

HIS LEGAL WIFE

BY MARY E. BRYAN

CHAPTER I

A night in midwinter—cold, but not bleak. There was hardly any wind, and the snow that had fallen half an hour before had fluttered down like white rose-leaves from a gray cloud that scarcely hid the moon.

People who had been indoors knew nothing of the change that had taken place outside. When they came out from the theatres, the cafes, the dance halls, the concert rooms, all the various resorts of a great city, they saw the streets sheeted in white, and the moonlight glistening upon it.

A few noted the beautiful effect, and hesitated to mar the crimine carpet with their footsteps; others were too wrapped in their own thoughts or cares to notice it.

Among these last was a young man who ran down three flights of dark, narrow stairs in a cheap apartment house, and throwing open the door at the end of the dimly lighted hall, rushed out into the street.

He tramped the fresh-fallen snow without seeing it, walking at first with swift, long strides, as though lashed by the whip of some maddening thought.

His steps grew slower after a time; still he walked headlessly, his head bent, his mouth sternly set, his forehead drawn as in painful reflection.

On and on he wandered, past the glittering entrances of theatres, wine-rooms, and hotels. At last the business part of the city lay behind him. He crossed a large square, marbled by the pure snow, and veiled with the white, moonlight and black, clear-cut shadows of electric lamps. He came upon a broad avenue, lined with imposing buildings, the homes of aristocratic owners. They had stately vestibules, and large windows draped with silk and costly lace.

The sidewalks were nearly free from pedestrians, and the quiet seemed to bring him to himself. For the first time he became conscious that he was tired. He had not felt fatigue or cold, though he had walked miles along the snowy streets. He had no overcoat on, and his clothes, though of good material, were worn and thin.

He stopped in front of a stately house, and leaned for rest against the iron balustrade inclosing a small plot of ground on either side of the broad stone steps. Inside the inclosure, close to where he leaned, there was a low, bushy cedar-tree, its golden-green foliage thickly powdered with snow. He reached out and took a handful of the snow and rubbed it over his hot forehead, pushing back the locks of brown, half-curled hair. A groan full of heart pain and weakness burst from his lips.

"She will do it!" he muttered, half aloud. "I know her. Gentle as she seems, nothing can turn her. She will carry out the purpose she declared tonight. What can be done to prevent it? Nothing. Money, money! that alone can avert this horrible calamity!"

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his worn coat and drew out an empty purse. He held it up and looked at it, then, with a short, bitter laugh he threw it from him.

As he turned to go away, a carriage drawn by a pair of handsome black horses came around the corner of the street near by. The gas-light flared upon its occupants—two women wrapped in velvets and furs. As his glance fell upon them, a hard expression came into his eyes.

"They have money to throw away," he muttered. "They are insolently happy in their luxury, while she—"

His face darkened as the scene he had witnessed an hour ago rose up before him. A beautiful, proud young creature, made desperate and cruel by the sting of poverty, reproaching the man who loved her as his life, and declaring her purpose to take a step that he knew would result in her misery and disgrace.

Her sad, defiant eyes came up to him now, as his glance fell upon the young woman leaning back against the cushions of her carriage. If he had not been so absorbed in his own feelings, he might have doubted whether she was a being to be envied. He might have noted that the young face against the violet lining of the carriage was white as marble, and that the beautiful features bore the stamp of anguish hardly held in check. The expression of her whole figure was that of one forcibly restraining a storm of grief or indignation—perhaps both.

Her gloved fingers clutched her folded fan so tightly that the delicate sticks of carved pearl were crushed to pieces. Her satin-slippered foot incessantly beat the floor of the carriage. Her lids were dropped, but she lifted them as the elderly woman on the back seat, reached out a hand and murmured:

"Don't take it to heart so, dearie! He'll come, and you'll make it all up."

A fire of angry scorn blazed in the great dark eyes, the lovely mouth hardened implacably. But she did not speak. Her foot kept up its restless beat, and as soon as the carriage drew up before the brown-stone

house, with the snowpowdered cedar beside it, the lady threw open the door without waiting for the footman, and prepared to jump out.

