

## By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)  
Quickly and quietly, bailliffs hustled the stunned prisoners out of the room. At a side door of the building motor cars were waiting and in them the prisoners were rushed to a special railroad coach attached to a train that would take them to the prison.

All of them but one.  
Neilson found himself separated from his fellows and shunted down a hallway to a small room, bare except for a table and two chairs. And in one of those chairs sat his wife. She held up a tear-stained, haggard face as the door opened, then she rushed across the room and flung herself into the convicted man's arms. His hand gently stroked her head, until she had exhausted the fountainhead of her tears and was able to look up into his eyes. Then he led her back to her chair and, reaching out for the other for himself, discovered that they were alone.

The guards who had accompanied Neilson had stepped out into the hallway and closed the door behind them. But although neither Neilson nor his wife knew it, invisible ears heard their every word and carried them to Chief Milton, sitting in an adjoining room with the receivers of two dictographs clapped to his ears. Beneath the table the sound-transmitting little instruments were skillfully concealed and the wires which connected them to the receivers hidden from sight beneath the flooring.

Chief Milton had laid a trap to try and learn from Neilson's own mouth the hiding place of the million and a quarter dollars which the Bolshevik Inner Council had confided to his care. But not even that astute and far-seeing man was prepared for the revelation which was to come.

"Don't worry, mother, don't worry," Neilson began, soothingly. "I will be all right and you and the children are provided for. Every month a certain trust company will send you a cheque simple to provide for all your needs while I am away. And when I come out there will be more to take care of us all for the rest of our days."

"That is just what I want to talk to you about, dear," she replied. "I will never touch a cent of that money, either while you are gone or after you return. For I know its source. The night that man Lebrune came to our home and you talked to him in the library I overheard every word. I was not asleep as you supposed. I heard his voice and I went downstairs and listened. I did not trust him. You had never remained away from home at night until you met him. You had never been worried or cross or nervous before. I feared for you, my dear; I did not know what was wrong. You would not admit it to me and so I could not learn that you were plotting against the country which had given us both shelter and a home and liberty and privileges we never could have had in the old country. I believed that you loved this country as much as I did. Had I known that you were breaking your pledge to her I would have turned you over to the law myself. Don't shrink from me, dear. I love you. I will always love you, no matter what you have done. You are the father of my children. But I cannot and I will not raise those children on money which is not rightfully ours, money which was given for the purpose of harming our country. I will wait for you, dear, and I will work my fingers to the bone to give my children and your children all the advantages which they would have had otherwise."

Dry-eyed, she held his eyes with her own, while she waited for him to reply. Suddenly the man's head sank to the table beside him and Chief Milton's ears told him that great sobs were wracking his frame.

Then Neilson raised his head again and faced her.

"My wife," he said, taking her face between his hands and kissing her full on the lips, "you have taught me today a lesson that I can never forget. You have shown me as courts, and judges, and iron bars can never show, just what I have done. I never show just what I have done. I owe, to expiate in hard labor and remorse the wrongs that I have sponsored. Take the money and give it to the Government. Let it be used for balking and blasting its enemies, the men and women who duped me into believing that they and I could make a better country than this already is. I will give you a list of the banks in which it is deposited and I will write out the orders which will turn every cent of it over to you to do with what you say is best."

"But the monthly cheque which the trust company will turn over to you

is clean money. I earned it in the business, and I laid it aside for you and the children in case I had to leave you. I did not think then that anything besides death ever would cause me to leave you. The other money I did not fix so you could get. Deep in my heart I did not want you or the children ever to have to spend a cent of it, for it was tainted, as you say, and I feared that the sorrows of women and the tears of little children—the things which it was intended to buy—would be the sorrows and tears of my children. That is all."

A moment later the door swung open, and Chief Milton confronted them. He crossed the room and upon the shoulders of each of them he laid a hand.

"Mrs. Neilson," he addressed her first, "I happen to have heard every word you two have just spoken. From your lips I have learned a lesson in patriotism which always will stand out for me as a shining example of the worth of most of our foreign-born who have taken out citizenship papers. I did not know how you felt about your husband's case. I knew of the money he had hidden away, but I did not know whether you did. I laid a trap for you and him to-day in the hopes that if I had not told you before, he would do so here when convinced that he could not escape prison. My men have trailed you, and I am glad to testify right here to the fact that your loyalty is unquestioned."

