

# Bovril prevents that sinking feeling

## Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)  
 "I believe you've struck it, Pod," nodded Nickleby slowly.  
 "I'm sure of it," agreed Mr. Podmore, allowing himself a little laugh of satisfaction. "Hain't Frank better write Brady a cheque and get rid of him? He's probably waiting outside, and we don't want him nosing into anything."

This seemed to meet with the approval of the others, and when the cheque was ready the head of the Bracy Detective Agency was called in and handed a cigar, the cheque and some plausible explanations which enabled him to return to his office with no hard feelings. Detective Brady never found it an inconvenience to receive money.

The air had cleared wonderfully by the time Detective McCorquodale arrived with Robert Clayton in tow—so much so that both anxious gentlemen were somewhat surprised at the smiles which greeted them. If anything further was needed to convince Nickleby that he had been too hasty in his conclusions, this frank, clean-cut young American supplied it, and as the brief interview progressed the President of the Interprovincial approached as near to geniality as his naturally suspicious and cynical nature ever ventured. The detective had found Clayton just preparing to descend the stairs to his train, but he had come readily enough when the circumstances were explained to him.

"I do hope none of you gentlemen suspect my young friend here in connection with this inexplicable matter," were his first words as he stood with a hand on Stiles' shoulder. He spoke earnestly, his grave eyes searching their faces, one after another. "I haven't known Jimmy very long, of course, but I know him as well as I see it and I stake my life that he has had no hand in this—this strange disappearance which I understand has upset you all. May I ask just what the contents of this satchel were? Was it a sum of money or—?"

"No, no, it's all right, Mr. Clayton," volunteered Nickleby rather hurriedly, "just some legal documents which can be duplicated; the puzzle is why anybody should take them. The delay in connection with some business matters which their loss will entail is the only thing that concerned us; but we find that it is not as bad as we thought, and we regret very much causing you this inconvenience."

Robert Clayton made a gesture of deprecation.  
 "That's the best consideration, gentlemen," he smiled. "For my own satisfaction, I would like to state candidly a little about myself. Under the circumstances it is your right to know."  
 What he had to say merely substantiated what Jimmy Stiles had told them already. He was returning from a visit to his uncle in a Western Ontario town, and had remained over in the city for a few days on his way home. While out for a Sunday morning concert he had been attracted to All Saints' Mission by its resemblance to the little church he attended at home. There he had been welcomed so cordially by Jimmy Stiles and others that it had been a great pleasure to him.

He described in detail his meeting with Jimmy and the puzzle which had perplexed him and insisted on opening the satchel to see the contents. He pointed out the fact that there was no possibility of concealing anything in leather with the satchel. It contained merely the usual travel necessities, a marocain and a few cigars. The latter he had placed in a separate envelope sealed with wax, and there in front of the others, Podmore had marked it ostentatiously for identification—the same triangular mark in the same position on the outside of the satchel.

When the bookkeeper went into the Jessup Grill Clayton had the duplicate satchel which contained the worthless brown wrapping paper—had it hidden under his raincoat. When Stiles had dropped the other satchel close alongside the raincoat of the man he had played right into Clayton's hand, that being the very position for which Clayton was manoeuvring; an unobtrusive kick of the foot flopped the raincoat over the satchel which contained the money, so that Clayton had picked it up quite simply, leaving the duplicate satchel for Stiles.

Clayton had made straight for the Union Station, first stopping at the hotel where Podmore had hurried from the construction company's office and was waiting to receive the money satchel. At the hotel Clayton had picked up his own personal travelling bag and had gone over to the depot to wait for the Brady detective to find him in due course.

trade in Pennsylvania, asking many questions about prospects in hardware lines in Ontario.  
 So that when at last he took his departure, laughing away apologies, he left behind him a most favorable impression. Detective McCorquodale departed next with a real cigar between his teeth and a feeling of satisfaction in the recognition that he was no longer a "blithering idiot." Stiles was told to "knock off for the day and go fishin'," and accepted Podmore's five-dollar bill only when it was forced on him.

When the trio were alone once more Alderson produced a bottle and three glasses.  
 "To the Campaign Fund," he laughed, holding his glass aloft.  
 "And to the future of the Government," added J. Cuthbert Nickleby.  
 "Of ourselves," said Podmore reverently.

It was thus that they parted for the second time that afternoon.  
 Mr. Hugh Podmore went directly to his hotel. Not until he was safe in his own room did he permit any unusual elation to show in his manner. Once he had locked the door, however, and pulled down the window-blinds, he threw himself upon the bed and indulged in a toss of unrestrained mirth. Still very much amused, he felt in his pocket for the key of the old walnut wardrobe with which his room was furnished, unlocked it and lifted out a tan satchel.

