

## What Happened to Hoag

(Continued from page 13.)

suddenly in another. He was like a ghost. This she said more than ever since she had the hallucination of the woman and the baby appearing over Mr. Hoag's chair among those queer books of his. Besides, as she could see, as she told him, too, he was getting to be personally more like a spook every day; he ate enough to keep a canary alive, as she said, and worked so hard—no wonder, as she guessed now—it was Mr. Hoag who was running that Other Worlds column in the Clarion. But if he didn't take care he would himself be in one of those other worlds. He was so thin. "I can almost see through him," she said. "He's like some kind of a bug held up to the light. He'll die on me yet. And the Clarion will have



"Some thug gave ye a pelt on the head and put ye to sleep."

my photo in the paper—as the kind landlady that watched over the poor genius as he was—whatever they'll call him—and took such good care of him that he died happy. Och! But I guess he's lovesick over that girl that's to marry Markham, the magnet. I'm sure of it."

Mrs. Bartop had never been so sure of anything. Yet she never knew when Mr. Hoag would fool her. He was becoming such a spooky, bloodless sort of person.

SOMEHOW or other the page containing Other Worlds Than Ours was regularly torn out, nicely folded and addressed in typewriting to Mr. Henry Markham, President and Managing Director, Markhams, Ltd. And because he had the curiosity born of fear, Markham never had the courage to forbid Miss Munro passing it along in his mail every Monday morning. It was the first thing he read. Every time he read it he crushed it into a rag and flung it with a curse into the waste basket. He never concealed his anger from her or what it was about. She knew. He intended her to know. Helen Munro must keep herself posted on all—legitimate—Markham affairs, or she never would do to marry Markham. He recalled what he had said to her, "All men who do anything worth while are psychic." This man Hoag—oh, damn Hoag and his Other Worlds Than Ours! Markham could beat down, or wheedle out, or manoeuvre into an alliance corporations and all such, because he knew their jargon and their political methods. But this Clarion that he had always feared; this man Hoag, whom he had

inherited from his father and whom he had tried to make into a psychic spy among the workers, they were the intangible, unseen, underground, overhead things that he did not know how to interpret. Neither could Helen Munro advise him. In this he was disappointed. He must handle Hoag himself; somehow. Hoag was a dangerous man. He was a menace to Markhams, Ltd. The kind of menace that a cinder in a man's eye is; small but devilishly uncomfortable. So—what must he do about Hoag?

FINDING Martin Hoag by night any time up till midnight was a gamble—between movies. He was seldom or never at home, said Mrs. Bartop to a stranger who called; he was usually at some movie show, she believed.

"He'll be a movie himself if he keeps on," she said.

But the man didn't hear that. He was gone to the corner before she closed the door. Somehow she fancied she saw another one come out of an alley there, and go off with him.

"I wonder—who they are," she thought.

But then Mr. Hoag was such a spook. He never seemed to be in any danger. He had enemies, of course. But nobody would ever think of doing him violence, such a kind, good man as he was.

It was later than usual when she heard his cat-like entrance into the hall, his slow, creaking ascent of the stairs, all his customary fumbblings that never woke up a soul, but were always heard by Mrs. Bartop as though he were the genie of a haunted house.

On the landing she met him, with a candle.

"Man alive—whatever has happened ye?" she whispered.

He felt his head.

"I—scarcely know," he said. "Something fell and struck me on the head. Then I was in the dark for a moment. Then I got into some mysterious place I had never seen before. I seemed

to be there for hours. But—"

She put a hand on his head.

"You strange man," she said. "Some thug gave ye a pelt on the head and put ye to sleep. That's what it was."

"Madam," he said, oddly, "I am inclined to think you are right. You are about to tell me that two men called at this door to-night. Pray don't bother. I see it all now. I am not hurt."

"Sure there's not enough of ye to hurt—much. Mrs. Bartop lowered her candle. "But if I were you—I'd stay out o' them movies. Ye'll be one y'rself if ye don't, man."

(To be continued.)

## NEW BOOKS

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tised long the art of selecting interest values.

For eighteen months Col. Nasmith was in constant touch with the firing line. In a mobile laboratory he travelled about unravelling problems of sanitation and attending generally to the scientific end of the great affair. In a modest way which will serve to enhance public esteem for the merit of the job, he tells how he solved the tremendous problem of the first German gas attacks.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, \$1.50.

## Aviator's Handbook

"THE EYES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY." By Albert H. Munday.

THE intricate problems of stunt-flying, night-flying, aeroplane wireless, aeroplane photography, bomb-dropping, aerial fighting, are but a few of the subjects explained and simplified by Flight-Lieutenant Albert H. Munday, in this book of his. It was his pilot friends who requested him to compile a handbook to meet the requirements of the layman; and he has added his own experiences as a member of the Royal Naval Air Service to the knowledge gleaned from the Government text-books. Scattered

throughout the volume are charts and diagrams.—Musson Book Co. \$1.50.

## Poems of Loyalty

"SONGS IN YOUR HEART AND MINE." By Thomas Harkness Litster.

THERE can be no doubt of the loyal sentiment which inspired the poems written by Thomas Harkness Litster and recently published as a collection under the title, "Songs in Your Heart and Mine." Many of the fifty-odd poems in the section in which the "khaki rhymes" are included were evidently written to stir the lagging spirits of the hesitant youths who held back when the call for recruits went out. The words of one of the many martial pieces in the volume—"The Call of Empire," have been adapted to a musical composition by Dr. Albert Ham.—McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.25.

## THE JINX

(Continued from page 9.)

going, five for the old Jinx and two for publicity and incidental expenses. I'm putting up a thousand and Martin stands in without paying a cent but ranks along with me. Halsted's in with us and I've got four others. Now, Sid, that's where you come in. Pay your thousand and come in right on the ground floor. Just eight of us and when we float her out on to the Rubes we'll take twenty-five thousand in cash and twenty-five thousand one dollar shares. It sounds like a fairy story, don't it? Of course if you don't fancy coming along with us say so."

As he spoke Captain McPhee turned to his desk and produced from it the chemist's analysis and his figures showing how the seven thousand was to be expended.

Carmagan was obviously extremely anxious to join the captain, but still wavered.

"Why not get an expert to test the



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