

## Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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### CHAPTER IX—(Cont'd.)

"Now, here's where you come in, Phil. Podmore thinks you intend to help him out and that is exactly what I want you to pretend to do. We'll stage a little drama and we'll have you on the carpet along with him. You'll deny all knowledge of the envelope. I'll fire you. You'll get mad and come back at me with red-hot talk for doubting your word and so on. We're going to let Podmore go when we get to the city. You'll go with him. The chance to see you onto him is too good to miss. So we'll turn you loose together; it will be up to you then to mix in where you see fit. Is that all clear?"

"All right. What I want you to do is to keep an eye on him. Find out what his next move is. He told you he was the reporter who had located the evidence that convicted Rives. Did he tell you how he got hold of it?—how he double-crossed Rives by low-down trickery? He doesn't know how to be loyal to anybody. I'll be surprised if he doesn't repeat on Nickleby."

"Then there are some things I want to find out about Nickleby and his associates. I want you to move carefully, Phil. I had one of Cranston's best men on the job until recently; but his usefulness was ended by unexpected developments. I'm working to put Nat Lawson back at the head of the loan company; Nickleby is an interloper and he's playing ducks and drakes with the concern. Tell you about it later. Are you agreeable to act as my secretary in these matters and to carry out instructions—blindfolded, so to speak?"

Kendrick had listened intently to this recital. Now he deliberately lifted his pipe before replying, and when he did it was to ask a blunt question.

"Does Uncle Mitt figure in this?" and he noted the shadow that crossed the magnate's face.

"I wish I really knew that, Phil," said Wade seriously. "Time will tell. I'm banking on your uncle to stay square to the finish; but there's nothing to be gained by shutting one's eyes to the fact that many a good man has found the political game as it's being played these days too many for him. There are those who are inclined to doubt all politicians, your uncle included. I don't set myself up as any high-minded reformer; if you're sitting in on a game at all, you've got to play it according to the rules that are handed you—or quit."

Phil smoked in silence. He was thinking of that strange interview with his uncle the night of the fog; but he gave no voice to his thoughts.

"Your aunt has some of her private funds invested in the Interprovincial Loan and that's one of the reasons I want you with me, Phil." Wade turned and laid a hand on Kendrick's knee while he looked the young man quietly in the eyes. "There are stronger considerations than the money side of it, though. All I can say is that the happiness of your aunt is as dear to me as it is to you, or as it would be to anyone who had learned to respect and admire her as we have. That happiness has got to be guarded, Phil, even at the sacrifice of—everything else."

His gaze wandered away again to where the twin rails converged, and for a moment the rhythmic beat of the wheels over the joints held sway. Rather surprised, Phil stole a glance at the virile face that was turned so steadfastly away and recalled an item of gossip he had once overheard somewhere—that Mrs. Waring was the real reason Benjamin Wade was still a bachelor. He wondered if there could be any truth in that idle rumor.

"I'm sorry that I can't be more explicit. Did you ever try to piece out a puzzle, Phil? That's what I'm up against now. I'll tell you all about it—as soon as I know myself. There are men in this world who stop at nothing."

Phil turned abruptly, a startled look in his eyes, but the other did not finish the sentence.

"Harrington Rives is out of jail—" he began.

"A case in point, if you like," roared Wade. "But don't let's talk to no purpose. We'll be passing Rutland's car in a minute. Do we stop for your things?"

"You hired me back there at Thorlakson's," Kendrick reminded.

In this simple fashion were events conspiring.

### CHAPTER X.

#### The Stenographer Still Listening.

The visitors who came and went occasionally up the back stairs at Blatchford Ferguson's office were a motley lot. Silk hats and expensive overcoats sometimes hung on the hooks in the corner. Again, ill-kempt figures slunk up that back way and signal-tapped an entrance; for it was his police-reporter days Blatch Ferguson had been interested in the study of underworld types and he made no secret of his intention of one day writing an authoritative work upon the psychology of crime.

The big leather chair, so placed that it faced the light and left the lawyer in partial shadow behind his desk, had held many a strange and anxious caller in its day. Great men, men of national importance, had sat in that deep old leather chair; but with fine passivity it yielded the same comfort to men who only thought they were important.

Just now it was occupied by Mr. Hugh Podmore—within an hour of that worthy's arrival in the city. At three p.m. his new-found friend, Philip Kendrick, had agreed to call upon Ferguson to corroborate the story which Mr. Podmore had just finished telling and to which his auditor had listened with great interest, that being the only indication of surprise which the practiced Mr. Ferguson permitted himself to exhibit.

fort to conceal his contempt. "And he hasn't forgotten that a fresh newspaper reporter by the name of Podmore played him a dirty trick twelve years ago. He's sworn to get you for that."

