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Quaker Flour is the highest quality all-purpose household flour. It excels in the hands of the young home baker as well as those with experience.

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### AUCTION SALE

FARM STOCK CROP AND IMPLEMENTS

The Executors of the Estate of James McLeod, late of Mermaid, Lot 43 in Queen's County will sell at Public Auction on the premises on Thursday the fourteenth day of April 1932, at one o'clock p. m., the following: A quantity of hay, oats and wheat, 2 horses, 3 head or cattle, mower rake spring tooth harrows, gang plow, single plow one-half interest in manure spreader, two engines, pulper, cream separator, farmers scales, roller potato diggers, driving express and truck wagons, wood and box sleighs and various other goods chattels and effects in and about the dwelling house and premises of the deceased. William S. McEachern, Walter Munn, Executors.  
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### The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Fedler

(Continued)

There was a sympathetic twinkle in his eyes, and Jean, suddenly sensing the "little boy" in him which lurks in every grown-up man, flashed back:

"I believe that's exactly what you would have done yourself in your urchin days!"

"I believe it is," he acknowledged, laughing outright. "Well, the only thing to do now is for me to tow you back. Where do you want to go—up or down the river?"

"Up, please. I want to get back to Staple."

He threw a quick glance at her. "Surely you must be Miss Peterson?"

She nodded.

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"My sister, Mrs. Craig, told me a Miss Peterson was staying at Staple. It wasn't very difficult, after that, to put two and two together."

"Then you must be Geoffrey Burke?" returned Jean.

He nodded.

"That's right. So now that we know each other, will you come into my parlour?"—smiling. "If I'm going to take you back, there seems no reason why we shouldn't accomplish the journey together and tow your boat behind."

He held out his hand to steady her as she stepped lightly from one boat to the other, and soon they were gliding smoothly upstream, the empty craft trailing alone in their wake.

For a while Burke sculled in silence, and Jean leant back, idly watching the effortless, rhythmic swing of his body as he bent to his oars. His shirt was open at the throat, revealing the strong, broad-based neck, and she noticed in a detached fashion that small, fine hairs covered his bare arms with a golden down, even encroaching on to the backs of the brown, muscular hands.

She found herself femininely conscious that the most dominant quality about the man was his sheer virility. Nor was it just a matter of appearances. It lay in something more fundamental than merely externals. She had known men of great physical strength to be not infrequently gifted with an almost feminine gentleness of nature, yet she was sure this latter element played but a small part in the make-up of Geoffrey Burke.

The absolute ease with which he sent the boat shearing through the water seemed to her in some way typical. It conveyed a sense of mastery that was unquestionable, even a little overpowering.

She felt certain that he was, above and before all other things, primal male, forceful and conquering, of the type who in a different age would have cheerfully bludgeoned his way through any

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and every obstacle that stood between him and the woman he had chosen as his mate—and, afterwards, if necessary, bludgeoned the lady herself into submission.

"Here's where you tied up, then?" Burke's voice broke suddenly across her thoughts, and she looked round, recognizing the place where she had moored her boat earlier in the afternoon.

"How did you divine that?" she asked.

"It didn't require much divination! There are your sculls"—pointing—"stuck up against the trunk of a tree—and looking as though they might topple over at any moment. I fancy"—with a smile—"that my 'small boy' theory was correct. I believe I could even put a name to the particular limb of Satan responsible." He went on.

"You moored your boat on the Willow Ferry side of the stream, and our lodge-keeper's kids are a troop of young demons. They want a thorough good thrashing, and I'll see that they get it before they are much older."

He pulled in to the shore and rescuing the sculls from their precarious position, restored them to the empty boat.

"All the same," he added, as a few minutes later, he helped Jean out on the little wooden landing-place at Staple. "I think I'm rather grateful to the small boy—whoever he may be!"

She laughed and retorted impatiently:

"I'm sure I'm very grateful to the bigger boy who came to the rescue." There was something quite unconsciously provocative about her as she stood there with one foot poised on the plank, her head thrown back a trifle to meet his glance, and a hint of gentle raillery tilting the corners of her mouth.

The cave-man woke suddenly in him. He was conscious of an almost irresistible impulse to take her in his arms and kiss her. But the conventions of the centuries held, and all Jean knew of that swift flare-up of desire in the man beside her was that the grip of his hand on hers suddenly tightened so that the pain of it almost made her cry out.

And because she was not given to regarding every unmarried man she met in the light of a potential lover—as some women are prone to do—and because, perhaps, her thoughts were subconsciously preoccupied by a lean, dark face, rather stern and weary-looking as though from some past discipline of pain, Jean never ascribed that fierce pressure of the hand to its rightful origin, but merely rubbed her bruised fingers surreptitiously and wished ruefully that men were not quite so muscular.

"I'll go with you up to the house," remarked Burke, without any elaboration of "by your leave."

She was privately of the opinion that her leave would have little or nothing to do with the matter. If this exceedingly autocratic and masculine individual had decided to accompany her through the park, accompany her he would, and she might as well make the best of it.

He was extraordinarily unlike his sister, she thought. Where Judith Craig would probably seek to attain her ends in a somewhat stealthy, cat-like fashion, Burke would employ the methods of the club and

battering-ram. Of the two, perhaps these last were preferable, since they at least left you knowing what you were up against.

"Will you come in?" asked Jean, pausing as they reached the house. "Though I'm afraid everyone is out."

"So much the better he replied promptly. "I'd much rather have tea alone with you."

"That's not very polite to the others"—smiling a little. "I thought the Staple people were old friends of yours?"

"So they are. That's exactly it. I feel the mood of the explorer on me this afternoon."

"You're one of the people with a penchant for new acquaintances, then?" she said indifferently, leading the way into the hall, where, in place of the great log fire of chiller

days, a bank of growing tulips made a glory of gold and orange and red in the wide hearth.

"No, I'm not," she returned bluntly. "But I've every intention of making your acquaintance right now."

Jean rang the bell and ordered tea.

"I think perhaps I might be consulted in the matter," she returned lightly when Baines had left the room. "The settling of questions of that kind is usually considered a woman's prerogative. Supposing"—Supposing—smiling—"I don't ask you to tea, after all?"

There was a smouldering fire in the glance he bestowed upon her vivid face.

"It wouldn't make a bit of difference—in the long run," he replied deliberately. "If a man makes up his mind he can usually get his own way—over most things."

"You can't force friendship," she said quickly. It was as though she were defying something that threatened.

Again that queer gleam showed for a moment in his eyes.

"Friendship? No, perhaps not," he conceded.

Bus and Truck Lines Hit

Nearly 40,000 owners of motor vehicles in New South Wales, are protesting against the new law designed to restrict the competition offered by the motor vehicles to State-owned and operated rail and tram services. The law requires that bus operators must pay a special license fee of two cents a mile, or

fraction, for each adult and one cent for each passenger. Truck operators must pay a tax of six cents a mile a ton, or fraction, for trucks hauling merchandise, in charge to cover the lead plus the weight of the truck. Certain services not competing with railway are exempt. The law requires the keeping of elaborate records of passengers and freight carried.

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### BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus