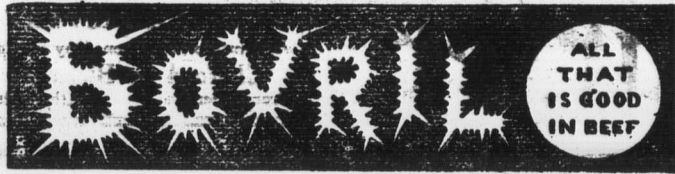


BOVRIL FLAVORS STEWS AND HASHES



ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

As it had turned out, Kendrick's evening hike back down the track to Thorlaxson had been a lucky thing for Peimore too.

"He had spent part of the night and the whole day in the woods and was half out of his head, poor devil!" said Phil.

"Expected us, eh?" grunted Wade. "Oh, sure. News of the accident travelled up and down the line pretty swiftly."

"Hello there, Hughie," greeted Wade. "Wrecked from engine to caboose, eh? What a whack on the head! Might've killed you. How'd you come to fall off?"

Podmore smiled weakly. He gazed for a moment at Kendrick as if trying to collect his thoughts.

"Not supposed to," retorted Wade. "Fact is, you're fired! You can't work for Rutland another minute."

"Why, what—?" "Because you're hired! I've got to have a secretary haven't I? There's interesting work ahead, boy, and I need you. Don't ask questions. Breakfast first. I can't talk without a cigar and I never smoke before breakfast."

"Shall I run over to the stump and get the envelope?" asked Kendrick when he had recovered from his first surprise.

"Not by a jugful! Podmore thinks you're playing his game, doesn't he? Always draw to the ace, Phil. Leave the envelope where it is. Hello, Thorlaxson. Hello, boys. God work last night—I want to thank you all. Mr. Kendrick here has just been telling me how well you did your duty. He wants you to have that fifty dollars reward—all of it."

"Yaow, Meester Vale, sir, it is very sufficient," he assured in his best English as he shook hands with profound respect.

"From that little shake of the head that Cranston just passed you, Mr. Wade, I gather that he failed to find any trace of the envelope that's missing," said Kendrick quietly.

"Let's go over there and see Thorlaxson a minute," he said loudly. "Now shoot," he added in a lower voice. "What do you know about this thing, Phil?"

"He's been trying to fill me up with the smoothest line of humbug I ever listened to. According to him you're the sworn political enemy of Uncle Mitt and have had a finger in the theft—theft, mind you!—of important secret state documents which would have been the cause of a financial panic if they had remained in your possession much longer, to say nothing of under-

mining public confidence in the present administration."

"Great Busted Reputations! Did he tell you that?"

"While I was bandaging him. He said he was the reporter who located the evidence that had convicted Rives and elected my uncle, and that he was acting now as an agent of the government to recover the confidential reports that had been stolen from the chairman of the Waterways Commission."

"Trying to unload the envelope on you, eh?" "Yes. He asked me to post it for him—addressed it himself to his address in Toronto."

"What did you do?" "Posted it of course—in a hollow stump over there near the tank with a slab of fungus on top for a lid!"

"Ben Wade laughed aloud. "Know what's in the thing?" he demanded abruptly.

"These stolen Government documents?" "Fifty thousand dollars, you mean?"

"The son-of-a-gun!" muttered Kendrick, looking startled.

"But he doesn't happen to know that the bills are bogus—stage money, sandwiched between a couple of genuine bills of small denomination," chuckled Wade. He stopped short and stood in front of Kendrick with one hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Phil," he said seriously, "you've stumbled in on a little game that is being played out with stacked cards. We'll talk about it after breakfast. We'll be running up as far as Indian Creek to use the Y in the old ballast pit. You're coming along. We can stop at Rutland's caboose long enough for you to pick up your nightie and your safety razor."

"I don't think I understand, Mr. Wade," said Phil, puzzled. "Not supposed to," retorted Wade. "Fact is, you're fired! You can't work for Rutland another minute."

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the results may have some bearing upon the welfare of your uncle; indirectly, perhaps your aunt.

"Let me give you a few facts. If you've cut your eye teeth you know that just as man does not live by bread alone so elections in this fair land are not won nowadays by mass meetings and fine speeches, but by hard cold cash and organization. Things have come to such a pass that it is largely a matter of machinery. The side with the biggest machine and the most cash—and gas—is pretty sure of passing the grandstand in the lead. The oil is most important, and long before the face it is gathered into a large tank called the 'Party Campaign Fund,' by henchmen who call upon various friendly corporate institutions. You follow me?"

