

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

The Fates certainly were kinder to him. He had it—500 bucks! He actually had it in his pocket! It was enough to give Mr. Podmore a fine start on his own account somewhere far away. Nickleby and Alderson? They could go and take a jump in the lake! He had his. It was a good time to drop out of this game anyway. The political situation did not look any too good. Well, he would befriend the Honorable Millard Ferguson and Nickleby and Alderson by removing this little piece of election evidence from the reach of their opponents. That was a service which was cheap at the price.

Yes, it was time to say a final farewell while the farewelling was good. He hunted up a time-table. They must be somewhere in the vicinity of Indian Creek by now. Where would the westbound limited be at that hour? He glanced at his watch, then flattened his nose against the window until his eyes became accustomed to the starlight and he could watch the dim panorama of spruce trees and lonely little lakes sliding by in ceaseless procession. Presently he recognized a flag station. His guess at Indian Creek as their whereabouts had not been far astray.

He made his plans quickly. He would drop off, walk to the nearest station and catch No. 1, westbound, at midnight. That would take him into the Missinabi country by daylight, and he could afford to run the risk of discovery until then. He would leave the train there somewhere and would find no difficulty in obtaining an outfit and an Indian guide. They would hit southwest for Lake Superior, and once there he could find his way across to the Michigan side by night and so away.

Podmore laced his boots rapidly and went through his grip for one or two articles he thought he might need. He stole back to the kitchen and put some crackers and cheese in his pockets; it was all he could find that was not under lock and key. Then with the precious envelope buttoned tightly inside his coat he picked his way cautiously to the rear of the swaying car, closed the door carefully behind him and climbed over the brass rail.

CHAPTER IX.

Conspiring Events.

The President's private car pulled into Wardlow at the tail of No. 2, the eastbound express, at 3.10 a.m., and was there side-tracked upon instructions from Detective Robert Cranston. As soon as No. 2 had got away behind a fresh engine on the long jump to the next divisional point, Cranston, fully dressed, descended from the car and went across to the despatcher's office. Half an hour later he returned to the car undressed and crashed back into his berth with a grunt of satisfaction. The President greeted him at breakfast with a smile and Cranston responded with the grin of a man who has made predictions which have come true.

"Well, Bob, your fish bit, I see. Sure did, did it? He took bait, hook and sinker at 23.20 and I'll have him reeled in by to-morrow morning."

"Not so sure about that, Bob," said Wade skeptically. "Fish sometimes get clean away, remember. What have you done?"

"Wired his description to every section foreman on the division with instructions to notify me here and hold him prisoner till we come. Fifty dollars reward. We crossed No. 1 half an hour after it left. I'll have you out in an hour after I get back. Johnston has special instructions to watch out for him, and there isn't a sharper conductor in the service. He'll figure to grab the west-bound, if everything went well. If he didn't succeed, we'll nab him sure somewhere up the line during the day."

"Unless he's taken to the woods. Podmore's not fool enough to stick to the track," Bob objected. Wade. "Excuse me, Bob, but that's exactly what he's got to do in these here parts. A train's the only hope he's got of gettin' quick to where he can get an outfit. Only a damn fool'd try to make the lake immediate. I ain't sayin' as he mightn't lay low for a while, but he can't stick that out long."

"Well, I'll be gone all day with Foster up the Lone Hollow spur. Back by dark. That's all the time I can give you, Bob. Here, I'm afraid I can't wait. He got up from the table."

"That's all right, Mr. Wade. But I'll have a message to show you when you get back this evening," said Cranston confidently.

Nevertheless the only message which he was able to show the President on his return was a wire from Johnston that there was no trace of

Podmore among his passengers, and that everybody who had boarded last night's westbound train on the Wardlow division was accounted for. It was with considerable secret disappointment that the Chief of the Special Service Department of the C.L.S. made arrangements for the President's car to continue eastward with No. 2, while he remained behind at Wardlow; for thereby Cranston was losing a splendid opportunity to demonstrate his ability at cross-questioning in the presence of the magnate. He was only human.