At the same instant a hospital ambulance, with a ghastly "accident case" inside, whirled around the corner, just behind the carriage.

The load rattle of its wheels, its sharp, warning clang! clang! frightened the horses. They started off with a bound. The young woman was in the act of jumping from the carriage. She would inevitably have fallen headlong to the pavement had she not been caught in the strong arms of a man who sprang to her aid.

It was the shabbily dressed man who had been leaning against the balustrade in front of her house. The noise of the ambulance had roused him. He saw the horses start; he saw the young lady's danger, and sprang instinctively to help her.

She fell—a dead weight in his arms at first, but in the next breath she recovered herself. She struggled out of his hold and got upon her feet. She seemed scarcely frightened. She thanked him in a low voice and without looking at him.

The coachman had quickly pulled up the horses, and the elderly woman, who had uttered several ladylike screams, alighted, and came running up to her charge.

"My dear Nina!" she cried. "Are you hurt—are you hurt?"

"Not in the least. Pray, don't alarm the street, dear!" returned the young lady, coolly.

She gathered up her satin train and ran up the steps, followed more slowly by her companion.

As the door closed behind them, the elderly lady turned and rested her hands on the other's arms.

"What strong nerves you have, my dear Nina!" she said, admiringly. "Do you know, you might have been terribly hurt—crippled or killed—if that man had not caught you? You may thank him for your safety. I hope, though, he hasn't soiled your dress. These street tramps are always so dirty!"

"A street tramp! Was he that?"

"Not I ought to have given him money instead of thanks!"

"Strange he didn't remind you of that. Maybe he is waiting outside."

"James," said the young mistress of the house, turning to the servant, "see if there is a man out on the steps, or—ah! there is the bell. It is he, no doubt."

"It is he, of course. Trust these vagabonds to keep you in mind of an obligation."

"Here, James," said the young lady, touching the spring of a little gold porte-monnaie—in shape a tiny tortoise—that hung from her girdle. It opened, and she took out of it a tea-dollar gold piece and handed it to the servant. "Give this to the man at the door. Ask him to accept it, with my thanks, for the service he did me."

Then looking at her companion, whose kindly eyes rested sympathetically upon her, she said:

"Go on to bed, Bee. I'll not go up right away. I am going to read in the library awhile. I could not sleep. Tell Flora not to wait for me; I can undress myself."

"Don't stay up long, dear. You will make yourself ill. You look ill already—you look ill already," Mrs. Child remonstrated, looking anxiously after the girl, who nodded with a little flickering smile, and waved her hand in good night, as she opened the door of the library.

Mrs. Child stood on the stairs and watched her until the door closed behind the slender figure, wrapped in the long mantle of peargray velvet that nearly hid her robe of palest pink.

The kind-hearted chaperon shook her head.

"Read, indeed!" she said to herself. "She's going in there to cry! Her eyes out. Well, let her cry; it will do her good. It is better than to sit as if turned to stone, with that strange look in her eyes. I shall see to it. If she should kill herself, or him! Oh, I hope she will cry!"

But the object of her anxiety was finding no such merciful vent for the storm that swelled in her breast.

Mrs. Child flung herself on the lounge, and lying there, face down, she shook from head to foot with passionate sobs; but no tears came to her relief. She murmured, brokenly:

"He has killed me! he has killed me!"

Suddenly she started up; her eyes flashed; she flung back the coils of rich hair from which the jeweled comb had dropped.

"It will not kill me!" she said aloud; "it shall not kill me! He shall not see that I care for his treachery. The world shall not see it. Oh! if only—I could—"

A knock on the door interrupted her. She did not respond to it at once.

"Is it you, Mrs. Child?" she asked at length.

"No, miss. It's me—James, I have something for you."

"Come in."

The servant entered the room and came up to her, holding out to her, on a silver card tray, a gold piece,

and her diamond bracelet, which she had not yet missed from her arm.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"The man wouldn't take the money, miss. He'd rung the bell to give you your bracelet. He found it on the sidewalk, where, he said, you dropped it when you came nigh havin' a haccident, miss."

Miss de Vasco looked at the man, then at the gold piece and the costly bracelet, without saying a word. Her eyes betrayed intense surprise. All at once another, a more subtle expression came into them. It was as if a sudden inspiration had flashed upon her.

"James, what kind of person did this man seem to be?" she asked.

"He's a young man, miss. Don't look like one of the grubbin' sort. Seems like he might be a gen'lman, if he had on good clothes."

"Go after him and bring him here. Tell him I want to speak to him. Be quick!"

When he had gone she stood where he had left her, her color rising, and her mobile face betraying that some new, exciting purpose was shaping itself in her brain. After a moment she began to walk the floor restlessly, stopping to listen for sounds outside the door.

Presently she heard footsteps in the hall—the steps of a man—yes, of two men in the hall. Then a knock on the door. It was opened by the servant.

"Here's the person as you wish to see, miss," he said, standing aside to let the tall figure just behind him be seen.

As the stranger made a single step forward into the room, and bowed to its occupant, she said to herself:

"He looks like a gentleman, in spite of his shabby clothes. Very well, James," she said to the servant. "You can wait outside. I will ring when I need you."

James hesitated. It seemed hardly right to leave his young mistress alone with a stranger—a street vagabond—at this hour of the night. But a look and an imperious wave of her white hand enforced the command. He obeyed, wondering at this new caprice of the queerly young beauty. But he was accustomed to seeing her act according to the promptings of her own sweet will. Why should she not? There was none to say her nay. Her amiable chaperon was merely a figurehead.

Miss de Vasco was left alone in her library with the "street tramp." Her quick eye, that had gone over his figure and noticed his fine proportions as well as his worn habiliments, rested on his face, and discerned that, notwithstanding the neglected hair and somewhat neglected beard, the features bore the stamp of a man of high birth.

She did not speak immediately, and her changing color and quivering eyelids betrayed her embarrassment. He was calm enough. He looked steadily into the face of this young woman, whose beauty he scarcely noticed.

"You sent for me?" he said, at length.

"Yes," hesitatingly. "Come to the fire; you must be cold."

He took a step or two nearer to the glowing grate, but he did not seem to notice the slight motion she made toward a chair. He stood on the soft Persian rug, resting his hand lightly on the back of a chair, and looking at her expectantly. Overcoming her nervousness, she asked coolly:

"Why did you not take the money I gave you?"

"The money you sent out to me by your servant," he corrected. "I did not wish to be paid for an act of common politeness."

She was gratified to hear him speak correctly—her expressive face said as much.

"Yet you need money?" she said.

"I need money, God knows; but ten dollars would not help my case."

"Ah! you refused it, then, because it was not enough. I will double it, and—"

"I have said that I would not take pay for a simple act of courtesy, young lady."

The flush of offended pride rose to his forehead. She was silent; a struggle was going on in her breast. But she had determined to act on that sudden inspiration. She went on:

"But you need money; you acknowledge as much. You would like to acquire, if not ten dollars, then ten hundred—ten thousand, perhaps?"

He bent his hollow, sad eyes on her face. An eager light kindled in them.

"If you could put me in the way of acquiring ten thousand dollars, honestly and at once, you would be giving me peace, hope—everything. You would be saving the life—more than the life—of one more dear."

He stopped abruptly, angry with himself at having let his pent-up feelings carry him away.

"Then you have a family? You are married?" she asked.

There was a little silence; he seemed to hesitate.

"No," he finally said. "I am not married."

"And if I could in one day, in one hour, put you in possession of ten thousand—yes, three times ten thousand dollars?" she said a tremor running through her tones.

But he was no longer of his guard. His face had grown cold and hard once more. He picked up his hat.

"You are pleased to jest. I have no heart for jesting tonight," he said, coldly. "Allow me to say good-night," he said, coldly. "Allow me to say good-night," he added, and turned to the door.

"Stay!"

She made a step toward him, stretching out an arm that trembled. Her breast heaved, her color came and went.

"Stay—I was not jesting."

He stopped, and looked at her, wondering.

"Did not jest," she went on rapidly. "You have done me a service, and you can do me a greater one. You can help me—and you can honorably and at once, as you just now said—you can acquire—forty thousand dollars!"

"How?"

She did not reply at once. She drew a quick, gasping breath. Then lifting her eyes steadily to his, and hardening the muscles of her face, she answered:

"By marrying me!"

He looked at her, dumb with amazement.

The long cloak had fallen to the floor. Perhaps she had dropped it in an impulse of unconscious coquetry. The softened light gleamed over her bare throat and bosom and the jewels that sparkled against their polished whiteness.

Such a woman—beautiful, rich, mistress of her stately home—to ask him a stranger from the street—to marry her!

What could it mean?

He still looked at her in silence. Her eyes fell before his steady, questioning gaze. All at once a suspicion darted into his mind. He misinterpreted her tremor her downcast eyes.

"Marry you?" he said. "No; I want money, but not so badly as to make me consent to be a cover to a fine lady's shame!"

"What—what do you mean?"

She looked at him bewildered. Then his meaning broke upon her. A wave of crimson dyed her face—her beautiful throat and bosom. Her eyes flashed with indignation fire.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you? Leave me! Go this instant!"

She pointed to the door with the gesture of an insulted queen.

He did not obey her. He took a step nearer to her, and bent his head low before her.

"Forgive me, I was wrong, I am deeply sorry. I take back those words; they were false—insulting; but you must needs forgive me, for you drew in on yourself—your strange jest—what could I think?"

"You could have thought, sir, that I had made you an honest proposition," she said, with dignity.

He looked at her blankly. "You really meant that offer in earnest?"

"I meant it in earnest. Do I look as though I were jesting?"

"No; and yet—"

The doubt had crossed her mind. "Can she be insane?" but her tones, her manner, belied such an idea.

"Listen," she said presently, speaking now with grave dignity. "Do not misjudge me again. It was simply a business proposition I made you. There are reasons why I wish to marry. For one, I need a protector. I am young, rich, and alone. I have no relatives. I go into society, where scandal is quick to assail a girl who has no family aids to shield her. I want an escort, a protector. I can not have one unless he is my husband. I do not want a lover. He must be a husband in name only. You comprehend this?"

She paused; she looked at him timidly. She was hoping he would speak and spare her the rest; but he did not speak, and she went on, the color once more overpreading her fair face.

"I have plenty of money, as I said. I propose to recompense the man who will—who will become my legal protector. I will give him a check for forty thousand dollars on the day he marries me. I offer you the position. Will you accept it?"

She spoke so seriously, with only the natural agitation of a modest woman, he could not doubt her sanity.

"Forty thousand dollars!" He repeated the words to himself. The figures seemed to dance in his brain. The temptation to accept this strange proposition became suddenly strong.

Forty thousand dollars meant the salvation of one beloved, the happiness of two who were dear to him. His eyes had been bent on the floor. He lifted them and looked at the woman who had just asked him to marry her. Perhaps he was touched by the beauty of that face—the dark, rich eyes; the sweet mouth; the round, dove-like throat; the white arms and bosom, half hidden by the loose mass of dark hair falling over them.

And perhaps, under all this harmony of beauty and youth, he felt the undertone of passionate pain which made tumult in that young breast. Perhaps he felt it, and it awoke a chord of sympathy in him. But certain it is he looked beyond that face to another, as young, as fair, and all the more appealing to

him because less strong. Half the offered money would secure her against temptation, would give her the surroundings that were necessary to her happiness. He must save her at any cost.

Miss de Vasco was watching his face, taking note of its changes. She spoke again.

