

The Mystery of The Yellow Room

By GASTON LEROUX

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY BRENTANO'S

of blinds 'thrown back against the wall made us turn our heads, and we saw at a window on the first floor the chateau the ruddy and clean face of a person I did not recognize.

"Hello!" muttered Roulettable. "Arthur Rance?" He lowered his head, and I heard him ask himself between his teeth: "Was he in the chateau that night? What was he doing here?"

We had gone some distance from the chateau when I asked him who this person was and how he had known him. He referred to his memory of that morning, and I remembered that Mr. Arthur W. Rance was the American from Philadelphia with whom he had had so many drinks at the Elysee reception.

"But was he not to have left France immediately?" I asked.

"No doubt; that's why I am surprised to find him here still and not only in France, but above all, at the chateau. He did not arrive this morning, and he did not get here last night. He must have got here before then. Why didn't the concierges tell me?"

I mentioned my friend, apropos of the mystery, that he had not yet told me what had led him to get them set at liberty.

We were close to their lodge. M. and Mme Bernier saw us coming. A frank smile lit up their happy faces. They seemed to harbor no ill feeling because of their detention. My young friend asked them at what hour Mr. Arthur Rance had arrived. They answered that they did not know he was at the chateau. He must have come during the evening of the previous night, but they had not had to open the gate for him, because, being a great walker and not wishing that a carriage should be sent to meet him, he was accustomed to get off at the little hamlet of Saint Michel, from which he came to the chateau by way of the forest. He reached the park by the grotto of Sainte Genevieve, over the little gate of which, going on to the park, he climbed.

As the concierges spoke I saw Roulettable's face cloud over and exhibit disappointment—a disappointment, no doubt, with himself. Evidently he was a little vexed, after having worked so much on the spot, with so minute a study of the people and events at the chateau, that he had to learn now that Arthur Rance was accustomed to visit the chateau.

"You say that M. Arthur Rance is accustomed to come to the chateau. When did he come here last?"

"He can't tell you exactly," replied Mme. Bernier. "We couldn't know while they were keeping us in prison. Besides, as the gentleman comes to the chateau without passing through our gate he goes away by the way he comes."

"Do you know when he came the last time?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur! Nine years ago."

"He was in France nine years ago, then," said Roulettable, "and since that time, as far as you know, how many times has he been at the chateau?"

"Three times."

"When did he come the last time, as far as you know?"

"A week before the attempt in the yellow room."

Roulettable put another question, this time addressing himself particularly to the woman:

"In the grove of the parquet?"

"In the grove of the parquet," she replied.

"Thanks!" said Roulettable. "Be ready for me this evening."

He spoke the last words with a finger on his lips as if to command silence and discretion.

We left the park and took the way to the Donjon inn.

"Do you often eat here?"

"Sometimes."

"But you also take your meals at the chateau?"

"Yes, Larsan and I are sometimes served in one of our rooms."

"Hasn't M. Stangerson ever invited you to his own table?"

"Never."

"Does your presence at the chateau displease him?"

"I don't know; but, in any case, he does not make us feel that we are in his way."

"Doesn't he question you?"

"Never. He is in the same state of mind as he was in at the door of the yellow room when his daughter was being murdered and when he broke open the door and did not find the murderer. He is persuaded since he could discover nothing that there's no reason why we should be able to discover more than he did. But he has made it his duty since Larsan expressed his theory not to oppose us."

Roulettable buried himself in thought again for some time. He aroused himself later to tell me of how he came to set the two concierges free.

"I went lately to see M. Stangerson and took with me a piece of paper on which was written, I promise, whatever others may say, to keep in my service my two faithful servants, Bernier and his wife." I explained to him

that by signing that document he would enable me to compel those two people to speak out, and I declared my own assurance of their innocence of any part in the crime. That was also his opinion. The examining magistrate after it was signed presented the document to the Berniers, who then did speak. They said what I was certain they would say as soon as they were sure they would not lose their places.