Cranston, however, had been taught by experience that time is never up all the last moment. Although his belongings were packed, he left his suitcase aboard the car and long after he had said good-bye to Wade, long after the President was in his berth for the night, the detective sat doggedly on in the despatcher's office, smoking his pipe. His patience was rewarded about an hour before No. 2 was due.

The message was from Thorlakson and came over the wire from the night operator at Indian Creek. The Iceman was holding Podmore at Thorlakson Siding as instructed, Cranston already had made arrangements for a special engine to run them back up the line, and having issued definite instructions he went back to the private car and unpacked his pyjamas.

One of those methodical individuals who are born every now and then with the gift of interpreting railway schedules would have had no great difficulty in locating "Thorlakson" in the main-line timetable of the Canadian Lake Shores Railway. It takes the form of a little dagger-mark which, pursued into the fine print of the "Explanatory," yields the information that "Thorlakson" is a flag-station.

Magnus Thorlakson himself, Iceman, must be credited with being one of the oldest and most conscientious section foremen on the division. He, his men, his wife, his children and everything that was his, abode in a log shanty on a rise of ground close to the track. The rest of the place consisted of a long siding, a short wooden platform, a tall new standard enclosed water-tank and a little white-washed shed where the hand-car and tools were stored. A creek here slipped out of the woods to find fault with the track and resounded silence among the encircling spruce trees.

It was a lonesome insignificant place with nothing to indicate its selection as a bobbin for threads of destiny. The sun was just coming into the sky above the low-lying hill to the east when the President's special steamed into the siding. From it group, clustered about the tool-shed and awaiting its arrival, a broad-shouldered young man in the flannel shirt and legging boots of a railway engineer separated himself and hurried forward. He waved his hand and recognized Wade's sturdy figure and laughed to hear the magnate's hearty greeting of surprise, his profane enquiry as to what in Gehenn Philip Kendrick was doing away up here in the woods.

The mere sound of that big vibrant voice the mere vitality of the magnate's presence was stimulating. He was a two-fisted, hard-headed, straight-spoken man's man who had fought his way to the top by refusing pointblank to stay at the bottom. As Phil stood renewing acquaintance he realized more fully why his aunt had such supreme confidence in this old friend of her girlhood.

"I've been working for the C.L.S. for nearly two weeks now," he explained. "I'm chairman with the Rutland party, out from North Bay on a topographical survey. We're taking a new mileage and mapping the right-of-way. Our van's on the second siding above here."

This unexpected "vacation" had come about quite simply. On arrival in North Bay to go fishing with Billy Thorpe he had found that wide-awake young architect so immersed in an important contract that temporary postponement of their plans was imperative. As if provided specially to meet the situation along had come Rutland's urgent wire to headquarters for a new chairman, one of his men having taken sick suddenly. Phil had jumped at the opportunity for a taste of practical survey work, and with Thorpe's assistance the matter had been arranged readily and he had left the same night to join the Rutland party out the line.

The battered old freight caboose in which the young engineers lived was moved ahead from siding to siding by passing freight trains as Rutland advised the Chief Despatcher of the work's progress. Scarcely a day passed that had not strung a few interesting beads of incident to brighten the neck of its routine monotony—the squealing, kicking baby rabbit which the head chinnerman had captured; the wild duck which, they had cornered in a thicket, and which, Bayley, the marker, had insisted upon decorating with his white paint before he would let it go; the occasional mess of speckled trout for which they angled; the fresh baked pies and cakes they were sometimes able to buy from a sectionman's wife; the bear tracks and the bodies of wild animals buried to death by the glare of the powerful headlights on the fast trains at night; the excitement at the great ball pit where the gangs at work were running an unpopular cook out of camp; the very old Indian who had stared at the dragging chain and muttered "Heap big snake," and the young Englishman who had gone crazy from fly-bites and whom the sawmill gang had strapped to a rough litter in preparation for rushing him to the North Bay hospital by the first train they could flag. In spite of the mosquitoes, black-flies and midges, which at this season of the year were a decided

affliction in the country through which they were working, Kendrick had enjoyed the new experience. Twenty miles average daily working distance, frequently with an extra ten-mile walk back to the car, already had rounded the erstwhile captain of the Varsity rugby champions into tacking condition.

