

WANTED

NORMAL TRAINING... S. S. No. 7, Sidney, \$650, according to... E. B. Lott, R. R. 2, phone 428 R. 14.

do plain and light... whole or spare... work sent any... Send particulars. National company, Montreal.

FOR SALE

5 in Huntingdon... of Thomasburg... premises is good... farm and base... wagon house 24... house, two wells... maple bush. Rural... by Oct. 15 will... Adams, R. R. No. 1, 16-3tw.

EXCHANGE

of about 15 or 20... comfortable buildings... a 50 acre farm in... good state of Cult... Ontario Office, 9-5tw

MS FOR SALE

es from Belleville... basement barns... acres timber, bal... Farm level and... in centre... es from Belleville... level. Small or... class buildings... es from Belleville... farm level, well... buildings... O. Brighton, Ont... Montgomery, Auctioneer, Jly26-5tw

FALLACE,

Auctioneer

Hastings. Special... sales of farm stock... King, P.O., R.M.D

MENT

CONDITION.—AP... les, Ameliasburg, a18-5td,1tw

VED

MY ENCLOSURE... 17, one bay mare... white to felleck... fore legs above... all please notify... F.D. No. 1, Ros... St., Belleville, a29-4td,1tw

VED

misses about two... gray colt, four... white spots on... J. Knight, Belle...

TO RENT

less, good land... to school. For... apply to William... Frankford, 3tw

TO TRIAL

ice court Magis... eoronto held an... the charge of... at John Wesley... ns by his daugh... n Evans, and the... e evidence was... e was sent up for... r Carnew took... r Mr. E. J. But... used.

NE CROP

dy has returned... ed tour by auto... Prince Edward... d counties. He... ops that he has... was harvested in... n, the straw and... d clean. Fall... cticularly good... eavy. Spring... o good, having... ripening by the

GETS GRIP?

has been caused... e 16,000 acres... Rockwood, near... rd of Com-

COME AS YOU ARE ALBERT COLLEGE is preeminently a preparatory school. It takes you just as you are and fits you for whatever vocation in life you choose. The different classes include Literature, Music, Art, Theology, Physical Culture. A COMPLETE BUSINESS COURSE can be taken at ALBERT. Many opportunities will open after the war for men and women trained for commercial life. Our commercial course is under the supervision of a trained accountant, and every facility is afforded students of obtaining a thorough, practical business education. Write us for a college calendar, and particulars of course you are interested in. Fall term commences September 10th. ALBERT COLLEGE — BELLEVILLE, ONT. E. N. BAKER, Principal.

LETTERS FROM OUR SOLDIERS

England, July 25, 1917. My Dear Mother;— I received your most welcome letter and also the box; both came together and I was very glad to receive them. I tell you the soldier boys like to get letters from home, as they cheer us up. Thank you for going to so much trouble. Everything in the box tasted so good—just like mother used to make when I was home. I have received five letters from you. I guess I get all the letters from home, but if you don't hear from me, keep on writing as letters from home are always welcome. I had just returned from my holidays in London when I was called to go to France. London is where I spent my holiday. I had a fine trip. Saw the greatest city in the world. I was there when the air raid was on, but I did not get scared, as soldier boys do not get scared at trifles. I am keeping nice and well but feeling a little lonesome and homesick at times as most of our 235th boys are gone. But we are all right anyway. We are having good weather now and the crops look good. Tell Harry to cheer up. We can have some more good times together when I get back. Give my love to my sisters, Ida and Lillian, and all entertaining friends. I will certainly be glad to see some of the stay-at-home boys sign up as we need them badly over here. They have just as good right to do their bit as the rest of us. Sorry, mother, you were sick, but I am glad to know that you are better again. You asked me to tell you what I wanted you to put in the box you send me. Just what you like; I will leave it to yourself. Just send me what you like; it will sure be welcome. I was talking to a lady friend just when the airships were right over us. The girl ran away and left me and I never saw her again. She must have got a bad scare. Well, dear mother, I have told you all the news for this time. God bless you, mother, till we meet. From your affectionate son, Pte. R. B. Mitts.

