

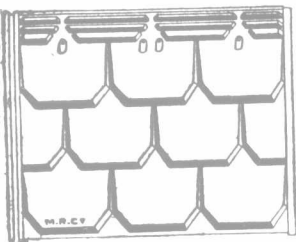
"Eastlake" Steel Shingles will save you money



SAFETY

By
The Philosopher
of Metallic
Town

THE
"EASTLAKE"
STEEL SHINGLE



THE **METALLIC** ROOFING CO. Limited

1189 King Street West TORONTO
BRANCH FACTORY: WINNIPEG AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

CLYDESDALES

At Auction

JOSEPH J. MARTIN, Fourth Line Post Office, Lambton County, will sell at public auction on the

MARKET SQUARE, SARNIA, ONT.,

Thursday, April 4, 1912

The following Clydesdale Stallions,
Mares, Fillies and Geldings:

Pride of Warwick, No. [12,119], stallion, foaled May 28 h, 1910; weight, 1,500 lbs. at 12 months o'd. Excellent quality and great size.

General Bruce, No. [11,278], stallion, foaled June 26th, 1910. A good one, from imported stock. Also a number of well-bred mares, fillies and geldings will be included in this sale.

TERMS OF SALE: One year's time on improved endorsed notes bearing six per cent. interest.

SALE TO COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK P.M.

JOSEPH J. MARTIN, **Proprietor**
Fourth Line P.O., Ont.

Please Mention The Farmer's Advocate

The Scarlet Pimpernel.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By Baroness Orczy.

(Serial rights secured by "The Farmer's Advocate.")

By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XIV.

One O'clock Precisely!

Supper had been extremely gay. All those present declared that never had Lady Blakeney been more adorable, nor that "demmed idiot" Sir Percy more amusing.

His Royal Highness had laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks at Blakeney's foolish yet funny repartees. His doggerel verse, "We seek him here, we seek him there," etc., was sung to the tune of "Ho! Merry Britons!" and to the accompaniment of glasses knocked loudly against the table. Lord Grenville, moreover, had a most perfect cook—some wags asserted that he was a scion of the old French noblesse, who, having lost his fortune, had come to seek it in the cuisine of the Foreign Office.

Marguerite Blakeney was in her most brilliant mood, and surely not a soul in that crowded supper-room had even an inkling of the terrible struggle which was raging within her heart.

The clock was ticking so mercilessly on. It was long past midnight, and even the Prince of Wales was thinking of leaving the supper-table. Within the next half hour the destinies of two brave men would be pitted against one another—the dearly-beloved brother and he, the unknown hero.

Marguerite had not even tried to see Chauvelin during this last hour; she knew that his keen, fox-like eyes would terrify her at once, and incline the balance of her decision towards Armand. Whilst she did not see him, there still lingered in her heart of hearts a vague, undefined hope that "something" would occur, something big, enormous, epoch-making, which would shift from her young, weak shoulders this terrible burden of responsibility, of having to choose between two such cruel alternatives.

But the minutes ticked on with that dull monotony which they invariably seem to assume when our very nerves ache with their incessant ticking.

After supper dancing was resumed. His Royal Highness had left, and there was general talk of departing among the older guests; the young ones were indefatigable and had started on a new gavotte, which would fill the next quarter of an hour.

Marguerite did not feel equal to another dance; there is a limit to the most enduring self-control. Escorted by a Cabinet Minister, she had once more found her way to the tiny boudoir, still the most deserted among all the rooms. She knew that Chauvelin must be lying in wait for her somewhere, ready to seize the first possible opportunity for a tete-a-tete. His eyes had met hers for a moment after the fore-supper minuet, and she knew that the keen diplomatist, with those searching pale eyes of his, had divined that her work was accomplished.

Fate had willed it so. Marguerite, torn by the most terrible conflict heart of woman can ever know, had resigned herself to its decrees. But Armand must be saved at any cost; he, first of all, for he was her brother, had been mother, father, friend to her ever since she, a tiny babe, had lost both her parents. To think of Armand dying a traitor's death on the guillotine was too horrible even to dwell upon—impossible, in fact. That could never be, never. As for the stranger, the hero... well! there let Fate decide. Marguerite would redeem her brother's life at the hands of the relentless enemy, then let that cunning Scarlet Pimpernel extricate himself after that.

Perhaps—vaguely—Marguerite hoped that the daring plotter, who for so many months had baffled an army of spies,

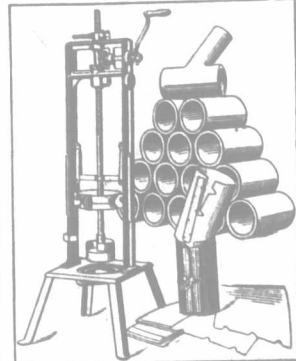
White Swan Yeast Cakes

can always be depended upon to make good, light, wholesome bread. Ask your grocer for a 5c. package, containing six cakes, or send for free sample.

White Swan Spices & Cereals

LIMITED
TORONTO, CNT.

MAKE YOUR OWN TILE

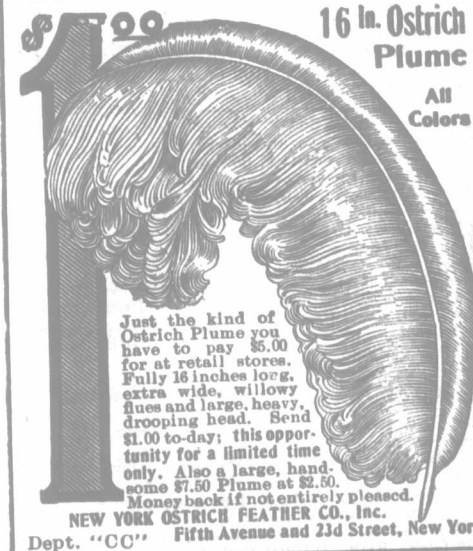


Cost
\$4.00 to
\$6.00
per 1,000

Hand or
Power

Send for
Catalog

Farmers' Cement Tile Machine Co.
WALKERVILLE, ONT.



16 in. Ostrich
Plume
All
Colors

Just the kind of
Ostrich Plume you
have to pay \$5.00
for at retail stores.
Fully 16 inches long,
extra wide, willowy
fines and large, heavy,
drooping head. Send
\$1.00 to-day; this oppor-
tunity for a limited time
only. Also a large, hand-
some \$7.50 Plume at \$2.50.
Money back if not entirely pleased.

NEW YORK OSTRICH FEATHER CO., Inc.
Dept. "CC" Fifth Avenue and 23d Street, New York

HARAB Poultry Foods

Make Poultry Pay

Our foods are made on our own plan from the very best materials, meat scrap bones, fresh blood, etc., put through special processes, so that while all waste is extracted, the food values still remain in a highly-concentrated form. We have eight special lines:

Beef Scrap Poultry Bone
Chick Scrap Poultry Bone Meal
Beef Meal Blood Flour
Red Blood and Bone Tonic
Bone Meal and Oyster Shell Feed

We also carry a full stock of Oyster Shell Crystal Grit, Poultry Charcoal, etc., and can give you immediate delivery of any quantities.

If your dealer does not carry a stock, write us direct.

HARRIS ABATTOIR CO'Y
LIMITED
Toronto, - Canada

Wanted

Farmer to work section of land in Alberta on shares. Must have equipment to go on and put in at least 160 acres first year. Has living shack, stable for eight or ten horses, and well with abundance of water.

Address at once to:
P.O. Box 243, Toronto, Ontario