

O'Neil and his fair companion. They chatted about this and that, and each thought the other delightful company.

He was such a perfect gentleman, she thought, so well educated evidently, so well informed and his conversation so bright and lively. It was charming to hear him talk. And then how handsome he was! And that slight touch of the brogue that spiced his speech was perfectly irresistible.

And he thought her charming—was sure of it in fact, for there was no room for doubt. And when B—— station was announced he noticed with surprise that the afternoon was gone and the lamps in the cars were being lighted.

"Ah, this is your station," he said, as she prepared to go, "the next is mine."

He assisted her from the car. When they reached the platform they noticed for the first time that very decided symptoms of a storm were about. The conductor stood below to assist her. She said good-bye and thanked him, and the next instant Gerald O'Neil found himself very decidedly alone.

She saw no rigs about. Evidently no one was going to meet her. Yes; there was one too, just coming. But no; that could not be for her. It was a team and a great big farm sleigh. It pulled up beside the station, and a voice came, muffled, from the depths of a snow covered fur coat:

"Be that you, Adeline?"

"Yes," she said, wondering who the voice could be that addressed her so familiarly.

"Climb in then and let's be off. No tellin' what sort of night we'll hev."

He shook the snow from the robes and tucked her down in the back of the sleigh; then he mounted the seat and urged his team in the direction of the minister's house, happy in the belief that in the back of his sleigh was the very woman who was made to feed his pigs and milk his cows. What comfort he derived from the thought that when he reached home after his long drive that night that there should be two instead of one to do those necessary things. Occasionally he looked over his shoulder to launch a cheery word through the whirling snow. But every-

thing was against the carrying on of a conversation at long range; so as Adeline did not catch those remarks she made no effort to reply. For a little while she wondered why her father had sent such an "outfit" as that for her: but soon her thoughts went back to Winnipeg, and re-travelled the road to B—— again, and all at once the sleigh stopped and raising herself she heard the driver say:

"Guess this eres the place, though danged if I don't think we cum too fur."

"Yes, this is the place," she said; and she scrambled from the sleigh, ran to the door and entered.

Mr. Wayback hitched his team, and then started manfully to submit himself to a like operation. At the door he met Mr. Bonair coming out to see who it was that had been so kind as to drive his daughter home. That gentleman cordially invited him to enter. But once in the brilliantly lighted sitting-room his face took on a look of blank bewilderment. Of course he did not recognize in the beautiful young lady who, divested of hat and jacket, and all aglow from the frosty air, was laughing and chatting, the centre of a happy group, the person to whom he expected in a few minutes to be married. But he did recognize quickly that he had got into the wrong house. Turning to Mr. Bonair he said:

"Gosh! This haint the place. You haint the minister?"

"No. You passed the minister's more than a mile down the road. But make yourself at home. You cannot go out again to-night."

"O, no, no! We must back to minister's and get hitched and then hum. But whar's the gal as cum with me?"

"My daughter? Adeline? Why here she is. Do you not——"

Mr. Wayback turned his bewildered gaze for a moment on his late passenger, then suddenly and most emphatically he said:

"Je——hockey!!!"

And as suddenly and emphatically running his head into its furry receptacle he made a dive for the door, and out. Mr. Bonair followed him and tried to persuade him not to venture out again in the storm. But he would not be persuaded.