"As for you, Neilson," he turned to the convicted man, "you, too, have learned a lesson. Your own conscience will flay you and punish you more for what you have done than will the discipline of the place to which you are going. Some day, and pray God it will not be long, you will have the opportunity, in a measure, to make up for this thing you have done. When that day comes, I shall visit you in your cell and offer you a chance to go on the witness stand for the Government and assist in tearing down the monstrous machine you have helped to build. Will you take it?"

"I will," said Neilson, stoutly. "And that day will be the happiest of my life, sir."

Then, for the first time in his life, Chief Milton shook hands with a man whom he had helped to convict.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

The Day is Set.

Stella was bubbling over with excitement and news the next time that she met Charlton at their rendezvous. They no longer met in the park upon the secluded bench. The place held too many unpleasant recollections as a result of the duel between Lebrune and Vogel, recollections which not even the fact that it was there that they had told each other of their love could overcome. Instead, Charlton had asked her to write him when she wished to see him and he would arrange a meeting place.

He and Stella had agreed that they must put aside their personal feelings for a time, that duty must take precedence over love and that it would be most unwise for them to be seen together until after the Government had struck with all its might at the Bolsheviks and rooted them out. To meet openly might prove dangerous for the girl if they should be watched, because Charlton feared that spies of the Reds might have learned his identity and he felt sure that death, swift and sudden, would be Stella's portion if the Inner Council once suspected that she was betraying them.

So a new method of meeting and talking without interruption was decided upon. The girl took a taxi to the edge of town and there dismissed it. When the driver had turned the machine around and was on his way back to the city, a big touring car, driven by Alfred Graham, drew up, paused only long enough for the girl to step on board and was off again like a shot, to prowl along slowly upon lightly travelled roads, while Stella and Charlton talked. When they had finished Graham would drive them to a little town upon an interurban railroad. On its edge, the girl would alight and walk to the station where she would take a train back to the city. Charlton and Graham would return by motor. The latter part of the scheme Charlton explained as soon as she was seated by his side in the car.

"It's rather rough on you, sweetheart," (he whispered the last word lest Graham overhear), "but it's the best that we take no chances. Now go ahead and tell me all you know."

Graham had throttled down the engine until it was barely audible, for it was thought best that he should hear the entire conversation in case

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women having the required education and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

anything went wrong and Charlton was unable to make a prompt report to Chief Milton.

"The day of the big doings is set," began Stella. "It is next Friday, only three days away. In some way the Inner Council has learned that Neilson and Lebrune got away with all its funds, and it has been decided to strike with all its strength at once before the men who have been promised large sums for their part begin to demand their money. If all should go off according to schedule, which we know is not going to, the Council figures on getting enough money in its hands to pay off. If the plans should fall through, as the fat president remarked, the Council doesn't care whether the I.W.W. leaders ever get their money."

"Which simple statement of fact I'll bet is a quick way of describing what must have been a riot when the Council met," grinned Charlton.

Stella laughed at the recollection that evoked.

"Riot is a mild word," she replied. "For a moment I thought the fat man was going to swell up and burst. The news was broken by a woman member of the council. Seems like she had been given a cheque for five hundred dollars signed by Lebrune and Neilson weeks ago and hadn't cashed it, or was something funny about the, too, according to her story. The Council had voted to give her the money and she had insisted upon getting it at once. That was at a meeting of the Council. Neilson tried to put her off until the next day, saying he would give her cash then, but Lebrune sided in with her and so Neilson gave in, wrote out a cheque which both he and Lebrune signed, and Lebrune handed it over to her. Neilson tried to talk her out of it on one pretext or another before they parted and finally got her to agree to bring it to his office the next day and get cash for it. That night Neilson was arrested."

"Well, Mrs. Peabody went down to the bank on which the cheque was drawn yesterday, and I'll bet she raised an awful howl when she was told there had been any account there in the name of the company behind which Neilson and Lebrune were supposed to be hiding. Mrs. Peabody is no fool and she knew in what banks the fund was supposed to be deposited. She made the round of them and everywhere she learned the same thing. She was fairly boiling over last night and she could hardly wait for the Council to be gathered together before she hopped on her feet and shot off her mouth. Finally the fat fellow got tired of trying to stop her line of talk and he pulled out five bills from his pocket and threw them at her. That stopped her, all right, as soon as she had counted the money and found it amounted to five hundred dollars."