"Before you reply to my proposition, let me be sure that I have made it plain to you. The marriage is to be simply a form—a legal transaction. There is to be no idea of sentiment. What is called love is something I distrust and despise. It will entail no intimate companionship. You will live here in this house, in apartments separate from mine, where you will be served by your own attendants at meals, and on other occasions. You are to appear with me in society, whenever I go out, or when I receive at home. But beyond this, our lives will be entirely apart. I will not interfere with your pursuits or your pleasures, will not inquire into your past or your present habits of life; will exact nothing of you but courtesy and respect. I shall require that you preserve the same rules with regard to me. Now, you know the nature of my proposition."

"One question: May I ask why you have chosen me as the one to be honored by this offer—me, a seedy stranger—a street vagabond, as you, no doubt, thought me?"

"There were to be no questions asked; but I will answer this one—rather, I will tell you that I can not answer it. The purpose came to me instinctively. Instantly has always been my truest guide. Your returning the money and the bracelet impressed me, and caused me to send the servant after you. Then, something in your face told me I could trust you. It is true," she added, with a quick change of tone, "you disappointed me—you—"

"I sinned against you. It was only for an instant. I could never misjudge you again. And you have forgiven me?"

"Yes. Now, your question is answered. And mine—?" She glanced at the clock. "It is nearly midnight."

"I accept your proposition," he said.

She turned very pale. She looked at him in silence; a frightened look came into her eyes. Was she about to take back her strange offer?

She recovered herself quickly.

"Very well," she said, bending her head. "I take your word as if it were your oath. I shall expect you here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes. Did you not understand that the marriage would take place tomorrow? If I were done, I were best I were done quickly!"

She smiled faintly as she quoted the words of Lady Macbeth. "The ceremony will be performed at Grace Church tomorrow evening at half after eight. But you will come here at seven, to sign the contract before us, which my lawyer will draw up in due form. When it is signed, you will receive a check for half the forty thousand dollars; the rest will be paid directly after the ceremony."

Her cool, matter-of-fact tones relieved him; they put the transaction so entirely on a business footing; he felt he could not forbear saying:

"Make the sum half what you have offered; that is quite enough."

She shook her head.

"No; I will not change my proposition. And you have accepted it. Let things stand as they are. I shall expect you tomorrow at seven o'clock."

"I will be here."

She had dropped into a chair. She looked exhausted.

"I will go now," he said, standing before her. "It is late."

She lifted her hand.

"Stay! There is one thing—glancing at his clothes—"you will need to spend some money perhaps, before we meet. You may not have it in hand just now. Let me write you a check."

She quickly drew pen and paper to the desk, and bent her head over the scribble so as not to see to notice the blush that had risen to his forehead. What he was doing was bitterly repugnant to his pride and his sense of manliness. Only for her sake—only to save that beloved one—could he have brought himself to do it.

Miss de Vasco had begun to write the check. Suddenly she lifted her head with a little laugh that made her face look for an instant like a sweet child's.

"Do you know," she said, "that I have never asked your name?"

"Nor have you told me yours."

"True. It is amusing. Well, then, your name is—"

She looked at him anxiously.

"My name is Lee—Henry Lee."

Nina drew a breath of relief. She had been thinking, "What if his name is Smudge, or Mugs, or some thing as ridiculous?" That would be almost fatal. It would mar her triumph over the man who had hurt her pride, as well as her heart.

Lee was a good name—a grand, old, historic name. She would not be ashamed of it. "Henry" too, was irreproachable. She would, however, have preferred something more distinctive and high sounding. Not for herself; she liked simplicity. But he—the man she meant to retaliate upon—she felt that he was to be caught by tinkling cymbals.

"Have you no middle name?" she

"Yes; but I do not care for it. I never liked the man I was named for. My middle name is Warrington."

She mentally determined that the name Warrington should appear in the marriage announcement.

She quickly wrote the check and handed it to him. It was for two hundred dollars. He thanked her, without any attempt at demur. Then he read the signature aloud: "Nina de Vasco."

"The name is Spanish," he said; and he glanced up at the large dark eyes, overcast by dusky lashes.