"They confessed to poisoning on M. Stangerson's estates, and it was while they were poisoning, on the night of the crime, that they were found not far from the pavilion at the moment when some rabbits they caught in that way were sold by them to the landlady of the Donjon inn, who served them to his customers or sent them to Paris. That was the truth, as I had guessed from the first. Do you remember what I said on entering the Donjon inn? 'We shall have to eat red meat—now!' I had heard the words on the same morning when we arrived at the park gate. You heard them also, but you did not attach any importance to them. You recollect when we reached the park gate that we stopped to look at a man who was running by the side of the wall, looking every minute at his watch. That was Larsan. Well, behind us the landlady of the Donjon inn, standing on his doorstep, said to some one inside, 'We shall have to eat red meat—now!'"

"Why that now? When you are, as I am, in search of some hidden secret, you can't afford to have anything escape you. You've got to know the meaning of everything. We had come into a rather out of the way part of the country which had been turned topsy turvy by a crime, and my reason led me to suspect every phrase that could bear upon the event of the day. 'Now,' I took to mean, 'since the outrage.' In the course of my inquiry, therefore, I sought to find a relation between that phrase and the tragedy. We went to the Donjon inn for breakfast. I repeated the phrase and saw by the surprise and trouble on Daddy Mathieu's face that I had not exaggerated its importance so far as he was concerned."

"I had just learned that the concierges had been arrested. Daddy Mathieu spoke of them as of dear friends—people for whom one is sorry. That was a reckless conjunction of ideas, I said to myself. 'Now,' that the concierges are arrested, 'we shall have to eat red meat.' No more concierges, no more gate! The hatred expressed by Daddy Mathieu for M. Stangerson's forest keeper—a hatred he pretended was shared by the concierges—led me easily to think of poisoning. Now, as all the evidence showed the concierges had not been in the chateau at the time of the tragedy, why were they abroad that night? As participants in the crime? I was not disposed to think so. I had already arrived at the conclusion, by steps of which I will tell you later—that the assassin had had no accomplice and that the tragedy held a mystery between Mlle. Stangerson and the murderer, a mystery with which the concierges had nothing to do.

"With that theory in my mind, I searched for proof in their lodge, which, as you know, I entered. I found there under their bed some springs and brass wire. 'Ah,' I thought, 'these things explain why they were out in the park at night.' I was not surprised at the dogged silence they maintained before the examining magistrate, even under the accusation so grave as that of being accomplices in the crime. Poisoning would save them from the assize court, but it would lose them their places, and as they were perfectly sure of their innocence of the crime they would soon be established, and then their poisoning might go on unnoticed. They could always confess their guilt, I however, insisted their confession by means of the document M. Stangerson signed. They gave all the necessary proofs. I grew set at liberty and have now a lively gratitude for me. Why did I not get them released sooner? Because I was not sure that nothing more than poisoning was against them. As the days went by, my conviction became more and more certain. The days after the events of the inexplicable gallery I had need of help I could rely on, so I resolved to have them released at once."

We reached the Donjon inn and entered it.

"This time we did not see the landlady, but were received with a pleasant smile by the charming hostess."

"How's Daddy Mathieu?" asked Roulettable.

"Not much better, not much better. He is still confined to his bed."

"His rheumatism still sticks to him, then?"

"Yes. Last night I was again obliged to give him morphine, the only drug that gives him any relief."

She spoke in a soft voice. Everything about her expressed gentleness. She was, indeed, a beautiful woman, somewhat with an air of indolence, with great eyes seemingly black and blue, amorous eyes. Was she happy with her crabbed, rheumatic husband? The scene at which we had once been present did not lead us to believe that she was. Yet there was something in

her bearing that was not suggestive of despair. She disappeared into the kitchen to prepare our repast, leaving on the table a bottle of excellent cider. Roulettable filled our earthenware mugs, loaded his pipe and quietly explained to me his reason for asking me to come to the Glandier with revolvers.

