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HEREFORDS.—We sell our beauties to breeders all over Canada, because we sell our stock at much below their value. Come with the rest and get some of the bargains in 25 bulls a year old and over, 25 heifers and 30 cows, or write to have us save you some. (Farm inside the corporation of the town.) A. S. HUNTER, Durham, Ont.

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A few choice bull calves from my imported stock.

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Two about 15 months and three from 8 to 10 months old. Priced right to do business.

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Twelve high-class bull calves and 4 yearling and 2 year-old bull, we will place at a price that will move them quick. Some choice cows and heifers are yet left for sale. Address: A. F. O'NEIL, Maple Grove P. O. or M. H. O'NEIL, Southgate P. O. Iderton Sta., L. H. & B.; Loran Sta., G. T.

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Four bulls from 8 to 19 months old; prizewinners and from prizewinning stock. Several heifers bred on the same lines; choice individuals for sale. JOHN A. GOVENLOCK, Forest Sta. and P. O.

HEREFORDS—We are now offering a few

thick, smooth young bulls and a number of females—a few-down, even, beef lot. If in want of something extra good, correspond with us. We can please you. J. A. LOVERING, Coldwater P. O. and Stn.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE

I have for sale two young bulls, 8 months old, sired by Imp. Rustic Chief—40419—(79377); also a few females, among them a young cow fit for any show-ring. HUGH THOMSON, St. Mary's, Ont.

Shorthorns

OF SCOTCH BREEDING.

Imported cows and heifers for sale at easy prices, also Canadian-bred females all ages, and a fine collection of young bulls from six to sixteen months old—imported and Canadian-bred. New importation due home August 26. Inspection invited.

H. J. Davis,

Importer and breeder of Shorthorns and Yorkshires.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

C. P. R. and G. T. R. Main Lines.

High-class Shorthorns—We are now offering 5 young bulls and 3 heifers, two, three and four years of age. Marigolds, the eldest, a daughter of Imp. Royal Member, has a calf at foot by Sailor Champion. This is an extra good lot. THOS. REDMOND, Millbrook P. O. and Stn.

FOR SALE—A few young bulls from a few days to six months old; cows and heifers all ages; one bull (calved in May) with Imp. British Statesman and Imp. Diamond Jubilee on top of pedigree; also Loyal Duke—55026—(Imp.). FITZGERALD BROS., Mount St. Louis. ELMVALE STATION, G. T. R.

Advertise in the Advocate

loss. The unused L. E. & St. L. ticket would doubtless be redeemed upon proper representations.

Graeme took a firm hold upon his nerve and went to confession. When he found Felicity she was reading, but she dropped her book at sight of him, greeting him with a little cry of relief.

"I am so glad!" she exclaimed. "I was beginning to be afraid your helping me had made you miss the train."

"Oh, no, I didn't miss," he rejoined rather abstractedly. "I wouldn't be likely to do that, since I still have your ticket and pocketbook. But, Miss Alardice, I—I've made a bally idiot of myself in another way. I don't know what you'll think of me when I tell you that I've put you on the wrong train."

At first she looked up at him, round-eyed. Then she laughed.

"An adventure!" she cried. "And it is the very first and only in all my well-ordered life! It's enchanting! But what are we to do?"

In spite of his perspiring misery, Graeme marked the confiding "we," and it steadied him while he made the dilemma and the two ways out of it plain to her.

"I don't want to go back," said Felicity; "anything but that. Poppa would say, 'I told you so,' and Tom would never let me hear the last of it. But it seems inevitable. I haven't money enough to buy a new ticket. Poppa gave me a draft for my expenses; he said it was safer."

"You sha'n't go back; not if I have to give you my own ticket," said Graeme, loyally; and then he went a step farther in his confession, though not quite to the end. His own purse—and he blushed like a school-boy in telling—was not as well lined as it might have been, but—

"But together we might manage it?" she suggested, finishing the halting sentence for him. "Let's count it up and see. How much do we need?"

He told her, and gave her his pocket-book and sat back in a heart-warming ecstasy which quite over bore the dilemma and his own blundering part in it. Here was a coil to ruffle the serene young woman in all the Americas, and Miss Felicity was taking it like an angel; she was sweetness incarnate.

"Do you know, I think you are very well named," he remarked, answering his own thought of her.

She ignored the pointing of the little compliment, and spoke to the matter in hand.

"There is enough, taking it all together," she announced, "and to-morrow's breakfast and luncheon besides. But when we've tipped the waiter and have done our duty by the porter, we shall be what Tom calls 'stony broke,' and she laughed ruefully.

"That won't matter," Graeme hastened to say. "I'll wire the house when I get off to buy your new ticket, and we'll be rich when we get to—um—" He stopped in some confusion, suddenly remembering that he had not yet told her of his own changed plans.

"When we get to your branching-off place, you mean? But I'll have to borrow of you then. Is my credit good with David Graeme & Son?"

"As good as gold," said David, junior; and under cover of the light-hearted sally he took the combined capital and went out to watch his chance for the ticket buying.

When the thing was done it was only partly done. The way-station agent to whom he applied could not sell a through ticket to Pass Christian; could sell only to New Orleans. And, the scot and lot paid, there were no more than four dining-car meals and two not over-generous tips remaining in the common purse.

None the less, they made a gladsoonest of their joint poverty and sat late together while the fast train raced away into the heart of the southward night, Graeme watching by times for an opportunity favorable for the completing of his confession.

When he judged the propitious moment was come, he told Miss Alardice of his changed destination and the reason for it. She was regarding him out of deep-welled eyes in which the first shadow of disapproval lingered when he made an end.