"How—how do you know this?" asked Podmore hoarsely.

"Itchy" McGuire called to see him before yesterday. He's met Rives. If I were you I'd hunt me up a nice little island somewhere in the Tropics where you can live with the rest of the monkeys; they might elect you to Parliament or crown you king or something. Rives is one bad actor and he's sore—good and sore."

Podmore's attempted laugh had no mirth in it. He reached for his hat, and as he said a hasty good-bye he did not look at all well. For several minutes after he had closed the rear door Blatchford Ferguson leaned back in his chair, chuckling.

Now, while this remarkable interview was taking place in the inner sanctum, Phil Kendrick was shaking hands with Conway in the outer office. A moment later he went on through to the secretary's office, speculating on just what he should say to the self-contained Miss Williams. But, as before, he found her office deserted. To his amazement when he glanced through the inner doorway he saw her for the second time on one knee in front of the keyhole of Ferguson's private office.

She came towards him swiftly, closing the doors behind her as she had done on the occasion of his first visit. She was very angry; that much was apparent.

"I'll admit, Miss Williams, that it is often extremely difficult to break off a bad habit—"

"Mr. Ferguson is busy," she snapped.

"I would judge as much," said Kendrick dryly. "He is expecting me. If you will just hand him my card please, thank you."

He was surprised at the look of disdain with which she took his card. Surely this girl whom he had caught twice in the act of eavesdropping upon her employer ought to be grateful for his silence, his toleration of such an utter misdemeanor! Instead, her whole attitude was one of dislike. She made no attempt to conceal it. It might do her good to get a sharp rebuke from Ferguson, and he was of two minds whether or not to speak to the lawyer about her. Then he remembered that she was only substituting and that dismissal would not mean much to her. There was the chance that it was just her woman's curiosity to know what was going on. Women were often like that, he had heard.

"Mr. Ferguson will see you now. Tell him anything you like." She eyed him coolly.

Phil gave her a cheerful smile as he passed on into the private office. Podmore had just gone.

"I had no trouble in getting a line on him for you, Phil. He came in right after you'd phoned and has been here ever since. Now, what the devil's the meaning of all this? What are you up to?"

(To be continued.)

### Fifty Men and One Elephant.

Interesting tests were once made to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses, weighing 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,000 pounds, pulled 8,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men, aggregating about 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 8,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries

## About the House

### Sweets for Winter Parties.

A great deal of care needs to be exercised in determining when candy is ready to be removed from the fire. A thermometer may be used in testing but, with a little practice, the soft ball, hard ball, thread, and crack or brittle stage can be easily recognized when a few drops of the hot candy mixture are tested in cold water.

If, upon testing in cold water, a little of the mixture rolled between the fingers forms a soft ball, the soft-ball stage is reached.

The hard ball stage is reached when a hard ball forms, by the same test. The thread stage is when the sugar forms a thread when dropped from a spoon. The crack or brittle stage is when a few drops, when dropped from the spoon into cold water, at once harden and crackle.

Fruit and nut balls—1 cup dates, 1 cup figs, 1 cup raisins, 2 cups nut meats. Wash and dry fruit. Put fruit and nuts through the meat grinder. Mix well and roll into shape. If desired, glaze with the following glaze mixture: 2 cups corn syrup, 1/4 cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar. Boil together till brittle when tested in cold water. Place pan in pan of hot water and begin to dip the balls at once. Put balls on oiled paper to cool.

Fruit sweets—1 cup dates, 1 cup figs, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup nut meats, 1 1/2 teaspoons orange juice, grated orange peel, 1/4 cup honey or corn syrup. Put fruit and nut meats through food grinder. Add orange juice, grated orange peel and honey or corn syrup. Mold into balls and dip in cocoanut or chopped nuts.

Vinegar candy—3 cups sugar, 1 1/2 cups vinegar. Boil sugar and vinegar together until a drop hardens in cold water. Pour on greased plates, cool and pull until white. Cut with shears into small pieces.

Chocolate dips—1 1/2 cups corn syrup, 1/2 cup mild molasses. Boil together until it cracks in cold water. Pour into greased pan. Cool and pull. Just before candy becomes hard, pull into thin ribbon-shaped pieces about 1/2 inch wide. Cut into one-inch strips with scissors and set away to cool. When hard, dip into well-beaten melted sweet chocolate and place on oiled paper to cool.

Chocolate caramels—1 cup chocolate shaved fine, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 cup white sugar. Stir until dissolved but do not stir after it begins to boil. Boil until brittle stage but not too hard. Pour on greased plates. When nearly cool, mark in squares.

