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SALE REGISTER

On Friday, the 24th February, 1911, by Elias Bowes, auctioneer, on lot 19, con. 8, Mariposa, farm stock and implements, the property of Robert Dobson. Stock all good and implements in good repair. Sale at one o'clock and without reserve, proprietor having sold his farm.

On Monday, the 27th February, 1911, by Elias Bowes, auctioneer, on lot 7, con. 11, Mariposa, just east of Peniel, farm stock and implements, the property of William Race. Sale at one o'clock sharp and without reserve as the proprietor has rented his farm.

On Tuesday, the 28th February, 1911, by Elias Bowes, auctioneer, on lot 22, con. 9, Mariposa, farm stock and implements, the property of David Jamieson. Sale at one o'clock sharp.

On Wednesday, the 1st March, 1911, by Elias Bowes, auctioneer, on lot 2, con. 2, Fenelon, near Cambray, farm stock and implements, the property of Mrs. H. Bailey. Sale at one o'clock sharp and without reserve.

MONDAY, FEB. 27—BY W. J. MARquis, auctioneer, credit sale of farm stock and implements, the property of N. Smith, East ½ lot 1, con. 6, Eldon. Sale at one o'clock.

WANTED. — A GOOD GENERAL servant. Apply to Mrs. Rich, Sylvester, Victoria-ave.

FOR SALE — THE STEAMER KAwartha, length 50 feet. For particulars apply to W. Burgoyne & Son, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

LOST—FUR GAUNTLET BETWEEN Mr. Soanes', south of Lindsay and The Butler House last week. Will finder kindly return same to Butler house and receive reward.

FOR SALE. — THREE PUREbred shorthorn bulls. Apply to W. R. Reid, lot 12, con. 9, Ops, Reaboro P.O.

FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1911—By Elias Bowes, auctioneer, sale of farm stock and implements, the property of John Brown, lot 19, con. 1, Ops Sale at one o'clock.

FOR SALE CHEAP — SAWYER Massey outfit, 20 horse power engine. Peerless separator with feeder, and two blowers, Monitor clover huller, with feeder and blower, all in first-class shape. Apply P. Perrin, Cameron, Ont.

WANTED—A QUALIFIED TEACHER for S. S. No. 1, Galway, and Cavendish. Apply at once, stating salary to James Hutchinson, sec.-treas., Gooderham, Ont.

NOTICE TO INVESTORS. — WE have a few first class farm mortgages for sale, which we can dispose of to persons having money for investment to net them 6 per cent interest. These mortgages are guaranteed both as to principal and interest. McLaughlin, Peel, Fulton & Stinson, Barristers, etc., Lindsay, Ont.

FOR SALE.—175 ACRES OF choice farm land, 155 acres under good state of cultivation and ready for crop next year, 15 acres of good hardwood bush, two good wells of water, well fenced, good orchard, good frame buildings, being composed of south half of lot 1 in 3rd con. of Mariposa. Apply to J. and J. McTaggart, Sonya.

WANTED NOW. — FOR LINDSAY and surrounding district for fall and winter months, an energetic and reliable agent to take orders for nursery stock. Good pay weekly. Outfit free, exclusive territory. 600 acres under cultivation. We guarantee to deliver the stock up to contract grade. We can show that there is good money in representing a well known, reliable firm at this time. Established over thirty years. Write for particulars. Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—SOUTH HALF lot 20 con 8 Mariposa, 100 acres good clay loam, all cleared except 14 acres woods. Frame house 30 x 30 and 24 x 16, with good drilled well. Frame barn 60 x 44, water taps and cement floors in stables. Ploughing done, with 18 acres fall wheat and 23 acres fresh alsike seeds. Two miles from Mariposa station and village of Oakwood. Six miles west of Lindsay. Possession this spring. Apply to J. F. Coad, Oakwood.

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The Man From Home

A Novelization of the Play of the Same Name

By BOOTH TARKINGTON and HARRY LEON WILSON

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association

As they looked a piano from the music room that opened upon the terrace broke forth with Chaminade's "Elevation," and Ethel's voice took up the words clearly. The countess turned to her companion.

