COAL Best Scranton \$7.00

cash with order. Car of Windsor

salt just arrived. Highest prices

for Alsike and Red clover, grade

one. Terms Cash. An early set-

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the commercial world. An in-

in attendance over that of last

year proves the growing popu-

larity of our school. What we

have done for others we can do

HOME STUDY COURSES

Lindsay Business College

(Affiliated with Dominion

Correspondence School

A. H. SPOTTON - President

Fall Term Septid

same way. No Stone can conpare

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Durability, Actistic Effects

Arthur Graham,

f LEETWOOD P.O.

GUN REPAIRING

All makes of Guns repaired, Stocks

made for Guns, Skates Sharpened

and Repaired, Saws Gummed and

Sett. Horse Clippers Sharpened

equal to new, Locks Fitted with

Keys, Cream Seperators Repaired,

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Next Post Building, Lind sa

NOMINATION MEETING

Township of Mariposa

Notice is hereby given that a meet-

ing of Electors will be held at

OAKWOOD

In the Town Hall

Friday, Dec. 22

1911 between the hour of one and

wo o'clock in the afternoon, for the

ourpose of Nominating Candidates

or the office of Reeve, Deputy

Reeve and Councillors for the town-

ship of Mariposa for the year 1912.

If a greater number of Candid-

ates are nominated than are req-

nired to be elected. Polls will be

opened at the polling places for

each of the Polling Sub-Divisions

Monday, Jan. 1

12 the Polls to continue open from

clock in the morning until 5

lock in the afternoon and no

Dated this 5th day of December 1911

ANADA PAINT CO'S LIQUID PAIN

"Prism Brand"

Jesse B. Weldon

Returning Officer

within said Township, on

General Machine Repairs at

119 %

INVESTMENT

solicited.

crease of

. 11, 1912

ear-\$4,140,944 ease-\$5,003,692

Read Mixed Paint McLennan Co CDGETTS

FRANK TALK.

Flour and Coal "What we have got to come to is this: to recognize either that want arbitration and a peaceful set-Five Rose Flour \$3.00 tlement k disputes or that we don't. Royal Household......3.90 And we have got to mean business Purity 3.00 when we go into arbitration. This you lose' will make no progress in a Harvest Queen2.75 Christian civilization. It is not Big Diamond...... 2 85 possible that we should win in every Thistle-down.....2.75 case."

These words are from the address by President Taft at the Citizens' Peace banquet in New York. They Rolled oats, 90 ibs 2.75 seem to be the very words that were particularly needed for the occasion. There is too much of the "heads I win, tails you lose' spirit in the conduct of both nations and individuals. If the peace movement is to make real progress there must be a large element of sincerity in it as well as of expediency. The encouraging thing is that President Taft, who is so prominently connected with the movement, appears to be sincere enough to be frank.

Electric Restorer for Men Phosphonol restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at ence. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box. or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug 100., \$7. Catharines, Ont.

A. Higinbotham, druggist.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the matter of the estate George Wellington Switzer, late the Township of Fenelon, deceased Notice is hereby given that parties having claims against estate of the late George Wellington Switzer, who died on or about the tenth day of October, A.D. 1911, at the Township of Fenelon, in the contests in the province Monday insend by post prepaid or deliver to McLaughlin, Peel, Fulton & Stinson of Lindsay, Solicitors for Elizabeth Ann Switzer, Administratrix of the estate of the said deceased, their names and addresses and full particulars in writing of all their claims and accounts and the nature of the security, if any, held by them. And take notice that after

first day of February, 1912, the said Elizabeth Ann Switzer will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled Everlasting Memorials, thereto, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice, and that the said 'I find a White ministratrix will not be liable Bronze Monu- the said assets or any part thereof, ment in Simpson, to any person of whose claim shal, not then have received notice. Dated at Lindsay this 29th day of December, 1911. old and as nice McLaughlin, Peel, Fulton & Stinson,

and perfect as the Solicitors for Administratrix. day it was set". C. B. Nay, Fair-meunt, W. Va. TUESDAY, JANUARY 23. - BY Geo. Jackson, auctioneer. Sale of larm stock and implements, Slate, sandstone, property of Samuel Endicott, lot brownstone and 26, con. 6, Ops. Sale at 1 o'clock marble have all and without reserve, as Mr. Enproved failures. Granite is going

dicott has rented the farm.

