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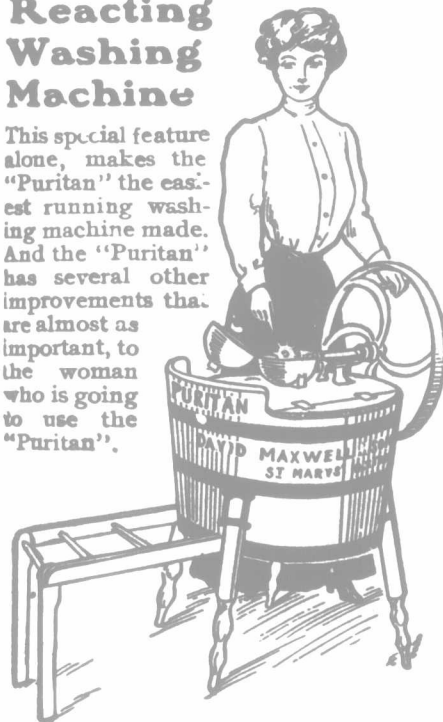
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lis'n—they all lookin' to see you run away or make yourself a fool. I hear them talk, so I know what it is they think. And you, Rober', you are big an' strong an' more good-lookin' as any of them. You jus' make the bluff, go do the farming an' get the money, so then you can go away—if you wish. Make the big bluff, an' be like you was smartt."

"I can't get any money farming, Cuby," said Rob, altogether despondent. "I don't know how. I, driving those horned beasts up and down that infernal precipice! It makes me sick, even just crawling up an' down there on foot. It's awful, and the house is awful. I wish—I wish I was dead!"

A cold little wind-reddened hand crept over and laid itself for the brief space of an instant on Rob's hand.

"Rober', it's hard for you losin' your fine 'ome what you had, an' all your big pile o' money. But now you min' me, an' all shall be well, I tell you; jus' you make the big bluff."

"Cuby," said Robert, detaining the small hand, and, to make sure of detaining it, he groaned again aloud, "I wish I was dead."

"There's a road—not so steep," said Cuby. "You seen where they loadin' the 'Leevya' '—wa-a-a!, over the other side the River there's another road begins there, an' it goes up to Power Lot, God Help Us, jus' the same, but it winds aroun' and aroun', a way not near so steep. Now, it is too late to-day, but to-morrow you put on the big bluff an' make mad at everybody, an' go yoke Ma'y Sting'ree's oxen, an' drive them yourself with the big talk what they always talks at oxen; an' you come down here with them an' get some rock-weed for to dress your land. That is the first thing to begin to farm."

"Rock-weed to dress the land. See here, Cuby, I'm having enough to try me without you putting me up to any funny business. The blame' old land is too much dressed with 'rocks' and 'weeds' already."

Cuby laughed with merry indulgence. "Me an' my father, we don't know nothin' 'bout farmin', neither; but I see them what they do. They haul up the rock-weed for to spread over the land, and, also, they haul up of the fish-gurry."

"Let them," said Rob; "it makes me sick to think of it. You don't suppose I'm going around accumulating that sort of fragrance on my person, do you? Why, my very boots would smell!"

"Aha!" cried Cuby through her laughter, shaking at him a finger sapient with agricultural lore, however accidentally acquired; "but you mus'. If you make not the ground to smell, then you shall have no potatoes. Sure. 'Tis so. My father, he hauls wood an' burns the charcoal—he is no farmer, but I have seen them, what they do. They haul all that makes a rot," admitted Cuby, confidentially, and lifting her dainty nose in exclamation, "an' with it they make the stinkin' ground. Also, you mus' do so, an' you mus' not mind, for if you have not the stinkin' ground, then you shall have no potatoes."

Rob listened in astound and admiration. Her face was as fair as a flower, her teeth were as white as pure linen seven times washed.

"I think I shall take your advice," he considered aloud, "provided you will keep on advisin' me."

"Sure," said Cuby, competently, "I shall always tell you what to do next—and may be you will have good potatoes, an' then they shall not make fun at you."

"Will you show me how to get rock-weed and fish-gurry?" Rob soliloquized audibly, inclining ever to Cuby as the sole point of effulgence left in a cold and dreary world.

"Didn't I tell you, I shall tell you everything you shall do, so that they shall not make a laugh at you? But you—you mus' make the big bluff at

them—or it shall all be no good." She sighed.

"It won't make people talk unkindly about you?" said Rob.

"No, for I am good. Some is bad; about them is talk. But me—no. I am good. My father an' Cap'n Jim Turbine, they tam to hell anybody w'at talk about me," concluded Cuby with placid satisfaction.

"Good," said Rob, "you're all right. I wonder if I could find somebody to take charge of my character. Well, never mind. I think you are saving my life and reason. At what time will you be here to-morrow morning to meet me?"

"Nine o'clock. You got to 'ump yourself an' git a move on to make a farm."

"I'm used to sleeping late, but I don't care how soon I get out of that old Samantha-Tildy-Ann bed-quilt of a room of mine."

"Ma'y Sting'ree is a nice house-keeper," declared Cuby virtuously.

"She's an old hen of a school-teacher, that's what she is," replied Rob.

Cuby's heart leaped, and she adjudged it safe to experiment still further with the function of justice: "Ma'y Sting'ree is only twenty-five."

"She has lied about her age, then. She is forty, if she's a day."

Cuby ceased temporizing further in Mary's behalf, and laughed with a joyful sympathy she could not conceal. Rob seemed to her a beautiful young man. There was a cut to his clothes and a general air about him that was foreign and adorable. He had the blue eyes and the fair mustache of that hero in her favorite novel—the one who leaped to the ninth floor of the burning tenement and rescued "Alva," the factory girl, to whom he was secretly betrothed. This romance, Cuby adjudged by all means to be a work of art. Its precepts and its tragedies, of which there was no stint, abided with her. As for Mary Stingaree, Cuby admitted to herself she was a clever woman, learned and superior, and, to the keen instinct of one of her own sex, a dangerously alluring and fascinating woman.

So, when Cuby heard Rob's words, coupled with the frank distaste gleaming in his eyes and curling his lip, she laughed deliciously:

"Rober', you mus' not make the fun at her."

"I wish you lived up at Power Lot, Cuby."

"Oh, there is only a short road and the hill."

"It's the deuce of a hill, though."

"You forget me—what I tell you. There is a road not so steep. Now I mus' go 'ome. I should ask you to dinner, but I get no dinner until night. Then my father comes 'ome from a-choppin' an' haulin' the wood, an' I get then the dinner. I shall go," said she, rising promptly. "You also mus' go."

"Yes," Rob deplored, "I'll go. You are sure that you will be here when I come to-morrow?"

"May be so an' may be not," flaunted Cuby, pursuing the tantalizing methods of proud Alva of the tenements. "But, anyway, you shall come."

Rob gallantly took up the bucket of clams and the hoe. Cuby blushed with satisfaction at this approved and elegant consummation of the opening chapter of her romance, and walked unburdened at his side, her head held very erect, health palpably radiating from her as a perfect creation of nature.

"Is there anything like a shop anywhere around here," questioned Rob, "where a fellow could purchase a few cigarettes, I mean?"

(To be continued.)

I am glad to think

I am not bound to make the world go round;

But only to discover, and to do

With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

—Jean Ingelow.

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## MORTGAGE SALE OF Percheron Stallions and Mares

Under and by virtue of the powers contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of the sale, there will be offered for sale at public auction by D. Dickenson, auctioneer, at Lot 40, Con. 1, Huron Road, Tuckersmith (1/2 mile from Clinton), on Tuesday, May 26th, 1908, at one o'clock p. m., the following choice Percheron stock: Velventian (8892 S. A. H. B. A.), dark gray stallion, 6 years old; Colosse (49251 A. H. B. A.), black stallion, 1 year old; Prosper (5103 A. H. B. A.), black stallion, 2 years old; Madam Elmont (15990, F. D. H. A.), gray mare, 7 years old; Mamie (15939, F. D. H. A.), blue-roan mare; Christine (15992, F. D. H. A.), dapple gray mare, 6 years old; Lady Marston (15988, F. D. H. A.), black mare, 1 year old; Leonis Maid (49374), roan mare, 2 years old. The above animals are pedigreed and registered. At the same time and place will be offered 2 Polled Angus cows, 2 Polled Angus calves, and other stock, and a quantity of farm implements and machinery. All the above will be offered for sale subject to reserved bids. For particulars and terms of sale apply to

Macdonell & Boland, Barristers,  
2 Toronto St., Toronto,  
or to

W. Brydson, Barrister, Clinton.  
May 5, 1908.



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

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VETERINARY SURGEONS.—We have a most excellent opportunity in hand for a Veterinary Surgeon open to practice in the Town of North Toronto. The property has a large frontage on Yonge Street, and extends back a considerable distance, and on it there is a good eight-roomed roughcast house, with orchard, commodious blacksmith shop doing a large business, and a large building which would be suitable for an infirmary and stables. There is no veterinary surgeon in the district between Toronto and Thornhill. Reasonable terms of payment will be accepted. Waddington & Grundy, 86 King St. East, Toronto.

WANTED—Good draft horses, weighing upwards of thirty hundred per team. Give price and particulars to A. T. Fraser, Port Elmsley, Ont.

WANTED—Persons to grow mushrooms at home. Waste space in cellar, garden or farm can be made to yield fifteen to twenty-five dollars per week. Send stamp for illustrated booklet and full particulars. Montreal Supply Co., Montreal.

### GOSSIP.

IRISH SHORTHORNS BRING GOOD PRICES.

At the auction sale of Shorthorn cattle in connection with the Royal Dublin Society's annual show, at Ball's Bridge, the last week in April, good prices were realized, half a score of the young bulls bringing prices ranging from 100 guineas to 230 guineas; at least half a dozen being purchased for export to the Argentine, two numbers being taken at 230 guineas each by Mr. Dan McLennan for that trade. These were contributed by Mr. H. J. C. Toler-Aylward, and were named Diamond Prince and Diamond Lord.