When Choosing the Material for a washable Frock for the growing child—

MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can clean delightful fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

LUX
FOR DAINTY FABRICS

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

Lx 345

Better a Peasant Than a Peer.

CHAPTER XX.
DECEIVED.

With a groan, he flings himself into a chair, but he starts up the next moment with a harsh, bitter laugh.

"And I—I poured out my confession of my former life and loves, deeming the concealment a sin against one so pure and innocent. I made mention of my past; while you—you were hiding within the heart that nestled against mine, a love-tale that had been whispered not years, not months, but weeks—days ago! Jeanne, you were wise! You feared to lose your coronet. Well—you have gained it. Are you happy?"

Jeanne looks up, as he extends a hand to her with a bitter laugh; looks up, then around her, as if seeking some refuge from his mad passion. But there is none. With a low cry she throws up her arms to her face.

"Let me go home—let me go home," she moans.

He laughs sardonically.

"Go back!" he says. "Will that heal all you have done? Will that make reparation for your falsehood? If you go, will you leave me the Jeanne I love, or only the remembrance of the marchioness whom I despise?"

As if his words were the knotted thongs of an actual scourge, she starts and shrinks back from him.

Then she draws herself to her full height, and looks at him, her lips set, her eyes flashing; if there have been any tears in them, they are burnt up now by the fire of wounded pride, and the unbearable sense of injury.

"Let me go," she says. "I will go back!" and she moves slightly.

"No."

He looks at her for a moment in silence, then, with a harsh laugh, he exclaims:

"No! Why should you? After all we are but as many others. One man in a thousand, one woman in a thousand, marries for love; the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine are content with the shadow and semblance. Why should you go——"

Jeanne shrank back with a look of terror on her face.

"I will go!" she says, moving toward the door.

"Stop!" he says, and his voice is as hard as steel, and as unrelenting. "You forget. As the wife of Vernon Vane you might have left your husband of an hour, your home of a day, and the world have been little the wiser and none the worse; but you married the Marquis of Ferndale. With your coronet you purchased responsibilities. From this day forth every act of yours is known and commented on. You cannot go back without setting the dogs of the newspapers on your track. You have wronged me; will you add to that wrong the additional injury of scandal? This house has hitherto been free from the shadow of scandal; will you set the tongue of every servant wagging, and the country agape, by leaving your home on your wedding-night?"

Coldly, with cruel distinctness, he appeals to her. The madness still holds possession of him, and renders him merciless both to her and himself.

"God-knows," he says, with suppressed bitterness, "if this day's work could be erased, my hand should be the first to wipe it out. I say it calmly; act you as calmly. You cannot repair by flight the injury you have done; you will but add a sharper sting to it by publicity. You are no child, Jeanne; you have proved yourself too much a woman; think before you set every tongue wagging, every finger pointing at the man whose love you won by deceit and concealment! Besides," and his lips twist into a painful smile, "why should you cast aside all you have played for? You are the Marchioness of Ferndale, this is your house, your settlement deeds are in my lawyer's hands already signed. Yesterday I reverenced your simple, generous, childlike nature too deeply to speak of such matters; to-night, knowing what I know, I can speak out. I have made as ample, and more ample, provision for you, than if you had a score of lawyers at your back. All this is yours, you cannot leave it—you have robbed me of my heart, do not take away my good name by leaving your home."

She is at the door, but she hesitates—something in the word, or the tone of the last word, touches her to the heart and wrings it. With a low cry she sinks onto a couch, and hides her face.

Vane turns whiter than before, his mad passion, already half spent, falls suddenly like an exhausted flame. With a groan he strides across the room, and, kneeling beside her, lays his burning hand on her bare arm.

"Jeanne!" he breathes, fiercely, "say that you love me——"

At his touch, at the almost savage energy of his words, she shudders and springs to her feet. It is her turn now.

"Do not touch me," she breathes, all the passionate indignation of a woman scorned blazing in her eyes. "Do not come near me. You have driven me half-mad, but I have sense to remember what you have accused me of. You—you think I married you for all this," and she waves her hand with a scornful gesture. "You think me false, and treacherous, and deceitful. You hate and despise me! but you will not let me go back, though I want to go—yes, want to go! But it is true that I deceived you—you do not understand why; you cannot, you are too unjust! I did deceive you, and I will bear the punishment. Because I did it I will stay; I will not do you any further harm, as I have done you so much. This great place is large enough for both of us. You have said that we are apart—we will keep so. I will stay until you tell me I may go—until you tell me that I may go!" and with a sob she presses her hand to her eyes and moves toward the door.

