

WINDSOR DAIRY SALT

"Expect to get the prize for the best butter, this year?"

"Of course I do.

I have the best cows in the country—and here's my Windsor Butter Salt.

You can't beat that combination.

You know, I have won first prize for the best butter ever since I began to use Windsor Butter Salt"

"Hope you win"

"Thank you, so do I"

41



WALL PLASTER

Plaster Board takes the place of lath and is fireproof.

The "Empire" brands of Wood-fibre and Hardwall Plaster for good construction.

Shall we send you plaster literature

Manitoba Gypsum Co. Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.



Painted Floors

do not show dust or dirt and are easy to keep clean. Use one of the eight handsome colors of Sherwin-Williams Inside Floor Paint, handsome, quick drying, and durable. Ask the local Sherwin-Williams dealer for a color card.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS & VARNISHES

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

the top of which intolerant gesture came the sudden nerve torture that the clairvoyant's soothsaying had, in Bertie's case, already found fulfilment, and that she had, for Philip himself, foretold—

"Hush," said Philip sternly to his whispering imagination; "hush, if I am to die, I will die like a man."

Two days later saw Philip upon the sea coast. He had chosen a wild bracing locality, cold shouldered by his intimates, but beloved by the tripper from the Midlands. He wore a cycling suit, bought in a delirious moment when he was briefly in love with a fair athlete. The memories connected with the cycling suit made him shudder. He had spent a whole half hour in a cindery retreat, behind a mechanic's shop in the King's Road, falling off a demoniacal wheel and being hitched on again by a small and derisive urchin. At the end of the half hour he returned home, cured of his brief passion, and resolute that an athlete, however fair, was no wife for him.

But to-day—to-day was as far removed from the bicycling incident as a day in the turnips is from the Rockies. Bicycles were not for him. Philip intended to ride a horse. He sought out the address of a modest livery stable as far from his hotel as possible, left a card with his name and address, upon the toilet table for assistance in the disposal of his possible remains, and walked out into the street, trying to look as if his entire digestive apparatus did not feel like jelly.

On the way to the stables he thought him to buy a whip. He made his purchase with a superior air of recognizing the right article when he saw it; and came out with a stout malacca hunting crop, fitted with a lash long enough for the whipper-in of the most undisciplined fox hound that ever turned from its rightful prey to bolt a hurried meal of rabbit or to worry sheep.

Thus armed, Philip proceeded in quest of his horse. He did not quite expect his livery stable, though chosen for its modesty, to be lurking between a ham-and-beef shop on the one hand and a large heap of manure on the other. However, there it was. There, also was a pale individual in putties with a straw in his mouth. And there was "the only horse we've got for hire to-day, sir."

Philip looked at this solitary representative of the equine race. All horses were much alike to him, but it certainly appeared unusually thin. Also as he stood by it, its height did not seem far removed from a church steeple. That all its hoofs were splintered, and one of its shoes loose, were points that he failed to realize; but he could not help being aware of the various wounds that adorned its bony framework, and that were horribly and drippingly anointed with vaseline.

"How did he come to be so cut?" demanded Philip, dubiously. The person with the straw grinned. He was at present under notice to quit, and was delighted to pour forth all he knew.

"Ran away with a gent up the High Street, sir, and sat down in front of one of them electric trams."

"Oh; does he—ah—does he do that often?"

"Oh, no sir. But he's been a bit of a racer in his day, and he just loses his head sometimes. He's not a bad 'oss, isn't the old Archbishop?"

The Archbishop blinked pensively in response to the compliment, and Philip abruptly made up his mind.

"Put the saddle on, then," he said; "I'll take him."

How Philip was hoisted to the alpine altitudes of the Archbishop's back he never exactly knew, or cared to remember. When he was there, the guardian of the stables looked at him with peculiar stoniness.

"Keep him light on the curb, sir," he suggested.

"That was what I intended to do," replied Philip majestically. He had not the vaguest idea what the instruction meant, but thought it might possibly apply to something in connection with the footpath.

Forth then set Philip and the Archbishop. Philip with the reins knuckled firmly within his fists and held somewhere on a level with his topmost waist; coat button. The Archbishop had a step

both lithe and springy. He held his hypocritical old head up like a conceited stag, and his loose shoe clanked like a cymbal as he issued from the obscurity of the yard into the sunshine of the street. The stableman watched the exit oddly, and then winked almost audibly at the proprietor of the ham and beef shop.

"Wonder, 'ow many corpses 'ull be taken to the 'ospital to-night," said he, with the hideous nonchalance so observable in those who have daily doings with horse flesh.

But Philip, happily unheeding, went firmly on.

He was in the High Street now, and as he had not the vaguest idea of how to turn the Archbishop, he allowed that dignitary to take his own ambling way through the town. Very placid and majestic was the progress, and the Archbishop betrayed not the faintest indecision as to his route. He carried Philip with the firm kindness of a tourist's guide; and Philip, to his own amazement, actually discovered that he was enjoying himself.

He wished that he had some notion of how to hold those troublesome leather ribbons with which he was aware that he should be controlling the pensive steed beneath him. But here his quick artist's eye stood him in some stead. He watched the cabdrivers as he passed them; and he had the luck to meet a girl alone on a chestnut mare, who cast a quick glance of recognition over the Archbishop; and then took a hasty stock of Philip himself. Philip was too busy noticing her hands to observe this. And his hard gazing had at least the effect of bringing his fists a few buttons lower down his waistcoat, and making him endeavour to gather these slipping things into a more scientific appearance.

The Archbishop now took the turn to the shore and, a widespread of pale buff sand, a blue strip of distant scene opened before him, Philip felt his exhilaration increase. He could not quite explain its cause. It seemed to be something connected with the living movement of the muscle below him, with the alert twitching ears in front. The Archbishop tripped as demurely as a debutante down a sandy slope on the shore, and Philip thinking to encourage him to speedier progress, gaily assumed the manner of an exhilarated hen, and lifted his vocal organ in a loud and exciting cluck.

Then the fun began. There was a moment's bewilderment at first. Next Philip knew that he had left both hat and whip a probable mile behind. That he was still on the Archbishop's back appeared to him amazing; and he wondered what in the world had happened to the Archbishop's head. By-and-by he realized that the Archbishop was running with his head deeply plunged between his knees, probably as a precaution against any possible control on the part of his rider. Not that he need have troubled to render Philip any more helpless than he already was. He still gripped a tangled mass of leather thongs in one hand, more from the sense of personal dignity than anything else. With the other hand he desperately clutched the saddle peak. And he found time to wonder when the Archbishop would stop.

But the Archbishop gave no sign of stopping, and presently one of Philip's feet shot out of the stirrup and the stirrup whacked wildly upon the Archbishop's ribs. It was the final straw. The Archbishop leapt high in the air as if to clear an unexpected fence. Philip leaped a little higher. When he found his senses again he was seated in a salty puddle, and the Archbishop was a delicious speck upon the horizon.

Philip rubbed his head. Then he rose and dusted himself. Then he felt his arms and legs. And then slowly a great welling flood of gladness rose up and engulfed him. He had ridden a horse; he had been run away with; he had been thrown into a pool; and, instead, of fear, a wild sense of exhilaration was upon him. He looked at the disappearing Archbishop, and laughed aloud.

"Well, you don't seem hurt, anyway," called a voice behind him. And he turned round, startled, to see the girl on the chestnut horse.