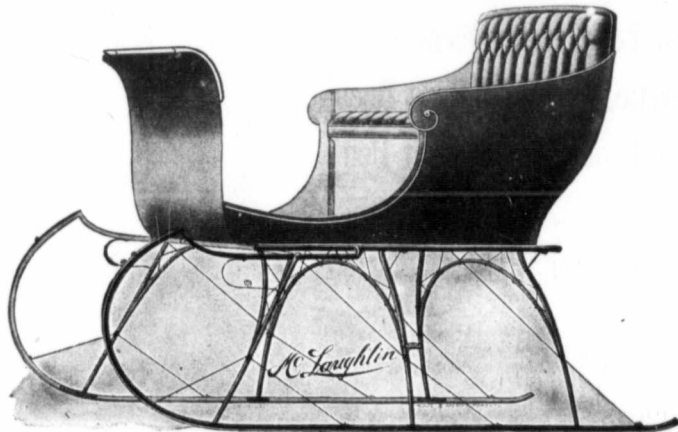


One  
of the many  
distinctive  
models

6



No. 225  
a light but  
substantial  
body

6

## McLAUGHLIN SLEIGHS

McLaughlin Sleighs need no introduction, they have always set the pace and still lead. Their best recommendation to you lies in the fact that they are light, easy of draft and durable.

Manufactured in the largest and most complete factory in the Dominion; exceptional facilities enable us to offer a very wide range and splendid values.

We have just issued a handsome, new, 130-page Catalogue which illustrates many new and very attractive designs for 1910  
Send for it

Branch Houses and distributing centres carrying full stocks of new goods and repairs at Charlottetown, P.E.I., St. John, N.B., Montreal, Que., Belleville, Ont., Toronto, Ont., Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Moose Jaw, Sask., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., New Westminster, B.C.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO. LTD.

OSHAWA, ONT.

ag'in whin he can rist his back ag'inst something for a bit.'

"Did ye iver hear the like of that from wan that was a frind! It made me so blunderin' mad that niver a word could I say ixcept to take off me hat polite, prayin' the saints they was no orange point on the back of me arm, and not darin' to move from where I sat!

"Sure,' says Mr. O'Grady, 'and that's a pity. What can we be doin' for ye?' he says, gittin' down from his cart.

"There was me chanet and I took it. 'Mr. O'Grady,' I says, 'sure, it's troublin' ye too much I am, sor, but if ye could just be settin' down and talkin' to me soothin' a few minutes I'd be right ag'in in no time. It ain't wanet a year I git these spells, and thin only from eatin' pickled beets with horseradish on thim,' says I, knowin' they ain't no chanet for invalids on the polayce.

"Och, it's mesilf will do that same,' says Mr. O'Grady, 'and little enough.'

"Just a minute, sor, and axin' your pardon,' puts in Dennis. 'Patsy, Patsy,' says he, tinder as a woman, the devil snatch him!—'don't ye mind how Dr. Ryan says the wan thing ye're *not* to do whin ye're this way is to talk with annybody whatever?'

"Ye lie, ye dirty blackguard!' I says, losin' hold of mesilf, but keepin' pasted to the tree. 'I

niver went to Dr. Ryan in me life, and they ain't any such man annyways! Don't I know what—'

"Patsy dear,' says Dinnis, like it was hurtin' him, 'quiet yoursilf down! Och, come away, Mr. O'Grady, sor! It's killin' him we'll be after doin'. If ye'll be takin' me into your cart I'll be acceptin' your kind bid to go

and legs. 'And if iver—'

"Don't be ragin' at thim as is doin' their best for ye, Patsy dear,' he says, still lookin' sorrowful, 'for if it's much worse ye're gittin', I'll have to ask Mr. O'Grady to help me roll you on your stummick and pound your back like Dr. Ryan said!'

"It's a wise man that knows



"So hilp me Hiven, they was'n't a mark on me!"

home with ye where I can be settlin' the business the two of us come out for, with no trouble to me frind. It's what the doctor says is best for him—to be left quiet by himsilf.'

"Now the black curse of Shielygh on ye, Dinnis O'Toole!' I yells at him, bein' beyond mesilf, though not movin' me back

whin a fool has the best of him. I give up; besides, the two of thim was already movin' toward the cart. I commenced callin' Dinnis all the evil names that come to me—which was all they was—but I seen him touchin' his head with his finger and whin I shut me mouth to listen, he was sayin' to Mr. O'Grady, says he:

'Oh, no, sor, he don't mean nothin' by all that. 'Tis only the fit that's on him and they's no offenso to be took. Other times he's a daycent man, though—'

"And with that they climbed in and away they went, leavin' me blind and chokin' with me anger.

"I was so busy cursin' to mesilf that it was some minutes afore it come to me to look at thim blamed letters on me back. And thin, so help me, I was afraid to look! Sure I was that it was Dinnis himsilf put thim on me—it stood to reason no one would be wanderin' round the country with a can of orange paint waitin' for some Irishman to come along and go to sleep on his stummick so he could paint nefarious writin's on the innocent back of him! At the thought of thim I fell to swearin' ag'in prodigious, and was just goin' to draw up wan leg and read it whin I heard some wan singin'. A woman's voice, and a sweet wan, it was—and I begun pressin' me headlines to the ground closer than iver.

"Thin I seen her through the trees comin' down a bit of a lane into the road, and faith, few is the women I've laid me eyes on afore or since could equal that wan! Her hair was blacker than annything ilse ixcept her eyes, and the red cheeks and lips of her would 'a' made the berries in her pail look like they was snowballs.