He rises slowly, and looks at her with a bewildered stare. Is this Jeanne—the yielding, loving girl who used to cling to him blushingly, so childlike in her ways and words that it seemed desecration to kiss her? This proud, passionate, indignant woman cannot be Jeanne.

But surprise is mingled with and overbrne by admiration. Never has she seemed so lovely in his eyes as she appears now—her lithe, graceful figure drawn to its full height, her eyes flashing like diamonds, her lips apart.

"Jeanne!" he cries, hoarsely, "what I have said I—for Heaven's sake forget it! Jeanne, come back to me! I—there is some mistake——"

"Yes," she says, with a look of anguish, "you thought you loved me."

"Some mistake—I have been mad! Jeanne—my Jeanne—forgive me! come back to me!"

And he moves toward her with outstretched arms.

But Jeanne, the old Jeanne, is not to be whistled back to his fingers like a tame bird; rather, like an eagle, she is soaring above him, and beyond his reach.

With one lithe movement she moves away, extending one hand to keep him back.

"No," she breathes, "no—no! I cannot forget! We are apart—apart!"

Terrified in his turn, he holds out his hands to her.

"Jeanne," he implores, "have you forgotten I—I love you, Jeanne? Have you lost all your love for me so soon?"

A sharp pang seems to wring her heart.

"Yes," she breathes, "I did love you, but not now—not now. You have driven my love away. Do not come near me!"

He has made a step toward her, but at the gentle, cold words he stops and folds his arms.

"You will have it so," he says, speaking with an effort. "From to-night we two are to live apart—one only to the world. Oh, do not shrink!" for as he speaks, she has drawn further away from him—"I will not force your love. It was yours to give or to withhold. So be it—so ends this last hope of happiness!"

"Crushed by your own hand," she says, "by your own hand!" and without another word she turns and moves silently over the thick carpet to the conservatory.

He scarcely knows that she has moved, but when he lifts his head and finds that she has gone, he starts forward, calling her name:

"Jeanne—Jeanne! Come back!"

But before he can reach the curtain he hears the outer door close, and realizes that she is gone beyond recall. With a smothered oath, he flings himself onto a chair, and looks about him with a dazed, vacant stare.

The black fit is passing rapidly, the room seems stifling and hot as a furnace. With a fresh oath, the miserable victim throws open the window, and passes to and fro with agitated steps; then he takes out his cigar-case, and, with trembling fingers, lights a cigar.

Oh, potent tobacco! who, knowing your virtues, can speak too highly in your praise?

Before that cigar is half-consumed, Vane, Marquis of Ferndale, sees his folly, and curses the madness which has cast aside, utterly thrown away, and trampled upon that sweetest gift which the gods can give a man—love! That cigar has effected all that reason, love, and experience failed to do—it dispels the remaining symptoms of the Ferndale passion; but it shows, clearly as the noonday sun, how great a fool he has been.

For, with a groan, he leans his elbow on the balustrade, and his head on his hands, and there he remains smoking and repentant until the dawn comes creeping slowly from the east, and throws its gray, cold light on a face as cold and gray as its own.

With a wild, almost blind haste, Jeanne crossed the hall, and goes up the great staircase.

One or two of the servants are moving about. Tully, the butler, crosses the hall slowly, and solemnly stands aside as she passes him.

A maidservant, coming from one of the rooms, stands back against the hall as my lady goes along the corridor, as if it were a goddess passing, little thinking it is only an unhappy woman.

There are softly shaded lights upheld by gleaming statuettes along all the corridors, and Jeanne remembers her way, or finds it by instinct, and at last reaches her own room.

As she enters the boudoir, Mrs. Fleming rises from a chair.

"I was right to wait, my lady, was I not?" she says; then stops suddenly, struck dumb by Jeanne's white face and wild eyes.

"Right," says Jeanne, at random. "Are you waiting for me? Who are you?—yes, I remember. No, do not wait, please."

"But your ladyship will let me comb your hair——"

"No—no!" says Jeanne, hurriedly. "Go, please, at once!" and, following her to the door, she locks and bolts it.

She goes to the innermost room, and bolts and locks both doors, and then, woman-like, falls upon her knees and bursts into a passion of tears.

"Oh, Hal—Hal!"

Stifle as she may the sobs that shake her as a willow is shaken by the wind, Mrs. Fleming hears them as she passes the door, and, pausing a moment, is scared and horrified by the sound.

"Merciful Heaven!" she exclaims, trembling. "What has happened? Crying like that, already! Poor child—poor child."

And so ends Jeanne's wedding-day.

* * *

While the world lasts, women will have one great, vast advantage over their lords and masters—they can weep! Man, poor man, meets the sharp, sudden stroke of misfortune, the dull, persistent blows of adversity, with a wrung heart, a shifting sense of misery, and finds no outlet for the bubbling, seething pain which threatens to stifle him; but women! no anguish is so intent but, sooner or later, it finds its expression, its outlet, and—its relief.

When Jeanne stood confronting the passionate storm of Vane's bitter disappointment and unreasoning jealousy, she would as soon have dreamed of laughing as of crying. But once alone, in the solitude of her room, away from the reproachful anger of that voice, and the bitter scathing of those eyes, she can weep, and the overstrained misery relaxes, the feverish excitement is allayed. Tears! who calls them idle? Not a woman, surely, for every woman knows the worth of them.

(To be continued.)

Grilled ox tails are delicious with curry of rice.

The Pure, Fresh Flavor
of the genuine
"SALADA"
TEA
has been responsible for its enormous sale, which eclipses that of any other tea.
BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S
E 774

"DANDERINE"

Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!

Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All druggists!

Home-made Remedy Stops Coughs Quickly

The best cough medicine you ever used. A family supply easily and quickly made. Saves about $2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Four 2½ ounces of Pinex in a 16-oz. bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make 16 ounces—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes. To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Willard Confident He Will Defeat Dempsey.

New York.—Radiating confidence in his ability to "come back," a little slower in his movements than in the past, due, no doubt, to increased superfluous weight and the addition of several years, but more affable than ever before, Jess Willard, former world's heavyweight champion—just plain "Big Jess" now—dropped into town on business bent. The tall Kansan, who crumpled before the sledge-hammer blows of Jack Dempsey in the memorable ring affair on Maumee Bay is here for the double purpose of closing arrangements for his prospective return match against Dempsey, scheduled by Promoter Tex Rickard for Madison Square Garden, March 17, and to attend to some oil business which will take him to Boston within a few days. The former title-holder arrived here, accompanied by Ray Archer, his business manager, and immediately established himself at the Biltmore.

One of the first things "Big Jess" did upon his arrival was to communicate with Rickard and arrange for a conference to discuss details and terms of the proposed Dempsey bout. Rickard and Willard held council at the Biltmore, but the promoter would not divulge the results of the conference.

Fun for Women to Diamond Dye

Buy "Diamond Dyes," no other kind, then perfect results are guaranteed. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains simple directions to diamond-dye worn, shabby skirts, waists, dresses, coats, gloves, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods, new, rich, fadeless colors. Druggish has Color Card.

Did Garland Find Treasure?

HALIFAX, N.S., Jan. 24.—If Thos. Garland, deep sea sailor, of Sydney, found Captain Kidd's cache of treasure when he came to Halifax looking for it last July, and is now enjoying the ill-gotten gains of the famous pirate, it has not come to the ears of Nova Scotians. Garland has disappeared as completely as if he had never existed, and the legend of Spanish gold, buried below a murdered man, somewhere in the Province between Yarmouth and Glace Bay, is as much a legend as it ever was.

Garland was reported to have had a chart which he obtained in Zatro, Spain, from a lineal descendant of a member of Captain Kidd's crew, who remained unhanged. The chart located a treasure of golden church vessels and plate together with thirty-six small kegs full of the regulation "doubloons" and silver dollars, somewhere in the vicinity of Halifax.

There have been other charts, and when the Garland story appeared in a local paper a citizen of Halifax gave out the information that there exists a spot not far from a gloomy swamp, and within easy distance of the "main" that smelled strongly of hidden gold. A man built a house there some years ago, but had to remove it again because in the dark of the night the moon mingled with the melancholy hoot of the owl and the whine of the wind in the rigging, the rattle of chains and the groans of souls in pain. At any rate Kidd's treasure has been the subject of much search and intense excitement at one time or another in almost every part of the province, although not a solitary piece of eight was ever found in Nova Scotia.

Weigh yourself the day you commence to take Brick's Tasteless, then weigh yourself two (2) weeks later and note the increase.—jan27,tf

Wins $100,000 on Honeymoon Trip.

New York.—Mrs. Betty Schwartz, six weeks a bride, returned from her honeymoon to Europe $100,000 richer from a visit to Monte Carlo, while her husband, H. H. Schwartz, of 889 Broadway, was $12,000 to the good as the result of a crap game aboard the Imperator, which docked nearly two days late, after making the roughest voyage of its career.

Mrs. Schwartz, who was Miss Betty Sadowsky, is pretty and twenty. She believed her age was lucky, so she played twenty on the roulette wheels of Monte Carlo. And she won, time after time, without losing once, until she had amassed $100,000 of winnings and hubby decided it was time to quit.

Officers of the Imperator said the trip was the worst they have ever seen, and that despite her size, being the largest passenger ship afloat, she was badly tossed in the storm, seas wahing her decks and inundating her cabins, forcing the passengers to dryer quarters.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DISTEMPER.

Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH A BROKEN NOSE.

Poor little girl with the broken nose,
Wondering why all the attention goes
To the baby now, and why daddy's knee
Isn't all your's as it used to be.
Oh, it's all so strange and it's all so queer,
You used to have all of the love, my dear,
And now there's another to claim a share
And somehow it doesn't seem just quite fair.

We can read the thought that so plainly lies
Beneath the furrows above your eyes;
The mother can't play as she used to do
And spend so much of her time with you,
And when folks come into the house you miss
The lips they offered for you to kiss;
They dance the baby about the floor
And don't seem to care for you any more.

Time was that all eyes seemed to shine on you
And glow with joy at the things you'd do,
But now unnoticed you seem to be,
For the smile of the baby is all they see;
They are kind to you, but in some strange way
Your world has changed in a single day,
And somehow you know it won't be the same
As it used to be before baby came.

Poor little girl with the broken nose,
That's ever the way that this old world goes—
Nothing we have shall we keep for long,
We must share our laughter and mirth and song,
And the changes come, and we wake to find
That always we're leaving some joy behind.
Time breaks all our noses in just the way
That your's has been put out of joint to-day.

CORNS
Lift Right Off without Pain

Magic! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses.

The State of Industry.

(From the Toronto Glob.)

Automobiles—Recovering slightly.
Condensed milk—Recovering.
Building supplies—Quiet.
Electrical equipment—Active.
Implements—Slowing down.
Furniture—Slow.
Paint and varnish—Fair.
Rubber goods—Slow.
Woollens—Slow.
Cotton goods—Slow at reducsd prices.
Steel products—Generally less active.
Hot strip steel—In good demand.

Household Notes.

Apple sauce is often served with goose or pork.

Fill cracks in sugar and flour bins with melted paraffin.

Marrow is oftimes boiled and served on rounds of toast.

A bit of onion thrust into a mouse hole will discourage the mice.

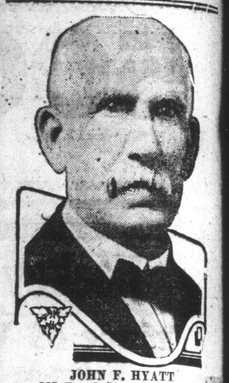
A novel idea is to serve a broiled loin chop on a thin slice of a pineapple.

Delicious pancakes are made by adding stale bread crumbs to the batter.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take
Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets
Be sure you get
BROMO
The genuine bears this signature
E. W. Grove

PROMINENT NEW YORK MAN PRAISES TANLAC.

John F. Hyatt, of Albany, N.Y., Is Relieved of Severe Attack of Rheumatism of Many Years' Standing.



JOHN F. HYATT
227 Pearl St., Albany, N.Y.

"I am now seventy-two years old and am just getting rid of a fifteen-year case of rheumatism that had me crippled up I could not walk," said John F. Hyatt, 227 Pearl St., Albany, N.Y., in relating his remarkable experience with Tanlac, recently. Mr. Hyatt was chairman of the committee in charge of building the Albany County Courthouse and was four times elected a member of the County Board of Supervisors. At present Mr. Hyatt is Assistant Superintendent of the Albany County Courthouse, with offices in the building.

"I don't believe," he continued, "anybody could have rheumatism any worse than I did, and my case was of such long standing I didn't exppect to ever get over it. I was unable to walk except for a short distance, supported with a cane, and even then the pains struck me every time I took a step. My legs, hips and ankles hurt something awful and my joints were stiff and achey. I couldn't cross my leg without having to lift it up with my hands, and to turn over in bed, why, the pains nearly killed me.

"My appetite was gone and the sight of food nauseated me. My stomach was out of order, and I had a sluggish, heavy feeling all the time. I was weak, off in weight and discovered so that it looked like I might as well quit trying to ever get well.

"I had no idea Tanlac would relieve my rheumatism when I began taking it last Spring. I took it because I saw where it would give a fellow an appetite. Well, sir, I was the most surprised I ever was in my life when the rheumatic pains began to ease up. I took seven bottles in all and, it's a fact. I didn't have an ache about me, was eating fine and simply felt like I had been made over again.

"I have been in the best of health ever since, with only a slight twinge of rheumatism at intervals. I do not need my cane now, but as I had been unable to walk without it for several years, I got into the habit of carrying it and so still take it along. I am enjoying life and health once more and can conscientiously recommend Tanlac as the greatest medicine I have ever run across in all my experience."

Tanlac is sold in St. John's by W. H. Connors, in Paradise by Mrs. Martin F. Byrne, in Upper Gullies by Heber Andrews, in Portland by H. C. Haines, in St. Joseph, Salmonier, by Mrs. J. Gushue, in Millertown by Employits Valley Royal Stores, Ltd., in Flat Islands by William Samson, in Jamestown by Christopher Haines, and in Lewisporte by Uriah Freake.—advt.

NOTICE.

TENDERS for the purchase of the PLANT and EQUIPMENT of the Engineering School, lately conducted by the Civil Re-Establishment Committe, will be received by the undersigned up to and including Saturday, February 5th. Tenders may be made for the whole or for any section or sections of the Plant and Equipment listed below. The lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

The Plant and Equipment will be open for inspection in the Engineering School, situate near the Prince of Wales' Rink, every day until noon, Saturday, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 12 noon, and between 2 and 4 p.m.

W. F. RENDELL, Lieut.-Col.,
Chief Staff Officer
Department of Militia.

MACHINERY.

1 16" x 6" South Bend quick change gear Lathe with face plate, steady rest, and counter shaft complete.
1 14" 4 Jaw Reversible Chuck for do.
1 10" 4 Jaw Reversible Chuck for do.
1 Lot Armstrong Tool Holders and Lathe Tools.
1x8" x 3½" Barnes Screw Cutting Lathe with counter shaft complete.
1 6" Chuck for do.
1 14" Smith & Mills Cincinnati Shaper
1 Double Pedestal Emery Grinder with two used Emery Wheels.
1 Line Shaft 1 3-16" x 20 ft. with 5 Bearings and Brackets, and 7 Pulleys from 6" to 24" diameters.
1 14" Wood Turning Lathe with Countershaft and all Mountings complete.
1 20 x 6 Wood Split Pulley.
1 Vertical Wall Hand Drilling Machine.
1 Clipper Belt Lacer.
1 Lot (about 20) assorted Twist Drills, ⅛ to 13|16, mostly taper shank.

ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT.

1 5 H.P. Single Phase, 60 cycle, 110 volt Electric Motor, 1750 R.P.M.
1 2 H.P. two phase, 60 cycle, 220 volt Electric Motor, 1750 R.P.M.
14¼ K.W. Croker Wheeler Generator, 125 volts, 1600 R.P.M., 6 x 5 pulley with Rails and Bolt Tightener.
1 Homemade Switchboard for do.
1 Weston Ammeter, 0 to 15 Amperes.
1 Western Voltmeter, 0 to 60 and 1 to 120 volts.
1 Ohmetter.

GARAGE EQUIPMENT AND SMALL TOOLS.

1 Electric Vulcanizer with clamps.
1 6 volt, 75 amperes Willard Storage Battery.
2 Cylinder Head (S. Type) Wrenches.
1 Lot (about 5) assorted Cap Wrenches.
1 Set (in box) assorted Box Wrenches with Ratchet.
1 Pair Pincers, 8".
1 Plumbers' Torch or Blow Lamp.
1 Lot (about 5) assorted Screw Drivers.
1 Rotary Chain Auto Jack.
1 Screw Auto Jack.
1 Pair Pliers.
1 Tire Pump.
2 Tire Levers.
1 Tackle, Double and Single Blocks, 2½" Rope.
1 Lot Parts, Supplies and Tools.

MACHINISTS' AND PIPE FITTERS' TOOLS.

1 Set (in Box) No. 3 Little Giant Bolt Dies and Taps.
1 Set (in Box) No. 1 Little Giant Bolt Dies and Taps.
1 Set (in Box) Small Little Giant Bolt Dies and Taps.
1 Set (in Box) Pipe Dies (1¼ to 2" about).
1 Set (in Box) Pipe Dies (⅜ to 1" about).
1 Set (in Box) Pipe Dies (⅛ to ¾" about).
1 3" Bench Vise.
1 5" Bench Vise.
1 Pipe Pise (about 2").
1 Pipe Cutter (about 1¼").
1 Pipe Cutter (about 2").
1 5" Stilson Wrench.
2 10" S. Wrenches.
3 6" S. Wrenches.
1 Lot (about 10) assorted Taps, ¼ to ¾.
2 Hammers.
2 Cold Chisels.
1 Lot (about 10) assorted Drafts and Chisels.
1 Lot (about 16) used Files.
1 Spring Balance with Dial (0 to 11 lbs.)
1 Lot Miscellaneous Tools.

FORGE TOOLS.

1 Portable Forge.
1 Anvil (about 70 lbs.)
5 Pairs Forge Tongs.

MARINE ENGINES AND ACCESSORIES.

1 36 H.P. Bridgeport Marine Engine with Propeller and Shaft complete (practically new).
1 Fraser Marine Engine, 3 to 5 H.P. (repaired).
1 Ferro Marine Engine, 3 to 5 H.P. (repaired).
1 Knox Marine Engine, 3 to 5 H.P. (repaired).
1 Fairbanks Marine Engine, 3 to 5 H.P. (repaired).
1 Cut Parts and Supplies.

MOTOR CAR AND PARTS.

1 1917 Model Overland Car.
1 Old Model E. M. F. Motor Car.
1 1918 Model 6 Cycle Buick Motor Car.
1 Ford Cylinder Blocks (old).
1 E. M. F. Gear Case (shell only).
1 Lot Parts and Accessories.

CARPENTERS' TOOLS.

1 Wood Turning Lathe (see list under Machinery).
4 Hand Cross Cut Saws.
2 Hand Rip Saws.
1 Fenn Saw.
1 Lock.
1 Lot Iron Planers (about 4), 12 to 18".
1 Lot Wooden Planers (about 4), 12 to 18".
1 Jack Plane.
1 Plough Plane.
1 Lot Chisels (about 9), ¼ to ½ in.
1 Saw Vise.
1 Glue Pot.
1 Bench Emery Grinder.
2 Augers.
2 Carpenters' Braces.
1 Lot (about 8) Bits, ¼ to 1".
4 Carpenters' Squares.
1 Carpenters' Bevel.
2 Scratch Gauges.
1 Pair Dividers.
2 Spoke Shaves.
1 Lot (about 3) Carpenters' Hammers.
2 Wood Mullers.
1 Bench Axe.
1 Oil Stove.
1 Oil Can.
1 Lot Miscellaneous Broker Tools.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1 Bee Hive Stove.
2 Slow Combustion Stoves.
1 Office Desk and Chair.
4 School Desks.
1 Lot (about 6) Chairs.
1 Camp Bed.
3 Rugs for do.
3 Fire Extinguishers.
jan31,3i,m,w,f

Arrived by S.S. "Sachem,"
BOVRIL, VIROL, Mackintosh's TOFFEE.
Baird & Co.
Agents.