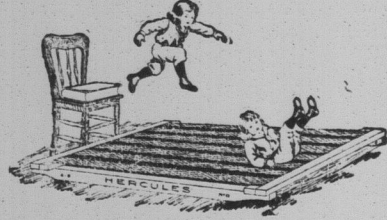


# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

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### REAL ESTATE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under the power and authority of a License issued out of the Probate Court in and for the County of Charlotte on the Fifteenth day of December A. D. 1911, to the undersigned, Patrick McLaughlin and Howard C. Traynor, Executors of the last will and testament of Thomas Bothwick, deceased, to seal the Real Estate of the said deceased for the payment of his debts, there being a deficiency in the person at property of the said deceased for that purpose, there will be sold at public auction at or near the Residence of Geo. Maxwell, in the Parish of Saint George in the County of Charlotte, on Tuesday, the 30th day of January A. D. 1912, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the lands and premises described in the said License from the Probate Court as follows:—

"All that lot of land and premises containing 100 acres, more or less, with dwelling house and out build, "rugs thereon, situate in the Parish of Pennfield in the County of Charlotte, and bounded on the west by "Letang river, on the north by land owned by William Johnson, on the south by land owned by Malcolm "Mealy and the Estate of the late "Percy Trynor, on the east by the "road leading to Blacks Harbor", for the purpose of paying the debts of the said Thomas Bothwick, deceased, and the expenses of administering his Estate.

Terms announced at time of sale. Dated this 16th day of December A. D. 1911.

Patrick McLaughlin  
Howard C. Traynor  
Executors.

### Fish Culture in Canada.

Hatching fish by artificial means to stock the waters of Canada is engaged in on a large scale by the Dominion Government. In 1909, the Dominion fish hatcheries planted no fewer than 1,024,282,000 fry in various waters throughout the country. In 1900, only 271,996,000 fry were planted by the Government fish hatcheries, so that the plant of young fish has increased from 12 to 37, or 208 per cent. Of the 37 hatcheries now in operation, British Columbia and Quebec have 8 each, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario, 5 each; and Manitoba and Prince Edward Island each have 2. The amount voted by the Dominion Parliament for fish culture purposes in 1909 was \$322,300, and of this \$180,345, or approximately 56 per cent was expended. The importance of carrying on this work can not be emphasized too

much in a growing country like Canada where the increasing population is making greater and greater demands on the fish supply.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lasing, in a tone of reproof. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Dinnah at Emphasis." Chicago Tribune

### BAPTISED IN BLOOD

Copyright by Publishers' Press Ltd.  
By Andre Roche  
Paolo Franzetti sat idle in his tent, his helmet and his sword beside him on a stool, and on a table before him a map and papers. Thin, sinewy, clean-shaven, it was only the few grey hairs among the black locks clustered round his brow that betrayed his age. "A mercenary," he muttered. "She calls me that." "A mercenary, bought by the largest purse, unrelenting vows and oaths, breaking with old friends and old loves as easily as a common soldier."

Where he first came from none save himself knew. He had fought under Colonne for Venice, and had looked to succeed that general in command of the Republic's troops. The Council of Ten had passed over his claims, and he went by open daylight to Ferrara. There he had been the leader, general of all the forces, the close friend of the duke, the lover of the duchess.

Now he sat under Cremona's flag, a dukedom in prospect, a fortune in retrospect. And from Ferrara to Cremona he had gone over in this night; not for fear of what men should say, but for fear of a woman's tongue.

The morning was dull and grey, the bright tents with their fluttering pennons showed up clearly against the sky. The wide open space in front of the general's tent was full of soldiers, who surrounded two men upon horseback. They were strangers to all but Franzetti, and he knew them for captains in the suite of the Duke of Ferrara.

The two heralds approached, and the elder spoke. "I came from Ferrara to deliver into the hands of Cremona's illustrious general, Paolo Franzetti, this packet and this message: 'This outlawed but I send to Franzetti, a gift worthy of his estate. For I have found no priest so honorable that he will baptise the foundling boy.'"

So saying, he handed to Franzetti a bundle of swaddling clothes, in the middle of which appeared the red face of a little baby. His senior captains had clustered round Franzetti. He spoke a few words, gave a few orders, and the word passed quickly round from mouth to mouth.

"To San Luca! To San Luca!" Silently and speedily four thousand of his force swung into the saddle and marshalled on either side of the great square in front of Franzetti's tent.

"Gentlemen," he said, coldly and politely, "you brought me a child, unbaptised, and besought me to take charge of it. I will accept the charge on one condition: that you go with me to the baptism and stand sponsors for him. We have no water here, but over yonder by San Luca there is fire, and such a baptism were worthy of a no man's son."

San Luca's fortress was in sight, and to the right of Franzetti's little band were Ferrara's marauders, all

with their own little grey camp. The horsemen of Cremona broke into a shout, and on command from Franzetti spurred towards them, a compact, irresistible mass. They crashed through the wavering lines, cutting a lane of blood, and tearing, ploughed their way back again.

"See, see, my son," cried Franzetti, holding the infant high above his head, "your cradle song, the shouts of dying men. Here I baptise thee. No Man's Son, and call thee Giovanni to honour of my mare Joan."

"What does it mean? What does it mean?" cried the general. "The duchess fights with them. I have seen her, on a black horse." "God and the Madonna defend her!" exclaimed Franzetti; and least his prayer should not be heard, he himself set off in search of her.

The defence had fallen back under the very walls of San Luca. Around a postern gate a little group fought steadily on. As Franzetti dashed into the midst of the group they broke and fled, holly pursued by twenty. By the gate stood a woman, tall, fair-haired, imperious of mien.

"You ride hard, my lord duke," she said, with bitter emphasis on the title. "Madonna, you do me too much honour," he returned. "I am but Paolo Franzetti, general of Cremona's forces."

"A mercenary, a traitor, and a recreant," she added. "Good sir, in your mercy you forget your titles." She leaned against the wall as though fatigued.

"Pardon, madonna, you have omitted one," he said after a pause. "I am also your son's father."

She laughed aloud, a bitter, mocking laugh. "So the ruse succeeded," she cried. "You were deceived. Your simple vanity made you an easy prey. That village brat, brought into the camp two days since, Oh, Franzetti, your vanity has led you into strange beliefs. You—my son's father!"

"When you came nearer to her, 'Ay, madonna,' he replied. 'And my son is the son of a daughter of France, for Louis the King is brother to Joan of Ferrara.'"

He drew her to him, and, holding her close, kissed her passionately. "Paolo, Paolo! Why did you ever leave me?" she asked, and her voice was faint. Her head dropped and her bright hair glistened on his shoulder against the blood-stained mail.

"Why did you not come with me, Joan?" he answered. "The chance is given you again. Throw off the yoke of Ferrara, as I threw it off, and join me now!"

"It is too late, Paolo," she replied. She spoke slowly and with difficulty. "When your horsemen strike it is hard, and this one struck from behind."

It was true. Her left shoulder had been pierced; the steel had gone through gown and corsage and flesh. "The little one. He was my son, and yours, the son of a daughter of France."

Her lips sought his, and they took their last farewell.

**Kitchener a British Prisoner**  
Kitchener's ability in diagnosing himself has given rise to many stories true and otherwise, of this famous soldier. The following incident was told by one who served with the Essex Regiment in a campaign against the Derwishes.

"I was acting corporal of the guard over a large number of gentlemen of the desert whom we had taken prisoners. In the course of my rounds, a captive within the tent drew my attention, and I was surprised to hear in good English the request, 'Corporal, I wish to get out of this.' I, of course, reported the occurrence to the Sergeant of the Guard, only to be met with the curt reply, 'let the fool stay where he is.'"

I continued my rounds and was again met with the request. Again I reported the matter and this time the reply was as curt but a bit stronger, so I went on my rounds again.

As I passed the spot this time the voice from within said, 'Say, Corporal you are of the Essex Regiment?' "Well, tell Mr. B. that I want to speak to him."

"What name?" I queried. "Kitchener," came the reply, and I at once reported accordingly to the Sergeant. He immediately made for the prisoner's quarters and I shall never forget that meeting.

The dishevelled 'derwish' was in reality the Lord Kitchener that was to be, who had been out spying among the enemy and had apparently been taken prisoner by his own troops.

### TORTURING BY EAST INDIAN POLICE

In reply to an inquiry in the British House of Commons, the Under-Secretary of State for India made the grave admission that within the last six years there had been 37 convictions in the Indian police for torture, and that in 17 cases the victims had died. The majority of the cases occurred while the prisoners were in private custody. An amendment of the law to make this practice more difficult is to come next year. "But the amendment must be 'thorough,'" says the London Nation, "or 'the abuses will go on. In particular 'we strongly urge: (1) the abolition of 'confession as admissible in evidence' when made outside a court of justice; (2) the abolition of the 'practice of remanding suspects to private police custody.' The torturing is done, in every instance, by native men-

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bers of the police; and the practice is a survival of a once universal police custom. Suspects are often taken into private custody by police officers; and it is under such circumstances that confessions are extorted by violence.

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### THE GREATEST PORT IN EUROPE

(Westminster Gazette.)  
The project to connect Paris with the Atlantic by means of a ship canal between the capital and Roen is no new idea. Thirty years ago the celebrated engineer, M. Bouquet de la Grye, published a plan for a lockless canal from Poissy to Roen, which would be capable of supplying the Parisians with a quarter of a million tons of provisions daily. The Paris docks he proposed should be constructed near the Pont de Clichy, and he calculated that 120,000,000 francs would cover the whole cost. Last year the "Matin" revived this project of making Paris a seaport, and predicted that, once connected with the sea, in a few years Paris would become the greatest port in Europe.

With considerable dignity, the Spanish government declares that it accepts the result of the investigation which shows that the American warship destroyed in Havana harbor, at the commencement of the late war between Spain and the United States, was destroyed from the outside. The Spanish authority has no knowledge of the facts, and did not authorize any attack of that nature upon the American vessel. It hopes that the incident will be forgotten, that the Spanish government will not be permanently blamed for what occurred through no action taken by it, and that forgetting the past the Spaniards and Americans will rejoice in their new friendship and fellowship, and that peace will dwell among them. This is a paraphrase of what the Spanish government very well said.

### What Drives Clerks Crazy.

"I want to buy a shirt for my husband, I don't know what size the neckband is, but he wears a six and one eight hat."  
"My wife wants me to get her some ribbon to trim a dress. What shall do you think she would like?"  
"My wife has got back from the east and doesn't like the overcoat I bought her two months ago. Will you take it back?"  
"What kind of a necktie would my husband like for his birthday."  
"Are those \$1.20 cuff links solid gold? If not, I don't want them."—EX.

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