Assuredly. In all fairness to himself he had to admit that it had been about as neat a piece of work as he had ever known. For a first attempt it had been carried through with credit, cleverly planned and as cleverly executed. Everything had gone like a clock. Robert Clayton, alias "Tuxedo Bob," had performed his end of it with commendable finish, and Podmore felt that he had made no mistake in hiring him to come on from Chicago. Fifty thousand dollars—not at all bad!

Setting the satchel upon the table, Mr. Podmore sank into the easy chair and lighted a cigarette with a slow smile of satisfaction. The smile lingered as he ran over the whole thing. Neat was not the word; artistic was better. Clayton had "happened" in at All Saints' Mission quite opportunely. Quite. It was proof of his ability that in three days he had established himself firmly in the friendship of young Stiles. Poor, scared, white-faced kid!

And the duplicate satchels? An old trick, of course; but in simplicity lay success. Podmore had purchased those two identical imitation-leather satchels some days ago. In one he had placed the package of brown paper, cut to bank-note size and held by rubber bands, and in a certain position on the outside of the satchel he had scratched a triangular identification mark with his pocket-knife; the other tan satchel he had delivered to the Alderson Construction Company's office. There it had received the currency in Alderson's elaborately sealed linen envelope, and there in front of the others, Podmore had marked it ostentatiously for identification—the same triangular mark in the same position on the outside of the satchel.

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Podmore had not opened the precious satchel, the phone having rung with Alderson's hurry-up message as he had reached his room. Checking the tan satchel inside the wardrobe, he had gone back to Alderson's office immediately to engineer the covering up and to give the trouble waters.

It was not every day that such a golden opportunity of acquiring fifty thousand dollars presented itself. It was rarely that it could be done without the risk of discovery. But Mr. Hugh Podmore had recognized in this very secret contribution for election purposes a sum of money which was cutaway for the time being, which for obvious reasons dare not be claimed publicly by either side in the secret transaction. Ergo, it was any man's money who could lay hands on it. Ergo, it belonged to Mr. Hugh Podmore!

The beauty of it was that the idea of Ferguson removing the contents

to provide a denial of the whole contribution was so patently the clever thing to do, that it was a wonder Ferguson had not thought of it himself when there was such need of secrecy. Nickleby had accepted the suggestion at once as the solution of the mystery. Ferguson was stupid. Even Nickleby—admirable as was his smoothness—had fallen right into the trap prepared for him. If Nickleby did discover the truth, Podmore could give him the laugh. Let Friend Nickleby just start something and he'd find himself in several varieties of hot soup before he knew it. For did not Little Hughey know all about the crooked deal by which the worthy J. Cuthbert had ousted old Nat Lawson from the presidency of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company? He did! You bet he did! Let Nickleby interfere with these pickings of Little Hughey and he would be shown a thing or two that would cost him a lot more than a measly fifty thousand!

That had been a delicate touch—making Nickleby carry the key to the satchel across the " Ferguson" office. The key to satchel number two, it was! Nickleby had been on hand throughout. Oh, they had nothing on Hughey Podmore in this thing, absolutely not!

Podmore's cigarette teetered on his lower lip. With a sudden lunge he grabbed for the tan satchel on the table. He went to the window and threw up the shade. Slowly he turned the satchel around, examining it minutely, his amazement growing. It was undoubtedly the same satchel exactly, so far as he could see, except for one little disparity. There was no sign of the identification mark, no scratched triangle on either end!

Thoroughly mystified, Podmore fished out the tiny key that belonged to satchel number one. It was not the same. With a gasp he seized a hairbrush, smashed both lock and brush, slipped the catches and yanked open the satchel. Inside lay a roll of old newspapers, tied at the ends with dirty white string!

That was—ALL!  
 Hughey Podmore wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. For once he was completely nonplussed. He sank back into the chair and lighted another cigarette with a hand that shook ridiculously. For a very long time he sat there, smoking cigarettes and staring blankly at the wall, lighting each fresh one with the butt of its predecessor, end on end.

CHAPTER VII.  
 Cross Currents.  
 The retirement of Nathaniel Lawson from active participation in the management of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company had come as a complete surprise to his many acquaintances in commercial circles. For while he was frequently spoken of as "Old Nat," it was a familiarity fostered by long and friendly association rather than declining years. Why a man in his prime and at the apex of his usefulness should drop out of harness so suddenly when he appeared to be in the best of health, was something of a mystery. Not a few missed his genial companionship, and were frank enough to say so on those rare occasions when Nat Lawson now put in an appearance at the Club. For a while rumors were rife, but gradually these subsided as his absence became a custom.

It was to the very end that the founder of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company made his retirement so literal. There were many when the inquisitiveness of his friends was hard to combat, when the temptation to give expression to the hidden springs of indignation that had been born within him was almost irresistible. So, acting upon his better judgment, he gradually relegated himself to the background of affairs till his tall, distinguished-looking figure was no longer a familiar sight in public places. But if his white hair, his carefully trimmed Van Dyke beard and wide moustache no longer singled him out in gatherings of his former associates, his carriage lost none of its alertness, his glance none of its customary fearlessness. Nathaniel Lawson was hiding his time.  
 (To be continued.)