In spite of the fact that he had been up all night, therefore, his eyes were bright with the mirror glisten which is the gift of long hours in the open air. The black eye which had attracted unwelcome attention at first no longer contributed to the amusement of the inquisitive, the obtusion of its remaining jaundice being overcome by the new coat of tan that encroached upon it.

His presence at Thorlakson Phil accounted for very briefly, saying merely that he had come back there to look for a lost pocketbook, containing his railway pass. But it had not been the pass or the loose change that had troubled him so greatly; it had been—well, damn it, he didn't want to lose them like that anyway!—a dollar bill, wrapped carefully around a lady's shirtwaist pin! It was his own business entirely. Luckily Thorlakson had picked it up and was able to restore the pocketbook with its contents intact.

(To be continued.)

What Sharp Eyes Mean to Mankind

We never see anything that is about us, and no two of us ever see precisely the same things. Each sees what his previous training and his habit of mind have prepared him to see. When an American scientist was in Patagonia he fell in with a card player who told him that always after the first few rounds of the game he knew some of the cards as they were dealt; he recognized them by a difference so slight that another man could not detect it when it was pointed out to him.

Now the scientist mentioned is an ornithologist, and he says that this same pre-naturally sharp-eyed man was greatly surprised when he was told that half a dozen kinds of sparrows were feeding and singing about the house. He had never seen any difference in them, he said. In size, color, shape and actions they were all alike, and they all sang and twittered like, so far as he had ever noticed.

Native Patagonians, like other savage peoples, have very keen eyes for certain things, things which their modes of life have made it indispensable that they should notice. In other words, they are specialists and as a matter—

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When the stars dance on high no bugles blow; The footsteps of the flowers fall silently. As softly come the blossoms of the snow; And clouds float by in pale tranquility.

No voices herald moonlight on a lake; The silvery dew is still; these gifts are given. As quietly as Christ, who for our sake Was sent to us, the greatest gift of heaven.

Tenderly now, as in the yesterday He leads earth-weary children in His way. —Elizabeth Scollard.

Hope.
Hope is a bolster for us all, she picks us up whenever we fall; with hope we look at days to come, although to-day our joys are numb. We set ourselves new goals to gain, and struggle onward to attain; then oftentimes our plans go bad, and we emerge forlorn and sad. At such a time along comes hope, and gaily throws us out a rope; so we are filled with cheer once more, and pull the harder for the shore. We count on hope, the helpful prop, we grab us every time we drop; and looking on to years ahead, we do not stop, but work instead.—N.A.L.

Canada has a greater area than the United States, but a population less than New York State. Canada has 300,000,000 acres of agricultural lands, only one-sixth under crop.

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About the House

The Sulky Child.

A hard type of child to deal with and one that tries our patience is the sullen child. He makes no outlet for himself like the angry child who vents his temper in screams and passionate talk. His bad temper works all on the inside. He broods over the trouble, distorting and enlarging it by dwelling upon it. He usually refuses comfort or sympathy and seems to enjoy shutting himself away from everyone. He is usually a sensitive child—shy, lacking confidence in himself, inclined to dwell upon himself too much. What can we do with such a child? He won't talk the trouble out, like the high-tempered child, and it is unwise to put him by himself as you would the high-tempered child. Give him something to be busy about just as soon as possible. Work is even more necessary for him than for any other type of child, for we must get him out of himself. If possible, have him work where he will have the companionship of his brothers and sisters, or perhaps he can help you in what you are doing. Work is a blessing for most persons, but for no one more than for the child who is inclined to live his little life inside of himself. This type of child is usually reserved and takes things hard, but to the few people he loves he gives a wealth of affection and loyalty and usually he has a deep, strong nature which is sincere and true.

