

# The Red Year

## STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY

BY LOUIS TRACY

no obstacle to the men of the rank and file. A British private would sit and smoke in solemn and friendly silence with a hook-nosed Afghan, and the two would rise cheerfully after an hour passed in that fashion with nothing in common between them save the memory of some deadly thrust averted when they fought together. The hollow below Hindu Rao's house, the draught of water tendered when one or other lay gasping and almost done to death in a struggle for the village of Subsee Mandar.

The British soldier, who has fought and bled in so many lands, showed his remarkable adaptability to circumstances by the way in which he made himself at home on the reverse slope of the Ridge. A compact town had sprung up there with its orderly lines of huts and tents, its long rows of picketed horses, commissariat bullocks and elephants, its churches, hospitals, playgrounds, race-course and cemetery.

Malcolm took in the general scheme of things while he walked along the Ridge towards the most advanced picket at Hindu Rao's House. On the left front lay Delhi, beautiful as a dream in the brilliant sunshine. The intervening valley was scarred and riven with water-courses, strewn with rocks and covered with ruined mosques, temples, tombs, and houses, and smothered in an overgrowth of trees, shrubs and long grasses. Roads were few, but tortuous paths ran everywhere, and it was easy to see how the rebels could steal out unobserved during the night and creep close up to the pickets before they revealed their whereabouts by a burst of musketry. Happily they never learnt to reserve their fire. Every man would blaze away at the first alarm, and then, of course, in those days of muzzle-loaders, the more resolute British troops could get to close quarters without serious loss. Still the men who held the Ridge had many casualties, and until Nicholson came the rebel artillery was infinitely more powerful than the British. Behind his movable column, however, marched a strong siege train. When that arrived the gunners could make their presence felt. Thus far not one of the enemy's guns had been dismounted.

Frank had ocular proof of their strength in this arm before he reached Hindu Rao's house. The Guides, picturesque in their loose, gray-colored shirts and big turbans, some of their cavalry squadrons over the Ridge on some errand. They moved at a sharp canter, but the Delhi gunners had got the range and were ready, and half a dozen eighteen-pound balls crashed into the trees and rocks almost in the exact line of advance. A couple of guns on the British right took up the challenge, and the duel went on long enough for the Guides were swallowed up in the green depths of the valley.

At last Malcolm stood in the shelter-trench of the picket and gazed at the city which was the hub of the Mutiny. Beyond the high, red-brick walls he saw the graceful dome and minarets of the Jumma Masjid, while to the left towered the fringing battlements of the King's palace. To the right again, and nearer, was the small dome of St. James's Church with its lead roof rattled then, as it remains to this day, with the bullets fired by the rebels in the effort to dislodge the ball and cross which surmounted it. For the rest his eyes wandered over a noble array of mosques and temples, flat-roofed houses of the wealthy merchants who dwelt in the imperial city.

The far-flung panorama behind the walls had a curiously peaceful aspect. Even the puffs of white smoke from the guns, curling upwards like tiny clouds in the lazy air, had no tremors about a heavy shot hurled overhead or struck a resounding blow at the already mined walls of the big house near the post.

"The first were on picket that day, and one of the men, speaking with a strong Gloucestershire accent, said to Malcolm:

"Well, zur, they say we'll be a-oot in there soon."

"I hope so," was the reply, but the phrase set him a-thinking.

While that a-thinking palace most probably was a woman to whom he owed his life. In another palace, many a hundred miles away, was another woman for whom he would willingly risk that life if only he could save her from the fate that the private of the 61st was gloating over in anticipation.

CHAPTER XV.  
At the King's Court  
Without guns to breach the walls, even the heroic Nicholson was powerless against a strong, fortified citadel. The siege train was following slowly across the Punjab, but the setting in of the monsoon rendered the transit of heavy cannon a laborious task.

mean to fight the Feringhis at Bahadurgarh."

The place named was a large village, ten miles northwest of the ridge, and Nicholson nudged insistently that the sepoy had planned the daring coup of cutting off the siege train. With him, to hear was to act. He formed a column of two thousand men and a battery of field artillery and left the camp at dawn on the 25th. If a forced march could accomplish it, he meant not only to frustrate the enemy's design but to inflict a serious defeat on them.

