

“Well, I’m a chimpanzee,” he muttered to himself at last. “The highest bidder can have me, with no upset price. Dick Yates, I wouldn’t have believed it of you. *You* a newspaper man? *You* a reporter from ’way back? *You* up to snuff? Yates, I’m ashamed to be seen in your company! Go back to New York, and let the youngest reporter in from a country newspaper scoop the daylight out of you. To think that this thing has been going on right under your well-developed nose, and you never saw it,—worse, never had the faintest suspicion of it; that it was thrust at you twenty times a day,—nearly got your stupid head smashed on account of it; yet you bleated away like the innocent little lamb that you are, and never even suspected! Dick, you’re a three-sheet-poster fool in coloured ink. And to think that both of them know all about the first proposal!—*Both* of them! Well, thank heaven, Toronto is a long way from New York.”

THE END.