts off and on for sixty years and more, and nothing like this ever came under my observation before. train.

"What train?" inquired Mr. Magee. "Your train back to New York city," replied Mr. Quimby. "Don't try to Another wait—a long one—ensued. start back in the night. There ain't no The candle sputtered. The young man replied Mr. Quimby. "Don't try to train till morning."

"Ah, Quimby," laughed Mr. Magee, you taunt me. You think I won't stick it out. But I'll show you. I tell you I'm hungry for solitude." "That's all right," Mr. Quimby re-

meals a day off solitude." "I'm desperate," said Magee. "Henry Cabot Lodge must come to me, I say, with tears in his eyes. Ever see the senator that way? No? It isn't going to be an easy job. I must put it over. I must go deep into the hearts of men up here and write what I find. No more shots in the night. Just the adventure of soul and soul. Do you see? By the way, here's \$20, your first week's pay as caretaker of a New

York Quixote." "What's that?" asked Quimby. "Quixote," explained Mr. Magee,
was a Spanish lad who was a little confused in his mind and went about the country putting up at summer re-

"I'd expect it of a Spaniard," Quim by said. "Be careful of that fire. I'll be up in the morning." He stowed away the bill Mr. Magee had given

and the closing of the great front door. From his windows he watched told him, "some day Sunday newspa- the caretaker move down the road without looking back, to disappear at last in the white night.

Throwing off his great coat, Mr. Ma gee noisily attacked the fire. The blaze flared red on his strong, humorous mouth, in his smiling eyes. Next in the flickering half light of suit he distributed the contents of his trav eling bags about. On the table he placed a number of new magazines and a few books.

Then Mr. Magee sat down in the big leather chair before the fire and caught his breath.

Yes, here he was, and here was th olitude he had come to find. Mr. Ma gee looked nervously about, and the smile died out of his gray eyes. For the first time misgivings smote him Might one not have too much of a good thing? A silence like that of the tomb had descended. He recalled sto ries of men who went mad from lon What place loneller than this? The wind howled along the balcony: it rattled the windows. Outside his doo lay a great black cave, in summer gay with men and maids, now like Cru soe's island before the old man lan

"Alone, alone; all, all alone," quoted Mr. Magee. "If I can't think bere it will be because I'm not equipped with the apparatus. I will, I'll show the gloomy old critics! I wonder what's doing in New York?"

New York! Mr. Magee looked at his watch. Eight o'clock. The great street was ablaze. The crowds were parad ing from the restaurants to the theaters. The electric signs were pasting lurid legends on a long suffering sky the taxis were spraying throats with gasoline; the traffic cop at Broadway and Forty-second street was madly earning his pay. Mr. Magee got up and walked the floor. New York!

Probably the telephone in his rooms
was jangling, vainly calling forth to

sport with Amaryllis in the shade of "I can't either, to tell the truth," laughed Billy Magee. He turned up his collar. "It's like picturing a summer, girl sitting on an iceberg and swinging her openwork hosiery over the edge. I don't suppose it's necessary to register. I'll go right up and select my apartments."

It was upon a suit of rooms that bory the number seven on their door that Mr. Magee's choice fall. A large parior with a fireplace that a few blasing logs would cheer, a bedroom.

Magee who sat alone in the silence on Baldpate mountain. Few knew of his departure. This was the night of that stupid attempt at theatricals at the Plass, stupid in itself, but gay, almost giddy, since Helen Faulkner was to be there. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of that stupid attempt at the stroid in itself, but gay, almost giddy, since Helen Faulkner was to be there. This was the night of that stupid attempt at the stroid in itself, but gay, almost giddy, since Helen Faulkner was to be there. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club. This was the night of the dinner to Carey at the club.

whose bed was destitute of all save mattress and springs, and a bathroom comprised his kingdom.

Mr. Magee inspected his apartment. The windows were all of the low French variety and opened out upon a broad snow covered balcony which are the control of the low and the thought cheered Mr. Magee. After all, he was not on a desert is

home until he could go back to the gay gations brought him presently to the geor's knife it would lay bare the tub in the bathroom. Searts of men. No tricks of plot, no

> CHAPTER III. The Crack of a Pistel. R. MAGRE paused. For sharp-ly in the silence the bell of his room telephone rang out. He stood for a moment gas

ing in wonder, his heart beating swiftly, his eyes upon the instrument or the wall. It was a house phone. He knew it could only be rung from the switchboard in the hall below. "I'm going mad already." he remarked and took down the receiver. A blur of talk an electric mutter

ing, a click, and all was still. Mr. Magee opened the door and stepped out into the shadows. He heard a voice below. Noiselessly he crept to the landing and gazed down into the office. A young man sat at the telephone switchboard. Mr. Magee could see in the dim light of a solitary candle that he was a person of rather hilarious raiment. The candle stood on the top of the safe, and the door of the latter swung open. Sinking down on the steps in the dark, Mr. Magee waited.

"Hello," the young man was say-Howsomever, I guess it's all right if ing; "how do you work this thing, Mr. Bentley says so. I'll come up in anyhow? I've tried every peg but the the morning and see you down to the right one. Hello, hello! I want long distance—Reuton, 2876 West-Mr. Andy Rutter. Will you get him for me, sis-

fidgeted in his chair. At last he spoke

"Hello! Andy? Is that you. Andy? What's the good word? As quiet as the tomb of Napoleon? Shall I close up shop? Sure? What next? ponded. "You can't make three square | see here. Andy, I'd die up here! you ever hit a place like this in win ter? I can't-I-oh, well, if he says Yes; I could do that. But no longer. I couldn't stand it long. Tell him that. Tell him everything's O. K. Yes. All right. Well, good night, Andy.

He turned away from the switchboard, and as he did so Mr. Magee walked calmly down the stairs toward him. With a cry the young man ran to the safe, threw a package inside and swung shut the door. He turned the knob of the safe several times; then he faced Mr. Magee. The latter then he faced Mr. Magee. The saw something glitter in his hand, "Good evening," remarked Mr. Ma-

"What are you doing here?" cried the youth wildly. "I live here," Mr. Magee assured him.

"You are facetious." Mr. Magee smiled too. "So much the better. A lively companion is the very sort I to ask you to go first. You know the

way." His right hand sought the pocket into which the revolver had fallen. "You honor my poor and drafty house," said Mr. Magee. "This way." He mounted the stairs. After him followed the youth of flashy habiliments, looking fearfully about him as he went. He seemed surprised that they came to Magee's room without incident. Inside, Mr. Magee drew up an

easy chair before the tire and offered his guest a cigar. "You must be cold," he said. "Sit ere. 'A bad night, stranger,' as they

remark in stories." "You've said it," replied the young man, accepting the cigar. "Thanks." He walked to the door leading into the hall and opened it about a foot. "I'm afraid." he explained jocosely, "we'll get to talking and miss the breakfast bell." He dropped into the chair and lighted his cigar at a candle end. "Say. you never can tell, can you? Climbing up old Baldpate I thought to myself that hotel certainly makes the Sahara desert look like a cozy corner. And here you are, as snug and comfortable lem flat. You never can tell. And vhat now? The story of my life?" (To Be Continued.)

DODDS KIDNEY PILLS

THREE BELEVILLANS WERE DROWNED NEAR BAYSIDE ON SUNDAY

Terrible Triple Tragedy Caused by Careening of Swift-Moving Motor Boat -- Two Men Rescued From Water -- Sixth Remained in Boat.

Fred. Clayton Gerow, 27 years. James White, about 26 years. Clair Jenkins, 22 years.

Fred Palmateer. Harry Symons.

Sudden tilt of fast moving motorboat "Wren" throwing out five men. Norman Hall remaining in

Bay of Quinte, near Baker's

Island, at 5.05 Sunday afternoon. (From Monday's Daily.)

three miles cast of Trenton.

