

SALE AUG. 20, 1910

15 Horses, all in first-class condition. 1 span Black, 4 and 5 years old. 1 Chestnut Gelding, nine past. 1 Black Gelding by Suffolk Punch. 1 Bay Gelding, 7 years old. 1 ou-fit complete—Horse, Harness and Bugger—will be sold together. 7 cheap workers and drivers. 1 hay Mare, six years old, guaranteed against autos, true and sound. 2 new Buggies, 1 old one. 6 sett Single Harness, new. 2 old sets in good repair. 4 Fancy Woollen Rugs. 6 Rubber Lap Rugs. 2 Binder Whips. 2 dozen Rawhows, fresh and good. 2 new Milch Cows, just in. 15 Horses, all bought; will be here some, also expect large quantity first-class furniture. TERMS:—60 days on approved notes bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent on all sums over \$20; \$20 and under, cash.

W. A. FANNING

Little Britain Live Brevities

(Continued from page 1) ton, was the guest of Mrs. Dr. Hall last Sunday. Miss Emily Driver, of Toronto, visited Miss Slemmon this week. Mr. Jim Ferguson and Mr. Lewis Irwin have gone to Oshawa, where they have secured work at McLaughlin's carriage factory. Miss Penrose, of Peterboro, is visiting Mrs. J. Connor this week. Miss W. McCracken, of Warsaw is visiting her sister, Mrs. Loy Rogers, this week. Mr. Albert Yerex of Portland was the guest of Mr. E. Z. Yerex on Sunday. Miss Alecia Morton, of Peterboro, is visiting friends in our village for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perrin have returned from their honeymoon, and as is the custom, were greeted with a charivari, but as Hookey is a jolly good fellow, he handed the boys over a couple of bucks at once. We welcome Mr. Perrin as a citizen and wish him a long and happy life. Mrs. John Ashton and family, of Lindsay, are visiting friends in our village this week. Mr. W. J. Hooper has bought a new cleaner from the Robert Bell Manufacturing Co., Seaford. The machine is the very latest, and the farmers now will be assured a good job. Miss Clara Wallis is spending a few days camping at Thurstonia Park. Mr. Maurice Connor, of Kirkfield, visited his brother Wilmot a couple of days this week. Miss Elsie Cornish is spending a few days at Myrtle. Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Rodman and Mrs. Bonney of Oakwood, visited friends in our village on Sunday. Rev. Van Norman, of Stouffville, will preach in the Christian church next Sabbath. Master Wilfrid Chard of Lindsay is visiting Wilfrid Hooper this week. Mr. Wm. Martin has moved into Mrs. L. Spark's house on Matilda street. Mr. R. Sparks has been laid off work from blood poisoning in his hand this week. Mr. J. Sando, wife and family are camping for a couple of weeks at Washburn's Island. Mr. Milton Groves and children are spending a couple of weeks with her parents in Toronto. Miss Avery, Toronto, visited friends here last week. Miss Edna Greenaway has been appointed organist in the absence of Miss Archer, who is camping a couple of weeks at Caesarea.

Induction at Beaverton

Beaverton, Ont., Aug. 6.—The Presbytery of Lindsay held a meeting here today to receive Mr. T. A. Symington, M. A., into the ministry of the Presbyterian church and to induct him into the pastorate of Knox church. Mr. Symington's parents live in Port Dover.

CAMBRAV

(Special to The Post.) The Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Bagshaw Wednesday night. There was a good attendance, and a very interesting programme given. Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, who have spent two months sight seeing in the N.W.T., returned home last week, greatly benefitted by their trip. Mr. Chester Wells, Washington, U. S.A., is visiting relatives in this vicinity. Mrs. Harrison and two children, of Toronto, were guests of Mrs. H. Avery last week. A very heavy thunderstorm passed over our village last Wednesday night, which aroused many from their slumbers. The lightning struck D. Sinclair's house, knocking down two chimneys, also leaving a hole through the floor. Miss Frankie Smythe is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Miss Sinclair. Mr. W. B. Feir is confined to the house suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. A number from this vicinity went to Fenelon Falls on Monday and report a good time. Miss Carley, Fenelon Falls, is spending her holidays with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hall.

