

"Yes," said Ward, "I wouldn't have known you, Bob. You've changed——"

"For the worse, I imagine," Peel put in.

They indulged in light talk until Ward was further away from home in spirit than in body, and when he had fully entered into their mood Peel suggested an excursion across the river.

"Sure," agreed Ward,—"anything."

In the course of the evening the Barnsvillian drank one glass of ale, smoked half a cigarette and made remarks about two or three girls on the street. As a result, he omitted to drop Bertha a line that night, as he had planned to do, and arose next morning (Tuesday) with a bad taste in his mouth.

It proved to be the day of his first trip for Steele & Steele. When the sales manager handed him a sample-case and a small leather wallet he swallowed twice before the lump in his throat disappeared.

"You seem to be a chap who applies himself," said Macdonald, in explanation of the sudden initiation.

At the depot Ward noticed a fat elderly salesman with his feet propped up on a trunk, leisurely smoking a cigar and waiting for the train that would carry him to duty; and in his heart the maiden drummer longed for the day to come when he should feel thus fearless of prospects and as satisfied with himself. He regretted that Gorman had not come in to Windsor for the week-end and was not with him now.

But on the train a little incident occurred that gave the Barnsvillian new vim and confidence. Instead of staring from a new traveler's certificate to a new drummer, the conductor winked at him and indicated with his thumb two farmer lads with roses in their buttonholes. Ward secretly knew that he had been