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WHEN the war is over there will be a lot of new salesmen wanted to sell goods. If you are ambitious to "get along," why not begin in any easy task like selling a high-class weekly paper. This will teach you to become a bigger salesman later on.

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(2) There are not near enough agents at work selling. Has your town got a boy salesman?

(3) Canadian Courier is becoming more interesting and valuable every week. A fine programme of special articles, pictures and stories is going to give it a big boost everywhere.

(4) Subscribers write us telling how they appreciate it. "I would as soon miss a meal as my Courier," said one man down in Quebec Province.

Boys, Become Agents.

(5) Reason No. 5 is good. We have helps for the "new boy." It is called "Selling Points," which shows him how, also full instructions how to do business.

(6) The boy agent cannot fail to be rewarded. The new and popular price of

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is making new readers for us every day.

Come on, boys. Try it in your spare time. Write to me for descriptive terms and sample copies.

SALES MANAGER

Canadian Courier
181 Simcoe St., Toronto

ly whirling his mount, Avery raced away after the ball, and with another clean stroke scored a goal. Every one about cried out in approbation.

"He's very quick and clever, isn't he?" Harriet said to Eaton.

Eaton nodded. "Yes; he's by all odds the most skillful man on the field, I should say."

The generosity of the praise impelled the girl, somehow, to qualify it. "But only two others really have played much—that man and that."

"Yes, I picked them as the experienced ones," Eaton said quietly.

"The others—two of them, at least—are out for the first time, I think."

They watched the rapid course of the ball up and down the field, the scurry and scamper of the ponies after it, then the clash of a melee again.

TWO ponies went down, and their riders were flung. When they arose, one of the least experienced boys limped apologetically from the field. Avery rode to the barrier.

"I say, any of you fellows, don't you want to try it? We're just getting warmed up."

Harriet glanced at the group Avery had addressed; she knew nearly all of them—she knew too that none of them were likely to accept the invitation, and that Avery must be as well aware of that as she was. Avery, indeed, scarcely glanced at them, but looked over to Eaton and gave the challenge direct.

"Care to take a chance?" Harriet Santoine watched her companion; a sudden flush had come to his face which vanished, as she turned, and left him almost pale; but his eyes glowed. Avery's manner in challenging him, as though he must refuse from fear of such a fall as he just had witnessed, was not enough to explain Eaton's start.

"How can I?" he returned.

"If you want to play, you can," Avery dared him. "Furden"—that was the boy who had just been hurt—"will lend you some things; his'll just about fit you; and you can have his mounts."

Harriet continued to watch Eaton; the challenge had been put so as to give no ground for refusal but timidity. "You don't care to?" Avery taunted him deftly.

"Why don't you try it?" Harriet found herself saying to him.

He hesitated. She realized it was not timidity he was feeling; it was something deeper and stronger than that. It was fear; but so plainly it was not fear of bodily hurt that she moved instinctively toward him in sympathy. He looked swiftly at Avery, then at her, then away. He seemed to fear alike accepting or refusing to play; suddenly he made his decision. "I'll play."

He started instantly away to the dressing-rooms; a few minutes later, when he rode onto the field, Harriet was conscious that, in some way, Eaton was playing a part as he listened to Avery's directions. Then the ball was thrown in for a scrimmage, and she felt her pulses quicken as Avery and Eaton raced side by side for the ball. Eaton might not have played polo before, but he was at home on horseback; he beat Avery to the ball but, clumsy with his mallet, he missed and overrode; Avery stroked the ball smartly, and cleverly followed through. But the next instant, as Eaton passed her, shifting his mallet in his hand, Harriet watched him more wonderingly.

"He could have hit the ball if he'd wanted to," she declared almost audibly to herself; and the impression that Eaton was pretending to a clumsiness which was not real grew on her. Donald Avery appointed himself to oppose Eaton wherever possible, besting him in every contest for the ball; but she saw that Donald now, though he took it upon himself to show all the other players where they made their mistakes, did not offer any more instruction to Eaton. One of the players drove the ball close to the barrier directly before Harriet; Eaton and Avery raced for it, neck by neck. As before, Eaton by better riding gained a little; as they came up, she saw

Donald's attention was not upon the ball or the play; instead, he was watching Eaton closely. And she realized suddenly that Donald had appreciated as fully as herself that Eaton's clumsiness was a pretence. It was no longer merely polo the two were playing; Donald, suspecting or perhaps even certain that Eaton knew the game, was trying to make him show it, and Eaton was watchfully avoiding this. Just in front of her, Donald leaning forward, swept the ball from in front of Eaton's pony's feet.

For a few moments the play was all at the further edge of the field; then once more the ball crossed with a long curving shot and came hopping and rolling along the ground close to where she stood. Again Donald and Eaton raced for it.

"Stedman!" Avery called to a teammate to prepare to receive the ball after he had struck it; and he lifted his mallet to drive the ball away from in front of Eaton. But as Avery's club was coming down, Eaton, like a flash and apparently without lifting his mallet at all, caught the ball a sharp, smacking stroke. It leaped like a bullet, straight and true, toward the goal, and before Avery could turn, Eaton was after it and upon it, but he did not have to strike again; it bounded on and on between the goal-posts, while together with the applause for the stranger arose a laugh at the expense of Avery. But as Donald halted before her, Harriet saw that he was not angry or discomfited, but was smiling triumphantly to himself; and as she called in praise to Eaton when he came close again, she discovered in him only dismay at what he had done.

The practice ended, and the players rode away. She waited in the clubhouse till Avery and Eaton came up from the dressing-rooms. Donald's triumphant satisfaction seemed to have increased; Eaton was silent and preoccupied. Avery, hailed by a group of men, started away; as he did so, he saluted Eaton almost derisively. Eaton's return of the salute was openly hostile. She looked up at him keenly, trying unavailingly to determine whether more had taken place between the two men than she herself had witnessed.

"You had played polo before—and played it well," she charged. "Why did you want to pretend you hadn't?"

HE made no reply. As she began to talk of other things, she discovered that his manner toward her had taken on even greater formality and constraint than it had since his talk with her father the day before.

The afternoon was not warm enough to sit outside; in the clubhouse were gathered groups of men and girls who had come in from the golf-course or from watching the polo practice. She found herself now facing one of these groups composed of some of her own friends, who were taking tea and wafers in the recess before some windows. They motioned to her to join them, and she could not well refuse, especially as this had been a part of her father's instructions. The men rose, as she moved toward them, Eaton with her; she introduced Eaton; a chair was pushed forward for her, and two of the girls made a place for Eaton on the window-seat between them.

As they seated themselves and were served, Eaton's participation in the polo practice was the subject of conversation. She found, as she tried to talk with her nearer neighbours, that she was listening instead to this more general conversation which Eaton had joined. She saw that these people had accepted him as one of their own sort to the point of jesting with him about his "lucky" polo stroke for a beginner; his manner toward them was very different from what it had been just now to herself; he seemed at ease and unembarrassed with them. One or two of the girls appeared to have been eager—even anxious—to meet him; and she found herself oddly resenting the attitude of these girls. Her feeling was indefinite, vague; it made her flush and grow uncomfortable to recognize dimly that there was in it some sense

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