FRANKLIN

(Special to The Post.) The pulpit here on Sunday last was occupied by Rev. Mr. Patterson of the Lifford circuit. All were well pleased with the eloquent sermon delivered by him. Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston, of Manvers, were guests at the home of Mr. Thomas Thompson on Sunday last. Miss Lena Taylor, of Ebenezer, spent a few days last week the guest of Mrs. Jos. Gardiner. Dr. G. G. Tripp, Dr. T. G. Brereton and family went on a touring expedition last Monday through western Ontario in Mr. Tripp's auto. They arrived home last Saturday, having visited Mr. Brereton's fringals at Barrie, Bradford, Orillia, Toronto and Bowmanville. The weather lately being unfavorable for harvesting, many of our farmers are turning their attention to preparing their land for fall wheat. Miss Gertie Johnston, from Manvers, and Harold Johnston, of Lindsay, are spending part of their vacation at the home of Mr. Thos. Thompson. Miss Greta McGill, of Lifford, spent a few days last week with her cousin, Alta Jones. The residents of this neighborhood were fortunate in escaping the destructive hail storm which visited those about a mile south of here threshing over half the oats out and damaging the root crop considerably. Balloonist Dropped 100 Feet. Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Aug. 10.—William McLeod, aged 22, was instantly killed at the Village of Trout Lake near this city Monday, when making an ascent in a balloon. In some way he was caught in the rigging of the balloon and was taken up a distance of 100 feet, when he dropped. U. S. Sends Ultimatum. Washington, Aug. 10.—Invasion of American property in Nicaragua by soldiers of Madriz, has called forth a formal protest from the United States. The State Department has repeated its ultimatum to both factions in Nicaragua that American property must be protected. Ratepayers Apathetic. Orillia, Aug. 10.—Because 896 votes were required to be polled and only 771 turned out, the bylaw granting tax exemption to the Canada Refining and Smelting Co. was defeated. The matter may be taken before the private bills committee of the Legislature next session. Roosevelt For Governor. New York, Aug. 10.—Nominating Theodore Roosevelt for governor of New York and trust to luck, is the plan proposed by some of the leaders in the Republican organization in New York, as a way out of the political dilemma they are facing in this fall's campaign.

THE LOCKED GATE

More Effective Than the Intended Ride From the Station.

By RUTH EDWARDS. "Well, I never!" Gladys sat down on the bank of the little stream and gazed despairingly at the rustic bridge above her. "If that isn't just like him! No thoroughfare and the gate locked and too high to climb. Now, what on earth am I to do anyway?" The whispering wind and the lapping waves gave her no reply, and, pulling a letter out of the front of her blouse, she read it for the third or fourth time that day. It seemed to restore her self confidence. She laughed to herself wickedly. "Hum! Mrs. Graham is a dear, but I fancy I've fooled that conceited Jack of hers. No, thank you; no four mile drive with him. I'm down here, to be sure, but I won't speak two words to him all the time I stay if I can help it. So! Oh, dear, I wish I had a boat!" As if in answer to her desire a red canoe shot out from beyond the bend and came noiselessly down the river. A man sat in the stern wielding the paddle with a swift grace. Gladys arose among the long grass and the daisies. Her mind was made up. "I beg pardon," she called as he came abreast of her. "Can you tell me if there is a way of getting to Mr. Graham's estate except by this bridge? It seems to be closed." The man in the canoe rested his paddle across his knees and gazed at her admiringly. "Why, I—," he began, then stopped. "There is an approach by the road," he said, "but it is quite two miles to the other side." "Oh," she said, "I know! But I've walked so far already." She glanced ruefully down at her dusty patent leather ties. "Would you allow me?" he asked eagerly. "I could take you across in my canoe." She blushed charmingly. "I hate to trouble you." "I assure you it would give me the greatest pleasure," he said, with another admiring glance. With a dexterous stroke or two he brought the graceful little craft up to the bank and landed. He was tall and brown and broad shouldered, and as he stood looking down at her he saw a little slender girl with the longest eyelashes that ever drooped over a pair of gray eyes, in a dark blue foulard, bare-headed in the golden sunlight, a big black hat held in one hand. On her forehead and around her ears danced little truant wisps of curly hair. He helped her into the canoe and piled the gay cushions at her back, then stepped in after her. "Where are you going?" she asked as he pointed the canoe upstream. "I understood you to say you would take me across," she added, with some staltiness. "That's such a nasty place to land," he replied apologetically. "It's much better a little farther up." His dark eyes sought hers, and they both laughed. It was obvious to the most casual observer that the sloping shore of the other side was most admirably adapted for beaching the canoe. "You seem well acquainted with the river," she said demurely. "Do you know the Grahams?" He did not answer immediately. "Yes; charming woman, Mrs. Graham," he admitted at last. "Oh, yes; lovely. It's a pity her son doesn't take after her," Gladys replied, with high scorn. Her companion grinned. "It's evident you know him," he said. "Well, I haven't seen him in years, but when I saw him last he was absolutely the most disagreeable, most conceited and altogether most hateful boy I ever came across." Gladys sat up quite straight among her cushions with a sudden energy. "Poor Jack!" murmured her companion. "Still, if you haven't seen him for years it isn't impossible that he has improved." "Improved! Well, I'm sure I hope so. There certainly was room for improvement. But I don't believe he has. The idea of shutting people out by locking up that bridge the way he has! It's just like him. So afraid any one would get into his domains. Just as though any one with sense would want to." "Exactly. But possibly he wants to keep out that class of people supposed to be braver than angels, you know." "Fools!" she questioned. Then they both laughed again. "You're not very polite," she said. "How can you expect me to be sympathetic when the bridge being locked

has given me this pleasure?" "Oh!" she exclaimed, with incredulous eyes. "Anyway, I forgive you. But if I'd had my way I shouldn't have been here at all." "Now it's you that are impolite," he said. "Yes, and ungrateful," she admitted frankly. "It's simply lovely out here. It's the only pleasant thing about the whole trip. Goodness, if you only knew how I hated to come! I wept day and night for weeks. But mother was adamant." He looked at her appreciatively, wondering how any human being could be proof against eyes like those filled with tears. "Mothers are inconsistent at times," he said. "Mine, for instance, has been systematically indulging and spoiling me all my life and now has taken it into her head that I must marry a girl she has picked out for me, whether I want to or not." "Why, that's just the question on which mother and I differed." Gladys gasped. "She and his mother arranged it all years ago, it seems, and he's unmanly enough to keep her to her word, though he must know I hate him. You wouldn't find a girl doing a thing like that!" "Wouldn't you, though? This particular young lady of whom I speak is of so clinging a disposition that, according to my mother, she will never know happiness unless I brace up and woo. Why in thunder she should be in love with a man she hasn't seen since she was a child is more than I can conceive!" He paddled angrily for a moment. Then once again his eyes met hers, and they laughed. "We seem to be figuratively as well as literally in the same boat," she remarked. "The thought makes me quite fond of you." "Ah, if I could but believe you in earnest!" he sighed, with an exaggerated gallantry. She darted him another look from under her lashes. "Weren't you smoking when I called to you?" she asked presently. "Why, there's your pipe. Do let me fill it for you. I love to fuss with pipes." "It's all I need to complete my happiness," he assured her as he handed her his pipe. "My pouch is in the left hand pocket of my coat. Can you get it? It's right behind you there." She leaned back and secured the thin serge coat, rummaged in his pocket and brought forth a chamouis pouch elaborately embroidered with the initials "J. G." in crimson. She looked at the inscription for a moment, then at its owner. He watched her as she pressed the tobacco into the bowl with a delicate thumb. "There," she said as she handed it to him. "Lean over and I'll light it for you." She shaded the sputtering match with her hand and applied the flame to the tobacco. Her face was very near his, and it was a face to set a man longing. She settled herself once more among the cushions. "Isn't this comfy?" she sighed, with satisfaction. "When I remember that walk from Digby in all the dust I can't realize it's me." "Great Scott! Did you walk from Digby?" "Yes, you see, they wrote that a certain person would meet me at Grahamsford, so I got out at Digby and walked. Anything was better than a four mile ride with—the person who was coming to meet me. That's why I'm here." "What a coincidence!" he exclaimed as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "At this moment I am supposed to be driving home from Grahamsford with a young lady whom I didn't want to meet. That's why I'm here!" She was busy watching the ripples that followed the canoe. "It appears to me our mothers have been fibbing," she said musingly. "Bless their hearts!" he exclaimed fervently. "I forgive them, don't you? Besides, I am just discovering that your mother at least spoke the truth. And I mean to be obedient in all things from this time forth forevermore," he added boldly. "Amen," she said, with mock solemnity. "But how self sacrificing!" Then, with a look that set his heart beating, "Well, I will not be outdone in filial devotion." Her lashes flickered against her reddening cheek. With one stroke he beached the canoe among the shadows of the trees. An hour later Mrs. Graham came to meet them down the long avenue bordered with oaks. "My dear children!" she cried joyfully. "I see it is all right. I knew that ride from the station would be just the thing."

A Noisy Name.

Yell was the name of the defendant in a motion before Mr. Justice Parker in London to restrain an alleged nuisance by noise.

FOOD PRICES ABROAD.

Eighty Cent Bacon in France—Ice Cream \$1.10 a Quart in London. In these modern days meat is the staff of life, and one finds that the staff costs as much abroad as at home, although over there they do not clamor about the price as we do. They merely do without meat. The cuts are different and called by different names, and the grades are endless. In England the poorest folk can buy meat or meat bones for as low as 4 cents or even 2 cents a pound. And, too, there are often poor qualities in good cuts, and the British, with characteristic impertinence, refer to the worst qualities as "American," quite regardless of their origin. The best cuts of beef cost in London—where they are given the unattractive name of rump steak—28 to 30 cents a pound, in Paris 30 to 34, in Berlin from 32 to 33. Bacon is tremendously dear. In France choice brands may mount to 80 cents, and ordinary brands are over 30 cents. In England bacon is now about 30 cents, but is rapidly mounting, the increasing scarcity of pigs being responsible for this. Leg of mutton in England costs over 20 cents, in France 25 to 30. Milk in Paris is 11 cents a quart, in London 8 or 9. Plain water ices cost in London 85 cents a quart and ice cream \$1.10, the portions being always minute. "It is bad for the health, don't you know! What?" In England good coffee averages decidedly more than in America, 35 cents being a cheap brand. In France it is very much dearer, 40 cents a pound for a really good blend being a bargain and a "specialite" being over 60. All common coffees abroad are loaded with chicory, which costs 10 cents a pound and adds great deepness of color to the brew. Good tea costs less in England than in America, ranging from 35 to 75 cents. In France it is very high and always medicinal in taste, and a dealer likes to ask over \$1.25 a pound. Butter ranges in all three countries from, say, 30 to 40 cents. Sugar in England is 5 cents a pound. In France it is a government monopoly and much higher. In London eating chocolate, almost as good as the well known New York or Philadelphia makes, costs 75 cents a pound.—Robert Shackleton in Saturday Evening Post.

TWO STOCK DEALS.

Sherwood Took Flood's Boat and Later Handed It Back. In Joseph L. King's "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board" is this story of Flood and Sherwood: In the early days, in the seventies, quite a number of operators would gather together in Cahill's office on Montgomery street, near California. Among them were Mr. James C. Flood and Mr. Robert Sherwood. Sherwood had 1,000 Consolidated Virginia, the stock selling at about \$100. One day Sherwood, on looking at the prices, remarked that he was getting tired of that Consolidated Virginia; it did not move much. Mr. Flood said: "What are you growling about? If you are tired of that stock I will take it off your hands at \$100." "Sold," said Sherwood, and the stock changed hands. In course of time the Nevada bank building was erected on the corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. Mr. Flood remarked, "We built that Nevada block on the profits of that 1,000 shares of Consolidated Virginia you sold us." Subsequently, in the Sierra Nevada and Union deal, Mr. Flood approached Sherwood on the street and bought from him 5,000 Union at \$200 a share, the transaction footing up \$1,000,000. Sherwood built the Union block, on the gore corner of Pine, Davis and Market streets. Meeting Flood one day, he remarked, "I built that Union block with the profits of that 5,000 Union I sold you."

