

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

SNAP—Eggs from S. C. White Leghorns that lay the year round; 75c per setting, three settings, \$2. Geo. A. Easton, Jr., Whitney, Ont.

BARREROCK EGGS, 15 for \$1, McCormick strain; prize winners. Fred. Chambers, High St., London, Canada.

BARREROCKS AND BUFF ORPINGTONS a specialty. Royal Blue and Cook strains. Eggs from show stock, \$1.50, guarantee 10 chicks, or replace at half price. J. B. Cowieson, Queensville.

BARREROCKS AND BUFF ORPINGTONS a specialty. Northern-bred stock. We won at Ottawa with Barred Rocks first hen and third pullet, March, 1904; first cockerel and second pullet, Sept., 1904, and first hen, March, 1905. Our eggs are fertile. Price, \$2 per 13. S. Short, Ottawa, prop. Creighton Poultry Yards.

BUFF ROCK EGGS, \$1 per 13, from choice winter-laying stock. Chas. C. Nixon, St. George, Ont.

BARREROCKS—Try a setting of eggs from our imported pens (winners). O. S. Hunter, Durham, Ont.

BUFF ORPINGTON EGGS—Exhibition stock, \$2 per 15; utility stock, \$1 per 15; extra heavy layers; also chicks guaranteed. Hugh A. Scott, Caledonia, Ont.

BUFF ORPINGTONS—Eggs from selected stock, \$1.50 per dozen, \$7.50 per 100. F. S. Wetherall, Rushton Farm, Cokesbury, Que.

BUFF ORPINGTON EGGS, \$1 per 15, \$5 per 100. E. Brown, breeder and importer, Haysville, Ont.

BUFF ORPINGTONS—Pure Willow Brook Farm strain. Bred true to type, to produce winter eggs. \$2 per 15. W. O. Burgess, box 48, Queenston, Ont.

BARREROCKS exclusively. Eggs from prize stock, \$1 setting; fifty, \$2.50; per hundred, \$4. Miss Emily Spillbury, Colborne, Ont.

BUFF ORPINGTONS. At Central Canada Exhibition my Orpingtons won ten prizes; and again at Eastern Ontario Exhibition they won 9 prizes. Eggs, \$3.00 per 15. A. W. E. Hellyer, Ottawa, Ont.

EGGS from high-class Barred and White Rocks; settings, \$1; 50, \$3. Cockerels and pullets cheap. Frank Westbury, Cedar Hedge Poultry Yards, London, Write or call.

EGGS for hatching—Barred Rocks, White Rocks, Buff Orpingtons, White and Silver Wyandottes, \$1 per 15, Black and White Orpingtons, \$5 per 15. Prize-winning birds in all these pens. F. W. Krouse, Gu Iph, Ont.

EXHIBITION White Rock eggs, \$2 for 13. M. H. Dooksader, Quebec St., London, Ont.

EGGS for hatching—Single-combed White Leghorns and Buff Wyandottes, \$1 per 13. George Lewis, Ballymote, Ont.

EGGS from imported and prize-winning. Barred and White Rocks, White and Brown Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Buff Orpingtons, Black Minorcas. Write for prices. William Manley, Bridgen, Ont.

EGGS for hatching—From a pen of Barred Rock hens, "National Strain," selected for their choice barring and persistent-laying qualities; mated with two large, healthy, well-marked cockerels. Price, \$1 per setting, or 3 settings for \$2. W. C. Shearer, Bright, Ont.

FOR SALE—Eggs from bred-to-lay White Wyandottes and Buff Orpingtons; \$1 per setting, \$5 per hundred. E. C. Parker, Compton, Que.

LARGE Snow-white Wyandottes, cock 11½ lbs., hens 10 lbs. Eggs, \$2 per 15; after June 1st \$1. R. W. Kemp, Tambling Corners, London.

LARGE Snow-white Wyandottes, Baldwin strain, great winter layers, strongly fertilized eggs, \$1.50 per 15. Incubator lots special. Chas. A. Gouding, Vinemount, Ont.

LARGE farm range Barred Rocks, sired from recent New York and Ontario winners. Unsurpassed for winter layers. Eggs, \$1.50 per setting. John Hicks, Burford, Ont.

ORPINGTONS—Buff, Black, White. Why not have the very best obtainable? First cost may be a little more, but you get the stock and blood from the grandest winning strain in America, and from the largest Orpington breeder. Send for 40-page illustrated Orpington catalogue, also Mating List describing thirty-two breeding yards and prices of eggs. The blood from the largest winners at New York the past three years are in these yards. Box 74. Willow Brook Farm, Berlin, Conn.

