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THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT desirable situated farm known as the east half of Lot 19, Con. 4, S. E. R., Watford, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large and comfortable frame house, good barn and stable and outbuildings in good shape. Well fenced and watered, and situated just outside the corporation of Watford. If not used will be rented on reasonable terms. A considerable portion of the property is freshly seeded down. For further particulars apply to the proprietor **WM. THOMPSON, Watford Ont.**

Blacksmith Shop and House For Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale his blacksmith shop, house, stable and garden of 1/2 acre, situated on corner of 4th line, N. E. R., and 18th road, Watford. More garden land can be had if wanted. This is an excellent opportunity for anyone wishing a good stand for a blacksmith business. Apply to **HENRY CABLE, Brantford, Ont.**
July 6th, 1911.

FARM FOR SALE

100 ACRES, being west half of Lot 7, Con. 14, Brocks. On the premises are a cottage 24 by 28 feet, barn 40 by 28 feet with concrete foundation, drive shed 20 by 40 feet, all newly new. There are about 50 acres under cultivation, 20 of which balance in pasture. Well fenced and drained. Plenty of water. Young orchard. Situated close to church and school. About 5 miles from Watford. For further particulars apply on the premises. **THOS. SEARSON, R. F. D. 6, Sutorville.**

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING 100 acres, west half Lot 24, Con. 6, S. E. R., Watford. On the premises are a two storied cottage house (new) 24 ft. by 32 ft. Barn 28 ft. by 22 ft. with a 10 ft. lean-to, all under steel roof. Large orchard, 30 acres of splendid sugar bush, balance under cultivation with living spring at the rear, good rock well with windmill at this barn, well fenced, good clay loam. Convenient to school and church. 3 miles from Watford. Apply to **JOHNSTON COWAN, Box 509, Watford.**

FOR SALE.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES, east half of Lot 8, concession 11, Brocks, large frame house and barn with basement, driveway and other outbuildings, steel windmill, good water, well fenced, clay loam. Large orchard. 75 acres under cultivation, balance in wood and pasture. Close to church and school, on rural mail and telephone route. Apply to **JOSEPH ACTON, Walnut P.O., aug 4-11**

FARM FOR SALE.

50 ACRES, being west half of east half of Lot 23, Con. 6, S. E. R., Watford. Well fenced, about 30 acres tile drained, suitable for pasture, good spring at rear of farm, about 27 acres under crop. Good location, about 27 miles from Watford. Apply to **D. W. GLASS, Watford P.O., aug 18-11**

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How the Treaty Was Made

A Story Inspired by the President's Peace Plan

By F. A. MITCHEL
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In the changes that have come over Europe the principalities of Pertonia and Weaden have disappeared from the map. They were carved out of the ancient territory called Helvetia and were adjoining provinces. For years the boundary line between the two was a matter of dispute, and much blood had been spilled without any progress being made to fix it permanently. At last war had reduced them both to bankruptcy.

One day a young man, Herman von Gratz, rode into the capital of Weaden, drew up at the palace of the reigning prince and announced himself as an envoy extraordinary from the sovereign of Pertonia, having power to make a treaty with his neighbors of Weaden establishing a boundary line. At the time of his arrival the minister of foreign affairs was with the prince, who, having heard Von Gratz's announcement, turned to his cabinet officer and said:

"Count von Steinwitz, negotiate a treaty such as this young man is sent to make. I do not wish to see it or be consulted with regard to it till it has been signed, sealed and delivered. Then, if it is satisfactory to me, I will make you a marquis, giving you at the same time one of my estates. If the treaty fails to meet my approval you shall lose your head."

At this the ambassador looked very much astonished. "What surprises you?" asked the prince.

"A coincidence. My sovereign the Prince of Pertonia has imposed upon me the same conditions."

"Indeed?" "Yes, your highness, with this addition, that the treaty must be made. I cannot escape by a failure to agree."

"Turning to Von Steinwitz, the prince said: "Add that condition to those I have named. Take my brother sovereign's representative to your castle and keep him there till you have come to an agreement where it does not give entire satisfaction to the user."

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The minister and the ambassador bowed themselves out, mounted horses and rode to Von Steinwitz's castle.

There was a great difference in years between the two diplomats. Von Steinwitz being over sixty years old, while Von Gratz was scarcely thirty. The former was not much worried for his head, for he was a veteran in diplomacy and had no fear but that he could outwit the younger and less experienced man. Upon their arrival the host placed his guest in the handsomest suit of apartments in the castle, left him and, going to his cabinet, ordered an attendant to say to his daughter, the Countess Bertha, that he wished her to come to him. In a few minutes the maiden joined her father, and he said to her:

"A young diplomat is here from the king of Pertonia. Make it your business to win his heart."

"Yes, father," said the girl dutifully and retired. She asked no reason for this strange request, and none was offered. Like all girls of that period, she was accustomed to hear and to obey. Parents did not give reasons for their orders.

Von Gratz met Bertha von Steinwitz at supper the same evening. No orders were necessary in either case so far as love was concerned, for the young diplomat as soon as he set eyes on the countess was enraptured. And Bertha in the handsome face and figure, the intellectual cast of Von Gratz's head and countenance, saw an ideal such as she had treasured from childhood. After the meal the crafty count withdrew to his cabinet, leaving the two together.

The next morning after breakfast Von Steinwitz, instead of inviting his guest to begin the negotiations, ordered horses and falcons to be brought and sent his guest and Bertha out for a hunt. All day they rode through the woods attended by a retinue of courtiers and servants. Bertha not only found any attempt to fascinate her companion repulsive, but needless. She had only to be herself to win him, and she gave her heart to him without the asking. Love is a finer diplomat than any earthly sovereign has ever employed. The two breathed it in with the pure air. When their birds took flight for the coveted game, though their eyes followed, their hearts remained in proximity. And when the hunt was ended and they rode back to the castle they took no thought of love; the little god alone had a care for that.

The second day was like the first. And so the time passed. Love progressed, but not the treaty. Ten days had gone by, and not a point in it had been discussed. Then the young diplomat began to realize that he loved his antagonist's daughter. A new feature had come over the treaty. If the count achieved a diplomatic advantage the lover would lose his head. If the lover secured a victory the father of the girl he loved must die. There could be but one happy result—a treaty so inspired by generous motives that the work when finished would be satisfactory to both sovereigns.

Then one morning the count, instead of devising new pleasures for his guest, invited him into his cabinet, and the two sat down together over papers and maps.

Now, Herman von Gratz had been sent on this mission because he was a wonder in the game of diplomacy. The two principalities were to him but chessboards. If he gave up a town and gained an island, if he left out a province for future consideration and sliced off a peninsula, it was all for a final checkmate of his enemy's king. During this first morning, when preliminaries for the struggle were alone taken up, his mind was upon a different matter. He was thinking of Bertha and that if he possessed her she must be given him by his opponent in the diplomatic game. But the next day, when the battle began, he temporarily forgot his love, and the older man was surprised to learn that he had a genius for an antagonist.

"Let us proceed," said Von Gratz, "methodically. When I grant you a province for a town or an island we will mark the same on our map, and the agreement shall be immutable. If we do not proceed thus we shall make no treaty and both suffer the penalty."

The count saw the necessity, but acquiesced reluctantly. The boundary ran for a distance of some 500 miles, at times the natural division being a mountain chain, at times a river. The field on which the game was played was so broad that only one who had a head fitted for the purpose could remain at one time its different parts. The players sat down to work at 10 in the morning and never ceased even for a meal till 10 at night. Then on the concessions of both parties they drew the treaty. When it was finished it must be signed, for every step in it was irrevocable.

Von Gratz put his signature to it without reading it. The count dreaded to do the same, but there was no escape. Then his antagonist leaned back in his chair while Von Steinwitz drew the document. He had not half finished it when he noted. His enemy

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had secured an overwhelming advantage.

For a few moments the count gave himself up for lost. Then suddenly he remembered his instructions to his daughter. He had given them with a view to providing for such a contingency as this and had observed the results. Retaining his presence of mind, he expressed no dissatisfaction with the treaty. The seals of both principalities were attached, and the instrument was de facto.

"You will remain as my guest a few days longer," said the count, "while engrossed copies are being made, then I suppose I shall be obliged to part with you."

"And your head," added Von Gratz. For the first time the two looked at each other, not with duplicity, but in their true relations.

"Yes," replied the count in a tremulous voice, "with my head."

"Had I not played a better game than you it would have been my head to drop under the ax."

"It surely would."

"A boundary line equitable to both sovereigns could not pertain to this treaty. For centuries both have spilled blood over it, and now that an advance has been made in the method of settlement one of us must get the better of the other, and the one that is beaten dies."

"How can it be otherwise?"

"That may come in future times I know not. Perhaps it may be a growing sense of justice when diplomacy will not mean an intellectual battle with armies looking on to give moral support to the players. In the case before us love comes in to abrogate that treaty we have just made and construct another. In striking you I strike your daughter, whom I love. That I cannot do."

Taking up the treaty, he tore it into bits.

"Now let us make a compact, inspired not by armies, not by ships, not by intellectual superiority, but by love."

The old count looked at his younger victor in astonishment. Then beads of perspiration stood out on his face, and he trembled. Lastly he folded Von Gratz in his arms with the words:

"My noble son."

It was the lover who made the new draft of the treaty, while the old man sat giving his faculties time to regain their equilibrium. For an hour Herman jotted down memoranda, making erasures and adding new data on the map, then wrote out the articles of agreement. When the statement was finished he handed it to the count, remarking:

"There is no war in that; there is peace. There is no victory gained by intellectual supremacy; there is prosperity. It is not based on justice, for human justice is seldom determinable. It is based on the one simple word 'love.'"

Von Steinwitz read the document and saw in it that equal division of advantages which must satisfy one who possessed the slightest sense of equity.

When the treaty was presented to the two sovereigns each thought the other had gained the lion's share. But after reading it each saw this was not so and felt a sense of relief and satisfaction that a necessity for bloodshed was past and his people might devote themselves to binding up their wounds, tilling the soil and making articles necessary to their comfort.

When it became known that a maiden had inspired the treaty and that she was to marry one of its makers both principalities rose up to celebrate the nuptials. Gifts poured in from all quarters, and there was more enthusiasm in the festivities than at any royal marriage that had ever occurred.

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