Anniversary of Pope's Coronation.

Rome, Aug. 10.—The seventh anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius was celebrated yesterday with imposing, without and evasion, equivocation. All the members of the Sacred College, the papal court, heads of religious orders, members of the diplomatic corps, and prominent representatives of the Roman aristocracy were present.

Complete in Three Years.

Edmonton, Alta., Aug. 10.—D. D. Mann, vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, passed through Lashburn Monday night, returning from British Columbia. Word was gleaned that the mountain section is to be completed in three years and that the Superior division, from Sellwood, will be under contract immediately.

The Cash Store. Mail Orders Filled. J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS. Store open until 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days until 5 p.m. Up to September 1st, 1910. LINDSAY

Hosiery Values For Saturday

Every Saturday we have on sale lines of Hosiery at prices that put money right in your pocket. We buy them in large quantities and in many instances direct from the makers. Sometimes they are overstocked and we get the mill clearance at a big reduction in prices and in turn place them on our counters at very low prices considering their good quality. At no time do we buy low grade lines, or lines that do not properly made and finished in every way so that every pair is as perfect as the regular lines. Our Hosiery Section is situated right in front of the cashier's office, about the centre of the main floor. Here you will find many lines with price tickets attached that tell you of important savings.

Last Call on Bamboo Verandah Shades

You are missing a great deal of comfort by not having your verandah fixed with a set of bamboo verandah Shades—the great protector from the sun and yet admits air freely and turns what is ordinarily a sunny place into a cool retreat where you can spend many pleasant hours. We have them in nearly all sizes, but not many of any particular size left, so order yours right away. They are better made than any former year, and have a much stronger cord to carry the strands. This alone will mean much longer wear than formerly. A large space can be covered for a very small amount and you will be surprised to see how low the prices are. Every shape is complete, pulleys and running ropes, ready for use.

AT THIS STORE YOU GET VALUABLE PREMIUMS. ASK FOR CIRCULARS

SUTCLIFFE'S

BROWN'S-MARIPOSA (Special to The Post.) Master Roy Moynes, of Islay, spent a pleasant week visiting friends in our vicinity. Miss Laura McCorvie, of Toronto, visited recently at the home of her brother, Mr. E. A. McCorvie, before leaving for an extended trip to the Northwest. Mr. and Mrs. George Weldon and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weldon spent Thursday of this week at Beaverton, and on their return visited at the home of their brother, Mr. Will Weldon. Services are being held each Sabbath evening in our school house, at 7.50 p. m. by the Rev. Mr. Best. Miss Carrie Anderson, of Toronto, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Anderson. Mr. C. Knight is on the sick list this week, having met the misfortune of falling from a high beam in the barn to the floor. Fortunately he escaped without serious injury. Mr. James H. Forrest, Toronto, spent a few days this week with friends here. Miss Alma Cann has returned to her home, after a pleasant visit with her aunt at Bobcaygeon. IN MEMORIAM. Written in loving memory of Violet M. Cann, who departed this life March 17th, 1910, at the early age of twenty-one. She is gone but not forgotten. Ah, dear friends, you're sad and lonely, And your hearts are sad and pine, Pining for your darling Violet, Who has crossed to yonder shore. Gently fold up all her clothing, Lay them carefully away, They will make you weep so sore, Make you think of days gone by. Oh, I know you miss your darling, Grieve for her when you're alone, God was kind to lend her to you, Kinder still to take her home. Sometimes you perhaps will wonder, Why God took your child away, You'll know why he took your darling one, When the mists have cleared away. You may picture her so noble, Had she lived to womanhood's day, But remind that vice and trouble, Might have marred her noble life. Now she's safe from earthly care, Safe within the Shepherd's care, God will guard your darling Violet, Till you meet her over there. She may be your guardian angel, Waiting for her friends to come, First to give them all a warning, To their peaceful, heavenly home. Oakwood, August 4, 1910. A little sunburn doesn't prove a long vacation. The way to show every one selflessness, is the possession of a motor boat.