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daughter is married to a brother of Miss Wilks, of Galt, Ont.

It is understood that the British Cabinet has practically adopted Mr. Lloyd George's proposals for settlement of the Irish Home Rule question.

Mr. Lloyd George succeeds Kitchener as Minister of War. Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, has been raised to the Peerage, and the Earl of Derby has been appointed Under-Secretary for War.

The first submarine merchantman to cross the Atlantic—the German under-water liner "Deutschland,"—arrived at Baltimore on July 9th. She was laden with 750 tons of drugs and dyestuffs, and carried two small guns, but no torpedo-tubes.

At time of going to press the great advance of the Allies continues satisfactorily on all fronts, although terrific fighting has been taking place almost everywhere, the worst of it, in the British section, occurring about La Boisselle. Canadians have been again acquitting themselves with credit, and have been in the thick of the conflict near Loos.

In the lobby of a hotel the other night conversation turned to the servant problem when a noted Justice recalled a little incident along that line.

Wishing a domestic some time since, a popular matron in a western town inserted an advertisement in an afternoon paper and an hour later a likely looking candidate knocked on the back door.

"I presume," said the matron among many other things at the interview that followed, "that you are familiar with all kinds of housework, and that you are a good cook."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," was the prompt response of the candidate, "I have always been considered a very good cook, ma'am."

"Then there is another very important thing," reflected the matron. "I trust that with regard to your cooking you are not wasteful."

"Oh, no, ma'am," was the rather startling assurance of the candidate. "I'd eat till I busted afore I'd let anything go to waste."

Our Serial Story

The Road of Living Men.

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

Author of "Down Among Men," "Fate Knocks at the Door," "Red Fleecce," "Routledge Rides Alone," "Midstream," "Child and Country," etc.

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III.

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Libertad lay brazen in morning sunlight. My first thought was of Huntoon. Apart from this irritating expectancy, my idea of a day's work was to determine the best way to reach Tropicana. Libertad was frankly awaiting the issue of a battle that would decide the fate of the gold-venture and possibly the life of Nicholas Romany. I did not like the thought of remaining outside in this contingency. I ascertained in the forenoon that Romany himself divided his time between his river property and the sea. The canyon of the Calderon, it was said, cut off the valley from Libertad. The main force of Orion was stationed at the mouth of the river, on the north side, while Romany held the headland opposite.

It was clear to me by this time why Romany suffered himself to be strung out, when he might have kept a compact force around his river property indefinitely. Only a ship-load of rifles and ammunition would make him take such a chance. Perhaps he was running close on these essentials—and yet, it didn't seem to me that he would invest a million in mining machinery, and provide only enough gun-metal to fight a few skirmishes.

The whole thing was excessively vague, as geographical and strategical matters may be, to one hardly straight on the cardinal points of a locality. What occurred that mid-forenoon might have been regarded as a complication at first. A dusty forlorn peon had asked my name at the desk, and when assured that I was "Senor Ry-so" produced brown paper bearing the following words printed out with incredible effort:

Get a couple of mules and follow this man. It's all right.

HUNTOON.

P. S. Bring your duffle.

Now I knew Huntoon could write. Why, therefore, the printing? Then it occurred to me that in certain exigencies a man can sit a horse when he cannot shave himself; also that he can print letters in angles when it's out of the question to make the chirographical curves. I was very sorry and prepared to follow the peon, whom I left below to be washed and fed. . . . I couldn't be sure, but it looked as if my baggage had been overhauled somewhat since I had left in the morning. Nothing had been taken. I wondered if I were so badly on Yarbin's nerves as to force him to examine my effects to find, if possible, a clue to my real purpose in Libertad. . . . The peon had assured me that the journey to Huntoon would require three hours. "Bring your duffle" meant the purchase of saddle-bags and the storing of the large part of my baggage. The suspicion that Huntoon had a way to reach the valley, made me take necessities. These I was packing when Yarbin tapped at my door. I told him I had heard from my friend, and was off to join him.

"I heard this morning," Yarbin reported, "that a man might journey west to the coast fifteen miles or so, and then sail down to the mouth of the Calderon where Romany's outposts are."

"But Orion's outposts are there, too," said I.

"I thought of that, but they say Romany holds a sort of promontory. I'd look into it further, but one can't take chances with a woman along—"

"If I make it, I may be able to help you," said I, looking up at him from my knees. I was straining at the buckle of the saddle-bags. He stood there uneasily, regarding me with a queer mixture of hope and alarm. I wasn't so sure about his being yellow or insignificant.

"Yarbin," I said, straightening up, "Nobody sent me here. Nobody has a commercial hook on what I do. If that means anything to you—all right. If it doesn't—there's no harm done, I hope."

"I'm obliged to you," he said. "I've been shut up a bit lately; it's drawn me rather fine. Do you—I speak purely as a friend—happen to be 'shy'—in any way?"

I took it in the way he meant. "For the present—all fixed, thank you," said I.

He bowed, and turned toward the hall, calling: "Lillian—"

She came to the door as she was—holding a silk robe in place with one hand. The other was extended to me. Her hair was but half-done, yet she looked fresh and attractive in her fearless, wide-open way. I always thought of her as a creature of vast ranging.

"Mr. Ryerson is leaving," Yarbin said. "We may overtake him in the valley, if luck favors—"

"I'm in favor of taking luck by the nearest handle," she remarked, laughing at us; and then added, in a queer incomprehensible way, "You two look good together. . . . Good-by."

Her hand was warm and small and strong; and Yarbin's was lean and eager in mine. I was glad for the changed look in his eyes.

We were in the saddle before noon. The peon led me straight into the west

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