

to figure on both audiences in making your re-order, and you too will be taking the Roy Adams boom as a habit. The order blank is enclosed.

It's against railway rules for a passenger to ride on an engine. Nobody but the engineer, fireman and head brakeman has any business there, except possibly an official with an engine pass or a doctor in a case of emergency.

But Hopkins Moorhouse, author of "Every Man For Himself" has a rule of his own—to gather his material at first hand. In preparation for this new, swift-action, mystery-romance of his he donned legging boots and a flannel shirt and lost himself for a Summer in the Algoma wilderness.

Now, the story he had conceived called for a sensational ride on a mogul locomotive of a transcontinental express train on a wet night with a slippery rail. Unable to arrange for the experience otherwise Alton borrowed a medical satchel, hied to a main-line flag-station and waited for weather and opportunity. Unobserved, he calmly climbed aboard the big engine.

"Going with you to the end of the division, boys," he announced as he took possession of the head brakeman's seat.

"Oh, all right, Doc." It had worked.

Read the description of that ride in "Every Man For Himself" Is it any wonder that Moorhouse's fiction is vivid, full of color, *alive*?

Here's a Canadian novel that will go with a zip from your counter. Nearly 10,000 have been sold already in advance of publication. Our advice is **GET YOUR ORDER IN NOW.**

A crowd of Canadian soldiers, travelling West in the smoking compartment of a transcontinental train were indirectly responsible for the writing of the big