"Yes," he said contemplatively, looking at the clouds of smoke he was puffing out, "yes, my dear boy, I expect the assassin tonight."

A brief silence followed, which I took care not to interrupt, and then he went on:

"Last night just as I was going to bed M. Robert Darzac knocked at my room. When he came in he couched to me that he was compelled to go to Paris the next day—that is, this morning. The reason which made this journey necessary was at once peremptory and mysterious. It was not possible for him to explain its object to me. 'I go, and yet,' he added, 'I would give my life not to leave Mlle. Stangerson at this moment.' He did not try to hide that he believed her to be once more in danger. 'It will not greatly astonish me if something happens tomorrow night,' he avowed, 'and yet I must be absent. I cannot be back at the Glandier before the morning of the day after tomorrow.'"

"I asked him to explain himself, and this is all he would tell me. His anticipation of coming danger had come to him solely from the coincidence that Mlle. Stangerson had been twice attacked, and both times when he had been absent. Now a man so moved who should still go away must be acting under compulsion—must be obeying a will stronger than his own. That was how I reasoned, and I told him so. He replied 'Perhaps.' I asked him if Mlle. Stangerson was compelling him. He protested that she was not. His determination to go to Paris had been taken without any conference with Mlle. Stangerson.

"To cut the story short, he repeated that his belief in the possibility of a fresh attack was founded entirely on the extraordinary coincidence. 'If anything happens to Mlle. Stangerson,' he said, 'it would be terrible for both of us—for her, because her life would be in danger; for me, because I could neither defend her from the attack nor tell of where I had been. I am perfectly aware of the suspicions cast on me. The examining magistrate and M. Larsan are both on the point of believing in my guilt. Larsan tracked me the last time I went to Paris, and I had all the trouble in the world to get rid of him.'"

"Why do you not tell me the name of the murderer now if you know it?" I cried.

"M. Darzac appeared extremely troubled by my question and replied to me in a hesitating tone:

"I? I know the name of the murderer? Why, how could I know his name?"

"I at once replied, 'From Mlle. Stangerson.'"

"He grew so pale that I thought he was about to faint, and I saw that I had hit the right nail on the head. Mademoiselle and he knew the name of the murderer! When he recovered himself, he said to me: 'I am going to leave you. Since you have been here I have appreciated your exceptional intelligence and your unequalled ingenuity. But I ask this service of you. Perhaps I am wrong to fear an attack during the coming night, but as I must act with foresight I count on you to frustrate any attempt that may be made.'"

"Have you spoken of all this to M. Stangerson?"

"No. I do not wish him to ask me, as you just now did, for the name of the murderer. I tell you all this, M. Roulettable, because I have great, very great, confidence in you. I know that you do not suspect me."

"The poor man spoke in jerks. He was evidently suffering. I pitied him, the more because I felt sure that he would rather allow himself to be killed than tell me who the murderer was. As for Mlle. Stangerson, I felt that she would rather allow herself to be murdered than denounce the man of the yellow room and of the inexplicable gallery. The man must be dominating her or both by some inscrutable power. They were dreading nothing so much as the chance of M. Stangerson knowing that his daughter was 'held' by her assailant. I made M. Darzac understand that he had explained himself sufficiently and that he might refrain from telling me any more than he had already told me. I promised him to watch through the night. He insisted that I should establish an absolutely impassable barrier about Mlle. Stangerson's chamber, around the bondoir where the nurses were sleeping and around the drawing room where since the affair of the inexplicable gallery M. Stangerson had slept. In short, I was to put a cordon round the whole apartment."

"From his insistence I gathered that M. Darzac intended not only to make it impossible for the expected man to reach the chamber of Mlle. Stangerson, but to make that impossibility so visibly clear that, seeing himself ex-

pected, he would at once go away. That was how I interpreted his final words when he parted. 'You may mention your own suspicions of the expected attack to M. Stangerson, to Daddy Jacques, to Frederic Larsan and to anybody in the chateau.'"

"When he was gone I began to think that I should have to use even a greater cunning than his so that if the man should come that night he might not for a moment suspect that his coming had been expected. Certainly! I would allow him to get in far enough, so that, dead or alive, I might see his face clearly. He must be got rid of. Mlle. Stangerson must be freed from this continual impending danger."

The landlady appeared at that moment, bringing in the traditional bacon omelet. Roulettable chafed her a little, and she took the chaff with the most charming good humor.

"She is much jollier when Daddy Mathieu is in bed with his rheumatism," Roulettable said to me.

When he had finished his omelet and we were again alone Roulettable continued the tale of his confidences.

"When I sent you my telegram this morning," he said, "I had only the word of M. Darzac that 'perhaps' the assassin would come tonight. I can now say that he will certainly come. I expect him."

"What has made you feel this certainty?"

"I have been sure since half past 10 o'clock this morning that he would come. I knew that before we saw Arthur Rance at the window in the court."

"Ah!" I said. "But, again, what made you so sure? And why since half past 10 this morning?"

"Because at half past 10 I had proof that Mlle. Stangerson was making as many efforts to permit of the murderer's entrance as M. Robert Darzac had taken precautions against it."

"Is that possible?" I cried. "Haven't you told me that Mlle. Stangerson loves M. Robert Darzac?"

"I told you so because it is the truth."

"Then do you see nothing strange?"

"Everything in this business is strange, my friend; but take my word for it, the strangeness you now feel is nothing to the strangeness that's to come!"

"It must be admitted, then," I said, "that Mlle. Stangerson and her murderer are in communication—at any rate in writing?"

"Admit it, my friend; admit it! You don't risk anything! I told you about the letter left on her table on the night of the inexplicable gallery affair—the letter that disappeared into the pocket of Mlle. Stangerson. Why should it not have been a summons to a meeting? Might he not, as soon as he was sure of Darzac's absence, appoint the meeting for the coming night?"

And my friend laughed silently. There are moments when I ask myself if he is not laughing at me.

The door of the inn opened. Roulettable was on his feet so suddenly that one might have thought he had received an electric shock.

"Mr. Arthur Rance!" he cried.

Mr. Arthur Rance stood before us calmly bowing.

CHAPTER XX.

An Act of Mlle. Stangerson.

"YOU remember me, monsieur?" asked Roulettable. The American extended his hand, and Roulettable, relaxing his frown, shook it and introduced Mr. Arthur Rance to me. He invited him to share our meal.

"No, thanks. I breakfasted with M. Stangerson."

Arthur Rance spoke French perfectly, almost without an accent.

"I did not expect to have the pleasure of seeing you again, monsieur. I thought you were to have left France the day after the reception at the Elysee."

Roulettable and I, outwardly indifferent, listened most intently for every word the American would say.

The man's purplish red face, his heavy eyelids, the nervous twitchings, all spoke of his addiction to drink. How came it that so sorry a specimen of a man should be so intimate with M. Stangerson?

Some days later I learned from Frederic Larsan—who, like ourselves, was surprised and mystified by Rance's appearance and reception at the chateau—that Mr. Rance had been an inmate for about fifteen years only—that it is to say, since the professor and his daughter left Philadelphia. During the time the Stangersons lived in America they were very intimate with Arthur Rance, who was one of the most distinguished phrenologists of the new world. Owing to new experiments he had made enormous strides beyond the science of Gall and Lavater. The friendliness with which he was received at the Glandier may be explained by the fact that he had rendered Mlle. Stangerson a great service by stopping, at the peril of his own life, the runaway horses of her carriage. The immediate result of that could, however, have been no more than a mere friendly association with the Stangersons, certainly not a love affair.

Frederic Larsan did not tell me where he had picked up this information, but he appeared to be quite sure of what he said.

The American must have been at least forty-five years old. He spoke in a perfectly natural tone in reply to Roulettable's question.