"Right at your heels," smiled Kendrick. "Well then one of these substantial little contributions not long since, while on its devious way to the Place of Burnt Offerings, was ambushed by somebody with a hankering for the feshpots of Egypt—fifty thousand dollars cold, stolen as slick as a whistle. I happen to be one of the very few, outside of the principles in the transaction, who know anything about it; for campaign fund contributions are among those things which men of discretion do not discuss from the houseposts. I'm not going to say just now how this information reached me; but it is necessary for you to know that the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company is vitally interested in the recovery of this money, or at least in the identity of the thief. And when we speak of the Interprovincial in these halcyon days we speak of J. Cuthbert Nickleby, its astute president. A thing like this could never have happened if Nat Lawson had been in the saddle."

"Mention of Nickleby brings me to Podmore, who is nothing more than a tool of Nickleby's. I knew when I hired Podmore as my secretary that I was hiring a spy. I knew his record. You see, they were aware of the fact that I was interesting myself on behalf of my friend, Lawson. Podmore hadn't been with me two days before the beggar had the combination of the safe aboard this car. He's a smooth one. But I figured to learn as much from him as he got from me. Before we get to Toronto I'll give you the inside history of that Lawson situation; for it's mixed up with the rest of it."

"But let me get back to this stolen money. It was done up in an envelope just like this one which Peimore stole from the car the other night; fact is, they're duplicates. It was a little experiment which Cranston and I decided to try out to get Podmore where we wanted him. We're going to have an interesting session with him after a bit on the off chance of securing some information. I haven't a great deal of confidence in third degree methods; but I'm letting Cranston have a fling at it on the chance that Podmore will drop a stitch. He's yellow enough for anything."

(To be continued.)

Manganese From India.

Revolutionary conditions in Russia have cut off the rest of the world from one of the principal sources of an indispensable metal, manganese. In the Caucasus there is one deposit of 100,000,000 tons of ore that is nearly 50 per cent. manganese oxide.

The metal is related to iron, slightly lighter in weight and with a silvery sheen. It is very widely distributed in rocks both igneous and sedimentary, but high-grade ores are scarce. Now that Russia is shut off we depend for our supplies mainly upon India and Brazil.

Manganese has a greater affinity for oxygen than iron has. Hence in the smelting of iron ores it is used to get rid of excess oxygen so that when the melt is complete there shall be no iron oxide left in the molten metal.

It is indispensable in the making of virtually all steels, taking up the oxygen that has to be eliminated, after which it is "slagged out" in the form of a complex manganese oxide.

Small quantities of manganese are added to steel to produce "manganese steel," which has great hardness and toughness.

Voice Tells Height of Water by Phonograph Mechanism.

Warnings are usually given of the rise and fall of water in reservoirs, wells tanks, etc., by the use of electrically operated alarm bells, but the system of bells has been improved upon by an English concern. The new apparatus operates after the fashion of a phonograph, has a telephone receiver placed in front of the speaking tube, and the mechanism is set in motion by the "ringing in," or connection, of a telephone operator. Thus anyone knowing the "number" of the machine, can "call up" and be connected in the same manner that any call is made. To the listener's ears comes the somewhat uncanny voice of the mechanical sentinel, saying anything from "Empty" up to "One double-nought," which means 100 feet.

New Uses for Waste.

It has been customary hitherto to burn the hulls of rice discarded in the process of preparing the cereal for market, no use for them being known. Now, however, means have been found for turning this waste material to valuable account. One hundred tons of rice hulls, by the application of high heat after washing and boiling, can be made to yield seventy-five tons of cellulose for the manufacture of paper, linoleum and other products, including paraffin, acetic acid and hydrogen gas. The importance of this discovery may be judged from the fact that nearly one-third of the total rice crop, by weight, consists of hulls.

If you want friends you must be friendly.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

About the House

The Consolation of Good Clothes.

Who was it said that being well and becomingly dressed gives to one a peace which even the consolation of religion can not impart? He may have stretched the truth somewhat, but he had the idea. Really how can you, if you are a woman, feel real sweet in your soul if you know your dress is an unbecoming color, or the waist hitches up in the back, or the sleeves aren't right or, worst offense of all, the skirt is too long. Being well dressed certainly is the first step towards being self-possessed and contented.

Further, it is the first step towards success nowadays. Other things being equal the employer looking for help is going to pick the prospect who is the best groomed. Possibly not the ones whose shoes are most sharply pointed, but the one who has given the most attention to the little niceties of dressing. The one whose shoes are polished, clothes cleaned and pressed, all buttons on and no bastings or loose threads flying, is the one who is going to look after the little things about the business. So the employer argues. And in the same spirit the housewife about to engage help chooses the girls who look neat.