"You should not have done that, Mr. Graeme," she said with decision.

"As matters turned out, I can never be thankful enough that I did do it," he insisted. And then, bluntly, "In trying to do what I considered the proper thing,

I've smashed the proprieties myself—is that what you are thinking?"

"It is a part of what I was thinking," she admitted.

"Isn't it a rather conventional distinction?" he suggested. "When you knew, or thought, our journeys happened to lie together, you were not displeased. Yet when I extended mine a little for the sake of seeing you safely through—"

"That is just it," she rejoined with quiet dignity. "You have created an obligation where there should be none. And, in the ordinary course of things, I can never remove it. Had you thought of that?"

"No," said he, and his frank contrition disarmed her. "No; I didn't think of anything but my own selfish pleasure. Will you forgive me?"

"Perhaps—later," she said. She was smiling again, and the shadow of disapproval was gone. Then she asked if he had found time to write for funds at the ticket-buying place.

"I didn't," he admitted. "The conductor was holding the train for me as it was. But to-morrow will do for that. It's only a matter of a few minutes for the wire, going and coming. And you mustn't worry. We'll find our stake waiting for us in New Orleans, and then we'll have money to burn."

"I sincerely hope so," she said, fervently. "Otherwise we shall be castaways indeed." Whereupon Graeme said good-night and went to the smoking-room to give the porter a chance to make down section ten and lower twelve.

The southward-reaching train had lately crossed the Mississippi State line when the porter's call for breakfast in the dining-car roused Graeme. Hurrying through the ablutionary preface, he found Felicity waiting for him, and there was a sudden stab of self-reproach when he remembered that he had kept the joint purse over night, and had so made her breakfast dependent upon his motions.

"I'm awfully sorry," he began in apology. "I think I must be losing my wits. Why didn't you have the porter rout me out?"

"It was coming to that," she retorted in mock indignation. "I was just wondering how much longer I could hold out without breakfast." Then, with malice aforethought, "I hope you haven't lost our money."

Graeme felt in his pocket, turned pale, and made a dive for his berth.

"Heavens! what a turn you gave me!" he said when he came back, purse in hand. "I put it under my pillow, and for one awful second I thought it was gone. Let's go right away and make sure of our breakfast before something really does happen."

This was the joyous beginning of a day which Graeme promised himself should be marked with a conspicuously red letter in all future calendars. The dining-car meals were excellent; Miss Alardice was at her most bewitching best; the situation was idyllic; and Graeme, realizing that his opportunity was fully come, laid hold of it like a man and a lover.

But for that one word of Felicity's—the word accusing him of placing her under obligations, and so making her, in a manner, his guest—he would have put his fate to the touch any one of a dozen times before the sun of the short November day began to look in at the western windows of the Pullman. Indeed, he was so deeply enmeshed in the love tangle that he overlooked the thing for which all other things must wait when they should reach New Orleans penniless.

It was not until Miss Alardice, more thoughtful, or less sentimental, than he, spoke of the possibility of the money-raising telegram miscarrying that he sprang up as if the plush-cushioned Pullman seat had been suddenly electrified.

"Of all the half-witted imbeciles that ever went without a keeper!" he ejaculated. "Would you believe for a moment that I haven't sent that message!"

Her cry was of dismay, but at the sight of his shocked face it turned into a shrill little laugh with a hint of hysteria in it. Miss Alardice was a man's maiden, which is another way of saying that she was feminine to her taper finger-tips.

"And Pass Christian is—how many dollars beyond New Orleans?" she gasped.

Graeme did not reply. He had found an I. C. time-table and was immersed in

(Continued on next page.)



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Greenwood, Ont.

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12 high-class BULLS

All sired by imported bulls, and most of them from imported dams.

Also imported and home-bred cows and heifers of all ages.

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SHORTHORNS

Herd bulls: Imp. Prime Favorite—45214—, a Marr Princess Royal.

Imp. Scottish Pride—36106—, a Marr Roan Lady.

Present offering

2 imported bulls.

15 young bulls.

10 imported cows with heifer calves at foot and bred again.

20 one- and two-year-old heifers.

Visitors welcome. New catalogue just issued.

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Headed by (Imp.) Jilt Victor—45187—, 10 grand young bulls; also heifers; from imp. and home-bred cows, for sale. Choice Lincoln sheep; Berkshire and Tamworth hogs offered.

HAINING BROS., Highgate, Ont. Kent Co.

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1 roan calf, 15 months old, of the Duchess of Gloster family.

1 roan, two years old, from imp. sire and dam.

Also a number of good registered Clyde mares.

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SPRING VALLEY SHORTHORNS.

Herd headed by Imp. Bapton Chancellor—40850—(79386). A choice lot of females, mostly with calves at foot or safe in calf. Also a good six-month-old bull calf. Inspection and correspondence invited.

KYLE BROS., Ayr P. O.

Ayr, C. P. R.; Paris, G. T. R.

For Sale: 1

Choice young bull seven months old. Dark roan, by Queenston Archer—48598—. BELL BROS., The "Gedars" Stock Farm, Bradford, Ont.

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MAPLE HILL STOCK FARM.—Scotch

Shorthorns of the best families. Young stock for sale of either sex, sired by the grandly-bred bull, Wanderer's Star—58585—.

Wm. R. Elliott & Sons, Guelph, Ont.

"You have a pretty tough-looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?" remarked the friend of the magistrate who had dropped in at the police court.

"Huh!" rejoined the dispenser of justice, "you are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers."