"That seems to be what they are all after—money," remarked Graham, dryly. "Go ahead. I didn't mean to interrupt."

"The Council decided it would never do to ask the President's Council for more money at this time. A million and a quarter is big money, and the high moguls might think some one was milking them if they were told that the Council here was broke. Oh, I put up a beautiful speech to them along that line. I figured the less money they had the less they could do. So we Bolsheviks," sarcastically, "are planning to give you a little bit of the hot plate on a hotball fire. In other words, the Council is going to bluff along without the money."

(To be continued.)

### "Beyond the Pale."

The expression "Beyond the pale"—meaning "outside the law" or "beyond jurisdiction"—owes its origin to the fact that the word "pale" is used in history to denote a circumscribed limit of authority, a definition which dates back to the time of King John.

This monarch divided that part of Ireland which was subject to English rule into twelve counties, and the entire district was known as the "Pale." Inside the "Pale" English law was acknowledged and obeyed, while the land outside was in an almost constant state of uproar and dissension.

For this reason there sprang up a reference to matters being "within the pale"—or managed according to law and order—as contrary to those which were "beyond the pale," or in a disorderly condition.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

### "Porter-House" Steaks.

Many people have attempted to trace the origin of the term "porter-house" steak to a man named Porter, who is supposed to have kept a restaurant in New York.

The real reason for the term was because, in the early part of the last century, there existed in New York a number of public-houses where ale and porter were the favorite beverages ordered. These taverns or saloons came to be known as porter-houses.

The proprietor of one of these establishments, on being asked for a particularly tender and appetizing steak, made the experiment of cutting the top off a joint which had been sent for his personal use. The customer was so pleased that he called a day or two later and demanded another of those steaks.

The fame of the tavern and its steak soon spread, and it was not long before epicures throughout the city were asking for porter-house steaks, and butchers, learning the secret of the cut, adopted the term themselves.

## About the House

What Interests Farm Women?

"What one subject is of the greatest interest to the farm women of your community?" The writer recently addressed this inquiry to a number of women prominent in rural affairs and calculated to know the mind of the average farm woman.

"We are interested chiefly in helping our husbands make a good living on the farm in order that we can have more of the comforts and luxuries that are now denied the farm family." In nearly every instance, this was the reply to our inquiry. While education, recreation, health and many other topics are of the greatest interest to the farm women, the most absorbing problem in her mind at all times is apparently the problem of helping her husband to make more money so that the farm may be made a better place to live.

We have frequently observed that the farm woman knows more about her husband's business than is the case of the wife of a man in any other occupation. While the city man's wife usually knows but little about her husband's store or factory or office, the country wife knows and understands all the ins and outs of the tasks on the farm, not infrequently helping her husband with these tasks. One of the great compensations in farm life is found in this close fellowship that exists between the farmer and his dependable helpmate. Because this fellowship is not always found in the city home explains in many cases the steady grind of the divorce courts. The proper relationship between man and wife is always possible in the country while in the city, in most instances, the wife is only remotely interested in the business life that holds her husband during each day. A well-managed home, a healthy family, comfortable and clean living conditions—these are the things that help the husband successfully solve his own problem of making the farm produce the maximum results.

### Hot Weather Recipes.

**Lemonade**—Ream out the juice of one-half dozen lemons and remove the seeds. Do not disturb the pulp that was reamed out with the juice. Turn this juice and pulp into a pitcher and add one cup of sugar. Stir to dissolve and then add three pints of water, one cup of finely crushed ice, one-half cup of finely chopped mint leaves stripped from stems. Stir well and serve.

**Punch**—Six lemons, five oranges, Ream out juice and then place in a large bowl and add two quarts of crushed ice, three quarts of water, two and one-half cups of powdered sugar, one small can of crushed pineapple. Stir with a wooden spoon to blend and then add one small bottle of maraschino cherries, cut in tiny bits.

**Cherry Ice Cream**—This recipe makes one gallon. Wash one and one-half pounds of cherries and remove the stones. Place in a saucepan and add one and one-half pounds of sugar. Cook very slowly until the cherries are soft. Cool and then rub through a coarse sieve.