PRIZE-WINNING Buff Orpingtons. Eggs, \$2 per setting. C. Lin Blyth, Marden, Ont., member Canadian Orpington Club.

RHODE Island Red eggs, from choice stock. Few settings; \$2 per 15. William Y. Lockie, Roseville, Ont.

STOCK for sale—Golden, Silver Wyandottes, White Brown, Buff Leghorns, Buff Orpingtons, Silver-spangled Hamburgs. Eggs, \$1 per setting. William Daniel, Plattville, Ont.

SILVER LACED Wyandottes—Eggs for hatching from first-class stock, \$1 per 15, \$1.50 per 30. Frank H. Westney, Audley, Ont.

SNEEGROVE Poultry Yard. Barred Rocks exclusively. Canada's Business Hens. Eggs for hatching \$1.00 per setting; 3 settings \$2.00. W. J. Campbell Snelgrove, Ont.

SINGLE-COMB White and Buff Leghorn eggs for hatching from strictly first-class stock. Winners at Hamilton, London and Guelph. Guaranteed good fertile eggs, at \$1 per 15, \$5 per 100. Delaware Poultry Farm, James Ghent, Collingwood.

THE National Strain Barred Rocks—Eggs from choice matings, \$1 per 13. Geo. McCormack, Rockton, Ont.

WHITE Wyandotte eggs, from fancy and grand winter-laying strains, mated to imported Duston and Martin cockerels; large size and perfect shape; \$1.50 per 15. Incubator eggs special. James Smith, Trout Creek Farm, Millgrove.

WHITE WYANDOTTES—Second Ontario cockerel heading first pen. Write for eggs. Aaron Witmer, Berlin, Ont.

WHITE WYANDOTTE eggs. Pen headed by grand Duston cockerel. W. D. Monkman, Bondhead, Ont.

WRITE for prices on Barred Rock eggs from winning stock. Thos. D. Smith, Hickson, Ont.

WHITE Wyandotte eggs, imported Duston's and Martin's strain; grand winter layers. Stay white. H. Hulse, Bradford, Ont.

WHITE Wyandottes—The Farmers' general-purpose fowl. Eggs from first-class stock, \$1 per 15. Daniel T. Green, Brantford.

WHITE Wyandotte and Buff Orpington eggs \$1.50 per setting. Cash with order. C. W. Beaven, "Pinegrove," Prescott, Ont.

MY BARREROCKS AND BUFF ORPINGTONS are famous for laying, size, and coloring. Healthy, vigorous, scientifically fed and mated. Eggs, \$2. During April express paid. Carefully packed.

REV. A. E. SANDERSON, Chesterville Ont

Barred Rocks—We offer eggs for hatching from pens good in size, shape, color and laying qualities at \$1 per 13, \$2.50 per 30, \$5 per 100. 1905 egg circular free.

H. G. & SONS, Rainham Centre, Ont

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and miscellaneous advertising.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

PENNSYLVANIA Dairy to lease—First-class opening for good dairyman. The owner of 30-acre dairy farm, close to large manufacturing city, wishes to retire, and will lease the whole dairy, in running order, to the right man. Location in Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. A successful dairyman with good character and business ability preferred. Address, "Penn. Dairy," care Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—Eighteen dollars per acre, 330 acres of the finest land in Northern Alberta, 70 acres broken; all fenced, good house, stable and granary. A snap for somebody. Apply to Yake & Co., 12 Richmond St. East, Toronto, Ont.

FIRST-CLASS farm for sale at a bargain—100 acres of clay loam by deed, 110 acres by measure; well-fenced and tile-drained; 800 rods of wire fence, new, over 10,000 tile; good frame house, large frame barn and other buildings, all new. Five acres of timber, twelve acres pasture, 93 under cultivation, all well improved. Will sell cheap if sold at once. Lot 22, Con. 5, Chatham Tp. Apply on premises, or to Adna Pherrill, Kent Bridge, Ont.

FOR SALE, by the John Abell Engine & Machine Co., Ltd., one of their 16-horse power Advance traction engines, in first-class order; it has been rebuilt and painted. Also one of their 14-horse power Advance traction engines, and several portable engines, all in good order, at prices much below their value.

GINSENG—Canadian roots best. Write E. Beattie, Highgate.

45 ACRES—Sell, rent or shares. Buildings, fruit, D. Dill, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

\$4.50 Spring Suits

We make ladies suits. Our leader is a cheviot suit in black, navy, grey, dark red, fawn, seal brown and myrtle green. The coat is of wool. It is a \$15 tailored suit. We the manufacturers offer it to you at the factory price \$4.50. We sell hundreds of these suits. The model is the latest spring style. The jacket has a tight fitting back with half tight fitting front, with belt at waist line. It is lined in mercerized satin. The skirt is seven gored with double tuck at each seam tailor stitched in silk, faced with canvas, and bound with velvet. It is elaborately trimmed with buttons. Skirt or coat alone \$2.50. Any suit may be returned if not entirely satisfactory and money refunded 30 to 40 days in stock.

Shirt waist suits. \$4.50 a tailored suit in spring style supplied instead of a coat if preferred.

Shirt Waist Suits from lustre or mohair, any shade, made in latest spring style waist and skirt \$4.50.

Skirts alone from any of the goods \$2.50 like model.

Waists. Spring styles, any shade China silk \$2.25; best white all shades \$2.35; lustre all shades \$1.75; velvet \$2.00; white lawn \$1.00 insertion trimmed. All waists are new styles, large puff at shoulder tucked sleeve from cuff up to elbow, box pleated front, chest of 18 in. on each side of box pleat, tucked back. Tucks may be fine or wide as desired, the waists are elaborately trimmed with buttons. Send for catalogue and list of prices for waists.

Raincoats. \$7.00 for \$12.00 kind. Crayonette all shades.

Jackets. Like model shown or box style in cloth like suit \$2.50. Black tulle silk \$3.50. Black china silk \$4.00. Black velvet \$3.95. Beautifully made.

Southcott Suit Co., LONDON, CAN. 120 KING ST.

FREE TO LADIES

Cured me when all else had failed. It will do the same for you, and that you may be convinced I will send ten days' treatment free to any lady who is suffering from troubles peculiar to our sex. Address, with stamp, MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

Portrait of the Late Bishop Baldwin

11 x 15, on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing, together with memoir, the funeral service and sermon on the occasion; price for the two, 55c.; 5 sets, one address, \$1.00; cash with order.

The London Printing & Lithographing Co., LONDON, ONTARIO.

Portrait of the Late Bishop Baldwin

11 x 15, on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing, together with memoir, the funeral service and sermon on the occasion; price for the two, 55c.; 5 sets, one address, \$1.00; cash with order.

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The London Printing & Lithographing Co., LONDON, ONTARIO.

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE

By A. K. Green.
CHAPTER XXV.
Timothy Cook.

I stared at him in amazement.

"I doubt if it will be so very difficult," said he. Then in a sudden burst, "Where is the man Cook?"

"He is below," returned I; "he and Q. I brought them with me."

"That was wise; let us see the boys; have them up."

Stepping to the door I called them. "I expected, of course, you would want to question them," said I, coming back.

In another moment the spruce Q and the shock-headed Cook entered the room.

"Ah," said Mr. Gryce, looking toward the latter if not directly at him; "this is the deceased Mr. Stebbins' hired man, is it? Well, you look as though you could tell the truth."

"I usually calculate to do that thing, sir; at all events I was never called a liar that I can remember."

"Of course not, of course not," returned the detective, very affably for him. Then without any further introduction:

"What was the first name of the lady you saw married in your master's house last summer?"

"Bless me if I know! I don't think I heard, sir."

"But you recollect how she looked?"

"As well as if she was my own mother. No disrespect to the lady, sir, if you know her," he made haste to add, glancing hurriedly at me.

"What I mean is, that she was so handsome, I could never forget the look of her sweet face if I lived a hundred years."

"Can you describe her?"

"I don't know, sir; she was tall and grand-looking, had the brightest eyes and the whitest hand, and smiled in a way to make even a common man like me wish he had never seen her."

"Would you know her in a crowd?"

"I would know her anywhere."

"Very well, now tell us all you can about that marriage."

"Well, sir, it was something like this: I had been in Mr. Stebbins' employ I should say about one year, when one morning as I was hoeing in the garden that runs along by the road, I saw a gentleman step down from the platform of the depot, look up and down the road for a minute, and then walk rapidly to our gate and come in. I noticed him particularly, because he was so fine-looking; unlike anybody in F—, and, indeed, unlike anybody I had ever seen for that matter; but I shouldn't have thought much about it if there hadn't come along, not five minutes after, a buggy with two ladies in it, which stopped at our gate too. I saw they wanted to get out, so I went and held their horse for them, and they got down and went into the house."

"Did you see their faces?"

"No, sir; not then. They had veils on."

"Very well, go on."

"I hadn't been to work long, before heard some one calling my name, and looking up, saw Mr. Stebbins standing in the door, beckoning. I went to him, and he said, 'I want you, Tim; wash your hands and come into the parlor.' I had never been asked to do that before, and it struck me all of a heap, but I did what he asked, and was so taken aback at the looks of the lady I saw standing up on the floor with the handsome gentleman, that I stumbled over a stool and made a great racket, and didn't know much where I was or what was going on, till I heard Mr. Stebbins say 'man and wife,' and then it came over me in a hot kind of way that it was a marriage I was seeing."

"You say there were two ladies; now where was the other one at this time?" asked Gryce.

"She was there, sir; but I didn't mind much about her. I was so taken up with the handsome one and the way she had of smiling when anyone looked at her. I never saw the beat."

"Can you remember the color of her hair or eyes?"

"No, sir; I had a feeling as if she wasn't dark, and that is all I know."

"But you remember her face?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Gryce here whispered me to procure the two pictures which I would find in a certain drawer in his desk, and set them up in different parts of the room unknown to the man.

"You have before said," pursued Mr.

Gryce, "that you have no remembrance of her name. Now, how was that? Weren't you called upon to sign the certificate?"

"Yes, sir; but I am most ashamed to say it, I was in a sort of maze and didn't hear much, and only remember that it was a Mr. Clavering she was married to, and that someone called someone else Elner, or something like that. I wish I hadn't been so stupid, sir, if it would have done you any good."

"Tell us about the signing of the certificate," said Mr. Gryce.

"Well, sir, there isn't much to tell. Mr. Stebbins asked me to put my name down in a certain place on a piece of paper he pushed toward me, and I put it down there, that is all."

"Was there no other name there when you wrote yours?"

"No, sir. Afterward Mr. Stebbins turned toward the other lady who now came forward, and asked her if she wouldn't please sign it, and she said 'yes,' and came very quickly and did so."

"And didn't you see her face then?"

"No, sir; her back was to me when she threw by her veil, and I only saw Mr. Stebbins staring at her as she stooped, with a kind of wonder on his face, which made me think that she might have been something worth looking at too, but I didn't see her myself."

"Well, what happened then?"

"I don't know, sir. I went stumbling out of the room, and didn't see anything more."

"Where were you when the ladies went away?"

"In the garden, sir; I had gone back to my work."

"You saw them, then; was the gentleman with them?"

"No, sir; that was the queer part of it all. They went back as they came, and so did he; and in a few minutes Mr. Stebbins came out where I was and told me I was to say nothing about what I had seen, for it was a secret."

"Were you the only one in the house who knew anything about it? Weren't there any women around?"

"No, sir; Miss Stebbins had gone to the sewing circle."

I had by this time some faint impression of what Mr. Gryce's suspicions were, and in arranging the pictures had placed one, that of Eleanor—and an exquisite portrait it was too—on the mantelpiece, and the other, which was an uncommonly fine photograph of Mary, in plain view on the desk. But Mr. Cook's back was as yet toward that part of the room, and taking advantage of the moment, I returned and asked him if that was all he had to tell us about this matter.

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said Mr. Gryce, with a glance at Q, "isn't there something here you can give Mr. Cook in payment for his story? Look around, will you?"

Q nodded and moved toward the cupboard in the wall which was at the side of the mantelpiece, Mr. Cook following him with his eyes, as was natural, when with a sudden start he crossed the room, and pausing before the mantelpiece, looked at the picture of Eleanor which I had put there, gave a low grunt of satisfaction or pleasure, looked at it again and walked away. I felt my heart leap up into my throat, and moved by what impulse of dread or hope I cannot say, turned my back, when suddenly I heard him give vent to a startled exclamation, followed by the words:

"Why, here she is, this is her, sir," and turning around, saw him hurrying toward us with Mary's picture in his hands.

I do not know that I was greatly surprised. I was powerfully excited as well as conscious of a certain whirl of thought and an unsettling of old conclusions that were very confusing, but surprised? No. It seemed as if the manner of Mr. Gryce had too well prepared me.

"This the lady who was married to Mr. Clavering, my good man? I guess you are mistaken," cried Mr. Gryce, in a very incredulous tone.

"Mistaken? Didn't I say I would know her anywhere? This is the lady if she is the President's wife herself."

"I am very much astonished," Mrs. Gryce went on, winking at me in a slow diabolical way.

"Now if you had said the other lady was the one"—pointing to the picture on the mantelpiece—"I shouldn't have wondered."

"She? I never saw that lady before;