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**Brewster's Millions**  
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 By **GEORGE BARR MCUTCHEON** (RICHARD GREAVES)

**CHAPTER XXII.**  
**T**HE peacefulness of fairland was something which Brewster could not afford to continue, and with Bertier he was soon planning to invade it. The automobile which he was obliged to order for the mysterious marquise put other ideas into his head. It seemed at once absolutely necessary to give a coaching party in Italy, and, as coaches of the right kind were hard to find there and changes of horses most uncertain, nothing could be more simple and natural than to import automobiles from Paris. Looking into the matter, he found that they would have to be purchased outright, as the renting of five machines would put his credit to too severe a test. Accordingly Bertier telegraphed a wholesale order, which taxed the resources of the manufacturers and caused much complaint from some customers whose work was unaccountably delayed. The arrangement made by the courier was that they were to be taken back at a greatly reduced price at the end of six weeks. The machines were shipped at once, five to Milan and one to the address of the mysterious marquise in Florence.

It was with sharp regret that Monty broke into the idyl of the villa, for the witchery of the place had got into his blood. But a stern sense of duty, combined with the fact that the Paris chauffeurs and machines were due in Milan on Monday, made him ruthless. He was astonished that his orders to decamp were so meekly obeyed, forgetting that his solicitous guests did not know that worse extravagance lay beyond. He took them to Milan by train and lodged them with some splendor at the Hotel Cavour. Here he found that the fame of the princely prodigal had preceded him, and his portly host was all deference and attention—all regret, too, for monsieur was just too late to hear the wonderful company of artists who had been singing at La Scala. The season was but just ended. Here was an opportunity missed, indeed, and Brewster's vacation brought out an ironical comment to Bertier. It ruffled, but it had its effect. The courier proved equal to the emergency. Discovering that the manager of the company and the principal artists were still in Milan, he suggested to Brewster that a special performance would be very difficult to secure, but might still be possible. His chief caught at the idea and authorized him to make every arrangement, reserving the entire house for his own party.

"But the place will look bare," protested the courier, aghast.  
 "Fill it with flowers; cover it with tapestries," commanded Brewster. "I put the affair in your hands, and I trust you to carry it through in the right way. Show them how it ought to be done."  
 Bertier's heart swelled within him at the thought of so glorious an opportunity. His fame, he felt, was already established in Italy. It became a matter of pride to do the thing handsomely, and the necessary business arrangements called out all his unarranged resources of delicacy and diplomacy. When it came to the decoration of the opera house he called upon Pettingill for assistance, and together they superintended an arrangement which curtailed out a large part of the place and reduced it to livable proportions. With the flowers and the lights, it became something quite different from the usual empty theater.

To the consternation of the Italians the work had been rushed, and it was on the evening after their arrival in Milan that Brewster conducted his friends in state to the Scala. It was almost a triumphal progress, for he had generously if unwittingly given the town the most princely sensation in years, and curiosity was abundant Mrs. Valentine, who was in the carriage with Monty, wondered openly why they were attracting so much attention.

"They take us for American dukes and princesses," explained Monty. "They never saw a white man before."  
 "Perhaps they expected us to ride on buffaloes," said Mrs. Dan, "with Indian captives in our train."  
 "No," Subway Smith protested; "I seem to see disappointment in their faces. They are looking for crowns and scepters and a shower of gold coin. Really, Monty, you don't play the game as you should. Why, I could give you points on the potinate act myself—a milk white steed, a few clattering attendants in gorgeous uniforms, a lofty nod here and there and little me distributing silver in the rear."  
 "I wonder," exclaimed Mrs. Dan, "if they don't get tired now and then of being potentates. Can't you fancy living in palaces and longing for a thatched cottage?"  
 "Easily," answered Subway, with a laugh. "Haven't we tried it ourselves? Two months of living upon nothing but fatted calves is more than I can stand. We shall be ready for a home for dyspeptics if you can't slow down a bit, Monty."  
 Whereupon Mrs. Dan evolved a plan and promptly began to carry it out by inviting the crowd to dinner the next night. Monty protested that they

would be leaving Milan in the afternoon and that this was distinctly his affair, and he was selfish.  
 But Mrs. Dan was very sure. "My dear boy, you can't have things your own way every minute. In another month you will be quite spoiled. Anything to prevent that. My duty is plain. Even if I have to use heroic measures, you dine with me tomorrow."  
 Monty recognized defeat when he met it and graciously accepted her very kind invitation. The next moment they drew up at the opera house and were ushered in with a deference only accorded to wealth. The splendor of the effect was overpowering to Brewster as well as to his bewildered guests. Aladdin, it seemed, had fairly outdone himself. The wonder of it was so complete that it was some time before they could settle down to the opera, which was "Aida," given with an enthusiasm that only Italians can compass.