LOST .- ON WINTER FAIR DAY, Dec. 19, two five dollar bills and a one dollar bill.

STRAYED .- FROM THE PREMISES of the undersigned, lot 16, con. 6. Fenelon, some time in August, two sheep and three lambs. sheep were marked on both with niches. The lambs had marking. Anyone knowing whereabouts of the above please communicate with Moore, Powles' Corners.

FARM FOR SALE .- ADJOINING the corporation, containing hundred acres, good buildings, chard, well-cultivated, ready crop, and considered one of best money-making farms in county. Terms to suit buyer. Apply to F. H. Kidd, or A. Marshall, Real Estate Agents, 91 Kent-

SHORTHORN DULLS FOR SALE .all "Strathallans". No better lo: can be seen in any one stable. Considering their superior breeding, and individual excellence, the pritto tre low. They are 12 to months in . . . & D. J. Carapbell, Fairview Parm, Woody Ile, Ont.

TUESDAY, JAN. 16.-BY ELIAS peace after storm stole over us with Bowes, auctioneer. Sale of farm the coolness and the green dusk and stock and implements, the property of Roblio Anderson, lot 6, con. 5, Fenelon. Sale at one o'clock

FOR SALE .- ON SHORE OF LAKE Scugog, (Ball Farm), sawmill and saw, cuts 30-ft. log, all in good order. Also one portable engine, in good ranning order. Will sell separate if required. Make offer. Address Capt. Ball, 658 Gladstone

Ave., Toronto. AUSTION SALE OF FARM STOCK and implements, at lot 9, con. 12, Emily, on Friday, Jan. 12, 1912, at one o'clock, the property of Mr. Thos. Houlihan, Elias Bowes,

Bowes, auctioneer. UNRESERVED CREDIT SALE OF pure-bred stock, etc., consisting of 11 pure-bred Durham cattle and 17 grade cattle, at lot 21, con. 7, Mariposa, on Wednesday, Jan. 21, one o'clock, the property of Mrs. Jas. Webster, George Jackson, auctioneer.

FARM FOR SALE .- TO CLOSE the estate of the late James Wood there is offered for sale that valuable farm in the township of Hope, Durham county, Ont., 300 acres clay loam, 250 acres cleared, 50 acres virgin pine, hemlock ' and hardwood, all well fenced. Splendid 12-roomed brick house, furnace heated, barn 40 x 110 feet; full stone foundation and stables; also barn 38 x 60 feet; farm well watered, running stream. All fall work ploughing done; 30 acres planted in fall wheat; 70 acres meadow; convenient to railway. when I tasted the stuff in my glass Port Hope 12 miles, Peterboro 18 miles. Moderate terms to purchaser. Possession April or sooner. Price \$9,000. R.

FOR SALE - LOT 10, CON. 40 acres adjoining the village Spence, Glenarm, P.O.

Wood, Bailieboro, Ont.

Lady Betty Across the Water.

M. WILLIAMSON

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Fortunately for my peace of mine we didn't stop very long in that fierce street, but cut across again and came out in Fifth avenue, of which one seems to be born knewing a little more than of other streets in America Just as almost every one in English novels lives in Park lane, so all the New Yorkers you read of live in Fifth avenue, and I should have been dis appointed if Mrs. Ess Kay hadn't, be cause in that case I should eventually have to go home without studying home life in the States from the right standpoint.