France, July 26, 1917. My Dear Mother;— Just a line to tell you that I have made another move and am now somewhere in France. I am well and happy and hope you are all well at home. I am in the Labor Battalion and am quite safe and expect to be home sooner or later. I received a letter from a friend at Ottawa and answered it yesterday. I was glad to hear that sister Ida was home to cheer you up. I have been in France since July 12th and I like it fine. Mother please don't be worrying about me because I will be all right. There is nothing for you to worry about. I hope the boys are signing up as they are needed over here. If conscription passes it will surely bring some of the slackers out. I hear the French-Canadians don't like the idea of coming over to fight. I am glad to hear brother Vane has a good crop, as it takes a lot to feed all the soldiers over here. I expect to travel more yet as chances are that we will have to move often. We are called out to go when we have no idea of travelling, but so far our address is the same as when we first came here. We have moved twice since we came to France. Mother dear, don't be fretting about me. I am all O.K. It is a nice country out here and I like it fine. I am going to church Sunday. That is what I do every Sunday. Tell brother Albert and Vane that I send them my love. I am listening to the big guns—steady roaring, proved in health, after spending the past two months at a Toronto camp of his brother, Col. L. W. Marsh, at Wesley McCoon Lake, in North Hastings. R. B. Mitts. No. 1027253 3rd Labor Battalion.

LAI TO REST

The funeral of Elsie Ewen, wife of William E. Preston, of St. Frances—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Ewen, and only sister of Mrs. W. C. Mikel of this city, took place yesterday afternoon at two o'clock. The service which was private was held at the home of Mr. W. C. Mikel, on Charles street, only immediate relatives being present. The interment was made in the Belleville cemetery.

ABLE TO LEAVE HOSPITAL

Mr. R. Barrie, the C. N. R. engineer who was brought to the city hospital ten days ago, was able to leave today, after having a bullet extracted from his thigh, from an accident at the hands of a boy's gun at Maynooth. The shooting was purely accidental.

ONE YEAR IN REFORMATORY

Two Youths Tried to Break Into Stroud's Store. Bert Wilson and Frank Smith, the two youths arrested two weeks ago for trying to break into the rear of Stroud's tea store, were this morning sentenced to one year each in the Ontario Reformatory. They had nothing to say why sentence should not be pronounced against them.

Pills of Attested Verne—Parmelee's

Vegetable Pills are the result of careful study of the properties of certain roots and herbs, and the action of such as sedatives and laxatives on the digestive apparatus. The success, he compounds have met with, attests the value of their work. These pills have been recognized for many years as the best cleansers of the system that can be got. Their effectiveness was recognized from the first when they grew more popular daily.

Social and Personal

Mr. Perry Gill is spending his vacation down the bay.

Mr. George Harris, Sidney Street, spent Monday in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Bennett, left today for Toronto and Niagara.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Quick, of Belleville, visited friends in the city over Sunday.—Peterboro Review.

Mr. Fred Quick and family, of Belleville, are visiting friends in town and looking up old acquaintances.—Lindsay Post.

Miss Kate Phillips left for her home in Madoc after spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Ossie Dashineau, 55 Russell St.—Lindsay Post.

Ven. Archbishop and Mrs. Beamish have returned to Belleville after a pleasant holiday trip to Brockville and the Thousand Islands.—Brockville Recorder.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Crampton, formerly of St. Valere, Bray, County Wicklow, Ireland, cousins of Mrs. W. N. Ponton, are staying at Hotel Quinte for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Notwell, from Detroit, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Spencer were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Bennett, on Sunday evening.

Miss Florence Newton returned today to Toronto to her duties as a nurse-in-training at the Western Hospital after spending her holidays with her parents, Chief and Mrs. Newton in this city. Mr. J. Arthur Marsh has returned to his home, Albert street, much improved in health, after spending the past two months at a Toronto camp of his brother, Col. L. W. Marsh, at Wesley McCoon Lake, in North Hastings.