During the last intermission Brewster and Peggy were walking in the foyer. They had rarely spoken since the day of the ride, but Monty noticed with happiness that she had on several occasions avoided Pettingill.

"I thought we had given up fairland when we left the lakes, but I believe you carry it with you," she said.  
 "The trouble with this," Monty replied, "is that there are too many people about. My fairland is to be just a little different."  
 "Your fairland, Monty, will be built of gold and paved with silver. You will sit all day cutting coupons in an office of alabaster."  
 "Peggy, do you, too, think me vulgar? It's a beastly parade, I know, but it can't stop now. You don't realize the momentum of the thing."  
 "You do it up to the handle," she put in. "And you are much too generous to be vulgar. But it worries me, Monty; it worries me desperately. It's the future I'm thinking of—your future, which is being swallowed up. This kind of thing can't go on. And what is to follow it? You are wasting your substance, and you are not making any life for yourself that opens out."  
 "Peggy," he answered very seriously, "you have got to trust me. I can't back out, but I'll tell you this—you shall not be disappointed in me in the end."  
 There was a mist before the girl's eyes as she looked at him. "I believe you, Monty," she said simply. "I shall not forget."  
 The curtain rose upon the next act, and something in the opera toward the end seemed to bring the two very close together. As they were leaving the theater there was a note of regret from Peggy. "It has been perfect," she breathed, "yet, Monty, isn't it a waste that no one else should have seen it? Think of these poverty stricken peasants who adore music and have never heard an opera."  
 "Well, they shall hear one now," Monty rose to it, but he felt like a hypocrite in concealing his chief motive. "We'll repeat the performance tomorrow night and fill the house with them."  
 He was as good as his word. Bertier was given a task the next day which was not to his taste. But with the assistance of the city authorities he carried it through. To them it was an evidence of insanity, but there was something princely about it, and they were tolerant. The manager of the opera house was less complacent, and he had an exclamatory terror of the damage to his upholstery. But Brewster had discovered that in Italy gold is a panacea for all ills, and his prescriptions were liberal. To him the day was short, for Peggy's interest in the penance, as it came to be called, was so keen that she insisted on having a hand in the preliminaries. There was something about the partnership that appealed to Monty.

To her regret the DeMille dinner interfered with the opening of the performance, but Monty consoled her with the promise that the opera and its democratic audience should follow. During the day Mrs. Dan had been deep in preparations for her banquet, but her plans were elaborately concealed. They culminated at 8 o'clock in the Cova, not far from the Scala, and the dinner was eaten in the garden to the sound of music. Yet it was an effect of simplicity with which Mrs. Dan surprised her guests. They were prepared for anything but that, and when they were served with consommé, spaghetti—a concession to the chef—and chops and peas, followed by a salad and coffee, the gratitude of the crowd was

quite beyond expression. In a burst of enthusiasm Subway Smith suggested a testimonial.  
 Monty complained bitterly that he himself had never received a ghost of a testimonial. He protested that it was not deserved.  
 "Why should you expect it?" exclaimed Pettingill. "When have you risen from terrapin and artichokes to chops and chichory? When have you given us nectar and ambrosia like this?"  
 Monty was defeated by a unanimous vote, and Mrs. Dan's testimonial was assured. This matter settled, Peggy and Mrs. Valentine, with Brewster and Pettingill, walked over to the Scala and heard again the last two acts of "Aida." But the audience was different, and the applause.

The next day at noon the chauffeurs from Paris reported for duty, and five gleaming French devil wagons steamed off through the crowd in the direction of Venice. Through Brescia and Verona and Vicenza they passed, scattering largess of silver in their wake and leaving a trail of breathless wonder. Brewster found the pace too fast, and by the time they reached Venice he had a wistful longing to take this radiant country more slowly. "But this is purely a business trip," he thought, "and I can't expect to enjoy it. Some day I'll come back and do it differently. I could spend hours in a gondola if the blamed thing were not more expensive by the trip."  
 It was there that he was suddenly recalled to his duty from dreams of moonlight on the water by a cablegram which demanded \$324 before it could be read. It contained word for word the parable of the ten talents and ended with the simple word "Jones."  
 (To be continued.)

**WHAT SHE SAYS.**  
 My teeth in rage I often gnash  
 To hear that exclamation,  
 A picture or a youth's moustache  
 Excites her admiration;  
 A daisy or a mountain range  
 With every attribute  
 Of majesty evokes that strange  
 Expression, "Ain't it cute?"

Some noted author she has read—  
 Say, Thackeray or Dickens—  
 A funny thing that someone said,  
 A mother hen and chickens;  
 The ocean broad to fury stirred.  
 Her latest summer suit—  
 For all of these she has one word  
 Descriptive, which is "cute."

No wonder that I speak with heat:  
 Were it "immense" or "stunning,"  
 Or "fierce" or "lovely," "swell" or  
 "sweet."  
 Or even were it "cunning,"  
 I'd speak my mind to her, but pause  
 For fear of a dispute,  
 I think she says it just because  
 She thinks it's awful cute.