"Yes, my father was Spanish. I was born in Cuba. My father and mother are buried there. It would have been better—"

(To be Continued)

NICKEL AND NICKELS

New Light on a Live Question—Everybody Can Help

Thousands of tons of Canadian nickel are at the present time in the armor-plate of German warships, as well as of British and French and Austrian and Russian. From our mines near Copper Cliff, Ont., we have shipped out this nickel to the United States in a crude form to be refined and reshipped by American companies to the markets of the world. Up till the past couple of months nobody could have raised any objection to this as a matter of business. Canada had a corner on a very useful article. She sold it to the world.

But at the present time there is not an ounce of nickel-plate in any German armament on the Kiel canal or at Essen or anywhere else that Canada would not gladly take back and pay the cash price to keep it in this country, until the war is over. That's practical patriotism just as selling the nickel abroad was practical business.

If we are so sensibly concerned over the nickel sold to the enemy in times of peace, let us be as sensible and vigorously concerned about the nickels and the dollars we have been sending out for foreign labor, paying foreign dividends for the sake of foreign homes. If we Canadians are really in earnest we can repair all damage resulting from the export of our nickel to Germany—by refusing to spend our money for foreign-made goods. We can't get back this nickel. But we can stop nickels and the dimes and the dollars from going abroad after the nickel. If, as a matter of business, we helped the enemy in a time of peace, as a bigger matter of business we can help ourselves in a time of war by keeping our own money in this country to keep Canada prosperous.

DEAL IN STOVES

How One Factory Got an Order—Keeps the Wheels Turning

A statement issued by one of Hamilton's stove manufacturing concerns, illustrates in a striking way the effect of the "Made-in-Canada" campaign which has been running for the last few months. Some time ago the factory was closed for lack of orders. Today it is running four days per week and, and there are prospects that it may run six days a week before long.

"We used to find pretty strong competition from a certain Michigan stove concern," said the manager of the foundry referred to, "and largely because there were so many American settlers in the West who had always known the Michigan stove on the other side, we found it very difficult to get the retailers to stock our line, although our prices were a shade lower than those of the American concern."

"One of our best travellers was on his way back from the West at the time. He ran into an informal conference of retail hardware men in Regina, and found their discussing ways and means of keeping their business open. He wired us for permission to make them a proposition. We consented and an agreement was reached whereby these men agreed to handle only "Made-in-Canada" stoves. On the other hand certain makers in the East had to get together and agree to carry these fellows over the hard sledding. The result has been splendid. Banks, retailers and ourselves have co-operated. As a result of a "Made-in-Canada" slogan we are able to keep our men employed and our machinery from rusting."

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender Little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of his little bowels, without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

The Army of Constipation
Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Mil lions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, Small Pits, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.



Warranted

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for district. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties: Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Preemption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a horse worth \$300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C. M. G., Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—64388. 22-6mcas

NOTICE OF SALE

To Charles Edmunds of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland and the heirs of Florence Edmunds deceased and all others whom it may concern:

Take notice that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the store of George Stables in the Town of Newcastle in the said County of Northumberland on THURSDAY the twenty second day of July next at twelve o'clock noon.

All that piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in Newcastle aforesaid and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a stake fifty feet from intersection of road running in front of the said lot and Creek running towards the river thence along the said road fifty feet in an easterly direction to a stake thence on a line at right angles to the said road one hundred feet to a stake on the rear line of front lots thence westerly along the rear line of front lots fifty feet to a stake thence at right angles to the said rear line one hundred feet to the said road being the place of beginning and being the same lands conveyed to the said Florence Edmunds by James Donohoe by Indenture bearing date the 22nd January A. D. 1910, as by reference to the said deed will more fully appear.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 22nd day of January A. D. 1910 and made between the said Charles Edmunds and Florence Edmunds of the first part and the said George Stables of the second part.

Default having been made in the payment of the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

Terms cash

Dated this fifteenth day of April A. D. 1915

E. P. WILLISTON,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee
GEORGE STABLES
17-3mos. Mortgagee