Seasonable Subjects.

Serve foamy sauce with plum pudding. To make it, cream together one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of powdered sugar, add gradually one well-beaten egg and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat the mixture in a double boiler, beating it thoroughly all the while.

Cookies for winter time: Cream one-half cupful of shortening with one cupful of sugar, add two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of milk or cream, two and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one-half teaspoonful each of powdered nutmeg and ginger. Mix and stand aside to chill one hour. Roll out, cut into fancy shapes and bake in a moderate oven. Fancy cutters furnish an assortment of cookies and are desirable when they are to be enjoyed by children. Lack of a variety of cutters, a pastry wheel can be used, or patterns cut out of stiff cardboard can be laid on dough, and the outlines followed by a slender knife.

Cakes can be sent long distances by a cel-post without so much as crack-icing, if they are packed in a way. Place the cake on a large sheet of heavy waxed paper and apply the frosting, allowing a generous portion of the frosting to extend on paper. Plastering the cake to paper helps to keep it in position. The rest of the paper neatly and the cake and slip under it a piece of cardboard or thin board the exact size of the cake. Put both cake and board into a strong cardboard box. A corrugated box is preferable as it lessens the jar upon its contents. Fill the box with sawdust or bran, which should be allowed to settle to the bottom of all the crevices. Finally, wrap the box in heavy paper and tie it with a strong cord.

Plum pudding is a convenient dessert to have on hand, as it improves with age and is easily reheated. A good recipe for the pudding calls for one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, one pound of shredded suet, three-fourths of a pound of bread crumbs, one-half cupful of grape-juice, one teaspoonful of cloves, one tea-

spoonful each of cinnamon and allspice one pound of sugar, one-half pound of citron, one-fourth of a pound of flour, five eggs, one-half nutmeg (grated) and nuts if desired. Beat the eggs and add the sugar, which has been mixed with the spices. Add the bread-crumbs, which have been soaked in the grape-juice for a few minutes; then add the fruit and the remaining flour. Stir the mixture well, then place in greased pudding molds; one-pound baking-powder cans may be used. Fill the molds two-thirds full and steam for six hours. The pudding may be reheated by steaming it in the original mold, or it may be cut into slices and heated in a steamer.

Ladies.

Pushing aside the letter she was writing, Cousin Portia turned quickly. She had been expecting the knock. "Come in, Noreen!" she cried.

The little cousin entered. Her cheeks were hot, and her eyes heavy. "Cousin Portia," she asked brokenly, "what makes a lady?"

"There's one definition that runs: 'A heart at leisure from itself. To soothe and sympathize.'"

Perhaps that is as near as you can come in a dozen words," answered Cousin Portia.

Noreen considered it; then she shook her head. "It doesn't fit," she declared positively.

"It never fitted many people at one time," Cousin Portia replied. "You are not thinking about little things like forks and spoons and what to say when you are introduced?"

Noreen's hot color deepened. "But things like that do make a difference," she protested. "And you're odd and queer and people notice if you don't do as they do."

"But you can learn those things in a week. They are only outside things that change with the fashions. The real things, courtesy of heart, keen sense of honor, love of the beautiful and the fine everywhere, interest in others—those things are not so easy to learn. Were they such very beautiful things, Noreen, that the girls talked about at the luncheon?"

"No-o," Noreen admitted. "People and musical comedy and moving pictures most of the time."

Cousin Portia nodded. "I thought so. You will hear the same thing over and over—just parrot talk. Would you like to know who are the three most nearly perfect ladies I can think of at this moment? One is an old lady who gave me afternoon tea in a room with a bare floor. The napkins had red fringe, and the tea was ordinary, and the wafers were cheap. She never thought of apologizing. She was giving me her beautiful mind and heart, and why should other things matter? The second is a little Italian woman who gave me preserved fruit in her tiny two-room house. The third is—your mother."

"Mother!"