At first I didn't see where the grand houses I'd heard of kept themselves for everywhere were smart shops and public buildings and-so close now that we could put down our sunshadesmountainous skyscrapers. The shope were beautiful, though Mrs. Ess Kay apologized for them by saving that i was out of season, and I'd never seen so much brilliance of color or variety in a street. I tried to search for the cause of this effect, but I couldn't define it. Perhaps it was partly the clearness of the atmosphere, but there was a great deal more than that. Everything you passed seemed to be pink or pale green or gold or ivory white or ultramarine blue, yet when you really thought it out detail by detail it wasn't. And, though I'd considered the skyscrapers awful from a distance, spinning along at their feet I couldn't deny them a fantastic kind of attrac-At our rate of speed I hadn't to wait

many minutes for the grand Fifth avenue houses, and oh, poor London-poor, dear London! I wanted to fly back and tear down Buckingham palace. Mrs. Ess Kay had always talked about her "New York home," which made it sound rather small and modest, so I was surprised when we stopped before a huge, square pile, built of rich looking, rough brown stones, so nearly the color of a Christmas plum pudding that it made me hungrier than ever to look at it. The house is trimmed with three wide bands of carving, made of the same kind of stone, and there are carved bronze railings and lamps on the

porch, and the front door is carved.

too, like the door of a cathedral. We were let into a vestibule, all colored mosaic and things, and that opened into a big, square, glassed over garden, with a great marble fountain playing in the middle. I never saw such a wonderful place in my life, but until I got used to it, I couldn't help feeling that it was more like a splendid foreign hotel than a mere house. The garden isn't a real garden when you come to examine it, for it's paved with rare stones of different colors. like the jewels in Aladdin's cave, but all around the fountain beautiful flowers are growing and pink and white water lilies float in the marble basin. There are orange trees in pots, and a forest of tall palms, all of which are reflected and repeated over and over again in the mirrors of which the walls are made, and on the little tables standing about here and there among groups of inlaid chairs are bowls overflowing with roses. The roof is a skylight, over which creepers have been trained, so that the light which filters through is a lovely green. No doors are visible at first glance, but when you are initiated, all you have to do is to walk up to the mirror wall, find a gold button, press it and a door opens

the rest of the house is built. "We'll have something to drink here," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "before we take off our things." So we all sat down, among the palms and orange blossoms, and a delicious sense of

into a room as marvelous as the form-

tain court, around which, it seems, all

the perfume of flowers. I supposed that "something to drink' at this time of day meant tea, but almost immediately a footman came through the glass wall, carrying a tray with nothing on it except tall tumblers. There were straws sticking out of the tumblers, and as the man moved i could hear a faint tinkle of ice.

For a minute I was bitterly disappointed, because the thought of tea



had supported me for hours. But wasn't disappointed any longer. had two or three strawberries, s bits of pineapple, and a white grape bobbing about on top, and it was full of chopped ice. I don't know what it was, for nobedy mentioned its name, and I was ashamed to ask, lest fi might seem too ignorant; but it was good, and tasted as if it might have a little wine in it, mixed with Boneld first water and other things. When I had drunk mine, I felt a differ-

ent girl; quite merry and so friendly toward Mrs. Ess Kay. I had never thought her such a nice woman. I a dear fring the half hour of the unaughed at almost everything that she and Sally said, and I said some rather funny things myself. Still, I'm not sure that as a regular thing I wouldn't rather have tea-

We sat resting for some time, though wasn't tired at all now. I could have run a mile, but suddenly I felt a little sleepy, and I was glad when Mrs. Ess Kay proposed to go to our rooms. Leaving the fountain court we came into a hall, hung with tapestry, and from it a wide stairway led us un to a gallery, lighted from the top, which runs all ound the house, with th soors of the bedrooms opening off

Mine is so gorgeous that I haven't known one thoroughly comfy moment in it since I came, except at night when I'm asleep.

