

*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 colored 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.