"She flies to her piano, mon cher. Ah, that is good for our little enterprise, eh? Listen!"

Hawcastle sat down with a grunt of satisfaction.

"It's time! If Almeric had been anything but a clumsy oaf he'd have made her settle it weeks ago."

The woman turned her dark eyes upon him with a flash.

"You are invidious, mon ami. My affair is not settled. Am I a clumsy oaf too?"

The earl laughed quietly.

"No, Helene. Your little American is so in love with you that if you

A young girl followed by three picturesque banditti.

asked him suddenly, 'Horace, is this day or night?' he would answer, 'It's Helene.' But he's too shy to speak. You're a woman; you can't press matters. But Almeric's a man; he can. He can urge an immediate marriage, which means an immediate settlement and a direct one."

Mme. de Champigny picked up a silver fork from the table and examined it carefully.

"It will not be small—that settlement? You have decided what sum?"

Hawcastle looked up sharply and nodded with decision.

"I have—a hundred and fifty thousand pounds!"

From the countess came a gasp of astonishment.

"My friend! Will she?" And she turned and stared at the room where the piano was still playing. Hawcastle laughed grimly.

"Not for Almeric, but to be the Countess of Hawcastle. My ancient sister-in-law hasn't been her chaperon for a year for nothing. And, by Jove, she hasn't done it for nothing, either!"

And this time he laughed quite heartily as with a grim appreciation of the jest.

"But she's deserved all I shall allow her," he resumed. "You see, it was

"She accepted me."

she who found these people. Indeed, we might say that both you and I owe her something. Even a less cautious respectability than Lady Cecilia might have looked askance at the long friendship that has existed between us. Yet she has always countenanced us, my dear, though she must have guessed a great many things. And she will help us to urge an immediate marriage. You know as well as I do that unless it is immediate there'll be the devil to pay. Don't miss that essential. Something must be done at once. We're at the breaking point, if you like the words—a most damnable insolvency."

As he finished speaking the immaculate and vacuous Almeric himself strolled into the terrace and, putting up his glass as he came forward, said softly:

"Hello, governor! Howdy, countess!"

With an affectation of boredom he sprawled into a chair and tapped at his boots with his crop.

"Out riding a bit ago, you know, with Miss Granger-Simpson. Rippin' girl, isn't she?"

His father leaned across the table with tension in every line of him.

"Go on!" he said anxiously, and Almeric looked up at him with a silly smile.

"Didn't stop with her, though."

"Why not?" demanded the earl angrily.

"A sort of man in the village got me to look at a bull terrier pup," Almeric went on, with a yawn. "Wonderful little beast for points. Jolly luck, isn't it? He has got a head on him"—

Hawcastle interrupted savagely.

"We'll concede his tremendous advantage over you in that respect," he said and threw the cigar he had just lighted into the coffee cup.

"Is that all you have to tell us?" implored the countess, with a dramatic gesture, leaning forward. Almeric looked at them with surprise.

"Oh, no!" he said. "She accepted me."

The earl dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief, and the countess clasped her hands ecstatically.

"Enfin! Brava! And will she let it be soon?"

Again Almeric stifled a yawn.

"I dare say there'll be no row about that," he replied. "You see, I've made her awf'ly happy."

"On my soul, I believe you're right," said Hawcastle, "and thank God you are!"

Rising, he walked up and down the terrace and then turned quickly.

"Here's her brother," he said softly. "Attention now!"

CHAPTER VI.

EASY PREY.

USUALLY when a man through inclination or environment decides that the manners of his people will not serve for him and that the customs of the land of his adoption are more applicable to his purpose he outdoes even the natives in his conformation to the existing modes.

Horace Granger-Simpson—the Granger was but a recent innovation due to the belief that Simpson by itself was altogether too hopelessly plebeian to attract even a modicum of attention—had consorted with the gilded youth of several capitals, and his education had progressed to such an extent that the youth of Kokomo would have stoned him instantly upon his arrival at the town depot.

