FEDORA

BY VICTORIEN SARDOU

(Continued)

She took the case, and opened it, Marka watching her with the sort of terror that every action of her mistress now inspired her with. The princess took at random the first string of diamonds from the case, and handed it to Marka.

"You shall lose nothing, Marka. Take this in its stead."

"It is ten times the value," cried Marka.

She burst into tears, but would not take the jewels.

"Oh, I do not understand at all," she sobbed. "I do not want the diamonds. He gave them to me because he was so happy."

"Foolish girl! Come here," said the princess, harshly. "You shall take the jewels. Is it the value? Bah! what is the value? Of what use are they to me?"

She forced the jewels into the hands of the trembling girl, and sank back moodily in her chair.

"Put them away—these and come and dress me. I must look beautiful for him when he comes. Yes," she muttered, "there can be no harm in that. I will be beautiful when he comes. Marka," she went on, aloud, "you shall dress me as I was that afternoon—when was it? last week? I do not remember—the afternoon he first came. You remember the dress," she said, impatiently.

"Yes, madam," said Marka.

"Well, well, why do you wait? He may be here at any moment."

"He will not come till ten o'clock," said Marka, falteringly. "Oh, madam, you are ill! Can I do nothing for you?"

"Ill, Marka? Oh, no; only a little tired. You think he will come, Marka?"

"Nothing could keep him away. He said if he did no die of joy—"

"Die of joy? No, he will not die of that, Marka—he will not die of that," she repeated. Then, with a sudden anger, "why do you speak to me of death? What do you mean? Death! Why should he die?"

"It was only an expression, madam," faltered Marka.

"Execution, did you say, girl?" and she caught Marka convulsively by the arm.

Marka cried out with mingled fright and pain. Fedora relaxed her hold, and fell back in the chair she had started from.

"Forgive me, Marka," she said, feebly, and then petulantly, "why do you not dress me? Can you not see that you free me? I—I am a little excited, and you say—things—to me."

Alarmed for her mistress, but daring to do nothing, Marka went on with her preparations.

"Will you bathe?" she asked.

"Surely. How else can I be beautiful? and is it not beauty and freshness that men love?"

The bath seemed to soothe her, and she said nothing during the time Marka was dressing her, submitting to everything, occasionally glancing in the mirror, and silently retouching a ribbon or a bit of lace.

When the toilet was finished she stood up, and looked in the mirror, studying her face carefully.

"I have lived fifty years since—then, Marka. The proof is in the eyes."

"Will you not eat something?" ventured Marka. "You would feel and look better for it."

"Would I look better? Then I must eat. Bring me—bring me what you like." She ate a little of what was brought to her, and then pushed it away with a gesture of loathing.

"That is enough. I will go to the boudoir. Bring him to me there." She passed into the boudoir, and threw herself on the divan. Then she looked around, and could not see the clock, she changed her seat and sat watching the hands crawl over the face of the time-piece.

As it grew nearer to the appointed hour she became uncontrollably nervous, and sprang from her seat and began pacing the floor, but always catching the face of the clock, as if afraid it would play her some trick if she did not.

The time lessened into minutes, and now and again she would stop and clench her hands in a silent agony.

"He will soon be here. Why did I say ten o'clock? Two hours! I could have said eleven, half-past. It would not have mattered to him. He loves me, and he would come any time. Shall I send him away now, and tell him to return at twelve o'clock? He loves me. I should hate him. I have tried to. God is my witness. I tried to hate him. Three minutes! My God! Stop, Stop!" she ran at the clock with moving fingers. "But it will not stop!" and she clutched at the mantel for support.

"Two minutes he is outside, waiting. He has been out there waiting all this time! I have felt it—felt it here, here in my heart. God! have I a heart? One minute! his hand is on the bell! Have I a heart! have I? My God! I love him! No, No! I hate him, I hate him! I will not love him! I swore to avenge Vladimir! It is an execution—not a murder! Now he is coming up the stairs. Well, well, well!" she was wringing her hands frantically. "He is coming! he will be here! Well, well! my God! Well, well! But if he comes he must die. Yes. Well, well, well, if he must die, then it will not matter if I love him! Oh, Loris! You have come!"

She lay fainting in his arms.

"My sweet love!"

He bent over her, raining kisses on her face until she opened her eyes.

"Why did you come?" she whispered.

"You sent for me, my darling, my poor suffering darling. Ah, it was my brutal way of telling you——

"No, no, Not that! Don't speak of that."

She struggled to her feet, and he led her to the divan, where she fell back amid the cushions, and covered her face with her hands, trying to recall what she had said and done.

"No, we will not speak of it now," he said, soothingly.