THE MARKETS TORONTO MARKETS. TORONTO, Aug. 22.—The Board of Trade official market quotations for yesterday: Manitoba Wheat (in Store, Fort William). No. 1 northern, \$2.40, nominal. No. 2 northern, \$2.32 1/2, nominal. No. 4 wheat, \$2.29, nominal. Manitoba Oats (Track, Bay Ports). No. 2, 50c. American Corn (Track, Toronto). No. 3, 50c. Ontario Oats (According to Freight Outside). No. 2 white, 50c. Ontario Wheat (According to Freight Outside). No. 2, new crop, \$2.15 to \$2.20. Peas (According to Freight Outside). No. 2, nominal. Barley (According to Freight Outside). Maltine, new crop, \$1.20 to \$1.25. Buckwheat (According to Freight Outside). Nominal. Rye (According to Freight Outside). No. 2, nominal. Manitoba Flour (Toronto). First patents, in five bags, \$12.50. Second patents, in five bags, \$12.00. Strong buyers, in five bags, \$12.00. Ontario Flour (Promo, Shipment). Winter, according to sample, \$10.20, in bags, track, Toronto. No. 10, \$10.00. Milled (Car Lots, Delivered, Montreal Freight, Bags Included). Bran, per ton, \$4.50. Shorts, per ton, \$4.50. Middling, per ton, \$4.50 to \$4.60. Extra No. 2, per ton, \$11.50 to \$11.75. Mixed, per ton, \$11.50. Car lots, per ton, \$7 to \$7.50. WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET. Winnipeg, Aug. 21.—Holders of cash wheat grading from No. 3 downward, who were hesitating out for the possibility of prices advancing closer to the quotations fixed for No. 1 northern, suffered a big surprise this morning when the cash market slumped from 10c to 10c on grades below No. 2. This was one of the greatest days of the market since experienced in the trading district during recent weeks. The oats situation was little changed. There was a bid higher than the moderate offerings. Cash, flat, was in fair demand, with prices easier. In the future market, flax and oats were the only cereals dealt in, most attention being given to flax. Quotations for oats were very little higher than at previous close. Flax prices were several cents lower. October wheat closed 1c higher. Oats closed, October 1c higher, December 1/2c, and May 1/2c lower. Corn closed 1/2c lower for October, 1c for November, and 1/2c lower for December. Barley was unchanged.

Love Insurance By EARL DERR BIGGERS Author of SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE Copyright, 1914, the Bobbs-Merrill Company They rowed ashore in company with two husky members of the yacht's crew, and ten minutes later Minot was walking with the pompous Mr. Trimmer through the quiet plaza. He had told that gentleman that he came from Allan Harrowby to talk terms, and Trimmer was puffed with pride accordingly. "So Mr. Harrowby has come to his senses at last?" he said. "Well, I thought this vanderlike business would bring him round, although I must say I'm a bit disappointed down in my heart. My publicity campaign has hardly started. I had so many lovely little plans for the future. Say, it makes me sad to win so soon." "Sorry" laughed Minot. "Lord Harrowby, however, seems it best to call a halt. He suggests—" "Pardon me?" interrupted Mr. Trimmer grandiloquently. "As the victor in the contest, I shall do any suggesting that is done. And what I suggest is this—tomorrow morning I shall call upon Allan Harrowby at his hotel. I shall bring George with me, also some newspaper friends of mine. In front of the crowd Allan Harrowby must acknowledge his brother as the future heir to the earldom of Raybrook." "Why the newspaper men?" Minot inquired. "Publicity," said Trimmer. "It's the breath of life to me—my business, my first love, my last. Frankly, I want all the advertisement out of this thing I can get. At what hour shall we call?" "You would not consider a delay of a few days?" Minot asked. "Save your breath," advised Trimmer promptly. "Ah—I feared it," laughed Minot. "Well, then—shall we say 11 o'clock?" "Yes, you are to call—with George Harrowby." "Eleven it is," said Trimmer. They had reached a little park by the harbor's edge. Trimmer, sitting at a watch, "And that being all settled, I'll run back to the theater." "I myself have advised Harrowby to surrender"—Minot began. "Wise boy. Good night," said Trimmer, moving away. "Not that I have been particularly impressed by your standing as a publicity man," continued Minot. Mr. Trimmer stopped in his tracks.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET. Chicago, Aug. 22.—The following prices on the Chicago Board of Trade: Wheat—Open. High. Low. Close. Close. Sep. 108 1/2 108 1/4 108 1/4 108 1/4. Oct. 108 1/2 108 1/4 108 1/4 108 1/4. Nov. 108 1/2 108 1/4 108 1/4 108 1/4. Dec. 108 1/2 108 1/4 108 1/4 108 1/4. Corn—Sep. 57 57 57 57. Oct. 57 57 57 57. Nov. 57 57 57 57. Dec. 57 57 57 57. Pork—Sep. 42 42 42 42. Oct. 42 42 42 42. Nov. 42 42 42 42. Dec. 42 42 42 42. Lard—Sep. 22 22 22 22. Oct. 22 22 22 22. Nov. 22 22 22 22. Dec. 22 22 22 22. Rib—Sep. 23 23 23 23. Oct. 23 23 23 23. Nov. 23 23 23 23. Dec. 23 23 23 23. Liverpool Provisions. Liverpool, Aug. 22.—Hams, short cut, 14 to 15 lbs., 137s. Bacon, Cumberland cut, 25 to 30 lbs., 144s. Whitefish cut, 145s. Clear bellies, 14 to 16 lbs., 166s. Long clear middles, light, 35 to 40 lbs., 121s. Long clear middles, heavy, 35 to 40 lbs., 120s. Short clear backs, 15 to 20 lbs., 122s. Shoulders, square, 11 to 13 lbs., 122s. Lard, prime western, in tierces, 122s. American, refined, 123s. Cheese, Canadian and American, nominal. Tallow, Australian in London, 70s. Turpentine, spot, 23s. Rosin, common, 29s. 3d. Petroleum, refined, 1s. 3/4. Wax, kerosene, 24s. 3/4. Lard oil, 58s. Cotton seed oil, 70s. 1/4d.