One would think, as Battlemead h ranked among the finest old Tudor places in England, and people come on Thursdays and give shillings to see it (a very good thing for us, though it's extremely inconvenient, as it pays for all the gardens and all the servants' wages) that it would be grander than quite a new house, in a country like America. But Battlemead, even in its palmiest days, must have been shabby beside Mrs. Ess Kay's "home" in New

Our grandest bedroom, the one where Queen Elizabeth slept, is quite a dull old hole compared to Mrs. Ess Kay's splendid room. Mine, at home, has all the furniture covered with faded chintz, and the curtains are made of plain white dimity. But I love the deep window seats where I can curl up among cushions, with a cataract of roses veiling the picture of the terrace with its ivy covered stone balustrade, the sundial, the two white peacocks, and far away, the park with a blue mist among the trees. And I haven't learned yet to love my beautiful room at Mrs. Ess Kay's, though I admire it immensely-admire to the verge of

It's pink and white and silver. The carpet is pink and feels like moss, as you step. The wall is covered with pink and silver brocade, except where there are panels with Watteau-like pictures. The curtains are foamy lace. with the pink and silver brocade falling over them. The furniture looks as if it were made of ivory; there's a mirror in three parts, reaching from the floor half way to the ceiling, so that you see yourself in front and two profiles, like astral bodies, things which I've always wanted to cultivate, as they would be so nice for trying on dresses, or making calls on dull people. On the dressing table is another mirror, an oval one, framed with pink roses, each of which has an electric light hidden in its heart, and the bedspread is of pink and silver brocade to match the hangings, with a large. hard roll like an ossified bolster, at the

I believe it's that bed more than any thing else which makes me feel that it's always Sunday in my room at Mrs Ess Kay's. I'm used to old fashioned. ruffly pillows and a plain white coverlet smelling of lavender, on which can flop down whenever I like, to read novel or to have a nice little "weep." But there's no flopping on this gorgeous pink and silver expanse, and it's small consolation to know that no queen of England ever had one as

Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally escorted me to my room when I came to it first After I'd admired everything enough to satisfy them, I was taken to see the bathroom adjoining, and then a kind of wardrobe room opening out of that. I was almost prostrated by the magnificence of both, which pleased Mrs. Ess Kay very much, and in the grand wardrobe room, smelling deliciously, though faintly, of cedar, my poor boxes-already arrived-looked mean and insignificant. Mrs. Ess Kay's and Sally's huge "Innovations" would have been much more appropriate than my dress baskets, which had been squashed into lopsided deformity under heavier things in the

Louise was on the scene armed with my keys and Mrs. Ess Kay wouldn't hear of letting me do anything myself. "Now, I'll explain why I had to desert you on the dock," she said. "Or perhaps I needn't explain. If you watch Louise unpacking for a few minutes you'll see for yourself. And I do hope, sweet child, that you'll excuse my taking a liberty."

This made me curious. Louise opened one of my boxes which had had been labeled "Not Wanted," and I could hardly believe my eyes when she lifted out an exquisite poppy colored chiffon, embroidered with sprays of golden helly and berries made of some gleaming red jewel.

"Why, there's been some extraordinary mistake!" I exclaimed. "That can't be my box. I've no such dress.' "I know, love, but I have," said Mrs. Ess Kay, "and, thanks to you, I've got it and several others through without paying duty. I thought you wouldn't mind, you're such a dear pet and it's been such an accommodation. Not that I care about the money, but I do love to get the best of those fiends at the custom house, and I have, for once. You see, it was like this: When Louise went to the baggage room to get out some things for you I had them put in my trunks afterward and some of my dresses changed into yours, as your frocks had all been worn and mine hadn't. I told Louise to put my things down at the bottom, some in each of your trunks, and I was pretty sure the man wouldn't touch them, as you're a British subject. I trusted to luck that you'd be too cute to say anything and give me away if you saw the dresses while your trunks were being exam ined, but I just hoped he wouldn't dig down to them. I dared not tell you what was going on, as Sally said I enght to. because if I had you might with me the fiends might have caught | wi,l covet. on to our little game, they're so suspi clous, but where you were they never suspected any connection between us. You're just a dear."

