



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

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 50 cents.

FARM FOREMAN WANTED—A MAN AND his wife alone, or with one daughter or son over twelve years old, as working foreman. The wife will be expected to do the house-keeping for the extra hired help. We supply furnished house and all food. Send particulars as to experience and wages expected. Position open immediately. A. Shaver, Glen Dhu Farm, Whitby, Ont.

FOR SALE—FARM 200 ACRES, FIRST-CLASS buildings and stabling. Brick house, slate roof, modern conveniences. Land all under-tiled; lots of water, good orchard and hardwood bush; also house for hired man. Apply Box 142, Springfield, Ont.

WANTED—SINGLE MAN FOR "WELD-WOOD FARM," must be experienced in all branches of farm work; a good milker, and familiar with feeding and caring for cows on record work. Apply Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

WANTED AT ONCE—A SINGLE SCOTCH MAN to work on farm by the year, and also who understands feeding and looking after Short-horns. State wages per year. Apply to A. J. Fox, Harrow, Ont.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSE-work in town residence. Small family; assistance given; good home. Every electrical convenience. Good wages. Summer cottage in Muskoka. Apply with references, Box 87, Hespeler, Ont.

WANTED

First-class gardener, one who knows his business—to move to Kingston and work on private garden. Must be fully qualified.

H. W. RICHARDSON, KINGSTON, ONT.

4 DUAL-PURPOSE SHORTHORN BULLS, 11 to 13 months of age, good color, sired by "Oxford Butterfly", from good producing dams; also Registered Clydesdale Stallion, rising 3 years, from imported sire and dam.

J. M. McCallum, Shakespeare, Ontario

CREAM

We are in the market for Churning Cream. Twenty-five years' experience should count. You'll find it in our service.

ASK FOR PRICES

The figures of yesterday may be too low for to-morrow. Ship to—

The Toronto Creamery

Church St., (It Pays) Toronto

SAW-BLADES

PRICE OF SAW BLADES F.O.B. FACTORY

20"	\$4.70	26"	\$6.90
22"	5.15	28"	8.25
24"	5.90	30"	9.25

You can order direct from this list, saving both time and money. Simply mention diameter of blade with size of hole wanted, and remit with your order. I ship promptly.

My Catalogue, "The Heart of the Farm," illustrating Lundy Oil Engines, Saw Frames, Grain Grinders, Etc., sent on request.

A. R. LUNDY,

257 KING STREET WEST, - - TORONTO

3 Imp. Clydesdale Stallions

FOR SALE

Pacific [13173], approved form A 1.
Gartley Forever [8112], approved form A 1.
King's Arms [6117], passed form 1.

All sound and in good condition.

W. L. MOSSIP, ST. MARY'S, ONT.

Seed Beans

Extra quality, hand picked. Samples sent. For sale — \$10.00 per bushel. Sacks free.

Adam Bingham, Millbank, Ont.

For Sale — Clydesdale Stallion

Dan, Spencer (16550); foaled May 12th, 1914; bay stripe, four legs white, best of feet and legs; was first in class and Reserve Champion at Ottawa Fair, 1917. Sire, Sir Spencer Imp. (9655) 13211. Dam, Delmena Queen of Cherry Bank (20240).

ALBERT NUSSEY Brynsonville, Quebec

a nice idea for the villagers. I'd planned something of the sort, myself. Approve of that sort of thing for a rural population. Who—was the benefactor in this case—eh? Take it for granted the villagers didn't do it for themselves. The women in charge there referred me to you for information. . . Don't be in haste, young man. I'll answer your question in good time. Who gave the library, fixed up the building and all that? Must have cost something.

The minister sat down with an assumption of ease he did not feel, facing the stranger who had already possessed himself of the one comfortable chair in the room.

"The library," he said, "was given to the village by a Miss Orr, a young woman who has recently settled in Brookville. She has done a good deal for the place, in various ways."

"What ways?" asked the stranger, with an air of interest.

Wesley Elliot enumerated briefly the number of benefits: the purchase and rebuilding of the old Bolton house, the construction of the waterworks, at present under way, the library and reading room, with the town hall above. "There are," he stated, "other things which might be mentioned; such as the improvement of the village green, repairs on the church, the beginning of a fund for lighting the streets, as well as innumerable smaller benefactions, involving individuals in and around Brookville."

The man listened alertly. When the minister paused, he said:

"The young woman you speak of appears to have a deep pocket."

"The minister did not deny this. And the man spoke again, after a period of frowning silence:

"What was her idea?—Orr, you said her name was?—in doing all this for Brookville? Rather remarkable—eh?"

His tone, like his words, was mild and commonplace; but his face wore an ugly sneering look, which enraged the minister. "Miss Orr's motive for thus benefiting a wretched community, well-nigh ruined years ago by the villainy of one man, should be held sacred from criticism," he said, with heat.

"Well, let me tell you the girl had a motive—or thought she had," said the stranger unpleasantly. "But she had no right to spend her money that way. You spoke just now of the village as being ruined years ago by the villainy of one man. That's a lie! The village ruined the man. . . Never looked at it that way; did you? Andrew Bolton had the interests of this place more deeply at heart than any other human being ever did. He was the one public-spirited man in the place. . . Do you know who built your church, young man? I see you don't. Well, Andrew Bolton built it, with mighty little help from your whining, hypocritical church members. Every Tom, Dick and Harry, for miles about; every old maid with a book to sell; every cause—as they call the thousand and one pious schemes to line their own pockets—every damned one of 'em came to Andrew Bolton for money, and he gave it to them. He was no hoarding skinflint; not he. Better for him if he been. When luck went against him, as it did at last, these precious villagers turned on him like a pack of wolves. They killed his wife; stripped his one child of everything—even to the bed she slept in; and the man himself they buried alive under a mountain of stone and iron, where he rotted for eighteen years!"

The stranger's eyes were glaring with maniacal fury; he shook a tremulous yellow finger in the other's face.

"Talk about ruin!" he shouted, "Talk about one man's villainy! This damnable village deserves to be razed off the face of the earth! . . . But I meant to forgive them. I was willing to call the score even."

A nameless fear had gripped the younger man by the throat.

"Are you—?" he began; but could not speak the words.

"My name," said the stranger, with astonishing composure, in view of his late fury, "is Andrew Bolton; and the girl you have been praising and—courting—is my daughter. Now you see what a sentimental fool a woman can be. Well; I'll have it out with her. I'll live here in Brookville on equal terms with my neighbors. If there was ever a debt between us, it's been paid to the uttermost farthing. I've paid it in flesh and blood and manhood. Is there any more

—any property you can name worth eighteen years of a man's life? And such years—God! such years!"

Wesley Elliot stared. At last he understood the girl, and as he thought of her shrinking aloofness standing guard over her eager longing for friends—for affection, something hot and wet blurred his eyes. He was scarcely conscious that the man, who had taken to himself the name with which he had become hatefully familiar during his years in Brookville, was still speaking, till a startling sentence or two aroused him.

"There's no reason under heaven why you should not marry her, if you like. Convict's daughter? Bah! I snap my fingers in their faces. My girl shall be happy yet. I swear it! But we'll stop all this sickly sentimentality about the money. We'll—"

An immense yearning pity for Lydia had taken possession of him; but for the man who had thus risen from a dishonorable grave to blight her girlhood he felt not a whit.

"You'd better keep quiet," he said sternly. "You'd far better go away and leave her to live her life alone."

"You'd like that; wouldn't you?" said Bolton dryly.

He leaned forward and stared the young man in the eyes.

"But she wouldn't have it that way. Do you know that girl of mine wouldn't hear of it. She expects to make it up to me. . . Imagine making up eighteen years of hell with a few pet names, a soft bed and—"

"Stop!" cried Wesley Elliot, with a gesture of loathing. "I can't listen to you."

"But you'll marry her—eh?"

Bolton's voice again dropped into a whining monotone. He even smiled deprecatingly.

"You'll excuse my ranting a bit, sir. It's natural after what I've gone through. You've never been in a prison, maybe. And you don't know what it's like to shake the bars of a cell at midnight and howl out of sheer madness to be off and away—somewhere, anywhere!"

He leaned forward and touched the minister on the knee.

"And that brings me back to my idea in coming to see you. I'm a level-headed man, still—quite cool and collected, as you see—and I've been thinking the situation over."

He drew his brows together and stared hard at the minister.

"I've a proposition to make to you—as man to man. Can't talk reason to a woman; there's no reason in a woman's make-up—just sentiment and affection and imagination; an impossible combination, when there are hard realities to face. . . I see you don't agree with me; but never mind that; just hear what I have to say."

But he appeared in no haste to go on, for all the eagerness of his eyes and those pallid, restless hands. The minister got quickly to his feet. The situation was momentarily becoming intolerable; he must have time to think it over, he told himself, and determine his own relations to his new and unwelcome parishioner.

"None of that," growled Bolton. "Sit down, young man, and listen to what I have to say to you. We may not have another chance like this."

His assumption of a common interest between them was most distasteful; but for all that the minister resumed his chair.

"Now, as I've told you, my daughter appears unwilling to allow me out of her sight. She tries to cover her watchfulness under a pretence of solicitude for my health. I'm not well, of course; was knocked down and beaten about the head by one of those devils in the prison—Can't call them men; no decent man would choose to even his living that way. But cosseting and coddling in a warm house will never restore me. I want freedom—nothing less. I must be out and away when the moon seizes me night or day. Her affection stifles me at times. . . You can't understand that, of course; you think I'm ungrateful, no doubt; and that I ought—"

"You appear to me, a monster of selfishness," Wesley Elliot broke in. "You ought to stop thinking of yourself and think of her."

Bolton's face drew itself into the merciless wrinkles which passed for a smile.

"I'm coming to that," he said with some eagerness. "I do think of her, and that's why—Can't you see, man, that

eighteen years of prison don't grow the domestic virtues? A monster of selfishness? You're dead right. I'm all of that; and I'm too old to change. I can't play the part of a doting father. I thought I could, before I got out; but I can't. Twice I've been tempted to knock her down, when she stood between me and the door. . . Keep cool; I didn't do it! But I'm afraid of myself, I tell you. I've got to have my liberty. She can have hers. . . Now here's my proposition: Lydia's got money. I don't know how much. My brother-in-law was a close man. Never even knew he was rich. But she's got it—all but what she's spent here trying to square accounts, as she thought. Do they thank her for it? Not much. I know them! But see here, you marry Lydia, whenever you like; then give me ten thousand dollars, and I'll clear out. I'm not a desirable father-in-law; I know that, as well as you do. But I'll guarantee to disappear, once my girl is settled. Is it a bargain?"

Elliot shook his head.

"Your daughter doesn't love me," he said.

Bolton flung up his hand in an impatient gesture of dissent.

"I stood in the way," he said. "She was thinking of me, don't you see? But if I get out—Oh, I promise you I'll make myself scarce, once this matter is settled."

"What you propose is impossible, on the face of it," the minister said slowly. "I am sorry—"

"Impossible! Why impossible?" shouted Bolton, in a sudden fury. "You've been courting my daughter—don't try to crawl out of it, now you know what I am. I'll not stand in the way, I tell you. Why, the devil—"

He stopped short, his restless eyes roving over the young man's face and figure:

"Oh, I see!" he sneered. "I begin to understand: 'the sanctity of the cloth'—my sacred calling—Yes, yes! And perhaps my price seems a bit high: ten thousand dollars—"

Elliot sprang from his chair and stood over the cringing figure of the ex-convict.

"I could strike you," he said in a smothered voice; "but you are an old man and—not responsible. You don't understand what you've said, perhaps; and I'll not try to make you see it as I do."

"I supposed you were fond of my girl," But the look in the younger man's eyes stopped him. His hand sought his heart in an uncertain gesture.

"Have you any brandy?" he asked feebly. "I—I'm not well. . . No matter; I'll go over to the tavern. I'll have them take me home. Tired, after all this; don't feel like walking."

(To be continued.)

Gossip.

A Big Sale.

Attention is directed to the big sale advertisement in another column in this issue, to be held at Lot 20, Concession 3, Oro, near Barrie, on Thursday, April 4. James A. Caldwell, of Shanty Bay, is selling at this time and place his entire farm stock, implements, a fifty-acre wood lot and a thirty-four-acre pasture farm. In the live stock are included two choice, registered Clydesdale stallions, one by Baron Solway and the other a colt with five registered dams and by Imported Solway King, a horse which will be included in the sale. There are three registered Clydesdale females including a two-year-old filly, a three-year-old carrying a foal, and a nine-year-old, sired by such good sires as Baron Gartley and Imported Mellinside. Four young work horses will go to the highest bidder. In registered Shorthorns there are ten head of young females by such sires as Imported Newton Ideal, Imported Royal Mastodon, and Superb Chief. These young cows and heifers should meet a ready sale and bring good prices. One bull, Royal Mastodon, will be sold. In sheep there are twelve registered Cotswold ewes, three registered ewe lambs, and one registered ram lamb, and in pigs there are three registered Yorkshire sows, well on in farrow, as well as eighteen store pigs. The farm implements and machinery are all in good repair and include everything necessary to work a large up-to-date farm. Remember the date, April 4. Trains will be met at Barrie on the morning of sale.