CATTLE MARKETS UNION STOCK YARDS. Another heavy day at the Union Stock Yards, in all 234 cars, containing 4,841 cattle, 1,507 hogs, 1,225 sheep and lambs, and 256 calves. The market held fairly steady for all the better class of cattle, with a decline of from 15c to 25c for the common to medium stuff. EAST BUFFALO LIVE STOCK. East Buffalo, Aug. 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 5700 good, steady; common, slow. Prime steers, \$12.50; butchers, \$11.50; yearlings, \$9.25 to \$13.50; heifers, \$9.00 to \$10.00; cows, \$8.00 to \$9.00; stockers and feeders, \$6 to \$8; fresh cows and springers, strong, \$6 to \$10. Receipts, 1500, weak, \$7 to \$11. Hogs—Receipts, 1400; strong, heavy, \$17.50 to \$17.85; mixed, \$17.50 to \$17.75; Yorkers, \$17.25 to \$17.50; light Yorkers, \$18 to \$18.50; pigs, \$15.50 to \$16.00; rough, \$15.40 to \$16.50; stage, \$13 to \$14. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 5000; steady and steady; lambs, \$10 to \$16; few \$16.50; others unchanged. CHICAGO LIVE STOCK. Chicago, Aug. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 24,000. Market heavier. Beef, \$8.35 to \$12.50; western steers, \$7.25 to \$11; stockers and feeders, \$6.10 to \$8.25; cows and heifers, \$4.65 to \$11; calves, \$11.50 to \$16. Hogs—Receipts, 18,000. Market mostly higher. Light, \$15.75 to \$17.00; mixed, \$15.25 to \$17.65; heavy, \$15.50 to \$17.55; rough, \$13.75 to \$15; pigs, \$11 to \$15; bulk of sales, \$16.25 to \$17.30. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000. Market higher. Lambs, native, \$10.75 to \$17.

