



ments will be inserted two cents per word each counts for one word, and Names and addresses are always accompany the ment under this heading. re-bred poultry and eggs of customers by using our advertisement inserted

eties of pure-bred geese Holland turkeys. Or prizes at last Winter Satisfaction give. Baker

TRY FARMS—Special our birds. Every one S.C. White and Brown dotes, Buff Orpingtons, eds. One dollar each. an three. First orders Smith, 41 Spruce St.,

t turkeys. Rose-co and Barred Rock coo. Colchester, Ont.

turkeys for sale. Bred ewinning tom and high- shore & Sons, Glanworth,

Books, White Wyandotte rn cockerels, \$1 each. Ont.

Books. Best American erels, two dollars to ten nable. Eggs two and le Stock Farm, Lennox- Parker.

rels for sale. Satisfac- or money back. J. E.

ch Chloekens by team with the ELSIOR INCUBATOR Or WOODEN HEN

e, perfect, self-regulating, every fertile egg. Lowest prices. Write for particulars. E. STARR, Quincy, Ill.

be inserted under this Properties, Help and Pet Stock.

one word each insertion. ne word and figures for addresses are counted. mpany the order. \$No or less than 60 cents.

on easy terms, Wood- 400 acres, 4 1/2 miles from acres cultivated. 160 ced. For particulars ill, Druggist, Moosomin.

od subscription agents 's Advocate and Home ns. The William Weld

wife (no children). Man farm; wife to do house- Also two married men, to work on farm. Home ry wages paid to men in interest of employer. ddress: M. D., care of don, Ont.

WANTED ! not over six years old; d in perfect condition. bred, age, lowest price, and where they can be E. WALTON, P. O. i, Que.

Habit. o remedy removes all few days. A vegetable res touching the tongue ice \$2.

Habit. r taking his remedy for, and inexpensive ho- ic injections, no p- om business, and a cure c. McTaggart, 75 Yonge on

ry Woman rested and should know the wonderful rvel Whirling Spray Douche

o r illus- ves full invaluable PLY CO., Windsor, Ont or Canada.

N THIS PAPER ADVERTISERS

"Ye'll be meeting that young Car- michael to-night," she said.

"Probably, mother; what of that?"

"Ye'll not forget," she said, as though half distrustful of me, "that he's the son of the man that killed yer father?" She always spoke of Mr. Carmichael to me as the man who had killed my father.

"I'll not forget."

"And ye'll promise me ye'll hev' nothing to do with him?"

"I promise."

"I'm satisfied then. Ye know my wish in the matter."

My poor little mother. It was the only thing in this world upon which she strongly asserted herself, that I should have nothing to do with the Carmichaels; and, as I gave such ready assent to her will that evening, I little thought how soon and how severely my own will was to be tested.

Gay met me at the door of the parlor, which, wonderfully metamorphosed since the morning, and all pink in the light of a lamp draped in a new red silk shade, looked very inviting.

"Come right in, Peggie," she said, making haste to place me in the largest armchair. "How nice you look! Now, then, tell me if you think my dress is pretty," and she spun round before me, a bewildering flutter of soft pink and cream lace, while her mother looked on, so tired-looking, but the proudest of mothers.

"We can't go just yet," she said, sitting down upon the sofa, and arranging the new cushions most bewitchingly about her, "because Dick Carmichael's going to call. It was so good of him! I was talking about how dreadfully afraid I am of the dark, so he said he'd come, as I might feel safer with him than just with Choddy. Afterward, Hud Jamieson told Toddy he was coming too. I think he might have called to asked permission, don't you? But we'll have one apiece, my dear."

In our quiet little district, you will see, this arrangement could cause no comment. Upon all such occasions as parties, and meetings in the church, it was a time-honored custom that the lads and lasses should go unchaperoned, the lads holding it as an honored right to see the lasses safely home, and never dreaming of presuming upon the privilege. Only once, indeed, in the whole history of our community, had there been a lapse from virtue within its borders, and so great had been the horror consequent upon it that he had fled the country, and she, unable to face the fury of her father, her only living parent, had gone out to service somewhere. Poor Jean Moffat—but once did she return, and that was to her father's deathbed. Folk said he forgave her, and died with his head on her breast. But that did not alter the fact that but seldom, then or after, was Jean Moffat's name spoken, and that with bated breath.

As I watched Gay Torrance that evening, for I could not keep my eyes off her, I thought again that the little drama of the mouse and the butterfly was being enacted over again, only that Gay was now a much more radiant butterfly. From the tip of her tiny slipper to the top of her shining head, she was daintiness itself, and, as she talked, with the dimples coming and going in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkling with merriment, I wondered if this earth could provide anything fairer to look at; and when Dick Carmichael and Hud Jamieson came in I felt they must think so, too.

I had seen so little of either of them during the last few years that it seemed like meeting them anew. Hud had indeed grown into a very handsome young man, slight and rather undersized, to be sure, but with a vivacity of expression, and a little way of saying things as though he had kept them just for you, which promised to make him, on occasion, rather dangerously attractive. As for Dick, he stalked into the room, straight and strong of limb and broad of shoulder, a

veritable Carmichael, but with a severe and solemn countenance little like that of the boy, Dick, with whom I had roved the fields in those happy days of long ago. When he spoke, in a low voice, yet rich and deep as that of his father, it was as though he thought life a serious matter, not to be frittered away in trivialities; yet it was for Dick that Gay had all her smiles, and all her bright chatter; and when she talked to him, moving her hands, with all the soft roundness of her arms showing to the elbow, where the dainty frills of lace covered them, with the color burning in her cheeks and the excitement in her eyes, she looked the most winsome creature in the world, and I thought it but little wonder that Dick should look at her and occasionally break forth into one of the rare smiles that transformed his face, or yet more rarely into the deep laugh which belonged to none but the Carmichaels.

It was surely enough that he had spoken to me courteously. Long ago he had come to know fully of the edict which my mother had issued in regard to our friendship, and he had never presumed. I, too, was I not in honor bound to have naught to do with the house of Carmichael? And had I not, though my reason exonerated Dick of any complicity in his father's misdeeds, kept that honor in all faithfulness? Why, then, should a little sore spot come into my heart as he talked to Gay, and why, though I hated and despised myself for the weakness, should I strain my ears to hear what they were saying, while Hud Jamieson's platitudes, uttered in his peculiarly musical tones, came to me as a far-off tinkling?

Utterly demeaned in my own conscience, ashamed so that I felt the hot blood surging in my cheeks, I compelled myself at last to attend, and even to talk with unusual gayety to Hud, even when it came time to go, and Dick, placing Gay's cloak about her shoulders, passed out of the door with her without even a glance at me.

Again, I resolved not to care, and clenched my hands until the nails hurt the flesh in determination, but was so little successful that the evening passed to me like a weary dream, in which I was compelled to act a part, while everywhere before me danced a vision of Gay smiling at Dick, talking to Dick, although Hud Jamieson, too, now hovered near her, darting to catch up her handkerchief, or to perform any such small gallantry as presented itself.

As I had surmised, the apple-parring was continued for but little of the time, and good Amanda Might had full satisfaction in seeing all the old Hallowe'en games, which had delighted her on that memorable night of her youth, played over again. With the supper, too, came the culmination of her happiness. The girls carried up dainties from the cellar, until it seemed that there were no end to them, while the boys found enough to do in passing about the clear, fresh cider and hot coffee.

For my part, I felt little enough like eating, and, after a sip of cider and a bite of berry pie, for looks' sake, I slipped out of the open door and stood near it. It was a wonderfully warm night for the first of November, for the Indian summer had come early that year, yet the moist air seemed to cool my brow and leave me better able to think.

(To be continued.)

TRADE TOPIC.

COLORING CARDS AND CALENDARS.—Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., of world-wide fame as publishers of colored picture cards, unique calendars and the like artistic productions, have sent "The Farmer's Advocate" a very beautiful sample outfit of their productions for the present season. A glance over them explains their popularity. The firm have offices in London (Eng.), Paris, Berlin, New York, Capetown and Montreal.

ATTENTION !

Is again called to our list of **Substantial Premiums** offered to subscribers who succeed in obtaining new subscribers for us.

For One New Subscriber:

1. Farmer's knife, Rodgers, a first-class article.
2. The choice of any two of the following: Reading glass, large mouth-organ (harmonica), mariner's compass.
3. Lady's hand-bag, leather and lined with leather, large enough to carry letters, etc., in.

For Two New Subscribers:

1. Bagster's Comprehensive Teacher's Bible.
2. One copy of "Carmichael," bound in cloth, and well illustrated.

Watches:

1. Gentleman's nickel watch for three new subscribers.
2. Gentleman's gold-filled Elgin or Waltham watch for thirteen new subscribers.
3. Lady's sterling silver watch for eight new subscribers.
4. Lady's gold-filled watch for eleven new subscribers.

We have ample testimony to the genuineness of all these articles, and the reward is well worth the effort.

In addition, we have books bearing on almost every department of farming, full list of which will appear from time to time in "The Farmer's Advocate," or may be obtained by applying to this office.

Tell your friends about our journal. Secure their names, and let us send you one of these premiums. State definitely which premium you prefer. In each case of above, the regular subscription rate, \$1.50 per annum, must be sent.

Address: **THE WILLIAM WELD CO., LTD.,**
London, Ont.



Tudhope Sleights

You don't pay a cent extra for the 56 years' experience that goes into Tudhope Sleights. You don't pay a cent extra for a dozen little improvements that mean extra strength and service. You pay only for what the **BEST MATERIALS** and **WORKMANSHIP** are worth. Every Tudhope Sleigh is sold with a guarantee that has been lived up to for 56 years.

TUDHOPE No. 67
This is an all-round, serviceable sleigh. Built for rough roads—an easy, comfortable runner for hard driving. Write for free booklet showing different Tudhope styles.
THE TUDHOPE CARRIAGE CO., Ltd. ORILLIA, Ont.

JOHN CHAMBERS & SONS

Holdenby, Northampton, England,



Have at their American branch, at St. Thomas, Ont., under the management of C. K. Geary, a number of good big stallions, also several very fine fillies coming three years old, and safe in foal to some of England's leading sires. Address all communications to:

C. K. Geary, St. Thomas, Ont.

The Eastern Ontario Live-stock & Poultry Show

WILL BE HELD AT

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 20 to 24, 1908.

Exhibits will consist of Live and Dressed Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry; also a Dairy Show and a Seed Exhibit. Large cash prizes offered in the various departments. The Show will be held in the splendid new building. Practical lectures will be given by experts every day.

Live-stock Entries Close Jan. 11. Poultry Entries Close Jan. 6. Reduced rates on all railways. For Prize List, Entry Form or Programme, apply to:

J. C. SMITH, President.

A. P. WESTERVELT, Secretary,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Subscribe for the Farmer's Advocate.