Place three pints of milk in a saucepan and add one-half cup of cornstarch. Dissolve the starch and bring to a boil. Add yolks of three eggs and one-half cup of sugar. Beat to blend and then beat in very slowly the prepared cherry pulp. Turn into the freezing can and place in the freezer. When frozen to a soft mush, add stiffly beaten whites of eggs and one cup of whipped cream. Give a few turns to blend and then remove the dasher and pack. Allow to stand for two hours to ripen. Use three parts of ice to one part of salt for freezing.

### The Reason.

Madge rushed upstairs as if she were storming an enemy—upstairs, across the hall and straight into Aunt Kate's room. "Aunt Kate?" she cried.

"Yes, child?"

"Why don't people like me? I've come to you because I know you'll tell me the truth. Don't try to let me down easy. It's bound to hurt, and I want it over. They don't like me, and you and I both know it. There must be some reason."

"Perhaps it isn't Madge Fowler that they don't like."

Madge made an impatient gesture. "Don't!" she cried. "I've been left out of three things in two weeks. That's a proof. I want the reason."

"I was going to say that it wasn't Madge Fowler, but one little trait of Madge Fowler's that they dread."

Madge lifted her head.

"Well?" she said sharply.

"Do you remember the photographs that Marie Henson took of you last summer?"

"The one with my hair tumbling down and my stockings torn by that briar and the other one where I am jumping the brook and look all feet? I'm not likely to forget them. Marie gave me the films after I went up in the air over them, but she wouldn't give me her own prints. So there they are in her book, shown to anybody she takes a notion to show them to. It makes me boil to think of them even now."

"Why?"

"Why?" Madge turned astonished eyes upon her aunt. "Because they aren't fair. I don't pretend to be a beauty, but I don't look disheveled and ridiculous all the time. Nobody'd know, just seeing those snapshots!"

Aunt Kate's steady eyes met the girl's angry ones.

"And now I'm going to say it, dear. Madge Fowler is big and fine and plucky and can love unselfishly, but she makes people uncomfortable because her mind is like Marie Henson's prints. She likes to tell jokes upon people constantly; and to some people the jokes seem no more fair than Marie's snapshot of you coming feet foremost across the brook."

For a moment Madge stood in stunned silence. Then she spoke: "It may be hard to digest, but I've swallowed your dose. You're a brick, Aunt Kate."

### A Home Motto.

What better verse could we frame and hang on our walls, as a motto of our home, than this, by Max Ehrmann:

Who'er thou art that entereth here,  
Forget the struggling world  
And every trembling fear.  
Take from thy heart each evil thought,  
And all that selfishness  
Within thy life hath wrought.  
For once within this place thou'lt find  
No barter, servant's fear  
Nor Master's voice unkind.  
Here all are kin of God above—  
Thou, too, dear heart; and here  
The rule of life is love.

### Taking the Poison Out of Printer's Ink.

The United States Bureau of Standards has been helping the Public Health Service, by making analysis of inks, to find out the cause of skin trouble which commonly afflicts the workers in printing and engraving plants. It affects those parts of the arms and hands which are constantly in contact with colored inks.

The trouble in some cases is a mere rash on the forearms and hands; in others the skin assumes locally a scaly appearance, followed by blisters with itching and burning. Occasionally ulcers develop.

It is a serious matter, and has long been a puzzle to physicians. The printers have been inclined to attribute it to the introduction of substitutes for oil of turpentine. Persons who have a dry skin suffer most; those whose skin is oily are least affected.

A thorough experimental inquiry has now led to the conclusion that the mischief is due to absorption of the oil and pigments in the ink, and to the methods commonly adopted for removing the ink from the hands and arms.

A dry skin is comparable to a blotter, which readily absorbs the oil in the inks and the pigments carried with the oil. On the other hand, the pigments are less easily removed from a dry skin than from a skin that is already oily. Therefore, in the case of a dry skin more scrubbing is required, whereby the skin is irritated.

Removal of the ink from hands and arms at the end of the work period is usually accomplished in rather brutal fashion, washing with mineral oil being followed with soap and hot water—perhaps sandsoap or pumice soap helped with a stiff brush.

Sawdust mixed with liquid green soap will be found much more effective for the purpose, used with warm water; and, if lanolin (wool-fat) be rubbed over the arms and hands before beginning work it will make much easier the subsequent removal of the ink.