I had been a dear in spite of myself. but there was no use in making a fuss. now the dearness was all over, whatever I might have done if I'd known befor hand that I was to be a cat's paw. Perhaps if I hadn't been given the iced stuff with the strawberries

might have been crosser; but, fortified by that I lived up to my reputation as

When my frocks all hung in a row fike Bluebeard's wives, in the cedar wardrobe, and I was left zlone with them at last, my first thought was to stange my imprisoned roses in water, my second, to do the same with my-

The hope of tea (which hadn't been fulfilled) and a bath had kept me alive through those two hot hours on the dock, and now I could choose between several kinds of bath, each one more luxurious than any I had ever known. At home there's either the big bath, in the bathroom, or there's a tub in your bedroom, so it doesn't take you long to make up your mind which you wil have. But here there were so many things I could do that I grew quite confused among them. There was the big bath, so big that

of our big ones at Battlemead ould have gone into it, and instead of climbing ignominiously in in the ordinary way you walked down several glittering white marble steps. It was very alluring, but as the marble tank was so vast I feared I might have to spend all the rest of the afternoon getting it full of water. It seemed impertinent to make a convenience of such a splendid, early Roman sort of receptacle for a mere five minutes splash. A bath of such magnificence ought, I felt, to be what Americans call a "function," a ceremony for which you would prepare with perfumed ointments and ambergris and protract for half a day at least, not to be wasteful. Then there was the capor bath, which you took in a kind of box with a hole for your head to stick out; a porcelain sitz bath and a mysterious shower bath into which you secretively retired behind canvas curtains shaped like a sentry box. I dared not try the vapor for fear

should be steamed like a potato, the sitz seemed as inadequate as a thwarted ambition, and to turn on the shower without knowing how much it could lo or how soon it could be stopped appeared a desperate adventure. After all, I thought, it was less worrying with us. Here, whichever thing you chose, you would probably wish you had had the other, whereas at home you did what you could and were perfectly satisfied.

I decided that I would toss up a coin; heads the big marble tank, tails the shower. It came tails, and I had a dreadful qualm, but, noblesse oblige one must be sporting. So I was, only the hot water wouldn't come and ap parently there was ice in the cold which wouldn't stop coming, and it was very violent. I screamed once and Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally and Louise ran to the door, which was embarrassing, but fortunately I'd locked it, and they told me how to stop the iced water. When it was all over I felt like a marble statue for hours. Dinner was at half past 7, which

seemed odd in such a grand palace of a house, because of course at home, for some extraordinary reason unless you are in the middle classes, you never have an appetite before 8 at the very earliest. If you're in France or other countries on the continent you can be hungry sooner, and evidently it is the same in America. Perhaps, if I were scientific, I should be able to classify these differences as natural phenome-

I had dressed myself early and was ready a little after 7, because 1 thought it would be nice to sit in the fountain court, but just as I was go ing down Louise knocked at the door. "I have come to help miladi and to bring her these flowers," said she. "They are with a million compliments

from monsieur the Lieutenant Parker. the brother of madame." "But I have never met him," I said. gazing with wonder upon a group (bunch is too mean a word) of mammoth pink roses, with thickly leaved stems longer than walking sticks. There were at least a dozen of these splendid creatures, loosely held together by trails of pink satin ribbon, wide enough for a sash. I had never dream-

ed of such roses. I almost expected

them to speak. "Miladi and the lieutenant will meet at dinner," explained Louise. "It is an American custom that the messieurs send always flowers to the ladies. Mme. and Mile. Woodburn have received bouquets also, but these roses for miladi are the most beautiful. Is it miladi's wish that I untie the ribbon and take out one or two for her to

carry?" I was on the point of saying "Yes," because the flowers were so lovely and because it would please Mrs. Ess Kay, but on second thoughts I said "No," thanking Louise and asking her to put the creatures' feet in water. Perhaps it would be as well, I reminded myself, to see this brother of Mrs. Ess Kay's (of whose existence I'd never beard) before I went about armed with his roses. I had already tucked the white bud which had come to me on the dock like a dove with an olive branch into the low neck of my frilly white muslin frock, and I gave it no