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On the same busy night when the Lilith dashed her red signal and Miss Gabrielle Rose arrived with a package of letters that screamed for a Duncker's two strangers invaded San Marco by means of the 8:10 freight south, Friday. Fatigued and famished as they were it would hardly have been kind the things you claim to have occurred until I came to San Marco." Mr. Trimmer came slowly back up the gravel walk. In just what inland hamlet, untraced by telegraph, telephone, newspaper and railroad," he asked, "have you been living?" Minot dropped to a handy bench and smiled up into Mr. Trimmer's thin face. "New York city," he replied. Mr. Trimmer glanced back at the lights of San Marco hesitatingly. Then it was really a cruel temptation—he sat down beside Minot on the bench. He spoke with fervor. The story of his brave deeds rose high to shatter while his picturesque reminiscences flowed on. Mr. Minot sat enraptured. One of the strangers was short with flaming red hair and in his eyes the twinkle without which the collected words of Bernard Shaw are as sound in brass. He twinkled about him as he walked at the bright lights and spurious gaiety under the spell of which San Marco sought to forget the rates per day with both. "The French," he mused, "are a volatile people, fond of light wines and dancing. So it would seem, are the inhabitants of San Marco. White flannels, Harry, white flannels—they should, hence that leaning tower of Pisa you call your manly form." The other—long, cadaverous, immersed in a gentle melancholy—groaned. "Some day," said the short man dreamily, "when I am back in the haunts of civilization again I am going to start something—a society for melting the stone hearts of editors. Motto, 'Have a heart, have a heart.' Emblem, 'A roast beef sandwich rampant on a cloth of linen. Ah, well, the day will come.' They halted in the plaza. In the round stone tub provided the town alighted stood. Above him hung a warning sign—"Do Not Feed or Otherwise Annoy the Alligator." The short man stepped and drew back with a tragic groan. "Feed or otherwise annoy?" he cried. "Feed, Harry, is that the way they look at it here? This is no place for us. We'd better be moving on to the next town." But the lean stranger gave no heed. Instead he stepped over and entered into earnest converse with a citizen of San Marco. In a moment he returned to his companion's side. "One newspaper," he announced, "the Evening Chronicle. Suppose the office is locked for the night, but come along, let's try."

"Feed or otherwise annoy," muttered the little man blankly. "For the love of Allah—alms!" They traversed several side streets and came at last to the office of the Chronicle. It was a modest structure, veering on decay. One man sat alone in the dim interior, reading exchanges under an electric lamp. "Good evening," said the short man generally. "Are you the editor?" "Uh-huh," responded the Chronicle man without enthusiasm from under his green eye shade. "Glad to know you. We just dropped in—a couple of newspaper men, you know. This is Mr. Harry Howe, until recently managing editor of the Mobile Press. My own name is Robert O'Neill, a humble editorial writer on the same sheet." "Uh-huh. If you had jobs, for God's sake, why did you leave them?" "I suppose," ventured O'Neill, mowed of the hair, gone from his manner. "There is no other newspaper here." "No, there isn't. There's a weird thing here called the San Marco Mail—a morning outrage. It's making money, but by different methods than I'd care to use. You might try there. You look unucky. Perhaps they'd take you on." He rose from his chair and gave them directions for reaching the Mail office.

CHAPTER IX. Two Birds of Passage. In the dark second floor hallway where the Mail office was suspected of being they groped about determinedly. No sign of any nature proclaimed San Marco's only morning paper. A solitary light, shining through a transom, beckoned. Boldly O'Neill pushed open the door. To the knowing nostrils of the two birds of passage wafted the odor they loved; the unique ink odor of a newspaper shop. Their eyes beheld a rather bare room, a typewriter or two, a desk. In the center of the room was a table with an electric lamp.

On this table was a bottle and glasses, and at it two silent men played poker. One of the men was burly and bearded; the other was slight, pale, nervous. From an inner room came the click of linotypes—lonesome linotypes that seemed to have strayed far from their native hamlets. The two men finished playing the hand and looked up. "Good evening," said O'Neill, with a smile that had drawn news as a magnet draws steel in many odd corners. "Gentlemen, four newspaper men meet in a strange land. I perceive you have on the table a greeting unquestionably suitable." The bearded man laughed, rose and discovered two extra glasses on a nearby shelf. "Draw up," he said heartily. "The place is yours. You're as welcome as pay day." "Thanks," O'Neill reached for a glass. "Let me introduce ourselves." And he mentioned his own name and How's. "Call me Mears," said the bearded one. "The managing editor of the Mail, and this is my city editor, Mr. Elliott." "Delighted," breathed O'Neill. "A pleasant little haven you have found here. And your staff? I don't see the members of your staff running in and out." "Mr. O'Neill," said Mears impressively, "you have drunk with the staff of the Mail."