Malcolm went with him and never had been taken part in a harder day's work. The road was a bullock track, a swamp of mud amid the larger swamp of the ploughed land and jungle. Horses and men floundered through it as best they might. The ground often sank almost to the truncheons; many a time the infantry had to help elephants and bullocks to haul them out.

In seven hours the column only marched nine miles, and then came the disheartening news that the spy's information was wrong. The rebels had, indeed, sent out a strong force, but they were at Nujurgarh, miles away to the right.

Officers and men ate a slight meal, grewed a bit, and swung off in the new direction. At four o'clock in the afternoon they found the sepoy army drawn up behind a canal, with its right protected by another canal, and the centre and left posted in fortified villages. Evidently, too, a stout serral, or inn, a square building surrounding a quadrangle set apart for the lodgment of camels and merchandise was regarded as a stronghold. Here were placed six guns and the walls were loopholed for musketry.

In a word, had the mutineers been equal in courage and morale to the British troops, the resultant attack must have ended in disastrous failure. But Nicholson was a leader who took the measure of his adversaries. Above all, he did not shrink a battle because it was risky.

The 61st made a flank march, forced the branch canal under fire and were ordered to lie down. Nicholson rode up to them, a commanding figure on a seventeen-hands English hunter.

"Now, 61st," he said, "I want you to take that serral and the guns. You all know what Sir Colin Campbell told you at Chillianwallah, and you have heard that he said the same thing at the battle of the Alma. 'Hold your fire until you see the whites of their eyes,' he said, and then, my boys, we will make short work of it." Come on! Let us follow his advice here!"

Swinging his horse around, he rode straight at serral and battery. Grape-shot and bullets sang the death song of many a brave fellow, but Nicholson was untouched. The 61st leaped to their feet with a yell, rushed after him, and did not fire a shot until they were within twenty yards of the enemy. A volley and the bayonet did the rest. They captured the guns, carried the serral and pelted the flying rebels with their own artillery. The 1st Punjab had a stiff fight, but before they killed every man in the village of Nujurgarh on the left, but the battle was won, practically in defiance of every tenet of military tactics, when the 61st forced their way into the serral.

Utterly exhausted, the soldiers slept on the sodden ground. That night, smoking a cigar with his staff, Nicholson commented on the skill shown in the enemy's disposition.

"I asked a wounded havildar who it was that led the column, and he told me the commander was a new arrival, a subadar of the 8th Irregular Cavalry, named Akhab Khan," he said.

Malcolm started. Akhab Khan was the young sowar whose life he had saved at a camp where Winifred and her uncle and himself were escaping from Bithoor.

"I knew him well, sir," he could not help saying. "He was not a subadar, but a lance-corporal. He was one of a small escort that accompanied me from Agra to the south, but he is a smart soldier, and not at all of the cutthroat type."

Nicholson looked at him fixedly. He seemed to be considering some point suggested by Malcolm's words.

"If men like him are obtaining commands in Delhi they will prove awkward," was his brief comment, and Frank did not realize what his chief was revolving in his mind until, three days later, the Brigadier asked him to don his disguise again, ride to the southward, and endeavor to fall in with a batch of mutineers on the way to Delhi. Then he could enter the city, note the dispositions for the defense, and escape by joining an attacking party during one of the many raids on the ridge.

"You will be rendering a national service by your deed," said Nicholson, gazing into Frank's troubled eyes with that magnetic power that bent all men to his will. "I know it is a distasteful business, but you are able to carry it through, and five hours of your observation will be worth five weeks of native reports. Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir," said Malcolm, choking back the protest on his lips. He could not trust himself to say more. He refused even to allow his thoughts to dwell on such a repellent subject. A spy! What soldier likes the office? It stifles ambition. It robs war of its glamour. It may call for a display of the utmost bravery—that calm courage of facing a ignoble death alone, unheeded, forgotten, which is the finest test of cavalry, but it can never commend itself to a high-spirited youth.

Frank had already won distinction in the field; it was hard to be chosen now for such a doubtful enterprise. His worst hour came when he sought Chumru's aid in the matter of walnut-juice.

"What is toward, sahib?" asked the Mohammedan. "Have we not seen enough of India that we must set forth once more?"

"This time I go alone," said Frank sadly. "Perchance I shall not be long back. You will remain here in charge of my baggage and of certain things which I shall give you."

"Why am I cast aside, sahib?"