He ambled with a rocking gait, drawn from the guardsmen he had so carefully watched, down the steps of the hotel on to the terrace, and his attire would have attracted notice from a Hindoo idol. He wore spotlessly white flannels, white shoes pipeclayed to a dazzling degree, a thoroughly British straw hat, chamois gloves and a pale blue scarf held together with a massive pearl.

For an instant Mme. la Comtesse looked at him and then, with a little cry of greeting, rushed toward the steps and took both his startled hands.

"Ah, my dear Horace Granger-Seempson!" she said excitedly. "Has your sister told you?"

Horace swallowed once or twice savagely and then made a heroic effort to keep down the radiance that was choking him, made two effectual dabs at his eyes with the handkerchief he took from his sleeve and responded joyfully, though brokenly:

"She has, indeed. I assure you I am quite overcome, my dear friends. Really, I assure you."

With a slivery laugh Mme. de Champigny stepped backward from him, making a little courtesy as she did so. The earl came forward with outstretched hands and grasped one of Horace's between both his own.

"My dear young friend," he said. "Not at all—not at all."

As the remark seemed a trifle ambiguous, Horace looked at him inquiringly, but, reading reassurance in his face, replied instantly:

"I assure you I am. I assure you I am. It's quite overpowering, isn't it?"

With a look of commiseration the countess regarded him and said softly:

"Ah, poor M. Horace!"

From his sprawled attitude in the chair the honorable Almeric drawled a protest.

"I say! Don't take it that way, you know. She's very happy."

Horace recovered himself instantly and crossed the terrace quickly to grasp the hand of the bridegroom to be. The fact that it was as limp as a mackerel did not worry him an instant.

"She's worthy of it—she's worthy of it! I know she is! And when will it be, St. Aubyn?" he said.

"Enchanting!" cried the countess enthusiastically. "So clear is his grasp of the case, eh?"

Hawcastle flashed her a glance and turned to Horace.

"Oh, the date?" he said doubtfully. "I dare say within a year—two years"—

There was another little cry of protest from the countess, and the earl glared at her menacingly. Horace started, too, and seemed to be about to enter a positive objection, but he contented himself with saying:

"Oh, but I say, you know, isn't that putting it jolly far off? The thing's settled, isn't it? Why not say a month instead of a year?"

"Ha-hum!" said the earl. "Oh, if you like! I don't know that there is any real objection."

"I do, indeed," returned Horace. "See here! Why not let them marry here in Italy?"

Hawcastle could scarcely conceal his satisfaction. Mme. de Champigny executed a pirouette on a pas seul behind Horace's back.

"Ah, the dashing methods of you Americans!" retorted the earl sarcastically. "You carry things on so! Next you'll be saying, 'Why not here at Sorrento?'"

"Well, and why not, indeed?" asked Horace instantly.

"And then," went on Hawcastle, smiling, "and then it will be, 'Why not within a fortnight?'"

"Right-o!" cried Horace. "And why not within a fortnight?"

Almeric sat up and stared at his noble father and brother-in-law to be, but the earl smiled once more that cheerful smile and waved a deprecating hand.

"Ah, you wonderful people! You are whirlwinds, yet I see no reason why it should not be in a fortnight."

"Oh, here! I say, you know!" interjected Almeric, heaving himself erect in the chair and waving a protesting crop. The earl turned on him instantly.

"As I say, dear boy, why not?" he inquired suavely, and Almeric wilted immediately.

"Just as you say, governor," he answered meekly.

"Enchanting! Brava!" cried the countess, and Hawcastle again turned to the palpitating Horace.

"My son is all impatience," he murmured, fixing the young man with his eye.

"Quite so, quite so!" answered Almeric dazedly, and his father went on:

"Shall we dispose of the necessary little details at once—the various settlements, and so forth? The—er—settlement" and he lowered himself with a friendly laugh and patted him upon the back. "Of course as men of the world—our world—you understand there are formalities in the nature of a settlement."

Horace, who was in the seventh heaven of delight at the approaching alliance between one of the ancient houses of Kokomo, Ind., and the honorable line of Hawcastle, broke in eagerly:

"Quite so, of course! I know! Certainly! Perfectly!"

