

The Man From the West

BY EVERETT GREEN,

Author of "The Marriage of Maria," "Lady Elizabeth and the Jugernaut," etc.

She had made Hilda carry out a garden chair for her, in which she dis- posed herself in an attitude of elegant ease. No doubt from the windows of the house she would make rather an attractive picture as she lay back in an indolent attitude, and talked and laughed with her sister.

"She knows how to play the game," thought Hilda, somewhat wrathfully; "and now Mary is going to be showed out of sight altogether. Oh, I know it's a shame—a shame. But Bosh and I will see about that, and so will the man from the west." But Bosh and the man from the west? Hilda rather liked that name for Val, whether given him by Bosh or assumed by himself. She scarcely heard what Mona was saying, so fast her own thoughts were at work. Suddenly she broke out with a vehemence that made Mona jump.

"There he is! Where is he?"

"Who—Lord Cotswold? Where?" ejaculated the lady.

"No—no, Lord Cotswold is in bed; he's not to try to get up before to- morrow, or Monday, anyhow. I mean Bosh—and Val Acryngton. Oh, didn't we tell you of Mary's—of the man from the west? He's a sort of cousin of Bosh's—of the man from the west. He's awfully jolly. I think he's come to see Mary as well as the old country."

"A cousin come to see Mary. How very nice—and suitable," spoke Mona, with a distinct air of relief and ap- proval, and she gave a very gracious welcome to the man from the west, who looked at her with a certain frank wonder and curiosity in his direct gaze.

"He's got the Bunkalow!" cried Bosh gaily. "No trouble about that, and the agreement to be signed to- morrow. Then he'll go straight in, with an old couple to do for him that he picked up in Combe Bottom. He's taken it for six months certain, money down. That's all the Lawley shark really cared for—his commission. Where's Mary?"

"How very interesting that Mary should have come to see her brother from the ends of the earth. She's in her most elegant fashion. She's smiled up at the stranger with an air of extreme gracefulness. Brother and sister watched her as the pair talked together, and a grin slowly overspread the face of the boy. The onlookers exchanged glances of appreciation.

"Blessed if she isn't setting her cap to him, too," whispered Bosh. "I thought you said she'd come to catch Cotswold."

"So she has. This is just to keep her mind in, and perhaps to show Cotswold what a charmer she is."

"Show Cotswold? Why, he's tied by the leg in bed."

"But his windows look out this way, he may be looking out this very minute—probably is."

Bosh sniggered. "Of course he can see out—has his bed moved that he might. Mona looks a fine figure of a woman, don't she, Hilda?"

"A great, over-dressed doll, I call her," Hilda said, viciously, beneath

her breath. Val swung round the same moment.

"I want to see Mary, if I may," he said, addressing Hilda, "and Cotswold, too, afterwards, if he's up to it."

They met Mary in the nut-walk, with a basket of flowers on her arm. She was going to decorate the dinner table.

Val planted himself in front of her, looking her well over—the pale, pure face, the cloud of soft auburn hair, the graceful form and high-bred grace of movement. He held out two strong hands and tipped hers hard.

"Mary, do you know what I am here for?" he asked.

CHAPTER V.

Exchange of Confidences.

When Val left Mary to finish her flowers she was not altogether clear but at least she felt with a pleasant warmth at heart that here was a friend and kinsman whom she could trust.

Bosh walked with him off to the upstairs room where Lord Cotswold lay. He was asking eager questions all the while.

"I say, we've had so much to think of that I've never got to the bottom of that motor car business. What did you do to it? It was hung up in Combe Bottom. There were awfully puzzling hints. They were awfully puzzled. I just took the number and scooted. I wanted to be back here."

"But why did you do that?"

Val grinned, and drew from his inner pocket the little "shooting-iron" which from force of habit he still carried.

"I say, could you really get the tyres like that?" The boy's face expressed a respectful admiration and an unholo joy. "Don't I wish I could shoot like that. But I thought, 'burst back tyre sent the whole thing smash into King- dom Come.'"

A burst tyre often does, but a nice little bullet neatly put through acts more like a puncture. There's no sud- den smash up, but that car don't travel so very much farther, you bet."

"You'd seen it done before—out west?"

"That's so. We didn't admire to have the road-hog batten and fatten on our kids and dogs. And out there they'd go for the man, if he gave too much provocation. Now I'll just look in the car. He's the chap they sent flying. I want a word with him before I go up to town tomorrow."

Three days later Val Acryngton was again at Combe Bottom, and was taken by Bosh once more to Lord Cotswold's room. This time the patient, robed in an Oriental dressing-gown, surrounded by flowers, books, papers, and all that could contribute to his entertainment, during convalescence, was sitting up in bed.

"His face lighted at the sight of Val from the west, and he hailed him gladly."

"I've been up setting my bits of business, and collecting my bits and chattels for transport to the bun- galow. And I've got the name of your motor car—It's Anthony Gaskell, and he lives in Cadogan Mansions—and the odd thing is that I once knew a chap of that name myself, way over the big drink. I say, what's up with you?"