"Nay, say not so. 'Tis a matter that I must deal with myself, and not of my own wish, Chumru. I obey the general-sahib's order."

"Jan Nikkelsen-sahib Bahadur?"

"Yes, I would refuse any other. But haste thee, for time presses."

Chumru went off. He returned in half an hour, to find his master sealing a letter addressed to "Miss Winifred Mayne, to be forwarded, if possible, with the Lucknow Relief Force."

There were others to relatives in England, and Frank tied them in a small packet.

"If I do not come back within a week—" he began.

"Nay, sahib, give no instructions to me in the matter. I go with you."

"It is impossible."

"Huzoor, it is the order of Jan Nikkelsen-sahib Bahadur. He says I will be useful, and he hath promised me another jaghir."

The Mohammedan's statement was true enough. He had waylaid Nicholson and obtained permission to accompany his master. Like a faithful dog he was not to be shaken off, and, in his heart of hearts, Malcolm was glad of it.

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Their preparations were made with the utmost secrecy. The same men who sold Bahadur Shah's cause to the British were also the professed spies of the rebels. They were utterly unreliable, yet their tale-bearing in Delhi might bring instant disaster to Malcolm and his native comrade.

Nejdi was in good condition again after the tremendous exertions undergone since he carried his master from Lucknow. Malcolm was in two minds whether to take him or not, but the chance that his life might depend on a reliable horse, and, perhaps, a touch of the gambler's belief in luck, swayed his judgment, and Nejdi was saddled. Chumru rode a spare charger which Malcolm had purchased at the sale of a dead officer's effects. Fully equipped in their character as rebel commissioned officers, the two rode across the Jumna, reached the Meerut road unchallenged and turned their horses' heads toward the bridge of boats that debouched beneath the walls of the King's palace.

Provided they met some stragglers on the road they meant to enter the city with the dawn. By skilful expenditure of money on Malcolm's part and the exercise of Chumru's peculiar inventiveness in maintaining a flow of lurid language, they counted on keeping their new-found comrades in tow while they made the tour of the city. The curiosity of stragglers would be quite natural, and Malcolm hoped they might be able to slip out again with some expedition planned for the night or the next morning.

Of course, having undertaken an unpleasant duty he intended to carry it through. If he did not learn the nature and extent of the enemy's batteries and the state of feeling among the rebel garrison, he must persevere remain longer. But that was in the lap of fate. At present he could only plan and contrive to the best of his ability.

Fortune favored the adventurers at first. They encountered a score of ruffians who had cut themselves adrift from the Gwalior contingent. Among these strangers Chumru was quickly a hero. He beguiled the way with tales of derring-do in Oudh and elsewhere, and his easy, confident, cleverness with an amazing gusto, listened with interest to his servant's account of the actions outside Cawnpore and on the road to Lucknow. It was excellent footing to hear Chumru detailing the wholesale slaughter of the Nazarenes, while the victors all ways the sepoy, found it advisable to fall back on a strategic position many miles in the rear after each desperate encounter.

In this half-fellow-well-met manner the party crossed the bridge, were interrogated by a guard at the Water Gate and admitted to the fortress. It chanced that a first-rate feud was in progress, and the officer, whose duty it was to question new arrivals, was taking part in it.

Money was short in the royal treasury. Many thousands of sepoy had neither been paid nor fed; there was a quarrel between Mohammedans and Hindoos, because the former insisted on slaughtering cattle; and the more respectable citizens were clamoring for protection from the rapacity, insolence and lust of the swaggering soldiers.

That very day matters had reached a climax. Malcolm found a brewing mob in front of the Lahore gate of the palace. He caught Chumru's eye and the latter appealed to a sepoy for information as to the cause of the racket.

"The King of Kings hath a quarrel with his son, Mirza Moghul, who is not over pleased with the recent division of the command," was the answer.

"What, then? Is there more than one chief?"

"To be sure. Is there not the Council of the Barah Topi? (Twelve Hats). Are not Bakht Khan and Akhab Khan in charge of brigades? Where best thou been, brother, that these things are not known to thee?"

"Be patient with me, I pray thee, friend. I and twenty more, whom thou seest here, have ridden in within the hour. We come to join the Jihad, and we are grieved to find a dispute toward when we expected to be led against the infidels."

The sepoy laughed scornfully.