"Then we'll have no difficulty about that, my boy. I'll wire my solicitor to-night and he'll be here within two days," said the earl carelessly. "If you wish to consult your own solicitor you can cable him, of course."

Suddenly Horace seemed taken with a fit of embarrassment.

"The fact is, Lord Hawcastle," he said, "I've a notion that our solicitor—Ethel's man of business, that is—from Kokomo, Ind., where our governor lived—in fact, a sort of guardian of hers—may be here at any time. I've heard from friends that he is coming in this direction."

The word had caught Hawcastle's attention, and he leaped at it.

"A sort of guardian? What sort, eh?" he inquired, seemingly taken aback.

"I really can't say," replied Horace apologetically. "Never saw him that I know of. You see, we've been on this side so many years, and there's been no occasion for this fellow to look us up, but he's never opposed anything Ethel wrote for. He seems to be an easy going old chap."

"Hum!" said Hawcastle doubtfully. "Would he consent to your sister's marriage—or the matter of a settlement?"

Horace laughed cheerfully.

"I have no doubt of it. If he has the slightest sense of duty towards my sister he'll be the first to welcome the alliance, won't he?"

"Then when he and my solicitor come they can have an evening together over a lot of musty papers, and the thing will be done. Again, my boy, I welcome you to our family. God bless you!"

He wrung Horace's hand again and turned away as if to hide his emotion, but really to wink at the countess.

"I'm overpowered, you know—really overpowered, you know," stammered Horace, fanning himself desperately with his hat.

"Come, Almeric," said the earl, and as the youth'ul heir to his house arose languidly he sidled close to the countess and whispered to her ear:

"Let him know it's a hundred and fifty thousand."

Then he and Almeric went up the steps into the hotel, leaving Horace and the countess gazing at each other delightedly.

She crossed over to him impulsively and taking both his hands again, said:

(To be continued.)

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FURNITURE UNDERTAKING

SALEM

Salem, Ops, Feb. 21—Miss Ruby Hartley has been holidaying with her cousin Miss Minnie Hartley.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Nelson, of Buffalo spent Thursday evening at the home of Mr. Jno. Peel.

Mrs. Jas. McGill is visiting with her friends here.

Miss Ruby Veals spent the week end at her home.

Mr. Milburn Peel purchased a fine young horse.

Mr. Wilfred Middleton, who spent the summer in the west and purchased a farm there, returned on Saturday with his bride, formerly Miss B. McNeil, of Toronto. Congratulations.

Midst the roaring of the storm on Tuesday another roar was heard but unlike the storm, was accompanied by heat, flames, later by hoarse cries of "Fire! Fire!" The house occupied by Mr. Thos. Reeds took fire while the latter and Mr. Jas. Naylor were preparing a hot dinner. The chimney became on fire, and soon the whole building was enveloped in flames, but not before the boys could dislodge all the furniture and bachelor equipments.

Last Tuesday evening being stormy the attendance at the bible class held at Mr. Chas. Peel's was not large.

BURY'S GREEN

Bury's Green, Feb. 20—Cutting and hauling wood is the order of the day.

The basket social under the auspices of St. John's church held in Lunn's schoolhouse on the 10th inst. proved a decided success. The program given by local talent was well rendered and the baskets sold well. The proceeds amounted to over $25.

Mr. Joe. Southam is busy getting out timber for a new barn next summer.

A large number of young people enjoyed a social evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pogue on Thursday evening of last week. Various games and dancing were indulged in till a very late hour, and everyone went home thanking their host and hostess for their very enjoyable evening.

Quite a number from here attended the Curtiss Bros. sale of live stock, of Red Rock, on Thursday last.

The Rev. Archbishop Reeves, of Toronto, conducted the services in St. Peter's church on Sunday last, and delivered an excellent discourse on home missions.

AND CONDUCTOR ALMOST DIED OF LOCKJAW.

Windsor, Ont., Feb. 20.—A peck on the back of the left hand by a chicken which Godber Jackson, a Grand Trunk freight conductor sustained a few days ago almost resulted in a case of lockjaw. Blood-poisoning set in, but prompt medical aid, it is hoped, has averted the trouble, and Jackson's recovery is expected.

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