



This Book Helped Me Improve My Farm

It is the most valuable book I own and it cost me nothing.

It has saved me time, labor and money and I've got better looking, more durable and more serviceable buildings than I ever had before.

The *first* cost of concrete farm improvements is also the *last* cost. There's no after expense for paint or repairs—no danger from fire, rot or rust—no trouble of any kind. Besides concrete lowers the insurance rate.

If you haven't a copy of "What the Farmer can do with Concrete", send for one to-day. There's more than 150 pages of valuable building information, 52 practical plans, illustrated by diagrams and photographs, and dozens of other interesting farm facts.

A copy will be sent to you free of charge, immediately upon receipt of coupon below.

Canada Cement Company Limited
Herald Building, MONTREAL.

CUT OUT AND MAIL

CANADA CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED, Herald Building, MONTREAL.
752 Gentlemen:—Please send me a free copy of "What the Farmer can do with Concrete". 10

Name.....
Street and No.....
City..... Prov.....

WOODLAND HORSES AND BROWN SWISS CATTLE.
We are now offering for sale the Clydesdale Stallions, Lord Charming, Imp. [2264]. Barons Charm, Imp. [2268]. The Hackney Stallion, Warwick Model, Imp. 304. Two registered Clyde Mares, High-class Shetland Ponies, and Brown Swiss Bulls of serviceable age.
RALPH BALLAGH & SON, Guelph, Ont.

HIGH-CLASS CLYDESDALE MARES AND FILLIES
We have a big selection of Imp. Clyde Mares and Fillies and others from Imp. Sire and Dam. Buy now, for another year will see them away up in price.
We have always a big selection of stallions.
SMITH & RICHARDSON, Columbus, Ont., Myrtle, Brooklin and Oshawa Stations.

Percherons and Holsteins
We have Percheron Stallions from yearlings up, 1st prize winners at Toronto, also mares and fillies from yearlings up, quality and type unsurpassed. In Holsteins we have for sale, cows, heifers and young bulls, come and make your selection.
W. G. HILL & SON, Queensville, Ontario, P.O. and Station.
Toronto and York Radial Line.

Clydesdale Stallions and Mares
We are now offering for sale a number of extra good stallions, and mares in foal. Write or call on
JOHN A. BOAG & SON, Queensville, Ontario.

events the honors were for Phyllis; and if Alb really had changed his mind about the two girls, as the L.C.P. is continually saying, he ought to have been pleased.

Phyllis and my alleged aunt were both particularly gracious to him on the way back to Arnhem, as if he had risen in their esteem now that they realized what an important man he is; but afterwards when I accused the L.C.P. of this piece of snobbishness, she vowed that it was only because they both realized now much he was giving up for the sake of—somebody.

Just because I could not be sure which one the somebody was, and whether he were more likely to prevail, after this coup d'état, I was uneasy in my mind, with the new knowledge of Alb's greatness. What are my dollars to his beautiful old houses, and a mother who is the daughter of an English earl? I suppose these things count with girls, even such adorable girls as Nell Van Buren and Phyllis Rivers.

A thing that happened the same evening has not relieved my anxiety.

At the Hotel Bellevue, each room on the floor where we live, has its own slip of balcony, separated from the next by a partition. I was sitting on mine, after we had all said good-night to each other, smoking a cigarette and waiting for the moon to rise, an act which she selfishly postpones at this time of the month, so as to give her admirers as much trouble and as little sleep as possible.

Suddenly I heard Phyllis's voice on the other side of the balcony partition.

"Dearest," she was saying dreamily, "isn't it strange how, on a night like this you seem to see things clearly, which have been dark before?"

"It isn't so very strange," Nell answered practically. "The moon's coming up. And that's a sign we ought to be going to bed."

"I didn't mean that," said Phyllis. "I mean, there's a kind of influence on such a beautiful night, which makes you see into your own heart."

"What do you see?" asked Nell. "I wanted to know what, as much as Nell did, and a great deal more, judging from her tone. But unfortunately I had no right to try and find out, so I got up, and scraped my chair and prepared to go indoors. But I had forgotten to shut my match-box when I lighted a cigarette a few minutes before, and now I knocked it off the table where it had been lying, scattering over the floor every match I had left in the world."

If they intended to say anything really private, I had made noise enough to prevent them from doing it; so I thought I might conscientiously remain and pick up some of the matches. The personnel of the hotel had gone to its beds, therefore, if I wanted to smoke later, it must be these matches or none.

"After all, I'm not quite sure what I do see, when I come to ask myself, like that, in so many words," said Phyllis. "I do wish you'd advise me. Will you, dear?"

"Of course, if I can," came the answer, a little shortly.

"Well, supposing you cared more than you thought you ought, for a man it couldn't be right to care for at all, because he belonged to some one else, what would you do?"

"Try to stop caring for him," said Nell.

"That's what I think, too; only it might be hard, mightn't it? Do you suppose it would be easier if a girl did her best to learn to love another man, who was free to care for her, and did seem to care for her, so as to take her mind off the forbidden man?"

No answer. (I realized that they could not have heard the falling match-box, and I was at my window-door now, going in. But the door is a Dutch door, which means that it is cleaned and varnished every day; and the varnish stuck.)

"You might tell me what you think, Nell. You have had so much experience in serials."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nell. "I—I hate you, Phil!"

Their door evidently did not stick, for suddenly it slammed, and I guessed that Nell had rushed in and banged it shut behind her.

Now, it is the next day but one after this episode, and we are at Utrecht, after having visited an old "kastel" or

two more in the neighborhood of Arnhem, and then following the Rhine where it winds among fields like a wide, twisted ribbon of silver worked into a fabric of green brocade. Its high waves, roughened by huge side-wheel steamers, spilt us into the Lek; and so, past queer little ferries and a great crowded lock or two, where Alb used his Club flag, we came straight to the fine old city of which one hears and knows more, somehow, than of any other in Holland.

I planned to do a little painting here; but, after all, I don't seem to take an interest in composing pictures as in trying to puzzle out the meanings of several things.

I suppose a man never can hope to understand women; but even a woman sometimes fails to understand another woman. For instance, goaded by unsatisfied curiosity to know, not only my own fate, but everybody else's fate, all around, I was tempted to take advantage of nephewhood, and put the case, as I saw it, to the L.C.P.

I ventured to tell her what I overheard between the girls on their balcony.

"Now, you must know," I said, "that I'm in love with Phyllis."

"I thought it was Nell," said she.

"So did I, for a while; but I've discovered that it's Phyllis. And I shall be very much obliged to you if you can tell me something. In fact, if you can, your dear nephew Ronny will present his aunt with a diamond ring."

"You mean if I tell you what you want to hear?"

"No. It must be what you honestly think."

"I don't want a diamond ring," said she, which surprised me extremely. It was the first time anything worth having has been mentioned which she did not want, and, usually, ask for.

"A pearl one, then," I suggested in my astonishment.

"I don't want a pearl one—or any other one, so you can save yourself the trouble of working through a long list," replied the lady who is engaged to be my obliging relative. "But go on, and ask what you were going to ask. Anything I can do for you, as an aunt, I will. I am paid for it."

This grew "curiouser and curioer," as Alice had occasion to remark in her adventures. But having embarked upon my narrative, I went on—

"Whom do you think Phyllis meant when she spoke of trying to learn to love a man who seemed to love her? Was it Alb, or—"

"Mr. Robert van Buren, perhaps you were going to say," cut in the L.C.P.

"No, I don't mean him," I answered hurriedly. "Modesty forbids me to mention the name in my mind."

"But it was given to you by your sponsors in baptism. Will it make you very unhappy if I say I don't think that was the name in her mind?"

"I shall have to bear it," I said.

"But, of course, I shall be unhappy."

"We all seem to be unhappy lately," remarked the L.C.P.

"Except you."

"Yes, except me, of course," she responded. "Why should I be unhappy? Tibb loves me."

"You don't deserve it; but so do we all," said I.

She brightened.

"You are harmful, but necessary," I went on. "We are used to you. We have even acquired a taste for you, I don't know why, or how. But you have an uncanny, unnaunlike fascination of your own, which we all feel. At times it is even akin to pain."

"Oh, well, the pain will soon be over," said she. "We're at Utrecht now. Soon we'll be going to Zeeland, from Zeeland back to Rotterdam; and that's the end of the trip—and my engagement. It will be 'good-by' then."

"I feel now as if it would be good-by to everything," I sighed. "I never nursed a fond gazelle—"

"You tried to nurse two," said she. "You're like the dog who dropped the substance for the shadow."

"Which is which, please?—thought to specify would perhaps be ungallant to both. Besides, I haven't dropped either of them. If Phyllis is lost to me, I may still be able to fall back on Nell, whom nobody else seems to claim at present."

"Oh, don't they?" murmured the L.C.P.