"You two?" O'Neill's face shone with joy. "Gory be—do you hear that, Harry? These gentlemen all alone on the premises!" He leaned over and poured out cheerfully. "I call this luck," he finished. "Here we are, broke, eager for work, and we find you minus a—" O'Neill stopped, for he had seen a sickly smile of derision flash across the face of the weary city editor, and he saw the bearded man shaking his head violently. "Nothing doing," said the bearded man firmly. "Sorry to dash your hopes. Always ready to pour another drink, but there are no vacancies here. No, sir; two of us are plenty and running over, eh, Bill?" "Plenty and running over," agreed the city editor warmly. Into their boots tumbled the hearts of the two strangers in a strange land. Gloom and hunger engulfed them. But the managing editor of the Mail was continuing, and what was this he was saying? "No, boys, we don't need a staff. Have just as much use for a manducate set. But you come at an opportune time. Wanderlust—it tickles the soles of four feet tonight, and those four feet are editorial feet on the Mail. Something tells us that we are going away from here. Boys, how would you like our jobs?" He stared placidly at the two strangers. "The minute you put one hand to his head," O'Neill put one hand to his head. "See me safely to my park bench, Harry," he said. "It was the drink on an empty stomach, I'm all in a haze. I hear strange things."

"I hear 'em too," said Howe. "See here"—he turned to Mears—"are you offering to resign in our favor?" "The minute you say the word." "Both of you?" "Believe me," said the city editor, "you can't say the word too soon." "Well," said Howe, "I don't know what's the matter with the place, but you can consider the deal closed." "Spoken like a sport!" The bearded man stood up. "You can draw lots to determine who is to be managing editor and who city editor. It's an excellent scheme. I attained my proud position that way. One condition I attach. Ask no questions. Let us go out into the night unburdened by your interrogation points." Elliott, too, stood. The bearded man proposed a toast. "Fill up, boys. I propose a toast. To the new editors of the Mail. May heaven bless them and bring them safely back to the north when Florida's stifling fever is past." Dizzily, uncertainly, Howe and O'Neill drank. Mr. Mears reached out a great red hand toward the bottle. "Pardon me—private property," he said. He pocketed it. "We bid you goodby and good luck. Think of us on the choochoo, please. Riding far-riding far." "But see here!" cried O'Neill. "But me no buts," said Mears again. "Nary a question, I beg of you. Take our jobs, and if you think of us at all think of gleaming rails and a speeding train. Once more—goodby." The door slammed. O'Neill looked at Howe. "I suppose," ventured O'Neill, mowed of the hair, gone from his manner. "There is no other newspaper here." "No, there isn't. There's a weird thing here called the San Marco Mail—a morning outrage. It's making money, but by different methods than I'd care to use. You might try there. You look unucky. Perhaps they'd take you on." He rose from his chair and gave them directions for reaching the Mail office.

One of the longest trains known to have been sent east from Brockville on the Grand Trunk Railway was despatched on Saturday morning. It consisted of 92 cars, the greater part of which were loaded and nearly 20 of which carried coal. To negotiate the grade east of the town it was necessary to use two locomotives in addition to that pulling the train but once up the grade the train was able to proceed under the steam of the one large freight locomotive in charge of Engineer Ray. The train extended from Park street to the eastern entrance of the Manitoba yards, being at least a mile in length and almost double the size of the loaded freight trains usually going east.