"You will see as many fights here as outside the walls," he muttered, "and guard their tongues in Imperial Delhi. A rowdy gang of full five hundred armed mutineers marched up and hustled the mob right and left as they forced a way to the gate. Their words and attitude betokened trouble. The opportunity was too good to be lost. Malcolm dismounted, gave the reins to Chumru, and told him to wait his return under some trees somewhat removed from the road, for Akhab Khan had sharp eyes, and the Mohammedan's grotesque face was well known to him. Chumru made a fearsome grimace, but Malcolm's order was peremptory. Summoning a fruit-seller, the bearer led the Gwalior men to the rendezvous named and distributed mangoes amongst them.

Frank joined the ruck of the demonstrators and passed through the portals of the magnificent gate. A



### HARDUIN

75290 in France and 68028 in Percheron Society of America

The property of C. LINDSAY, Lindsay, Ont.

HARDUIN (75290), 68028, is a black with star on face. He was foaled on May 16th, 1907. Weighs 2000 lbs., at four years old. Bred by Mme. Vve. Leguet, a noted breeder of Percherons at Sarthe, District of Perche, France. Imported in February, 1910 by Geo. W. Souers & Sons, Huntingdon, Ind. U.S.A., the largest importers of Percheron, Belgian, and German Coach Stallions and Mares in America.

### ROUTE 1911:

MONDAY, May 1st, will leave his own stable at noon, and proceed to D. Winn's, Lot 2, Con. 8, Emily, for night.

TUESDAY, will proceed to \_\_\_\_\_, Lot \_\_\_\_\_, Con. \_\_\_\_\_, Emily, for noon; thence to Temperance House, Omemee, for night.

WEDNESDAY, will proceed to Geo. Henderson's, Lot 6, con. 7, Emily, for noon; thence to M. Fitzpatrick's, Lot 14, con. 9, Emily, for night.

THURSDAY, will proceed to Jos. Flynn's, Lot 12, Con. 11, Emily, for noon; and thence to T. J. Morrissey's, Lot 5, con. 10, Emily, for night.

FRIDAY, will proceed to his own stable, Cambridge-st., Lindsay, for noon, where he will remain until the following Monday at noon.

The above route to be continued throughout the season, health and weather permitting

### Percheron Society of America

CERTIFICATE OF PEDIGREE:

We hereby certify—that the Percheron Stallion, HARDUIN, (75290), imported in February, 1910, by Geo. W. Souers & Sons, Huntingdon, Indiana, is recorded by the Percheron Society of America, and that his recorded number is 68028.

Color and description—Black, star.

Pedigree:—Foaled May 16th, 1907 bred by Mme. Vve. Leguet, Department of Sarthe.

Sire: Moscow (60664) by Parfait (44295), by Besique (19602), by Brilliant III, 11116 (2919), by Fenelon 2682 (38), by Brilliant 1271 (755) by Brilliant 1899 (756), by Coco II (714), by Vieux Chaslin (713), by Coco (712), by Mignon (715), by Jean Le Blanc, (739).

Dam:—Rose (29955), by Louis D'Or (5891), by Gerome 3655 (436), by Vidocq II (723), by Bayard (1385) by Vidocq 483 (732), by Coco II (714) by Vieux Chaslin (713), by Coco (712), by Mignon (715), by Jean Le Blanc, (739).

2nd Dam:—Margot (29401), by Favora 1542 (765), by French Monarch 265 (734), by Ilderrain, (5302), by Valentin (5301) by Vieux Chaslin (713) by Coco (712) by Mignon (715), by Jean Le Blanc (739).

3rd Dam:—Bijou, belonging to M. Cochereau.

All the highest priced and first-rate Percherons that have been imported in recent years to America are either sons or grandsons of Besique and many of them are to be found at the head of the studs of the leading Percheron breeders of the United States.

The individuality of HARDUIN is most pleasing to the people who have seen him. His breeding, which would be considered orthodox by the most expert Percheron breeders is the guarantee that he will be a reproducer, which means a stallion which will stamp his stock as he is himself.

### TERMS

To insure a foal, \$15.00, payable 1st February, 1912. Mares must be returned regularly to the horse or they will be charged full insurance whether in foal or not. Parties disposing of their mares before foaling time must pay full insurance whether in foal or not. All accidents to mares at owner's risk.

