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Also Cows and Heifers, and one good Imp. York. Sow, also a good Yorkshire Boar one year old. Good breeding and good animals

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Bull in service: Scotland's Fame = 47897—by Nonpareil Archer (Imp.) (81778) = 45202—dam Flora 51st (Imp.), (Vol. 19.) Present offerings: Two heifers rising 1 year old, two bulls rising 1 year old; also young cows and heifers of good quality and breeding, mostly well gone with calf. Also stallion rising 1 year old, sired by the well-known Macqueen, dam from imported sire and dam, and one filly rising one year, sired by King's Crest (Imp.). Will sell at a bargain if taken soon.

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We have for sale some good young cows and heifers, of the Fashion and Belle Forest families, in calf to Scottish Rex (Imp.) or Village Earl (Imp.), our present herd bull. For prices and particulars address

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Spicy King (Imp.) at head of herd. Young bulls for sale reasonably. For prices, etc., apply to

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Do you want a profitable cow with calf at foot and bred again; also heifers bred and heifer calves from imported stock. Choice milk strains

Write: A. M. SHAVER, Ancaster, Ont. Hamilton station.

PROSPECT STOCK FARM. For sale: 4

Bulls, including Gold Mine (Imp. in dam), also some choice young females. Stations: Cooksville and Streetsville, C.P.R.; Brampton, G.T.R.

Peel Co. F. A. Gardner, Britannia, Ont.

a perfect delightful adventure," she said. "I haven't enjoyed so many different kinds of shock in a long time."

"I pray the good Lord you won't enjoy any more this side of Pass Christian," said David, fervently. "I'll confess I've been aging a year to the minute ever since the Brookhaven episode. Craigie's awfully accurate, most of the time."

"Oh, his books were wrong this afternoon, I am sure of it," she answered, blithely. "I have the utmost confidence in my good fortune. It has never failed me yet."

Graeme's laugh has more than half a groan.

"It has never been handicapped by having to run with such luck as mine." Then, as they were passing a cafe with a tempting display of red viands in the windows, "Aren't you desperately hungry?"

"Enough to remember that you are going to get me a sandwich and a cup of tea by and bye. Isn't that the telegraph office over there?"

They had reached the corner of Gravier and St. Charles, and a moment later Felicity was standing guard over the luggage while Graeme went to the manager's window. He was back almost immediately, with stony despair in his eyes.

"It's all up with us," he said, hoarsely. "There's no answer to my wire."

This time Felicity had to make a decided effort to live up to her name.

"Isn't it perfectly ridiculous!" she said. "Can't you bring yourself to see the humor in it?"

"No, I'm blest if I can," said David, mopping his face with his damp handkerchief. "If that clock is right, we have just twenty minutes in which to catch your train. Will you—could you stay here a minute or two while I run across to the St. Charles Hotel and look over the register? It's once chance in a thousand there may be somebody I can hold up for a few dollars."

Miss Allardice was wiser than she looked. It was her metier to look pretty, and she filled it to perfection.

"You are going to do something desperate," she demurred. "Please, please don't add to my present burden of obligations."

He denied it so strenuously that she let him go. A little later the telegraph manager came out with a chair for her. There was something vaguely reminiscent about him, and he promptly saved her the trouble of trying to place him.

"You don't remember me, Miss Allardice," he said. "I used to be an operator on the Cotton Exchange in St. Louis, and I've seen you with your father. I gathered from what your friend said that you are in trouble of some sort. Can I be of any assistance?"

It was a hazard of new fortunes for Felicity, but she took her courage in both hands.

"There was a misunderstanding about the railroad tickets, and it took all of Mr. Graeme's money and all of mine to make it right," she explained. "I have friends in Pass Christian, and I am just obliged to catch the train to-night, and—and it goes in less than twenty minutes."

She was quite breathless when it was all said, but the manager proved himself a gentleman born.

"That is a very small matter," he said, warmly. "I shall be glad to help your father's daughter. Will this be enough? You can return it at your convenience."

He was offering her a ten-dollar bill. Not at any time in her safeguarded life had so small a sum looked so preternaturally large, or so unspeakably desirable. But she was mindful of her birth and breeding.

"I'll be glad to take it if you'll let me—," she had detached her tiny chatelaine watch and was thrusting it upon him.

It was a little like a slap in the face, but the would-be helper saw instantly that the truest kindness was to let her have her own way. So he took the pledge and put it in his pocket, giving her his card and vanishing, to reappear presently with an added word of comfort.

"You said Pass Christian, didn't you? Well, the L. & N. has a washout at Chef Menteur, and they have just notified us that their Number Two will not leave until nine o'clock, or thereabouts.

That probably means ten, but I wouldn't take any chances on it."

He had vanished again when Graeme came back, and Felicity had regained a little of her lost poise.

"Did you succeed in finding anyone?" she asked, cheerfully.

"Didn't I?" he returned, exulting. "We are wealthy again for a few minutes. And that isn't all of it: your train is delayed on account of a washout—I saw it posted on the bulletin-board over at the hotel. It can't leave till nine o'clock. We'll wire the Joyces, and then—prepare yourself for another shock—then we'll dine."

He took her across the street to the St. Charles, as being the most public as well as the most unquestionable place he knew, and the head waiter gave them a small side table to themselves. It was somewhere in the fish course that Felicity said: "How narrow the world is, after all. You had merely to cross the street to find a friend in a perfectly strange city; and I—I didn't have to do even that much."

He looked at her with a quizzical light in his eye. "Did you make a raise too?"

"I did. The manager in the telegraph office used to know poppa, and he remembered me—ten dollars' worth."

Graeme frowned.

"We'll go over there after dinner and make him take it back," he said.

"Oh, no; that would be too ungracious," she objected, foreseeing embarrassment in the pledge-returning part of it. Then, suddenly holding out the money, "Will you take care of it for me?"

Graeme's frown melted in a happy laugh.

"Do you mean to say that you will still trust me to hold the joint purse?"

"Of course; why shouldn't I?"

He marked their immediate surroundings in a comprehensive glance: the nearest couple dining stolidly two tables on the right; the deferential waiter, within call, but safely out of earshot.

"Felicity, you've seen me at my very worst in the past twenty-four hours—you have, indeed. I can't take that money unless you are willing to let me try again—to let me keep on trying as long as we both shall live."

The waiter was coming to remove the course, and the momentary privacy was at an end. But in the midst of the table-clearing she laughed softly and gave him the ten-dollar bill.

It wanted but ten minutes of nine when Graeme, treading on air of the lightest, handed Felicity from the carriage at the L. & N. station on the river front and put her aboard the waiting Pullman.

"But for the look of it, I'd go on to the Pass with you," he said, bending over her to say good-bye. "Have you got everything?"

"Everything but my—," she stopped in blushing confusion, and the telegraphic thought struck fire in him like flint on steel.

"Your watch," he said, marking its absence. "Have you lost it?"

"No; I—how much time have we?"

He fell into the little trap headlong, feeling mechanically for his own missing watch. "I—ah—" he began; but her ready laugh cut him short.

"No secrets," she commanded. "Tell me, was your friend as disinterested as mine?"

He grinned shamefacedly. "Not by about ten per cent. a month, I fancy. But that's nothing. He might have had my coat and my cuff-links if he had insisted. May I tell your father when I go back that I had to pawn my watch to get you?"

"You may tell him anything you dare to. But if you'll tell Brother Tom, it will go farther and be ever so much more fun—for him. Now, will you please get off the car before the train starts?"

The conductor's cry of "All aboard!" floated in through the open deck transoms, and the air-brakes sighed expectantly.

"Good-bye, my happy one!" said Graeme, holding her hand to the last fraction of the ultimate second. "How could you ever bring yourself to take such a blundering, idiotic—"

"Hush!" she said. And then: "I don't know; I think I always meant to—sometime. And to-night—well, a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Kiss me, David, and run!"—Francis Lynde, in Lippincott's.

MAPLE GROVE SHORTHORNS

Imp. and Canadian-bred.

Males and females, as good types as the breed produces. With breeding unsurpassed.

C. D. Wager,
Enterprise Stn. & P.O., Addington Co.

GREENGILL HERD SHORTHORNS

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We offer ten young bulls ready for service, a number of them from imported sire and dam; also high-class females, all ages, either imported or Canadian-bred. The herd is headed by (Imp.) Lord Resberry.

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Shorthorns and Lincoln Sheep

I have one Shorthorn bull calf, with imported cross near the top, and a registered Lincoln ram, which I will sell cheap, or will change rams.

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Imp. Keith Baron 36050. Six young bulls from 10 to 18 months old. A lot of 2-year-old heifers in calf and a few young cows. A bunch of heifer calves, cheap.

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Three young bulls, from nine to thirteen months old; also several young heifers by Scottish Baron (Imp.) for sale. Prices reasonable.

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