THE MARKETS TORONTO MARKETS. TORONTO, Aug. 22.—The Board of Trade official market quotations for yesterday: Manitoba Wheat (in Store, Fort William). No. 1 northern, \$2.40, nominal. No. 2 northern, \$2.32 1/2, nominal. No. 4 wheat, \$2.29, nominal. Manitoba Oats (Track, Bay Ports). No. 2, 50c. American Corn (Track, Toronto). No. 3, 50c. Ontario Oats (According to Freight Outside). No. 2 white, 50c. Ontario Wheat (According to Freight Outside). No. 2, new crop, \$2.15 to \$2.20. Peas (According to Freight Outside). No. 2, nominal. Barley (According to Freight Outside). Maltine, new crop, \$1.20 to \$1.25. Buckwheat (According to Freight Outside). Nominal. Rye (According to Freight Outside). No. 2, nominal. Manitoba Flour (Toronto). First patents, in five bags, \$12.50. Second patents, in five bags, \$12.00. Strong buyers, in five bags, \$12.00. Ontario Flour (Promo, Shipment). Winter, according to sample, \$10.20, in bags, track, Toronto. No. 10, \$10.00. Milled (Car Lots, Delivered, Montreal Freight, Bags Included). Bran, per ton, \$4.50. Shorts, per ton, \$4.50. Middling, per ton, \$4.50 to \$4.60. Extra No. 2, per ton, \$11.50 to \$11.75. Mixed, per ton, \$11.50. Car lots, per ton, \$7 to \$7.50. WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET. Winnipeg, Aug. 21.—Holders of cash wheat grading from No. 3 downward, who were hesitating out for the possibility of prices advancing closer to the quotations fixed for No. 1 northern, suffered a big surprise this morning when the cash market slumped from 10c to 10c on grades below No. 2. This was one of the greatest days of the market since experienced in the trading district during recent weeks. The oats situation was little changed. There was a bid higher than the moderate offerings. Cash, flat, was in fair demand, with prices easier. In the future market, flax and oats were the only cereals dealt in, most attention being given to flax. Quotations for oats were very little higher than at previous close. Flax prices were several cents lower. October wheat closed 1c higher. Oats closed, October 1c higher, December 1/2c, and May 1/2c lower. Corn closed 1/2c lower for October, 1c for November, and 1/2c lower for December. Barley was unchanged.

Love Insurance By EARL DERR BIGGERS Author of SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE Copyright, 1914, the Bobbs-Merrill Company

On the same busy night when the Lilith dashed her red signal and Miss Gabrielle Rose arrived with a package of letters that screamed for a Duncker's two strangers invaded San Marco by means of the 8:10 freight south, Friday. Fatigued and famished as they were it would hardly have been kind the things you claim to have occurred until I came to San Marco." Mr. Trimmer came slowly back up the gravel walk. In just what inland hamlet, untraced by telegraph, telephone, newspaper and railroad," he asked, "have you been living?" Minot dropped to a handy bench and smiled up into Mr. Trimmer's thin face. "New York city," he replied. Mr. Trimmer glanced back at the lights of San Marco hesitatingly. Then it was really a cruel temptation—he sat down beside Minot on the bench. He spoke with fervor. The story of his brave deeds rose high to shatter while his picturesque reminiscences flowed on. Mr. Minot sat enraptured. One of the strangers was short with flaming red hair and in his eyes the twinkle without which the collected words of Bernard Shaw are as sound in brass. He twinkled about him as he walked at the bright lights and spurious gaiety under the spell of which San Marco sought to forget the rates per day with both. "The French," he mused, "are a volatile people, fond of light wines and dancing. So it would seem, are the inhabitants of San Marco. White flannels, Harry, white flannels—they should, hence that leaning tower of Pisa you call your manly form." The other—long, cadaverous, immersed in a gentle melancholy—groaned. "Some day," said the short man dreamily, "when I am back in the haunts of civilization again I am going to start something—a society for melting the stone hearts of editors. Motto, 'Have a heart, have a heart.' Emblem, 'A roast beef sandwich rampant on a cloth of linen. Ah, well, the day will come.' They halted in the plaza. In the round stone tub provided the town alighted stood. Above him hung a warning sign—"Do Not Feed or Otherwise Annoy the Alligator." The short man stepped and drew back with a tragic groan. "Feed or otherwise annoy?" he cried. "Feed, Harry, is that the way they look at it here? This is no place for us. We'd better be moving on to the next town." But the lean stranger gave no heed. Instead he stepped over and entered into earnest converse with a citizen of San Marco. In a moment he returned to his companion's side. "One newspaper," he announced, "the Evening Chronicle. Suppose the office is locked for the night, but come along, let's try."