# Do you think of it as PAINT or Paint?

The far-sighted fellow thinks of it in big type. He realizes the importance and economy of painting his buildings when they need it so that they'll be protected from the wear and tear of the weather and not rot and go to pieces in a few years. The other fellow thinks of paint in small type and his home and his buildings soon look



like this

We want to talk paint to you—we want to talk Sherwin-Williams Paint to you because it's so good. It's made of pure lead, pure zinc, pure linseed oil, all ground together by special machinery. Come and see us and let us give you information that will save money on your property.

The Imported German Coach Stallion

## ALOIS

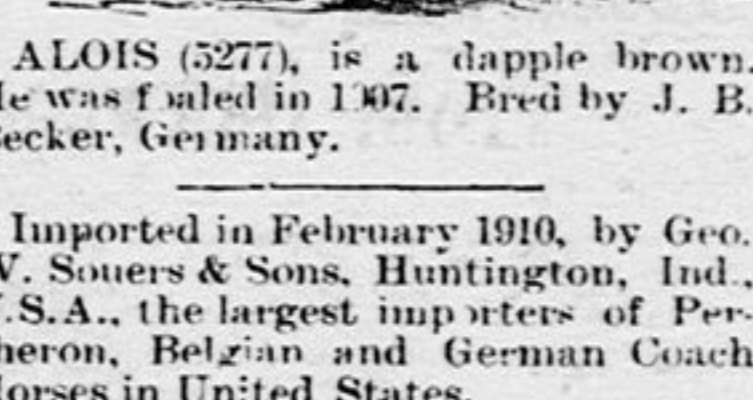
(5277)

He was foaled in 1907. Bred by J. B. Becker, Germany.

Imported in February 1910, by Geo. W. Souers & Sons, Huntingdon, Ind. U.S.A., the largest importers of Percheron, Belgian and German Coach Horses in United States.

Now the property of

C. LINDSAY, Lindsay, Ont.



He will make the season of 1911 at his own stable, Lot 14, Con. 6, Ops, all week, omitting Wednesday and Saturday, when he will be at Maunders' Central House, Lindsay.

Favorite Knight in color is a beautiful dapple brown with white hind feet and white star on face, and has weighed 1915 lbs.

Favorite Knight (6014) was sired by the well known Knight of St. Andrew's (274) (1488). First dam Nell Erskine (6400) by Sir Erskine, (2119) (8253), second dam Scottish Lass by Scottish Champion, (43) (5340), third dam Nancy, by Prince of Wales (236) (511), fourth dam by Wonderful Lad (112) (2).

It goes to show that his stock is turning out right, and my patrons are well satisfied. For in the years of 1907 and 1908 his colt was prize winner at the Lindsay Centre, and his dam was also a prize winner in 1907. His gr. dam, sired by Scottish Champion, was winner of first prize at Cobourg, and first at Lindsay in 1882 and 1883 and at Lindsay, and in 1881 first at Lindsay. His gr. dam sired by Prince of Wales, was winner of first at Cobourg, first at Lindsay, and first at Omemee shows in 1882.

TERMS—\$0 pay L. E. when you have a one week old, and pay 1/2 of the mare before foaling time must pay 1/2 of the mare part with the mare. Foals held as security until paid for. All accidents to mares at risk of owner's risk.

Pedigree:—Sire: Eitel, No. (1213), by Ehrenberg (883), by Rutherford 1255, by Rubico (952). Dam Wanda II (1553) by Adolf (1055), Asnar (1177), Eonar (1004).

This stallion is one of the best bred German Coach Horses ever brought to this district. He stands on the best of feet and legs and his action cannot be surpassed. This class of horse is one of the most saleable breeds in the market to-day, and always a command the highest prices. Inspection invited.

This stallion will stand at his own stable for the season of 1911.

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## GOOD TIMBER

3506 A T.R.

The property of

### CHAS. LINDSAY

LINDSAY, ONT.

Will stand at his own stables, Cambridge-st., Lindsay, for the season of 1911.

For Pedigree, Description and Terms see small cards.

### Live Stock Insurance

I am agent for the General Live Stock Insurance Co. of Montreal, and can take risks on all kinds of live animals. Dr. Broad, office at Peel-st.

The Thoroughbred Clydesdale

## FAVORITE KNIGHT

(6014)

THE PROPERTY OF

### THOMAS WALDON, Ops

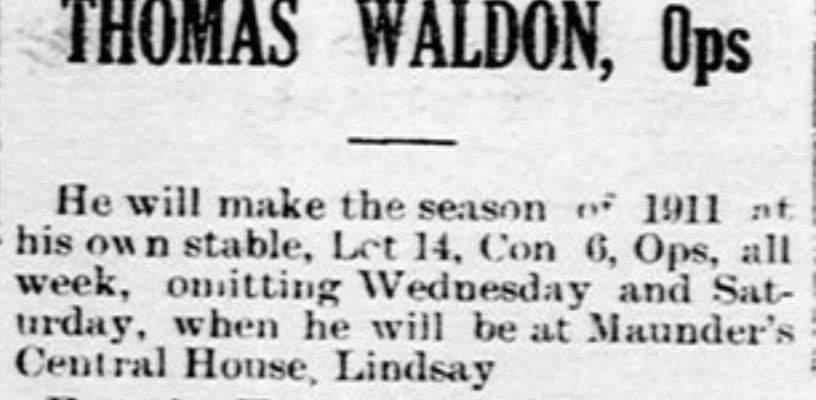
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### Court of Revision

The Municipal Council of the Township of Eldon will meet as a Court of Revision at McKenzie's Hall, Kirkfield, on MONDAY, MAY 29th, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., to hear and decide all appeals against the assessment of the said Township for the year 1911.

B. STACEY,  
Township Clerk

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B. STACEY,  
Township Clerk

### THE MANOR HOTEL

Main Street  
WINNIPEG  
(Close to C.P.R. Depot)

E. McKENTY, Proprietor

RATES \$1. to \$1.50 per day

This old established and well-known Hotel has recently undergone a thorough renovation throughout and a large extension has just been completed adding twenty beautiful rooms to the accommodation. Each room has electric light, steam radiators &c, and is a

Model of Comfort

Hot and cold baths have also been installed and with the table maintained at its old high standard the MANOR remains still unequalled as a high class house at the most moderate possible rates.

### FARM FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—Lot 6, con. 9 and South half Lot 6, con. 10, Mariposa, containing 200 acres more or less, good brick house frame barn 40x80, good stone stabling, small orchard. On north farm 12 acres hardwood bush, on South farm 20 acres hardwood bush. The balance tillable and under good cultivation. 1/2 mile from school, two miles from church, 3 miles from post office and blacksmith shop. The property of William Ham. For particulars apply to ELIAS BOWES, Real estate agent, Lindsay.

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Lot 5, con. 3, Eldon at Lorneville, the property of William Cook, brick house and kitchen, frame barn, stone stabling, hog pen, never failing well; well fenced 2 acre orchard and small fruits, good school, post office, blacksmith shop, store within a few rods of farm. Situation good. For further particulars apply to ELIAS BOWES, real estate agent, Lindsay.

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J. B. WELDON,  
Township Clerk

### EXECUTORS SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Pursuant to the instructions of the Executors of the Will of the late John Evans, deceased, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Simpson House, in the Town of Lindsay, on Saturday, the 17th day of June next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the following valuable property, that is to say: Lots 20 and 21 North of Front Street, in the said Town, having an area of 20 acres and extending 70 feet on Colborne Street and extending southerly 98 feet.

This property is an excellent situated and is erected on a substantial five-roomed brick house with brick kitchen addition. The main part of the house contains 2 rooms, 2 1/2 hall and stairway on the first floor and two rooms and hall on the second floor. There is also on the premises a frame stable and a good well.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale; the balance to be paid in one month thereafter without interest. The purchaser to search the title at his own expense, and the Vendor will only be required to produce such abstract, title deeds or other evidence of title as are in their possession. The other conditions will be the standing conditions of the High Court of Justice. There will be no res-cred bill. Further particulars can be had on application to the undersigned.

MOORE & JACKSON,  
Solicitors for the Executors, Lindsay  
Dated this 22nd day of May 1911.

### Wesley Gilson Kicked by Horse

Peterboro Examiner: The fourteen year old son of Mr. Wesley Gilson, narrowly escaped being seriously injured yesterday, when he was kicked by one mile east of Lindsay by a horse on the hip and knocked down. The accident happened at six o'clock this morning, while the young chap was leading a colt about the yard. Although not seriously injured, he is suffering intense pain, and was attended by a physician. The colt had no shoes on or the accident might have been serious.