Knowing these things, isn't it queer that so many of the employers themselves are careless? Isn't it queer that so many people who know better are slovenly in dress? There is the school teacher who doesn't know why she can't keep a school. She is a perfect disciplinarian, and no one can teach arithmetic as she can. Her talks on hygiene and health are gems. But she seldom cleans her own teeth, her nails always need attention, her hair is always untidy, and she boasts that she wears a white waist a whole week. When the school board visited the school there was a litter of books and papers and bits of lunch on her desk which caused that august body to get their heads together and wonder if it wouldn't be better to hire a girl who while she might not know so much out of books, knew a bit more about keeping slicked up.

Being well dressed certainly pays well in satisfaction and in dollars and cents.

For the Low-Ceilinged Room.

Most farm houses are low-ceilinged, and this low room means that the furniture must not be massive or clumsy, else some delightful possibilities will be lost. For this best room then—call it living-room, parlor or whatever you wish—we want chairs that shall be comfortably shaped and large enough but graceful. For an upholstered chair the Windsor type in all its varieties is good. Sometimes the seats are just wood, shaped for comfort, sometimes of rush, making them slightly easier.

In upholstered chairs and couches there should be nothing heavy. There has been a wave of such things in huge lines suitable only for mammoth hotel lobbies or clubs and of questionable beauty, even in that capacity. They ruin the small home. Neither is the type called "Mission" suited to the small house. Mission has the merit of being all-American and was a sincere attempt to create something independently of the Old World. In that it has succeeded, but not as beautifully as we could wish. Too heavy and square in line, too monotonously brown in color, we must forego this type if we would have our room beautiful.

There are simple line sofas, not too large; gate-leg tables with too great merit for just this kind of room, drop-leaf tables, and small stands to use beside the sofa and on which a lamp can be placed to advantage; there are stools made to the height of a chair seat which, when used with a small comfortable chair, give the tired member of the family a chance to recline. And this small comfortable chair can be well-upholstered and still have shapely, delicate lines. There are tip-top tables or if you prefer "Piccrust," which are large enough to hold a few books and a lamp, but not too large for a small room. There are simple table desks and spinet desks, all of which lend an air of permanent beauty to the low-ceilinged farm living-room.

Comrades.

Laurie was quick. When she heard Sue's voice at the top of the stairs she thrust the photograph under a pile of letters on her desk. But Sue was quick too. She saw both the act and Laurie's confusion.

"Caught!" she cried gayly. "Caught in the act! I don't know what the act is, but you'd better tell me at once."

After a second of hesitation Laurie drew out the photograph. It was a portrait of a man with a quiet face and steady eyes.

"Well Laurie Fair! I didn't know you were a hero worshipper! Who is he, anyhow? Some new literary star?"

Laurie looked at the photograph silently for a moment. "Not a writer," she said at last; "only a hero. He was one of the doctors who gave his life twenty years ago in the experiment that ended yellow fever."

"But—" For once in her life Sue was puzzled.

"Why do I keep it?" Laurie suggested. "Well, you see—" she blushed, but she met Sue's candid eyes

bravely. "You'll laugh, Sue, but sometimes I get rebellious over things—wanting to travel and have good times like lots of girls. Of course I'm ashamed of myself underneath, but in spite of that I somehow can't keep from giving way now and then."

"I'm sure I don't blame you," said Sue. "Well, then I go to my hero box. I've got a boxful of clippings about all kinds of people who played the game—who were so busy living bravely that they didn't have time to think about what they did not have. There is the little French girl who ran her father's bakery when he was called to the colors, and there is Captain Scott and scores in between. Whenever I'm hard pressed I go to them for help. I suppose you think it's funny—"

But Sue's voice was quite free from mockery. "Yes, it's funny and Laurie-ish—and dear. And it explains something, never mind what. Isn't there a saying about a man's being known by the company he keeps? It applies to girls too, my dear!"

Candy Made From Apples.

Immense quantities of apples are fed to hogs, or even allowed to rot, because they are "culls"—that is, defective, or too small to be worth sending to market. Uses for them ought to be found.

The Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has been trying to turn them to account for candymaking.

During the war an attempt was made to produce a concentrated form of apples for soldiers in the trenches, and a novelty evolved was "apple flakes." To make them, apples (after removing the skins) were pared clear down to the cores, being thus reduced to the shape of long thin strips. Packed in airtight cans, they would keep good indefinitely and they were pronounced delicious.