"Feed or otherwise annoy," muttered the little man blankly. "For the love of Allah—alms!" They traversed several side streets and came at last to the office of the Chronicle. It was a modest structure, veering on decay. One man sat alone in the dim interior, reading exchanges under an electric lamp. "Good evening," said the short man generally. "Are you the editor?" "Uh-huh," responded the Chronicle man without enthusiasm from under his green eye shade. "Glad to know you. We just dropped in—a couple of newspaper men, you know. This is Mr. Harry Howe, until recently managing editor of the Mobile Press. My own name is Robert O'Neill, a humble editorial writer on the same sheet." "Uh-huh. If you had jobs, for God's sake, why did you leave them?" "I suppose," ventured O'Neill, mowed of the hair, gone from his manner. "There is no other newspaper here." "No, there isn't. There's a weird thing here called the San Marco Mail—a morning outrage. It's making money, but by different methods than I'd care to use. You might try there. You look unucky. Perhaps they'd take you on." He rose from his chair and gave them directions for reaching the Mail office.

CHAPTER IX. Two Birds of Passage. In the dark second floor hallway where the Mail office was suspected of being they groped about determinedly. No sign of any nature proclaimed San Marco's only morning paper. A solitary light, shining through a transom, beckoned. Boldly O'Neill pushed open the door. To the knowing nostrils of the two birds of passage wafted the odor they loved; the unique ink odor of a newspaper shop. Their eyes beheld a rather bare room, a typewriter or two, a desk. In the center of the room was a table with an electric lamp.

On this table was a bottle and glasses, and at it two silent men played poker. One of the men was burly and bearded; the other was slight, pale, nervous. From an inner room came the click of linotypes—lonesome linotypes that seemed to have strayed far from their native hamlets. The two men finished playing the hand and looked up. "Good evening," said O'Neill, with a smile that had drawn news as a magnet draws steel in many odd corners. "Gentlemen, four newspaper men meet in a strange land. I perceive you have on the table a greeting unquestionably suitable." The bearded man laughed, rose and discovered two extra glasses on a nearby shelf. "Draw up," he said heartily. "The place is yours. You're as welcome as pay day." "Thanks," O'Neill reached for a glass. "Let me introduce ourselves." And he mentioned his own name and How's. "Call me Mears," said the bearded one. "The managing editor of the Mail, and this is my city editor, Mr. Elliott." "Delighted," breathed O'Neill. "A pleasant little haven you have found here. And your staff? I don't see the members of your staff running in and out." "Mr. O'Neill," said Mears impressively, "you have drunk with the staff of the Mail."

"You two?" O'Neill's face shone with joy. "Gory be—do you hear that, Harry? These gentlemen all alone on the premises!" He leaned over and poured out cheerfully. "I call this luck," he finished. "Here we are, broke, eager for work, and we find you minus a—" O'Neill stopped, for he had seen a sickly smile of derision flash across the face of the weary city editor, and he saw the bearded man shaking his head violently. "Nothing doing," said the bearded man firmly. "Sorry to dash your hopes. Always ready to pour another drink, but there are no vacancies here. No, sir; two of us are plenty and running over, eh, Bill?" "Plenty and running over," agreed the city editor warmly. Into their boots tumbled the hearts of the two strangers in a strange land. Gloom and hunger engulfed them. But the managing editor of the Mail was continuing, and what was this he was saying? "No, boys, we don't need a staff. Have just as much use for a manducate set. But you come at an opportune time. Wanderlust—it tickles the soles of four feet tonight, and those four feet are editorial feet on the Mail. Something tells us that we are going away from here. Boys, how would you like our jobs?" He stared placidly at the two strangers. "The minute you put one hand to his head," O'Neill put one hand to his head. "See me safely to my park bench, Harry," he said. "It was the drink on an empty stomach, I'm all in a haze. I hear strange things."

"I hear 'em too," said Howe. "See here"—he turned to Mears—"are you offering to resign in our favor?" "The minute you say the word." "Both of you?" "Believe me," said the city editor, "you can't say the word too soon." "Well," said Howe, "I don't know what's the matter with the place, but you can consider the deal closed." "Spoken like a sport!" The bearded man stood up. "You can draw