Cocoanut cream candy—3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons butter, 2-3 cup shredded cocoanut, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir sugar, milk and butter until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Boil 12 minutes. Add cocoanut and vanilla, and beat until creamy. Pour into buttered pan, and mark in squares when nearly cool.

Cocoanut sweets—1 pound shredded cocoanut, 16-ounce can condensed milk, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Form into small cakes on a greased tin and bake 20 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven until brown. Melted chocolate may be added in the proportion of two squares to the above recipe.

Everton taffy—2 cups brown sugar boiled briskly with 1/2 pound butter, few drops lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon. Boil sugar, butter and lemon juice together briskly for ten minutes, or to crack stage. Add flavoring and pour in buttered pan. Mark in squares and loosen it from the pan by running a knife under the candy before it becomes entirely cold. Honey taffy—2 cups honey, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons vinegar. Boil together to crack stage. Cool in buttered pan. Pull. Cut and wrap in waxed paper.

Peanut brittle—1 cup white corn syrup, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup roasted peanuts (halved), 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cook syrup, vinegar and salt until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add peanuts and cook until syrup is a golden brown, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and pour into a buttered pan. Cool and break into pieces.

Pop corn balls—1 cup corn syrup, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 4 quarts popped corn. Boil syrup, sugar and cream of tartar to the soft ball stage. Add the butter and soda, pour over freshly popped corn and shape into balls.

### "You Help Me, Selma."

"The last is the best of all the game! Now for Rosamond Fleet!" cried Selma Andrews, who after years away was revisiting all her old playmates. "I can hardly wait to see her. I used to be fiercely jealous of her; there never was anyone who had more 'weeding' tricks and manners' than Rosamond. Yet I adored her, too."

Martha, who was acting as guide, hesitated. "You must be prepared for a big change in Rosamond," she said. "People can't stay children forever; and like everyone else Rosamond has had trouble. She isn't well—"

But Selma was not to be discouraged. "She can't help being Rosamond," she declared; "not if she is as gray as a badger."

"Oh, she isn't gray!" Martha replied.

A little later the two old schoolmates stood at Rosamond's door. The woman who opened it wore a youthful dress that was none too fresh; her hair was arranged like a girl's; her fretful face was rouged. Selma gasped. Could that be Rosamond?

For a moment Rosamond's face brightened, but only for a moment. She led her guests into her pretty parlor and began to recite her troubles. They were not terrible troubles, but clearly they so filled Rosamond's vision that she could see nothing beyond them. The call was uncomfortable for everyone. When Martha rose to end it even Rosamond's protests were half-hearted.

Out in the October sunshine Selma drew a long breath. "I can't believe it even now!" she cried. "I never saw anyone so changed in my life. What is the matter? Has her marriage been unhappy?"

Martha shook her head. "Only as Rosamond has made it herself. Will adored her and in spite of everything adores her still. No, the matter is that Rosamond hasn't changed; she's

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just what she always was, although we didn't recognize it. Don't you remember that she was always coaxing us to do every hard thing for her in school? "You help me, Selma," whether it was algebra or French or physics. She never would face a hard thing herself."

Selma was silent; she remembered. "And you know," Martha went on, "you can shirk in school—sometimes—and get away with it after a fashion. But you can't shirk in life. So Rosamond, who went right on expecting other people to do all the hard things for her, has had to pay the price."

"Poor Rosamond!" Selma said gravely.

"Yes; and poor Will and the poor children; that's the worst of it, Selma."

### Tuberculosis in Young Children.

Tuberculosis occurs frequently in infants and young children. It is said that between thirty and forty per cent. of children two years old and more than seventy per cent. of children fifteen years old are affected with it. Indeed, some physicians, who are perhaps unduly pessimistic, believe that all of us have had some form of tuberculosis the seeds of which were sown in childhood, but that the majority have recovered from it.

Tuberculosis of the lungs is less common in infants and children than in adults. On the other hand, in children the joints suffer more. Hip disease and Pott's disease of the spine are common afflictions in early life, but they are rare in men and women. Glandular and intestinal forms of tuberculosis are common in children. Another, often fatal, form is tuberculous meningitis.

In many cases of tuberculosis in children the disease—at least in its beginnings—does not show any conspicuous symptoms. The child may seem to be well except for a little evening fever that runs along for several weeks. Then the temperature, which is never more than a degree or two above normal, gradually subsides, and that is the last of the tuberculosis, which probably no one recognizes as tuberculosis at all.