For Cotswold had raised himself suddenly into a sitting posture, and over his pale face a flush as of ex- citement passed, whilst his eyes glowed with a curious blue fire.

"This is a most extraordinary coincidence," he said.

Val's eyes asked for more information, and he was given.

"Do you know that my name is Maurice Gaskell?"

"Didn't know; but I'll take it on, Cotswold's the title?"

"I succeeded my grandfather, who lived to over ninety. He had two sons, both of whom predeceased him. The only child of the second son, the elder was called Anthony— quarrelled with his father—went off to America—vanished."

Val began to understand; his lips rounded to a whistle.

"Whoopie! And this fellow—this Anthony Gaskell?"

"I suspect, a man who sent me an anonymous letter not long since, with a London postmark—nothing else to trace the writer by. The letter was a brief notification that Anthony Gas- kell, who had left England as a young man, and had died (proofs of his death had been received by my grandfather and his lawyers) had left a son, who was now in England, ready to pro- secute his claim upon the title and estates which came to me three years ago when my grandfather died."

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"Snakes alive!" Val buried his face in his hands and sat lost in thought; looking up suddenly to say, "I sup- pose he'd be Lord Cotswold all right enough!"

"If he could prove himself the son of my uncle Anthony, born in lawful wedlock, he would certainly be Lord Cotswold."

"And you?"

"I should be, as in my grandfather's lifetime, Maurice Gaskell, with my own small fortune and good education at my back to face the world as best I can."

"And that brute who ran you down in his car (I'll be bound he was there himself)—it was a good pack of them, and young Henniker says the boss of the show was storming around some- thing shocking to see) is Anthony Gas- kell, calling himself Lord Cotswold."

Well, I'd like to queer the pitch for right back where he came from, with a flea in his ear. Now where was it I knocked up against a fellow of that name?"

Cotswold's eager eyes were upon his face.

To Be Continued.

HO, FOR THE CIRCUS!

Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth Will Arrive Tonight.

WILL AGAIN GIVE PARADE.

Most Gorgeous Spectacle of All Times Will Be Given at Ten in the Morning.

The Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth will arrive in London early in the morning on its five long trains and pitch its famous tent at the circus grounds at 10 o'clock.

The first event of interest tomorrow morning will be the newly established parade, on a grander scale than ever before given, three times as long and ten times as costly.

You'd seen it done before—out west?"

"That's so. We didn't admire to have the road-hog batten and fatten on our kids and dogs. And out there they'd go for the man, if he gave too much provocation. Now I'll just look in the car. He's the chap they sent flying. I want a word with him before I go up to town tomorrow."

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An Immense Three-Days' Sale of Muslin Blouses

Starting Tuesday, Aug. 10, Circus Day



If you are down town Tuesday morning to see the great circus parade, you'll likely witness another procession of London's most alert buyers directed toward our Blouse Department. This procession will doubtless start about 8:30 a.m. Tuesday, and will continue for three days. Recently we bought a manufacturer's surplus stock of Muslin Blouses, about 100 dozen all told, at our own price, and we start to clear them out Tuesday morning. The assortment is too varied and the quantity too vast to attempt description. We'll just state, however, that they are White Muslin Blouses, fully up to the Gray & Parker standard of style, fit and finish, and these prices will speak for themselves. Regular \$1.00 Blouses for 63c; regular \$1.50 Blouses for 97c; regular \$2.00 Blouses for \$1.37; regular \$3.00 Blouses for \$1.87; regular \$5.00 Blouses for \$2.95.

29 Ladies' Shirtwaist Suits Clearing at \$4.95

This is a striking accompaniment to the Blouse Sale. We've twenty-nine only this season's Shirtwaist Suits, made of the most approved materials in up-to-date styles. Size and color range is good, and they all possess that nicety of fit and finish that always goes with our suits. Value to \$8.00, for \$4.95.

Store Closes
At 5 p.m.
Saturday.

GRAY & PARKER
PHONE 1182 150 DUNDAS AND CARLING STREETS

Store Open
Saturday
Till
10 p.m.

ALEXANDRA WORE CULLINAN DIAMOND

Delegates to the South African Convention Entertained at Buckingham.

An English exchange of Monday, July 26, has the following: The King and Queen received at Buckingham Palace on Saturday afternoon, and entertained to luncheon all the colonial delegates who have come to this country for the South African Union Convention, and for the Naval and Military Defence Conference, which meets this week. The wives of some of the delegates accompanied them to this country, and were included in the invitation.

Queen Alexandra, out of compli- ment to the Transvaal delegates, wore the Cullinan diamond, which was noticed and greatly admired by all the visitors.

Several representatives of the home Government, some past Governors of colonies, the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Lords and the House of Commons were present at the function.

The luncheon was served in the State dining-room at four large round tables, all of which were decorated with red roses. The band of the Scots Guards played selections during the luncheon. The guests remained at the palace for two hours.