"It put off my return to America when I heard of the attack on Mlle. Stangerson. I wanted to be certain the lady had not been killed, and I shall not go away until she is perfectly recovered."

Like Larsan, Rance thought that Robert Darzac had something to do with the matter. He did not mention him by name, but there was no room to doubt whom he meant. He told us he was aware of the efforts young Roule-

table was making to unravel the tangled skein of the yellow room mystery. He explained that M. Stangerson had related to him all that had taken place in the inexplicable gallery. He several times expressed his regret at M. Darzac's absence from the chateau on all these occasions and thought that M. Darzac had done cleverly in allying himself with M. Joseph Roulettable, who could not fall sooner or later to discover the murderer. He spoke the last sentence with unconcealed irony. Then he rose, bowed to us and left the inn.

Roulettable watched him through the window.

"An odd fish, that!" he said.

"Do you think he'll pass the night at the Glandier?" I asked.

"To my amazement the young reporter answered that it was a matter of entire indifference to him whether he did or not."

As to how we spent our time during the afternoon, all I need say is that Roulettable led me to the grotto of Sainte Genevieve and all the time talked of every subject but the one with which we were most interested. Toward evening I was surprised to find Roulettable making none of the preparations I had expected him to make. I spoke to him about it when he came to the door and we were once more in his room. He replied that all his arrangements had already been made, and this time the murderer would not get away from him.

I expressed some doubt on this, reminding him of his disappearance in the gallery, and suggested that the same phenomenon might occur again. He answered that he hoped it would. He desired nothing more. I did not insist, knowing by experience how useless that would have been. He told me that, with the help of the concierges, the chateau had since early dawn been watched in such a way that nobody could approach it without his knowing it and that he had no concern for those who might have left it and remained without.

It was then 6 o'clock by his watch. Rising, he made a sign to me to follow him, and, without in the least trying to conceal his movements or the sound of his footsteps, he led me through the gallery. We reached the "right" gallery and came to the landing place, which we crossed. We then continued our way in the gallery of the left wing, passing Professor Stangerson's apartment.

At the far end of the gallery, before coming to the donjon, is the room occupied by Arthur Rance. We knew that, because we had seen him at the window looking on to the court. The door of the room opens on to the end of the gallery, exactly facing the east window, at the extremity of the "right" gallery, where Roulettable had placed Daddy Jacques, and commands an uninterrupted view of the gallery from end to end of the chateau.

"That 'off turning' gallery," said Roulettable, "I reserve for myself. (To Be Continued.)"

FOR SALE

SALE OF 6 1/2 ACRES OF LAND, immediately situated Park Y, James-st. Small frame building 12x18 on land. Will be sold cheap as proprietor is going to California. Apply to Peter Aiello, care B. J. Gough, Lindsay.—46wl.

FOR SALE—On corner of Glenelg and St. Lawrence-st., south ward, house with all modern conveniences, also two adjoining lots; stable on premises, will sell as a whole or separately, but must be sold at once, as owner is leaving town. Apply to Box 226, Lindsay-st. on the premises to Mrs. W. F. O'Boyle—8dw swl.

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. Rr. Broad. office 48 Peel-st.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF FARM

The Executors of the estate of the late James St. John, Esq., of the Township of Brock, County of Ontario, will receive sealed tenders until September 27th, when they will be opened, for the sale of that excellent farm property, consisting of E 1/2 lot 7 and W 1/2 lot 8, concession 6, Township of Brock.

The farm, comprising 200 acres, more or less, is situated 1 1/2 miles west of the village of Sunderland. The land is clay loam of excellent quality. One hundred and sixty acres are under cultivation, the balance consisting of pasture with a few acres of timber land. Upon the property there is a handsome modern brick residence, heated by a furnace, fitted with bath etc., and beautifully situated. The barn being a splendid structure full 75 x 108 ft., with stone stabling full size, is one of the best in the township of Brock. There is also a good driving shed, a large hogery and poultry house. There is a fine orchard of choice apples, pears, plums, cherries and grapes, with all the small fruits incidental to a good garden. The farm is watered by two good wells and a never-falling stream of spring water. At the barn water is pumped by a windmill which is also used for power purposes. The manager of the farm will be pleased to show intending purchasers over the property.