The upshot of the experiments is a recommendation that a mixture of lanolin and olive oil, half and half, be kept in the washroom where printers change their street clothes for work clothes. Before entering the press-rooms each worker should be required to rub the stuff well into the pores of hands and arms. At the end of each shift he should remove the ink with a mixture of soap and sawdust, which will accomplish the object readily and without injury to the skin.

### Did You Ever See a Deal Tree?

Canadians whose country owes so much to wood, should pride themselves on knowing what the different timber terms mean. Sometimes persons speak of a certain article as made of deal. When they are asked what kind of tree deal is they are at a loss. As a matter of fact deal is not a kind of tree but a piece of wood. Aboard is one inch thick; a plank, two inches thick; and a deal, three inches thick. The word is not used in the lumber trade in the States, and in Canada it is chiefly used in connection with the shipment of timber to Great Britain. It is shipped in this form because it is a convenient size for certain British woodworking industries. Since deals are chiefly made from spruce, balsam fir, pine, and sometimes hemlock, a secondary use of the word in England is to indicate some kind of "soft" wood or wood from a cone-bearing tree. In Canada, however, the word is not used in this sense and "deal" always means a piece of wood of a certain thickness.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

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### The Debt of Honor.

Our nation's debts are piling up, the war debt is immense, But one great debt we have to pay regardless of expense, It is the debt we owe the men who fought for us and bled, And who for healthy living limbs wear wooden ones instead.

It is the debt we owe the men who come with broken lives, To struggle once again to keep their children and their wives; Among the darkened homes of these the famine-spectre stalks, And daily in the streets and squares we pass them in our walks.

Is Canada so deaf and blind she can not hear and see? The mute appeal of proud, brave men and children at the knee, And suffering women pinched and starved in houses cold and bare, While wealth and ease go rolling by without a thought or care?

Across the sodden plains of death, these men have charged and fought, They bore the agony and strain and our salvation wrought; They did not swerve, they did not flinch, but on and on they pressed Till in the rain of splintering shells came one that gave them rest.

Shall we, then, now forget the past in selfishness and ease? And say they have no claim on us, such glorious men as these? If on a nation's throne to-day our country takes her seat, It is the work of broken men that pass us in the street.

Bestow not on the dead your praise, they heed it not above, The men that live and suffer still are they who need your love; The very stones cry out to us, too long have we delayed, The debt of honor faces us and that debt must be paid.

Quebec, June 21, 1921. Canon Scott

### Catching a Bear Cub.

Some time ago a surveyor in western Pennsylvania captured a bear cub after a lively and amusing chase. He was walking quietly along when he saw the little bear not a dozen yards away. It seemed not the least afraid, and he started toward it, expecting an easy capture, but when he was within a few feet of the cub turned tail and scrambled up a chestnut tree, from the crotch of which it gazed down upon the man as if challenging him to continue the pursuit.

The surveyor threw off his coat and shinned the tree. The bear waited until he was close upon it, then walked out upon a limb. The man crawled cautiously after it, again thinking of an easy capture. But he was mistaken, for the cub, seeing him too near, doubled itself into a ball and dropped to the ground. The man got to the ground in slower fashion. Meanwhile the baby bear had climbed another tree.

The surveyor, then assuming that the cub would repeat its tactics, took his pocket tape line, made a slip noose in one end, and placed it beneath the limb from which, as nearly as he could calculate, the bear would drop, if it tumbled from the second tree as from the first. Keeping the box end of the line in his hand the surveyor climbed the tree.

The cub waited until its pursuer was almost upon it and then walked out on a limb, as it had before. The man cautiously followed, and the bear walked nearly to the end then dropped to the ground. As luck would have it, the cub dropped outside the noose but when he turned stepped inside with his fore feet. The man instantly drew the line, and there was baby bear caught by its fore legs. It struggled and snarled, but only drew the slipknot tighter.

The man descended to the ground holding the line taut. He had quite a fight with the cub, but finally conquered, and the little fellow submitted to be led home, where it soon became tame.

**Friends.**  
Friends, in every human heart  
That beats beneath a breast,  
There is still a secret part  
Where truth and goodness rest,  
Jewels of surpassing worth  
Lie waiting, you to bring  
Them to the light of men and earth  
If you but touch the spring.

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