Tuberculosis is a contagious disease, and if all the sick could be suddenly cured, and if the places where they had been ill could be thoroughly disinfected, it would be stamped out; but, since that seems impossible, the best we can do is to protect the child as fully as possible. A child should not be housed with consumptive adults, for even the dust of the floors will harbor tubercle bacilli, or the germ may be conveyed by kissing, or the disease may be transmitted on a spoon that a sick mother or nurse has used to test the baby's food—an unsanitary practice in any circumstances. Avoiding all those means of contagion and obtaining fresh air and sunlight and good nourishing food may keep a child from having the disease at all, or if not, will give the child the power to overcome it.

### Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

#### A Remarkable Piece of Jade.

The largest block of jade in the world, according to the New York Times, is in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. At first glance it looks almost as large as Plymouth Rock; actually it is seven feet long and four feet wide. It is not so heavy as Plymouth Rock, but weighs approximately three tons. It was found on South Island, New Zealand, in 1902, and is of the green variety of jade, with shades that range from green to rich emerald.

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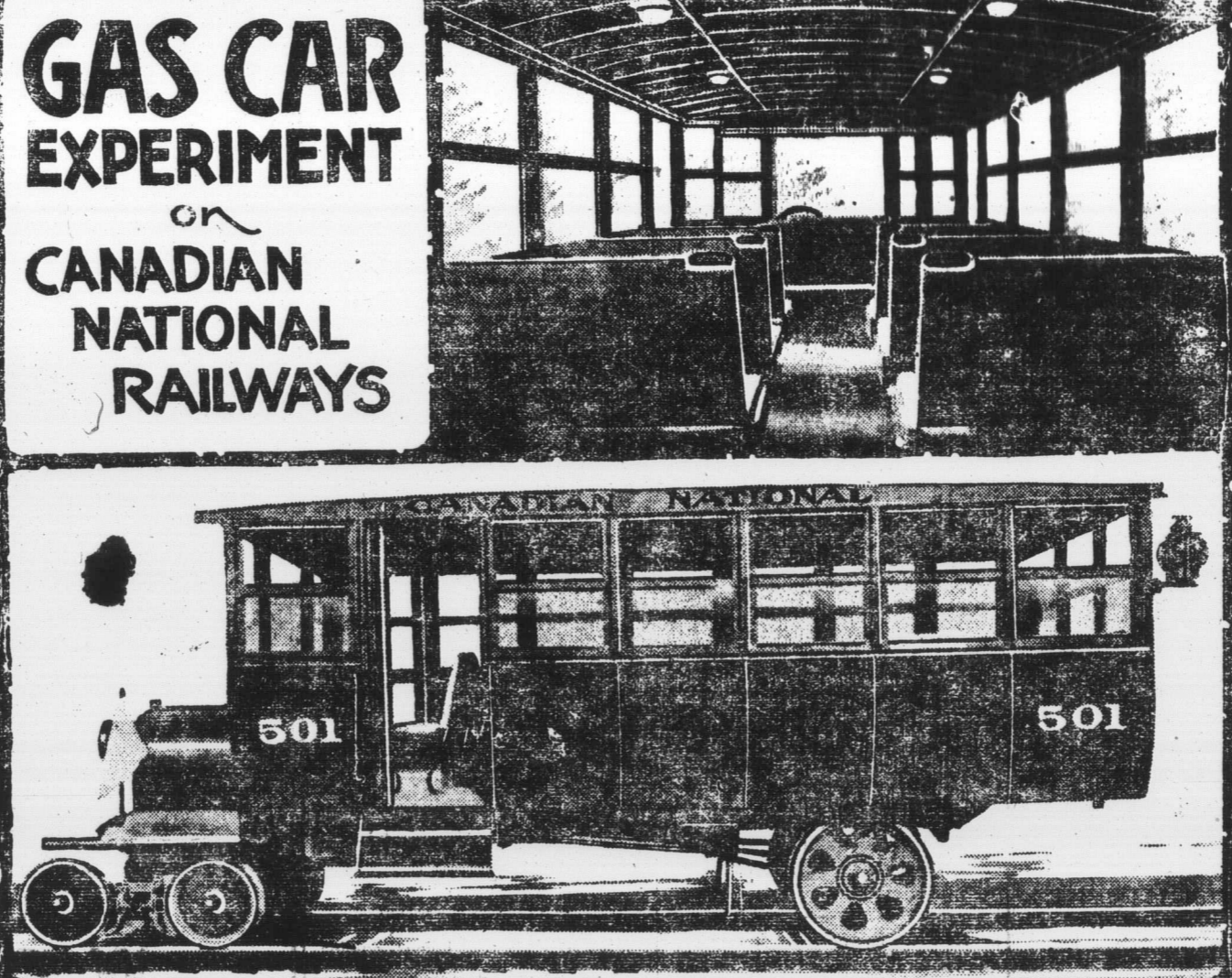
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ISSUE No. 63—21.

## GAS CAR EXPERIMENT

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