Mr. Norman Hall, a popular young the office at the Quinte. In his office's duties he came in touch with on Front street north of the foot-hundreds of the travelling public who origge, yesterday efternoon took a regret his death. He was in the ofboatload of Belleville friends to Tren- fice yesterday morning. He was not ton. They were Frederick Clayton able to swim.

Gerow, Jimmy White, Clair Jenkins The deepest sympathy of the public Fred. Palmateer, and Harry Symons, goes out to the grief-stricken families. all well-known young men. Shortly The triple drowning is almost the before five o'clock after half an hour's sole topic of talk on the streets to-The triple drowning is almost the stay they left Trenton on their return | day , to Belleville for supper. The bay was as calm as glass and the weather was very mild. The boat was proceeding ton, an expert swimmer, endeavored along at the rate of about sixteen last evening to recover the boadies of miles per hour. Mr. Hall according to the drowning victims. ne statement, who was steering, turn ed to light a cigarette. He had to strike a number of matches as the

wind was strong and Jimmy White made an effort to turn the boat. He touched one of the cords leading to the rudder and the boat listed suddenly. To offset this, White is said to have taken the other cord mixing it a sudden jerk. The "Wren" turned with 'great suddenness, throwing out five of the occupants Hall alone succeeding in remaining in it. After a time he managed to right the boat, which had proceeded quite a distance and the water which had come over the side then reached the engine, causing it to "Won't you come up to my room—it's stall Norman Hall realizing the right at the head of the stairs. I have a fire, you know."

stall Norman Hall realizing the known here makes the following water, turned the boat and paddled as statement. kins to rescue him. They came up once all together and then sank to

tion being taken aboard the tug of the Weddell dredge, which has been work-ing at Baker's Island. The work of searching for the bod-ies of Gerow, Jenkins, and White began immediately. Trenton was notified and Chief Moffatt at once instructed the Belleville police while Mr Robert Weddell telephoned to Hotel Quinte to break the news to Mr. and Quinte to break the news to Mr. and PLAINTIFF SEGURED Mrs. J. Jenkins, parents of Clair. The news spread around the city and in short time dozens of automobiles and

carriages were on their way to the mained there nutil midnight when they returned.

Grappling was continued up till mid-night without success and this morn-ing Mr. Robert Weddell resumed the arch with a great crowd of boats. Mr. Hall came down in the 'Wren" at eleven o'clock and went back a

the fastest on the bay, haying been built for speeding. It was sold last spring by Messrs. G. Ballantyne and James Diamond to Mr. Hall, the present owner.
Six is considered an excessive load

The motorboat "Wren" is

The "Wren" had a narrow beam and was not deep. Three or four would it is said, be sufficient for the boat to

FRED CLAYTON GEROW The loss of the genial Fred Clayton The loss of the genial Fred Clayton Gerow is deep cause for mourning lere. He was the eldest of the family of Mrs. Emma Gerow, who lives at the corner of James and Brock streets He was about twenty-seven years of age and had been working for Mr. Norman Hall all summer. Previously he had been engaged with Mr. Thos. Ramsey. He was however a professional cook and had been engaged on liners on the lakes in that capacity. He lived at his mother's residence.

James White, known in town as opened up territory.

'Jimmy White," was one of the most popular young man in Belleville. He was about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He had no relatives here, his home being in Detroit. He was for some time at the Anglo-Am-erican Hotel and latterly served at the bar in the City Hotel.

Speaking of him this morning, Mr. Truman. proprietor of the "City" said he knew no young man in town whom he liked better than Jimmy White. CLAIR JENKINS

Clair Jenkins, one of the three victims of yesterday's awful tradgedy, was known to most of the citizens of Belleville, his father being Mr. James Jenkins, proprietor of Hotel Quinte, Clair was decidedly popular. He was twenty-two years of age and had lived most of his life in Belleville. He was married and leaves a young widow and one daughter, who is just five months old. On Saturday he had Believille last evening was horror-just moved into his new bone. Bestricken at a message from Trenton sides his parents and family he leaves that three popular young local men had been drowned at 5.05 p.m. off Baker's Island in the Pay of Quinte, both of Belleville.