She took her hands from before her face, and looked at him steadily.

"Marka said you had suffered. You have," she said.

"Oh," he said cheerfully, "that was in the long ago. We are in the present now."

"Yes," she said, "we are in the present now."

He smiled and tried to take her hand, but she drew it away with a shudder, exclaiming:

"Please don't touch me. I—I—feel——"

"I won't," he said quickly, but he looked disappointed.

"Do you think you could sing something to me?" she asked.

"Anything. One of the pleasant songs, shall it be? I know a pretty one."

"Yes that will do."

He left her side, and sat down at the piano. He sang, but she did not hear him. She was muttering to herself:

"Two hours, two hours!"

When he had finished he turned on the stool, asking:

"Did you ever hear that before?"

She started, and looked wildly at him.

"Eh, what?"

He sprang from the stool, and went to her side.

"Fedora, my love! You have suffered more than I. I tried not to notice it, but my heart is bleeding for you. My darling! let me take you in my arms and love the sorrow away, won't you?"

She looked at him with a ghastly smile.

"Wait. The time for that will come."

"Fedora, something is between us still. I can feel it. Do you not love me my darling? Ah, forgive me the question. Why else should I be here tonight? But what is this shadow that lies between us? Is it what I said to you that afternoon? If it is that, let me tell you all. There is an explanaion."

"Yes, I know—the duel. Sing to me again."

"But, my darling, if I leave you you will forget that I am here, and I shall sing to deaf ears. You did not hear when I sang before. Will you sing?"

"I sing? My God! it would kill me!"

He looked at her a moment in sorrowful silence. Then he rose from her side, and paced the floor two or three times.

"Fedora," he said at last, "I do not understand at all. I love you so well that I can bear anything for you. If it would help you for me to die at this moment——"

She motioned frantically to him, and grasped in an ineffectual effort to speak. He ran to her, frightened.

"Why do you speak of death?" she whispered, "why should you?"

He looked into her pale, haggard face with an infintie pity.

"It is still the shock of that brutal speech of mine," he told himself.

He put his arm around her. She tried to push it away, but he insisted, and she ceased to struggle, almost as if she were glad that she must.

"My darling," he said, gently "I have yielded to you too long I should have insisted before. Mine must be the will now. You must let the man have his way."

She looked at him but said nothing. He went on:

"I must tell you my story. It is not as pitiful as yours, but it is more wretched. I, too, have been married before."

He looked to see her start, but she did not.

"It was not a love match. My mother arranged it. It did not matter to me, for I believed I never should love. She—the woman—made my mother believe that she loved me devotedly, and that is why my mother spoke to me. Well, we were married. A child was born but died.

"I will not say that I ever loved my wife, but I was kind to her, and a faithful husband. One day I discovered that she was not faithful to me. More than that, I discovered that the child she had borne was not mine but another's. After taking my name, which she had done only to save her reputation, and because her lover would not father his own child, she still contiued her connections with her lover, and together they mocked my credulity."

Fedora was locking at him now, but he was looking at the fire, and his voice was low as he continued:

"The woman died. I did not at first discover who the man was, but after her death I found letters which revealed his identity. Fedora, if you had been a man, and in my place, what would you have done?"

"I would have killed him—the wretch!"

It was with more than intensity that she said it. It was with ferocity.

"I did kill him. He discovered in some way that I had learned of his villainy, and he did what he could to avoid me, for he was a coward. But at last I made it impossible for him to escape longer, and he agreed to meet me one night. Even then he tried to have me waylaid at the place of meeting but I was forewarned of that, and caught him unexpectedly near the park of a friend of mine, and forced him to enter it with me.

"We fought. He was skilled with the sword, but not a match for me. I told him one of us must die. He fought desperately until he discovered that I was his superior, when he tried to run away. I sprang after him, and pierced him through the body."

He stopped. Fedora was holding his arm with both her hands, and she was pantingly listening to his story. When he stopped she opened her mouth to speak, but her throat was too dry, for the moment. Then she whispered, huskily:

"His name?"

"You know it—Vladimir Boroff."

She fell back covering her face with her hands. She kept them there so long that he gently removed them.

"Is the explanation sufficient, Fedora? Do you blame me now?" She tried to speak, and fell sobbing in his arms. He held her closely to him, glad to have her weep, and she made no resistance now, but could not seem to be near enough to him.

"You will be better now, my darling?" he asked.

"While you hold me," she answered.

"Then you do love me?" he said, wistfully.

"Not as you deserve, but as much as I can."

"That will satisfy me," he said.

The reaction from her terrible, racking agony was so great that for a long time she lay passively against his breast, gladly submitting to all his caresses, and giving him in return only a smile of perfect peace. It was a blissful rest for her.

So worn, so weary was she that, as she pillowed her head on his breast, she fell into the only dreamless sleep she had had for many hours. And he, seeing her close her eyes, understood that exhausted nature was demanding rest. He let her sleep, until he saw by the clock that it was midnight, and then he stirred that he might arouse her.

She opened her eyes, and smiled up at him with the peacefulness of a child. He answered the smile with a kiss upon her cheek. She threw her arms up, and drew his head down, and pressed her lips to his. Then he would not let her go, but held her where she was, realizing at last that she loved him as he loved her. Finally he released her reluctantly, saying:

"I must go. It is midnight."

Midnight! She had forgotten everything in the bliss of being able to love him. Midnight! Those men! He must go! She must find them, and send them away.

She sprang from his arms, with that dreaded look of terror in her eyes, which had gone out of them while she rested in his embrace.

"My darling!" he cried, in alarm.

"Wait!" she whispered, and ran to the door, and looked into the hall.

Everything was dark. Where were the men? She did not dare leave the room lest they should enter while she was out. She did not dare to call them. What should she do? She could not lose Loris now. Now she knew how madly she loved him. What should she do?

"Fedora, my darling!" said he, coaxingly.

She ran to him, and put her head on his breast while he smoothed her hair.

"What is it?" he asked, anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing. Ah! I will ring for Marka," and she ran to the bell.

She waited for Marka in his arms. But Marka did not come. She rang again and again, and then she realized that the men had taken precautions to have no one hear what noise they should make.

"Something may be wrong," said Loris. "Let me go call up some of the other servants. Some of them must be up. It is only twelve o'clock," and he made a movement toward the door.

She sprang in front of the door with a scream.

"No, no. You shall not go. My Loris, do not leave me!" she pleaded, looking up into his eyes.

"But I must go soon, my darling."

"Yes, yes, soon; but now now, not now," and she led him to a seat, and twined her arms around his neck. "I cannot let you go yet. Why, I have only just found you. Oh, I was so tired, Loris, so tired! I have been almost mad since that afternoon. Ah, I wonder you can forgive me, but you are so noble, so good, so generous. You could forgive a great deal, could you not, my Loris?"

"Anything to you, my darling."

"Yes, anything to me. Oh, I know that. What a mad freak it was! Loris, I tried not to love you, but could not help it. Loris, darling, you are in no hurry to leave me?"

"I never want to leave you, but it will not do to stay too long."

"Not yet, not yet, Loris," she pleaded. "I am not fit to be left alone. See, how I tremble. Am I not a foolish creature? You would not leave me so, Loris?"

"Not alone. I must find Marka. Perhaps she is in your sleeping room."

"Yes, yes, that is it. I will call her."

The sleeping-room was reached through the dressing room, the door of which opened into the boudoir. Fedora opened this door, and called Marka. There was no response.

"Let me go look," said Loris, uneasily. Fedora's frightened air made him uneasy.

"No, no," said she, quickly, "we will go together. Let me go first."

Holding him back with one hand, peering furtively behind him lest the men should rush upon him from the boudoir, Fedora stepped cautiously across the dressing-room and into the bed-chamber. Marka was not there.

"Let us go back," said Fedora, "and she returned as she had come, preventing him from getting in front of her.

And when they were once more in the boudoir she led him coaxingly to the piano, saying:

"Marka has gone somewhere. Let us wait until she returns. Sing for me, my Loris. Sing that love song of the peasants."

A troubled look passed over his face, but he remembered how much she had suffered, and he thought to humor her. So he sang, and all the while he sang she was repeating to herself:

"What shall I do? What shall I do? They will murder him!"

And when he had ceased to sing she insisted on singing for him, but she could not help looking constantly toward the door, fearing the men would grow tired of waiting and rush in.

"My darling," said he at last, you must rest, or you will go insane. You are unstrung."

"Yes, Loris, you are right. Wait but a little while. If you leave me now I shall go mad."

He took her in his arms then, and did all he could to soothe her, and as long as he held her close to him she was calm, but the moment he made as if to put her from him she began to tremble.

But the hours were slipping by, and he knew that he must go, or the good name of the woman he loved would be lost.

"My darling, I must leave you. Let me go to the servants' quarter and rouse them."

"No, no, Loris. Do not leave me."

"But, Fedora, do you not see that I must go?"

"My poor, dear love! Then I must tear myself from you, for your fair fame shall not be smirched because I have not strength to go from you. Au revoir, my darling."

But Fedora, with ghastly face and staring eyes, threw herself before the door, crying:

"Over my body! not else!"

"My darling!"

"You shall not leave me."

"Your reputation!"

"Loris, I am all yours. Stay!"

He put down his hat and coat.

CHAPTER XX

It was midday when Fedora opened her eyes and looked about her. She lay quite still, thinking, and a smile played over her lips. The lines which the distress of the past few days had drawn on her face were all gone, smoothed out by love and happiness.

Seveval times during the morning Marka had peered through the curtains from the dressing room, where she waited, according to habit, for her mistress to awaken.

Marka had even tiptoed into the room, and leaned over the bed to look uneasily at the face of her mistress. But there had been no chance for any misapprehension; the princess was enjoying a slumber of perfect peacefulness, a thing she had been a stranger to for several days.

Marka shook her head with a puzzled air, but would not for worlds have disturbed her mistress. Strange things had happened, but if the princess was happy once more it was enough for Marka.

Nevertheless, the maid sat in the dressing-room looking at the fire and wondering at the incomprehensible things that had happened during the few days gone by.

"Marka!"

Marka smiled serenely. It was the tone of happiness she had once been accustomed to. What did it matter to her how it had been brought about? Still, she did not look directly at her mistress when she ran into the room. If she had looked, she would have noticed that her mistress did not look directly at her.

"Is it late, Marka?"

"Twelve o'clock, madam."

"Twelve o'clock! How much easier it is to sleep when one is happy, Marka. I am very happy, Marka."

"Yes, madam."

Marka wished heartily that she could think of something to say. Usually she had an endless number of trifles to talk about. What would the princess think!

"My robe, Marka," said the princess, very sweetly, when Marka failed to bring it to her as was her custom. ....

"Yes, madam," said Marka, running for the robe.

"You are tired waiting for me," said the princess, looking at Marka and blushing a little.

"Yes, madam—no, madam,—I was thinking—I mean—"

Then Fedora laughed softly, and looked at Marka frankly, but still blushing.

"Of course you were thinking, Marka. I do not wonder, but it is all right, my little Marka. I am very happy, Marka. There will be no more long faces, no more going without eating and sleeping. Ah, I am happy. There was a dreadful mistake, Marka; but that is gone, and now there is nothing to do but be happy."

Her happiness was so real that it was infectious, and Marka stooped and kissed her hand as one way of showing her sympathy. There was still a little circumstances that she could not understand; but if her mistress was satisfied and happy, it was enough for her. Only she hardly knew what words to say.

They went into the dressing-room, and Fedora had her bath, and was dressed, and did little but sing Russian peasant songs in a soft, low voice all during the toilet.

Then her breakfast was brought to her, and she ate it after the fashion of a young woman, who is not only happy, but vigorous, and there was noticeable in her manner that child-likeness which had so captivated Loris that first afternoon. But this time the manner was quite natural.

Marka gradually recovered her ordinary manner. How was it possible to be unusual when her mistress was so unconstrained and cheerful? The breakfast was finished, and Marka was about to remove the dishes.

"Marka, don't take them away yet. I want to talk with you. Sit down. I have been thinking while I was eating. I fancy you have been thinking some of the same things."

Marka blushed. She would have murmured some sort of denial, but did not quite know what to deny.

"I suppose the servants have been talking this morning?" said the princess.

Marka looked terribly distressed.

"Yes, madam."

"And you would have liked to choke them all eh, Marka?"

"I did not know what to do, madam."

"Nothing, Marka. Nothing matters now. Let them say what they will, and do not be distressed. Marka, the Count Loris Ipanoff and I are going to be married in two weeks."

Then Marka let some tears, that had been very near the surface for some time, roll down her cheeks.

"I am so glad," she said.

"Good little Marka! said Fedora, tenderly. "What did I do with those diamonds I took from you, Marka?"

"You put them into your jewel-case."

"Ah, yes; I remember now. Well, you are to take them as well as the ones I gave you."

"Thank you, madam."

"Do you know, Marka, why I love you a little better than I did before? And I have always loved my little Marka!"

"No—no, madam."

"Because you were so kind to him, when I was so cruel. There! now you may take away the dishes. Oh, Marka! Those—those—two men! are they in the palace?"

"Yes, madam."

"And, Marka, by the way, you did not answer the bell when I rang it last night."

"Did you ring it? I did not hear you. I am sure something was the matter with me last night. I seemed to sleep so soundly."

"Ah, you slept so soundly! Well, tell the man who brought the letter to me that I would like to see him."

In a few minutes the man was ushered in by Marka, who, not being invited to remain, had the wit to go away.

"You were all ready last night, said Fedora, as soon as they were alone.

"Waited all night. It was too late when he went away this morning."

"Exactly. It was the wrong man."

"It was the Count Loris Ipanoff. I know him. That is why I was sent to do the job."

"Yes, it was the count; but I discovered in time that he was not the man General Boroff wished to—to—to—'

"Have executed?"

"Yes. And I shall have to send a letter to the general, and I want you to take it—you and your companion. Both of you must go."

"All right. The general said I was to take your orders."

Fedora's face lighted up.

"Yes, yes. Of course. Oh, come to think! you had better go right back to the general without waiting for the letter. There are some things I want to learn more about. Yes, you had better go right back. Tell the general if he has not received my letter by the time you get to him that I am going to write."

(To be Continued)

MARITIME PROSPERITY

What "Made-in-Canada" Has Done in the Far East in Promoting Better Business

One of the most energetic Boards of Trade in Canada is that in St. John, New Brunswick. This organization has recently been very active in the "Made-in-Canada" campaign, especially emphasizing the desirability of people who live in the Maritime Provinces buying the products made in the provinces by the sea.

After several months publicity campaigning the St. John Board of Trade recently sent out a circular, asking the following questions:

Evidence of Improvement

"Do you find evidence of improvement in the business situation?"

"Is the 'Made-in-Canada' movement having a beneficial effect?"

A wholesale grocery firm, which is also engaged in spice manufacturing, replied in the following terms:

"There are quite decided evidences of improvement in business in the steadying nature of the markets. The 'Made-in-Canada movement is certainly having a beneficial effect. We find that manufacturers, brokers, jobbers and retailers are all emphasizing it quite strongly."

A wholesale shoe firm reported: "Business is about as usual; in fact our shipments were considerably ahead of February last year. Our retail department shows a slight increase also, therefore, as far as our business is concerned, we feel that it is about normal."

Business From Canada

A leading firm of brush manufacturers replied most encouragingly:

"Business so far as we are concerned has decidedly improved in the last six or eight weeks; so much so in fact that we are now busier than we have been since this time two years ago, and we have been forced to run overtime in some sections in our endeavor to catch up with our orders. This improvement is only to a very slight extent due to business arising from the war; it come mainly from east of Winnipeg. We have no way of tracing the direct results of the 'Made-in-Canada' campaign, but from our general observations have no doubt that this has been an influential factor in stimulating trade."

One of the largest tea and coffee houses in St. John, said:

"We find in the west a more hopeful feeling, but without much improvement in sales. In Ontario there is a decided improvement. In the east, trade, with the exception of a few places is about normal. On the whole, it would appear that the outlook is most encouraging."

A prominent dry goods firm made this satisfactory report:

"We feel that the people of the Maritime Provinces have every reason to be thankful for the way business has kept up. Business was well sustained during the fall months and the Christmas trade was up to the phenomenal season of 1913, and now indications for the spring business seem to be still more favorable each week."

These answers offer convincing proof that business is not as bad as was thought in the Maritime Provinces, that it is improving rapidly, and that the "Made-in-Canada" movement" is assisting in restoring more favorable conditions.

How Canada Has Found Herself

National self-confidence was never fully asserted in this country until the outbreak of war. Till the tramp of the jack-boot began to vibrate in Europe we never really knew what it was to be flung entirely back upon our own resources. And the Made-in-Canada campaign is the best single expression of the change. It's one thing to have factories and railways booming in a time of fat prosperity when everything heads that way. It's a different thing to have to put your house in order and begin to look after your own affairs. Every dollar's worth of goods made and sold in this country in a time of war is a direct help to England in this cause; just as much, if not as directly, as every bushel of wheat that we grow. The Made-in-Canada campaign is one of the inspirations of British self-help the world over, and in it Canada can be truly said to have found herself.

IF YOU ARE A CONSUMER

Establish the fact in your mind that home-made goods are as good or better than those made abroad. Demand of your tradesman that he offer you goods made in Canada. . : : :

We have been experiencing some queer weather the past few weeks—a mixture of rain, snow and hail, mostly rain. A slight fall of hail fell on Saturday afternoon.

James Ryder, fourth son of Lieut. George P. Ryder of St. Stephen, has joined the 55th Batt. at Sussex. He is also the fourth son of Lieut. Ryder's now serving under the colors.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have no Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

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. Pre-emption 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. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house 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. 22-6mos.

NOTICE OF SALE

To Charles Edmonds of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland Laborer and the heirs of Florence Edmonds 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 Edmonds 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 conained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 22nd day of January A. D., 1910 and made between the said Charles Edmonds and Florence Edmonds 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
Mortgagee

17-3mos.