A marked cheque for \$500.00 must accompany each tender as a mark of good faith, said cheque to be returned if tender be not given. Possession to plow will be accepted on 1st of November, full possession on 15th of November. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. For further conditions of sale and particulars apply to the undersigned, by whom all tenders will be received.

HENRY GLENDENNING, Executor, Manila, Ont.



A Yard of flannel is still a yard after washed with Surprise Soap

Its pure hard Soap—thats why.

Don't forget the name—**Surprise**

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain mortgage made by William Butler of the Township of Eldon to the Vendor, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale at the Benson House in the Town of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria, on Saturday, the 24th day of September, 1910, at the hour of twelve o'clock, the following lands and premises, namely: All that certain parcel and tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldon, in the County of Victoria and Province of Ontario and being composed of Lot Number 6 in the 3rd concession of the said Township of Eldon, containing by admeasurement 200 acres, be the same more or less. Upon the premises are said to be erected a farm house, barn and outbuildings. The property here situated is about 15 miles from the Town of Lindsay, and about one quarter mile from the Village of Lorneville. The property will be offered subject to a first mortgage thereon and subject to a reserve bid. Terms: 10 per cent. of the purchase money will be required to be paid at the time of the sale and the balance within thirty days thereafter, and subject to conditions of sale which will be made known at the time of the offering of the property. For further particulars apply to Messrs. Johnston, McKay, Dods & Grant, Traders Bank Building, Toronto, solicitors for the Vendor. Dated at Toronto, this 29th day of August, 1910.

FARM FOR SALE

FOR SALE—North half lot 22, con. 6, Fenelon, 100 acres, more or less. All but 2 or 3 acres under cultivation. Double barn 40x56 and 36x56 good water supply, 2 wells, cement cistern, good frame house, small orchard, school about 1 mile. For further particulars apply on premises to FRANK J. SMITHERAM.—w3.

FARM FOR SALE—100 acres more

or less, being north half of lot 5 Concession 14, Mariposa. All cleared and in good state of cultivation. A frame house and good barn with wind mill, which grinds, pulps, pump, cuts wood and feed. One mile from Woodville and five miles from Cannington. Wants to sell at once. For further particulars apply on premises to Mrs. Greenway, Woodville.—wtf.

FARM FOR SALE—Containing 140

acres, more or less, being part of lot 14 and 15 in 8 con. Mariposa. Brick house, frame barn, 40 by 104 with stone wall and first class stabling. Water in front of horses and cattle with taps. Good hog pen. Driving house. Hen house, cement floors in them all. A never-falling well, well fenced, adjoining the thriving village of Oakwood. Known as the W. A. Silverwood farm. Would like to sell at once. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes, Real Estate agent, Lindsay.

Ontario Veterinary College

Affiliated with the University of Toronto and under the control of the Department of Agriculture for Ontario.

INFIRMARY FOR SICK ANIMALS AT THE COLLEGE. COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPT. 30th 1910. N.B.—Calendar on application.

E. A. GRANGE, V.S., M.S., Principal

FARM FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Will the parties who are interested in buying Lot 11, Con. 10, Emily, communicate with me without delay. MRS. E. O'BRIEN, 3225 Pleasant-ave., Minneapolis, Minn.—dlw2.

ONE OF THE VERY BEST FARMS

in the Township of Pickering, containing 158 acres, all tillable, a good brick house, large orchard, out-buildings new, consisting of 2 bank barns, 2 silos; stabling for over 40 head of cattle, with brick floors; hog pen 80 feet long with brick floor and cement troughs; horse stable floored with paving brick; also a driving shed and hen house. In all buildings dressed lumber is used, all painted on the outside. Address all communications to W. A. MILNE, Brown's Corners, Ont.—w4.