The following is a complete list of those seated at the four tables: The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Premier and Mrs. Asquith, the Earl and Countess of Selborne, Earl Milner, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Haldane, Mr. McKenna, Sir Francis and Lady Hopwood, Colonel and Mrs. Seely, General and Mrs. Botha, Mr. F. R. Moor, Dr. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. X. Mer- cator, Sir E. P. and Lady Morris, Mr. and Mrs. G. and Lady Farrar, Mr. Borden, Mr. Broderick, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sauer, Mr. J. C. Smuts, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hull, General Hertog, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Steyn, Mr. C. J. Smythe, Sir G. and Lady Farrar, Mr. J. P. and Lady Fitzpatrick, Sir H. H. Hofmeyr, Mr. T. Watt, Mr. A. Browne, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Hyslop.

The Countess of Derby and Miss Knollys were in attendance on the Queen, and Lords Beauchamp and Herschell upon the King.

Prior to the luncheon the Hon. J. X. Merriman (Prime Minister of Cape Colony) was sworn in a member of the Privy Council.

The make of cheese is keeping up well, and there is every indication of an increase in the output for the month of August, as compared with last year, probably amounting to 10 per cent.

Reports from all sections of the country are to the effect that pastures and herds are in fine condition, and the flow of milk is keeping up well. Receipts of cheese into Montreal are slightly in excess of last year, and if reports from the country are correct we should see even greater increases during the next few days.

The market for butter is very quiet, and prices are slowly but steadily declining to a level at which it is hoped there will be sufficient demand from Great Britain to relieve this market of forty to fifty thousand boxes of cream- ery. If this should come to pass, the market here will be left in a much more comfortable position, with hold- ers more confident of the future. There is a large quantity of butter in store in Montreal, and unless we have a de-

THE EASTERN DAIRY MARKETS WERE QUIET

Cheese Prices at Montreal a Shade Under Previous Week—Butter Prices Also Easier.

Montreal, Aug. 8.—The market for cheese last week opened quiet, with a slow demand from the other side, ship- ping orders being few and far between. The small amount of trade passing was probably due to the holidays in Eng- land at the beginning of the week, the first Monday in August being recogniz- ed as Bank Holiday there. As a result very few cables reached this side on Monday, and there was very little do- ing until towards the end of the week, when the demand improved, and a con- siderable amount of business was done at prices ranging from 11½c to 11¾c per pound here for finest Ontario goods.

The prices paid in the country last week ranged from 11¼c to 11½c per pound, the bulk of the offerings selling at 11½c, which was the ruling price at most of the boards. This shows a slight reduction from the prices paid last week, which rang- ed as high as 11½c to 11¾c, and in- dicates to some extent the slightly easier feeling prevalent in the trade here. The local traders, in view of the small demand for export, and the con- tinued heavy receipts, are not taking as much interest as usual in the ag- gregate, in anticipation of slightly lower prices in the near future.

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mand for export, the stock will swell to record dimensions.

Finest creamery butter is selling to- day at 22 to 22½ cents per pound here, and the demand even at these low prices is limited to the immediate re- quirements of the local trade. The country markets are expected to sell at 21½ to 21¾ cents. At about 21 cents there should be a good trade done with Great Britain.

There are a number of witnesses in the Pringle case who can give evidence that would seem to make it conclusive that George Birell McKinnon came to his death at the hands of Capt. Ralph Pringle. The coroner's jury gave a ver- dict to that effect. But in the Pringle case there are no living eye-witnesses to the crime that occurred at the Flats on the night of July 14, when Louis Rosenberg was done to death, and the people will be compelled to rely on circumstantial evidence alone.

The Pringle case will begin in cir- cuit court on September 13, and the Pringle trial will not start until several months later, if the defendant is bound over to the circuit court.

Several representatives of the home Government, some past Governors of colonies, the leaders of the Opposition in the House of Lords and the House of Commons were present at the function.

The luncheon was served in the State dining-room at four large round tables, all of which were decorated with red roses. The band of the Scots Guards played selections during the luncheon. The guests remained at the palace for two hours.

The following is a complete list of those seated at the four tables: The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Premier and Mrs. Asquith, the Earl and Countess of Selborne, Earl Milner, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Haldane, Mr. McKenna, Sir Francis and Lady Hopwood, Colonel and Mrs. Seely, General and Mrs. Botha, Mr. F. R. Moor, Dr. Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. X. Mer- cator, Sir E. P. and Lady Morris, Mr. and Mrs. G. and Lady Farrar, Mr. Borden, Mr. Broderick, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sauer, Mr. J. C. Smuts, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hull, General Hertog, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Steyn, Mr. C. J. Smythe, Sir G. and Lady Farrar, Mr. J. P. and Lady Fitzpatrick, Sir H. H. Hofmeyr, Mr. T. Watt, Mr. A. Browne, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Hyslop.

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EFFECTS OF WEATHER ON CROPS IN CANADA

Government Report of Conditions in July Throughout the Country.

Meteorological Office, Toronto, Aug. 4. Temperature.

The temperature of July was below average over the major portion of the dominion, the largest negative depar- tures