**TILL THE TIME HATH COME.**  
 I once heard a loud-mouthed infidel  
 Defaming the Savior who died on the  
 cross to save his poor, little shrivelled  
 up soul. He wanted to know why  
 Jesus didn't introduce the electric  
 light, for instance, when He was here  
 on earth, when He was such a very  
 great Man.

The reason is obvious. The world  
 at that time was not ready for the  
 electric light. All along the people  
 have been furnished with the light  
 that they could understand. First  
 the torch, then the tallow dip, then  
 the different lamps, then gas and then  
 electricity. The Creator has concealed  
 his blessings from mankind till  
 man was fit to use them properly.

There's Northern Ontario, as an  
 example. We need no longer sneer  
 at the base Indian who cast a pearl  
 away more precious than all his tribe,  
 nor pity the wretched Kafirs whose  
 children played with the shining pebbles  
 that were really priceless diamonds.  
 We did just as bad as that.  
 The flower of our youth for two  
 generations went trooping all over the  
 world seeking their fortunes, when  
 uncounted and uncountable wealth  
 lay right in their back yard. It is a  
 good thing it was not discovered  
 so ner. It might have been frittered  
 away. We just got it as soon as  
 it was good for us, and no sooner.

**Exception in Favor of Rats.**  
 They are very literal in Japan. Not  
 long ago a bridge was built which was  
 so slight that a notice was put up, "No  
 animals allowed to cross." But it was  
 found impossible to keep the rats off it,  
 and in order to have a rule which could  
 be enforced the notice was taken down  
 and "No large animals allowed to  
 cross" was put up in its place.

**Contains the Alphabet.**  
 There is a verse in the Bible which  
 contains every letter in the alphabet,  
 and it is said there is only one such.  
 It is the twenty-first verse of the  
 seventh chapter of Ezra and reads, "And  
 I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do  
 make a decree to all the treasurers  
 which are beyond the river that whatsoever  
 Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the  
 law of the God of heaven, shall require  
 of you it be done speedily."

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 having used the remedy in my family  
 for several years. I am never without  
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 to be needed before the summer is  
 over. Why not buy it now and be  
 prepared for such an emergency?  
 For sale at Parker's Drug Store.

**BARTENDER LOSES LICENSE.**  
 The bartender of the Harris House,  
 Midland, lost his license last week  
 by selling liquor during prohibited  
 hours. This is probably the first  
 case under the new act, which makes  
 the bartender responsible. The  
 charge was for selling liquor on  
 Sunday morning at 4 o'clock. A  
 plea of guilty was entered, and the  
 proprietor was fined \$50.00 and costs  
 and his license cancelled.—Collingwood  
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 If you purchase 6 boxes of Dr. Harte's Celery-Iron Pills for \$2.50, take 3 boxes of the Pills, and find you are deriving no benefit from their use, you can return the 3 empty boxes, together with the 3 boxes you have not opened, and get your money back. No fairer, squarer proposition has ever been offered, and we wouldn't think of making it unless we were confident the remedy will do all that is claimed for it. By the single box the Pills are 50c.

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**SWILLING THE BOOZE.**  
 From two or three of the industries where unskilled labor is employed comes the complaint that men are clubbing together and buying beer by the five gallon keg and larger quantities and taking it out to secluded spots and staying with the beverage until the supply is exhausted, and then securing another supply keep up the gluttonous debauch as long as they can carry the kegs and drink the contents. One contractor went down to where he had a gang of men employed one day last week only to find the plant idle and the majority of his men up in a grove on the east hill drinking beer. One of the men made the statement that in two days five men had drunk the contents of four five gallon kegs. Saturday was pay day at the C. P. R. and for a similar reason it is alleged, only about fifty per cent. of the men on the pay roll turned up for work on Tuesday when there was three vessels to load. Other instances were given to The Times and in some circles an effort is being made to attach all the inconvenience to the passing of the local option measure on the ground that formerly with the open bar men drank individually and though often off work for any time from a day to a week there was not the collective indulgence such as at present disturbs the equilibrium of the labor market. True or untrue the report may be, but unfortunately there are few laws on the statute books which are perfect and local option is in this respect at a disadvantage if it does not prevent such practice. But even this will right itself or be righted. At present it is done largely with a view to discrediting the measure and this was a looked for part of the program. The remedy that could be applied would be the refusal of employers to employ help guilty of such practices which only goes to prove the argument that there is no economic value in the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicants. While if legal the practice may be indulged in, now it suggests that legislation in some form must be provided that will check the evil arising out of the defective clause in the act. Owen Sound's experience may demonstrate the fact that legislation is necessary. In the meantime the labor market must continue to be disturbed by the beer barrel innovation unless the employers take steps to stop it.—O. S. Times.

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