"Isn't she a lady?"

"Of course. Only"—Noreen stumbled, trying to put her thoughts into words—"she doesn't dress like the people here or talk about the same things."

"But she would be quite at ease at the Court of St. James's—because she wouldn't be thinking about herself, but would be finding other people interesting. Go home and study your mother, child. Those chattering children aren't ladies yet. But I hope they'll grow to be some day."

"I suppose," Noreen retorted with a sigh that was half envy, half relief, "that's what you're thinking about me!"

Sonnet.

When I was far too young to comprehend, My great-grandfather one day talked to me. As if I were his wise and aged friend And did not hold a new doll on my knee. I can remember how his voice was kind, But what he said I could not understand; Only these words clung oddly in my mind: "To burn out like a candle in God's hand!" What other words he uttered I forget. These are like rubies from a ring unrolled. That in my fingers wait to be reset When I learn better how to work with gold. Yet when he spoke them, all I did was stare And wonder at the whiteness of his hair. —Ann Hamilton.

He Knew.

Julian had had a serious misunderstanding with his older brother Paul. That misunderstanding had, however, been very scrupulously concealed from the mother. So one day, upon his return from school, she asked: "Julian, dear, what would you like to give Paul for his birthday?" "I know what I'd like to give him," said Julian, vindictively, "but I ain't big enough."

We earn money and we spend it, and it seems to leave no trace; but the way we earn and spend it tells us all that we can't see or feel.

Portuguese Appreciation of Trees.

In many places where timber trees are to be found in Portugal, one sees the following inscription: "Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, harken ere you harm me." "I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on. I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin. I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer: harm me not."

Not the Only One.

A certain Lord Chancellor was in the habit of paying surprise visits to asylums at odd intervals, and thereby hangs a tale. Once he arrived at a certain institution unheralded. "I'm the Lord Chancellor," he said to the attendant, who was, of course, ignorant of his identity. "Oh, you are, are you?" was the reply. "That's all right! Walk straight through. We have three more of 'em in 'ere!"

Domestic life and affection is very highly developed among wild ducks. Minard's Liniment for Garget in Cows.

\$30 a Week Mechanic Jumps to \$750 a Month

Out in Chehalis, Washington, U.S.A., lives W. E. Pence, "Electrical Expert." Chehalis isn't very much of a town, somewhere between 3,000 and 5,000 people—and Pence doesn't pretend to be a whirlwind "Master of Finance" by any means. But his income is the "talk of the town." With great pride he exhibits the books of his Electrical Business, which show a net profit of \$750 a month.

Pence himself says that two years ago he never dreamed of earning so much money. At that time he was making \$30 a week and wondering if the time would ever come when he could buy anything he wanted, like he now is able to do.

Owes Success to Electricity.

Pence doesn't talk much about his success. He isn't that kind. But when he does talk about Electricity and the great future which it holds for men and boys—he bits "right from the shoulder." Without any reservation he gives all credit for his amazing success to the thorough Electrical training which he has received to spare time during the past months.

But let Pence tell his own story. Read his letter dated October 9, 1921, to L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works:

"Dear Mr. Cooke: Less than 2 years ago I was an ordinary mechanic earning \$25 to \$30 a week. To-day, thanks to you, I am an 'Electrical Expert,' in business for myself, and making over \$750 a month. My success, Mr. Cooke, is entirely due to the invaluable help you have given me. The thorough, practical training I secured through your East-Learned, Spare-Time, Home-Study Course in Electricity, has made me financially independent, and a highly respected business man in this community.

Sincerely yours,

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For 15 years Mr. Cooke has been training men at home during their spare time, for Big Electrical Positions, and he has received thousands of letters like the above. His system offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time an "Electrical Expert," able to earn \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year.

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Complete particulars and actual proof of the great demand for "Electrical Experts" is contained in a booklet entitled "How To Become An Electrical Expert," which may be had without cost by writing to Chief Engineer Cooke, Chicago Engineering Works, 2148 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A.

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