

But if the fog did not lift before seven o'clock she would not dock until Saturday morning.

With sudden concern Stanley left the telephone booth and gazed out of the window. The fog was thicker than ever; the lights in the windows across the street made a golden blur, revealing nothing; cabs and wagons emerged suddenly from nothingness, and were as suddenly consumed by mist. Stanley returned to the telephone. Miss Prentice was at home; Miss Prentice, in fact, answered his call.

Yes, she had telephoned to the wharf; wasn't it disgusting? Of course the fog wouldn't lift. She felt awfully sorry for her father; he had sailed especially to see Tom play. And her mother was almost prostrated with sympathy and disappointment. "But there's one good thing, any way," she added. "Now you can join us in our special car."

"Oh, but I'm worse off than ever," said Stanley. "Your father told me to meet him on the dock."

"Don't be any silly Casabianca," urged Lucy. "You'll see him to-morrow night—and that will do just as well as the morning."

"But it won't. I must get back and bid on some contracts Monday. And I can just do it by leaving New York to-morrow night; I couldn't do it by leaving Boston."

"Dear me! Well — if papa's ship doesn't get in, why don't you come round to dinner this evening and cheer us up?"

"Delighted—especially as it may be the last chance I shall ever have—"

"Oh, yes. We must never forget that. We'll expect you at seven — if papa's ship doesn't come in."

The Bohemia did not dock that night. And again it was after midnight when John Stanley left the Prentices' house. He bore affectionate messages from wife and daughter for the husband and father; he had Mr. Prentice's ticket for the football game in his pocket, for the chance still remained that the boat might dock early enough in the morning to permit an enthusiastic parent to catch a train for New Haven.

Stanley rose at five; by six he was at the dock. The fog had not yet lifted; the minutes and hours slipped by; and at last Stanley gave up hope. Then suddenly at ten minutes past nine the harbor and its islands emerged and soon lay clear and shining, and the Bohemia was steaming up from quarantine.

Mr. Prentice was the first passenger off the boat. He ran into the customs room; Stanley pursued him.

"If you're lucky, you can just get the ten o'clock," Stanley said, trotting up by his side. "The last special left at nine. Here's your ticket to the game."

"Thanks," Mr. Prentice glanced at Stanley and seized the ticket. "I've fixed it with the inspector — passed through without my trunks." He went down the steps three at a time, with Stanley at his heels. "South Terminal," he said to a cabman. "Five dollars extra if I catch the ten o'clock."

Stanley climbed in beside his chief, and the cabman started the horse on a run.

"So you're going, too?" said Mr. Prentice.

"Yes. It's the only chance I'll have to explain to you. I must leave New York to-night if I'm to put in a bid on those Fryeville contracts."

"Oh, very well. Twelve minutes to ten. We'll never do it."

"Just a chance," said Stanley. "If we do make it—and the train's on time — we'll miss only the first twenty minutes of the game."

They swept down to the East Boston ferry just to see the gates closed—just to see the ferry-boat slide out from the slip.

"Damn!" said Mr. Prentice. "That does us." He took off his hat and thumped the brim of it angrily upon his knee. "I have a son playing in that game to-day; I've come all the way from Europe to see him play."

"It's hard luck," said Stanley. He made no allusion to his own disappointment. "But we may get the train after all—if it's late in starting."

They reached the station at ten minutes past ten; the train had gone.

"You can take me back to the dock," Mr. Prentice said to the driver. "After

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Veterans.

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I have got my luggage through the customs, I will see you, Mr. Stanley, at my office."

"It might be better," said Stanley, "if you would let me talk with you now. For about those contracts—I ought to leave this afternoon if we're to bid for them. I could explain matters to you, Mr. Prentice, while we're driving back."

"Oh, very well; if it's as easy as all that."

Stanley flushed. "I understood," he said, "when I was made Superintendent of the Tristate Section, that I was to get the business—that this was more important, to begin with, than to show profits."

"But it was never intimated to you that you were to sacrifice profits—to undertake heedless, reckless, extravagant contracts. You were to get

all the business possible regardless of profits—but not regardless of loss."

"With two competing companies against us, I did the closest figuring I could," Stanley replied. "If we had had normally good luck, we'd have come out about even. But after getting the contract, we were delayed in our work by two weeks of rain, and by having to wait for sand shipments. Because of these delays we ran behind—but it wasn't because I had been reckless in my figuring."

"That may all be true—but it's your business, when you find unexpected expense developing in one direction, to economize in another—and bring the company through without loss. You've had charge of three big jobs since you were made superintendent; every one of them has stood us a big loss. I don't

deny that there's been some hard luck about it—but what I want—what I mean to have—is a superintendent with ingenuity enough to cope with hard luck."

"You mean by—evading the specifications?"

"I mean nothing in particular. I do not inquire into the methods by which ingenuity is applied—but what I want, what I must have, is ingenuity—resourcefulness—and you haven't it. I happen to know that the superintendent of the Etna Company has made big profits for his concern under conditions similar to yours."

"Yes," said Stanley. "He scamped on the concrete and filled up with sand and gravel beyond what the terms of the contract called for. His work will need to be done over again within a year. I



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