Unfortunately, the method could not be economically applied for large-scale market purposes. It was too expensive in labor.

As a result of many experiments, the Utah experts have managed to work out a process for manufacturing apple candy cheaply.

They ground peeled apples in an ordinary household meat-grinder, added sugar in the proportion of fifteen pounds to 100 pounds of the fruit, spread the mixture half an inch deep in pans, and evaporated it for forty-eight hours. They called the product "apple leather," because, while it tasted good, it was very hard to chew.

This difficulty was overcome by grinding the apple leather, mixing it with a syrup of three pounds of sugar to one pound of water, and drying the paste thus formed. The result was a highly satisfactory chewable candy, which, if desired, might contain nuts. They found that a delightful variety

STAMMERING

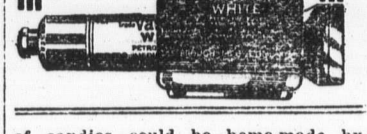
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of candies could be home-made by taking apple pulp, or any other fruit pulp, minus skins and seeds, putting it in a pan with plenty of sugar or corn syrup, cooking slowly till stiff, pouring out on greased porcelain or marble, and allowing the stuff to cool and dry for several days. When nearly dry, it should be cut in slaps, rolled in granulated or powdered sugar and dried some more. Store in airtight tins.

Luminous Star Aids Amateur Astronomers.

The fascinating study of the stars is the oldest of the sciences, and one which has interested human beings for ages. The average person, who has not the time to take up this extensive study, but whom the stars interest as he gazes up at them on a clear night, is usually bewildered if he tries to distinguish one from the other. As an aid to the amateur astronomer, a star map has been drawn which shows the stars of the first five magnitudes, and the different constellation groupings. The stars of the first four magnitudes, and the lines showing the constellation groupings, are marked with radium salt, thus making them shine at night.

Bread made of clay, grass and moss as eaten by the victims of the Russian famine, was recently exhibited at Riga.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinarians

CANADA'S PROBLEMS REVIEWED BY OFFICIALS OF BANK OF MONTREAL

The addresses of the President and General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, at the annual meeting of shareholders of that institution, were the authoritative pronouncements of men of international standing in matters of finance, and as such they will undoubtedly be followed with much interest both in this country and abroad. Every year the addresses at this annual meeting are looked forward to with keen anticipation by merchants and manufacturers because of the comprehensive analysis that they provide of financial conditions in Canada, and because they afford guidance in the general business policy to be followed during the coming year.

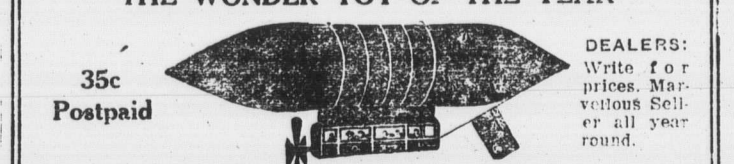
Must Deal With Railway Situation In the view of Sir Vincent Meredith, the way to sustained improvement in trade is not yet clear, but that improvement will be hastened when labor realizes that war-inflated wages cannot continue, and that more efficiency and greater production are absolutely necessary in order to bring prices down to a level that will stimulate consumption and thus provide increased employment. His warning as to the evil effects of heavy taxation in stifling industry and enterprise is one that will be cordially endorsed by all thinking men, and one which those who direct our public affairs surely will not dare to ignore. And Sir Vincent merits public thanks for the courageous way in which he dealt with the railway problem; in particular for his uncompromising declaration that no marked im-

provement can be expected in the present burdensome conditions so long as the roads continued under public ownership, as he said, means political ownership and operation. Both Great Britain and the United States have realized the financial chaos inseparable from such ownership and operation, and have adopted the only remedy.

Retail Prices Out of Line. Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor undoubtedly placed his finger on one of the weak spots in our present trade conditions when he said that while on the one hand the purchasing power of the products of our natural resources was at the lowest level reached for several years past, in other directions we still had high prices, and retail prices were conspicuously out of line. It is on the purchasing power of the products of our natural resources that we must place our main dependence for a revival in trade and it is obvious that there can be no sustained improvement until the price of other commodities are commensurate with that purchasing power.

Summed up, the most obvious needs of Canada at the present time, in the opinion of these two eminent financiers, are a drastic economy in the conduct of public affairs, a solution of the railway problem on the basis of private as against political ownership and operation, a vigorous immigration policy for the peopling of our waste spaces by diverting to Canada the stream of immigrants that formerly flowed elsewhere, and deflation in the cost of labor.

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