How to Avoid Winter Ailments.  
 Colds, influenza, pneumonia, and other complaints often assume the proportions of mild epidemics in this country during the winter months.  
 If you want to keep fit during the coming winter, the time to start your preparations is not when every other person is coughing and sneezing, but now.

The road to fitness can be indicated in four words—fresh air and exercise. To keep fit you should devote ten minutes night and morning to simple exercises designed to keep the muscles supple and the whole body in condition. When possible you should supplement this by walking at least two miles every day.

The exercises need only be simple affairs. For instance, before putting your collar on in the morning, spend a few minutes before an open window (weather permitting) inhaling deep breaths of the fresh air. Then walk round the room once or twice on all fours. Follow this by supporting your body by arms and feet in a raised position. Then lower the body slowly until you touch the ground. Repeat this half-a-dozen times.

Another good exercise for people who want to keep fit is to practise ordinary swimming strokes whilst lying on the floor or on a bed.  
 Self-Evident.  
 Little Eva (in the country): "Oh, mamma, look at those Leghorn chickens!"  
 Mamma—"Yes, I see them, dear. But how do you know they are Leghorns?"  
 Little Eva—"Why don't you see the little horns on their legs?"

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinarians

# About the House

Feeding the baby.  
 Improper feeding of infants and young children is blamed by an eminent doctor for the fact that one person out of every six is not physically able to do the amount of daily work that a normal, healthy human being should do. With this grave charge resting upon mothers, it behooves every one with children to learn the proper thing in feeding, and having learned it to practice it. Many mothers who know what is right in child feeding allow themselves to be coaxed or bullied into giving the child improper foods, or allow it to form bad food habits. If mothers realized that it is as wicked to feed a child improperly as it is to administer slow poison, a large per cent. of the malnutrition we see about us would disappear.

Of course, the ideal food for the infant is the natural food, and lucky are the babies whose mothers have led such sane, well-ordered, restful lives that they can supply mother's milk for their young. Nothing else, no matter how carefully prepared, will take the place of mother's milk, nor so well insure health and life. Out of fifty thousand babies studied those who died under one year of age showed a percentage of one to two for bottle-fed babies, and one to thirteen for breast-fed. Mothers' milk for the infant contains a promise of longer life, too, if one may trust statistics. In a group studied, eighty-five children, breast-fed, were all alive at eleven years of age, while one hundred and nine bottle-fed did not reach the eleventh year.

To be able to feed her baby the mother must first take care of herself. She must see to it that she has plenty of fresh air and exercise, but on the other hand, she must avoid exposure and over-work. Her food must be plentiful and easily digested. For this reason she must avoid foods which she knows always "upset her stomach" and those like sweets which cloy the appetite and keep her from eating enough plain, nourishing food.

Her daily diet should include fruit and vegetables, green vegetables to be preferred, cereals, meat or fish or eggs, milk, and fat, either cream, butter, bacon, oil or something similar. A bowl of gruel or milk or egg-nog just before the mid-morning and mid-afternoon nursing is helpful.  
 Above all, she must avoid excitement and danger.  
 In feeding anything, animal or human, regular hours is a prime factor in success. Schedules vary according to the physician, but having adopted a schedule which promises success adhere to it. Feedings four hours apart with the last one at midnight up to three months of age, were for a time followed. After three months the midnight feeding was dropped. Three-

hour intervals are now more generally followed, and the new-born babe has its last feeding at eight o'clock at night. The mother is then insured uninterrupted rest until six o'clock in the morning, when feedings again begin.  
 Occasionally, in the case of small, delicate infants, smaller and more frequent feedings are necessary. In all things the mother must be guided by the reaction of the infant to its food. Common sense in feeding babies is as valuable as in everything else in life, and it must be remembered that even with infant feeding "one man's meat is another man's poison." The main point is to find out what is best for your baby, and having found it, stick to your schedule without regard to what some other mother does.  
 If the milk supply is insufficient it may be necessary to supplement it with some other food. But continue nursing so long as the supply lasts, unless illness on the part of the mother prevents, or the milk plainly disagrees with the baby. A small amount of mother's milk often means the difference between life and death to a baby.

Do not give the baby "tastes" of food at the table. For the first six or seven months at least, milk is its only requirement.

Home Remedies.  
 When pouring medicine from bottles, be sure to turn on the side opposite the label. This prevents soiling and giving a mussy appearance and also leaves the directions plain.—Mrs. E. G. W.

If the weight of a hot water bottle is oppressive for an invalid, use hot cloths, preferably cotton, as they require less attention.

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 Teacher—"You don't appear to be up in history."  
 Tommy—"No, Miss, I'm down on it."

# Christmas Cheer

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