SHARP STATEMENT

It Shows: That Dodd's Kidney Pills Are no Faith Cure.

Patrice Cotc had Kidney Discase-He

Sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills Just to Try Thom-They made Him Well-Petite Vallee, Gaspe Co., Que., Sept.

a fire, you know."

Back into the young man's lean, hawklike face crept the assurance that belonged with the gay attire he wore. He dropped the revolver into his pocket and smiled a sneering smile.

"You gave me a turn," he said "Of course you live here. Are any of the other guests about? And who won the local many and the succession of the said seem to have made for Jenson once all together and then said to rescue him. They came up once all together and then said to cure in the rate has a seem to have made for Jenson once all together and then said to cure in their meighborhood. They had Kidney Disease, they found health. They have proved the kidney Disease is, the cure is the sage.—Dodd's Kidney Pills are no faith to rescue him. They came up once all together and they said to cure in the rate has a cure of the rescue to have made for Jenson on faith the same with the same that of scores of others in their meighborhood. They had Kidney Pills and they found health. They have proved they faund health. Th

kins to rescue him. They came up once all together and then sank to rise no more. After nearly twenty-five minutes of swimming in the cold water. Symons and Palmateer were rescued in an almost exhausted condition being taken aboard the tug of the Weddelt dredge, which has been working at Baker's Island.

The work of searching for the bodies of Gerow, Jenkins, and White her all diseases of the Kidneys or caused in the course just the same.

Podd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure; neither at they any cure-all. Thousands of sefters have tried them who had little faith in them. They found the cure just the same.

Podd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure; neither at they any cure-all. Thousands of sefters have tried them who had little faith in them. They found the cure just the same.

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Podd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure; neither at they any cure-all. Thousands of sefters have tried them who had little faith in them. They found the cure just the same.

Podd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure; neither at they any cure-all. all diseases of the Kidneys or caused by sick Kidneys. The natural way to cure them is to core the Kidneys. Dodd's Kidneys I tills cure the Kidneys.

His Honor Judge Deroche this morning delivered judgment in the action of John Parks vs. R. L. Baker, Andrew Patterson and Mr. Gates, the original directors of the Mohawk Skewer and Dowel Company to re-cover \$100.00 paid for stock in that company alleging fraud in the prospec-tus. The case was tried on Sept. 2nd at eleven o'clock and went back a little later. Harry Symons was driven in a carriage by his father, Mr. Robins a carriage by his father a carr ed for the plaintifi, and Messrs. W. Ferguson K.C., and W. D. M. Shorey for defendants.

Twenty New Towns in British

New station buildings are being completed on the Grand Trunk Pa-cific Railway at the rate of one eaco week. Twenty stations have been erec ted on the main line of the Transcontinental in the Province of British Columbia. Development has been very rapid in this territory, cettlers coming in as soon as the steel was laid. These new stationb uildings, which are modern in every respect, include Longworth, Dewey, Lindup, Aleza Lake, Hansard, Urling, Hutton. Nowlands, Guildford, Foreman, Gros-cent Island, Legrand, Giscome, Bend.

capacity. He lived at his mother's residence.

Griefstricken at his death are three brothers, Kenneth, Ross and Bonn, at home, and four sisters, Mrs. Frank Belnap, Hossmore: Mrs. H. Onderdonk, Brockport, N.Y.; Marjosie and Myrtle at home. He was an adherent of West Belleville Methodist Church.

JAMES WHITE

Hotel accommodation is also being provided by private enterprise at the more important points along the line. There as just been opened in Prince Rupert a six storey hotel with 80 bedrooms and good cafe. At Skeens Crossing, B.C., Mile 184, on the Grand Trunk Pacific, the "Copper Tavern" was opened this monta, with 23 bedrooms. These are indications of the increase in travel in the newly opened up territory.

Rooney, Rainbow, Willow Riv Knole and Shelley. Hotel accommodation is also be