FARM FOR SALE—Lot 15, con. 2,

Fenelon, containing 93 1/2 acres, more or less, adjoining the village of Islay, 90 acres cleared and about 4 1/2 acres hardwood bush. New frame barn 50x65 on stone wall with first-class stabling complete, cement floor. Log house, well finished inside, partly plastered and partly boarded. School post office and blacksmith shop with in a few rods of farm, 6 miles from Cambray station. Grass Hill and Cameron grain markets. The property of JOHN R. COWISON. For further particulars apply to Elias Bowes Real Estate Agent, Lindsay.—wtf.

FARM FOR SALE—100 acres, being

south half lot 5, con. 1, Mariposa, about 70 acres ploughable land, balance pasture and wood land. The soil is good clay loam. There is a good frame house, two barns, with stone foundation under one pig pen, hen house. There is also about two acres of orchard and two good wells and cistern in house. About twenty acres seeded. About three-quarters of a mile from school and post office, and half mile from church. Possession for ploughing at any time. For further particulars apply to THOS. MOASE, Fingerboard, Mariposa.—wtf

FARM OF 100 ACRES FOR SALE.

Close to the Village of Cambray. All cleared and in a good state of cultivation. There is none of this 100 acres but what can be changed from pasture to grain of any kind. Good brick house and first-class out buildings. There is a good well at both house and barn; also an orchard of fruit trees. Village property or a small property in the country would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply personally or by letter to JOS. FLUREY, 39 William-st., south, Lindsay.—w3.

FARM FOR SALE—3 miles south

of Omeme, 150 acres, E of lot 4 and S W of 5, Emily. This farm is in good shape, fences in good repair, small orchard, 2 good wells, 5 acres maple bush, 75 acres ploughable remainder pasture and swamp. New barn 45x70 on stone wall, cement floor; water in stable for cattle, also trough in yard; power mill on barn which grinds, pulps, pmp, cut wood and feed. Hay fork in connection. Pig pen 22x54, cement floor and trough. New brick house 25x35 with cistern, furnace and telephone, two implement houses. Ploughing leave this fall. Inspection of place solicited. The buildings are extra good, and for situation, and convenience are equal to equal. For prices or further information call at farm or write E. S. MORGAN, Omeme. wtf.

FARM FOR SALE—Being composed

of lot 4, in the 7th Con. of Eldon, comprising two hundred acres and situated one mile from Grass Hill station (G.T.R.) and P.O., and 1 1/2 miles from Woodville or Lorneville. On this desirable property there are two commodious dwelling houses, one stone and the other frame, one frame barn, 36x48 ft., with basement; a frame shed 32x24 ft., and log stable 40x22 ft. On the premises and convenient situated are two never-falling wells and one large cistern. There are also about one hundred and forty acres cleared, six acres of hardwood bush and balance soft timbers. School at corner of farm and churches convenient. For particulars and terms of sale apply to J. McCuaig, Rugby, Ont., or to D. McCuaig, Lot 1, Con. 7, Eldon.—w

FOR SALE—\$4300 will buy a 100

acre farm, situated lot 6 in the 9th Con. Mariposa; a first-class situation for anyone wanting to carry on dairying, as it is well watered, has a large barn, with stone stabling and windmill and is convenient to markets. Ploughing leave this fall. Possession in March next. Apply to WM. J. WHITE, Tynecastle, Sask.—dlwtf.

FARM FOR SALE—South half of

lot 20, con. 8, containing 100 acres, more or less, and south half lot 21, con. 10, containing 100 acres. Good brick house, driving shed, hog pen with cement floor, hen house, both stables are partly cemented and have water taps.—J. F. and W. J. COAD, Oakwood.—cow.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT

—Lot 16, Con. 3, Township of Fenelon. One hundred acres, bank barn, log barn and house; good orchard, plenty of water all year round. For terms apply to tenant or to T. MURRAY, 385 Manning-ave., Toronto.—w7.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA