

horse. "I won't keep him a minute." "Gee, this don't look like the same place," he said to himself as he rode to the back pasture. "Sandy never had his seedin' done so early any year before. And by Jinks! potatoes in, too. That cattle corral is something new. He's goin' some for sure."

He soon reached the spot where Sandy was toiling vigorously. One of Mrs. Ruffle's young sons was helping. "How-de-do, Sandy," said Sam. "Hard at it, I see." He glanced dubiously at the young Ruffle, who was gazing curiously at the newcomer.

"Fine weather we're having for this time of year. How'd you like a ride on the cayuse, son," he said agreeably. "You might take him fer a little canter down to the slough. He needs waterin'."

The young Ruffle thus disposed of, Sam began to delve in his pockets.

"Yer clever, Sam," said Sandy. "I'd never of thought of gettin' rid of him like that. Did you call at the house?" "Yes," said Mr. Bragdon briefly. "I seen her. She's a tiger. But I got the means of escape for you right here in my pocket."

Together they glanced over the letters.

"Here's the gem of the whole collection," said Mr. Bragdon. "Cultured and companionable lady of spiritual style of beauty, tall and willowy, desires to make yer acquaintance with a view to matrimony. And look at the name, will you Pansy de Trevelyan. There's some class to a name like that! If you'll be guided by me, Sandy, there's the lady of your choice!"

"Pansies is a favorite flower of mine," said Sandy slowly.

"Pansies fer thoughts," said Sam. "She gives me the idea of being a gentle, restful sort of person who'd jist suit your particular temperament."

"Whatever you says goes," said Sandy. "I rely on your superior judgment."

The result of this conference was that a meeting was soon arranged to take place between Mr. McIntosh and the lady at a nearby town. If the contracting parties were satisfied, the wedding would immediately follow.

"I run this off pretty well so far, haven't I?" said Mr. Bragdon excitedly on the morning of the pre-arranged meeting. He had ridden up to Sandy's stables and was keyed up for the crisis. Sandy, dressed more elaborately than usual, was getting out his horses and grooming them with particular care.

"I see yer hitchin' up to the wagon," continued Sam.

"Yes, she," said Sandy and he glanced towards the house—"is possessed to go to town, too, and I can't stop her."

Sam whistled. "Well, it don't matter so much, I s'pose, as long as you can shake her when you get to town. I'll get on ahead. Don't forget the meeting place. So long. See you later," and Mr. Bragdon disappeared in a cloud of dust.

A few hours later Mr. Sandy McIntosh, with his housekeeper and her family, drove up to the wooden hotel of the town. Mr. Bragdon, as if by accident, was lounging on the verandah of that establishment. He sprang up with an air of well-simulated surprise as his friend with his load drove up.

"Well, by Jinks! Sandy, is that you? How-de-do, Mrs. Ruffle."

Sam pulled out his watch. It lacked twenty minutes to the appointed time.

"Kin I help you to put up your team, Sandy? You ought to go right in an' get a square meal after your long drive, Mrs. Ruffle."

"I got some business to attend to first," returned Mrs. Ruffle shortly as she descended from the wagon with her numerous following.

Sam rapidly climbed in with his friend and drove off.

"It only lacks a few minutes of the time. I was at the train, but I didn't see no one get off that looked like the lady oughta look. I'll put up yer team and you get along as fast as you can to the place of meeting—you remember. Wallace's Dry Goods Emporium. Don't forget to have the red bandanna hangin' outa yer pocket an' she'll be wearin' yer favorite flowers. Them are the signals decided on. Look alive, man. You

don't need no one with you this time, I guess, do you?"

"I guess not," returned Mr. McIntosh tremulously, descending with difficulty from the wagon.

Sam put up the team and lounged round for a while, finally landing at the hotel.

"Gee, but it takes him an awful time to get things fixed up. I could have done it in half the time," he remarked to himself as he seated himself on the ve randah. An hour passed.

"Gee-roosalem!" cried Sam as he pulled out his watch. "What's keepin' him anyway! Slower than time he always was, but this is the limit! It ain't fair to keep a feller in such suspense! It's ongrateful!"

Sam procured a stick and eased his feelings by whettling vigorously. It was at this juncture that Sandy appeared, and not alone. He was accompanied by a lady.

"Allow me to interdooce you to my wife," said Mr. McIntosh in cold, even tones as he presented the former Widow Ruffle.

Sam bowed gracefully and had sufficient presence of mind to offer the customary congratulations.

"What's the meanin' of this catastrophe?" said Sam in a voice full of horror, a few minutes later in drawing his friend aside. "However did it happen? Where is Pansy?"

Sandy turned a cold hopeless face on his friend. "She was Pansy all the time. She writ them letters an' she met me at the appointed place," he replied.

"Why didn't you make a brave stand, Sandy?" expostulated his friend. "Why didn't yer—"

"What's the use of goin' up agin the force of Niagara, Sam?" said Sandy in a quiet, hopeless voice. "I couldn't do nothin'. I was jes' swep' offer my feet. I soon found myself at the parsonage and now it's all over."

At this moment the team drove up. The young Ruffles had been round to get it.

"Any friends of Sandy's will be made welcome same as usual," said Mrs. McIntosh, as she placed her ample proportions in the front seat. "Particularly you, Mr. Bragdon. We'll expect you over to Thanksgiving dinner next week. Can't you find nothin' to say, Sandy?"

"Yes," said Sandy weakly, and with a conciliating look towards his wife, "We'll be glad to see you any time, Sam—especially seein' you was the means of bringin' us together," he concluded, which fortunately was lost on his wife.

"Well, if that ain't a note!" said Sam as the wagon rumbled away. "It ain't no use trying to save a feller like that." He was smarting somewhat at the mild reproach of Sandy's last words. "He's always been that slack and careless—no 'git up' to him—that maybe he's better off with a boss. She'll make him work. Well, if it ain't a note though. What is to be will be and there ain't no gettin' round that. It's what I've always said anyhow!"

An Explanation

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?"

"No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to go through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace to-day."

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