"Has madame gone down?" I asked, for it occurred to me that it would be awkward to find myself alone for nearly half an hour with a strange man. "I think madame will be in the hall," said Louise. And, satisfied, I descended in a stately way suited to the house into the fountain court. Nobody was there, however, except a young man in evening dress, who jumped up from a chair and set down a small glass out of which he had been drink-

"Allow me to introduce myself," said he. "I know you must be Lady Betty Bulkeley. My name is Potter Parker."

(To be continued.)

An Ohio woman who has just celebrated her hundredth birthday claims have refused or else spoiled everything that she has never been kissed. She by being self conscious. If you'd been holds a record that few of her sex

> voluntary petition in bankruptcy in winds took from its perch on New York. His debts include

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The place to come when you want a really High-Grade Piano or Organ at a reasonable price. Terms to suit your position. Best makes of Sewing Machines

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TAKE A LOOK AT OUR **ADVERTISEMENT**

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We don't bother making Sales every month, but once a every year after Christmas we always clean up our stock and sell it at very lowest possible figures.

We never keep goods from one season to another if we can help it, so it will pay you to come and look over our stock when you will get greater bargains than ever before. We have quite a stock of fur lined coats, Ladies' and Genti-

lemen's and we reduce them from 10 to \$15 a piece. We also have a large stock of Ladies' Marmot furs which we sell at 35. per cent off and when I say 35 per cent off I mean it. So call and see our stock.

J. HOUZER Ladies' and Gent's Furnisher NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE

E wouldn't sell you poor tailoring any more than we would give you counterfeit money. If you once try our tailoring you will will remain a customer. Put us to the test. . .

W. G. Blair & Son Ladies and Gentlemens Tailor

British, French and Russian bankers are to organize a syndicate with capital of \$500,000 to carry out a survey of a proposed trans-Persian Is Always Begun Well Where

Opposite LINDSAY Cemetery

YELVERTON. Yelverton, Jan. 5 .- Quite a number of our young people attended the basket social at Lotus on Friday last. All report a good

Miss H. Henders and her friend Miss Mathol has returned to the city again, after spending a Merry Christmas with Yelverton friends. Mrs. George Page left here on Thursday to visit her mother resides in Toronto. Miss May Calver, of Toronto, is | Ber 217 visiting her aunt Mrs. J. M. Potter

M. J. Evans is busily engaged re-Sydney Drew, the actor, has filed a pairing his windmill which the high a nesday last.

Squier & Flavelle. Mr. E. and R. Henry visited with their studies at the L.C.I. friends at Blackwater over

Mr. E. Stacey was in Pontypoo Thursday on business.

HAPPY NEW YEAR Music dwells

Then come to us and we will make you glad. Why? Because we have -THE GOODS- that will please, the goods that will last, and we sell at VERY RIGHT prices.

Terms of payment given when required? We carry different good makes of PLANOS and URGANS, also CANAD-IAN and AMERICAN Sewing Machines. We have the BELL PIANOS and ORGANS (made to last a lifetime)

Columbian gramaphones records and needles.

Warren's Piano Store who | Wm. St. Opposite St Andrew's Church Phone I3I-L

Miss A. F. Finnie has again re sumed her duties for another term. Mr. R. B. McGill is in Woodville Mr. Austin Stacey and Mr. Ruthtract held by A. J. Small, of To- district at present in the interest of erford Heaslip returned to Lindsay

says she doesn't care how she looks

SSONS and fingering

ome stiffnes me weaknes proper accenxpression

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> \$9.14 Patents 9.46 Not Ps

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ounty of Victor ounty of Victor will proceed land, for the bove set out, es and costs ndsay, in the

County Treasure mber 23rd 1911

1911, Being Year-\$608,050

Year-\$858,050 ear-\$6,753.267

AGI R *******