

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

(Copyright by Musson Company)

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont'd.)

The office of Blatchford Ferguson, barrister, etc., in the Broker's Bank Building, was laid out along somewhat unconventional lines. Of course the public entrance from the corridor gave admission to an outer office where two or three stenographers operated their typewriters under the eye of a law student, while just inside the railing of the entranceway sat a pompous office boy who occupied himself variously with an old-fashioned letter-press alongside the vault, with sharpening lead pencils, chewing gum and guarding the gate in the railing. But the partitions which enclosed this general office were built solid from floor to ceiling and the only sign of an inner presence was a door directly behind the youthful sentry, the ground glass of which bore the single word, "Secretary," in neat gold and black lettering.

The Secretary's office had a private entrance from the public corridor of the building and an inside door, lettered "Loans and Investments." On through this office was still another door, inscribed "Insurance Department," while beyond this second sanctum was a third door which led into the sanctum sanctorum with its unexpected exit upon a narrow black hallway and a dusty flight of stairs by which it was possible without undue publicity to reach the street or, rather, the back lane where carters made deliveries.

At times this carefully planned office arrangement was found to be highly convenient, no less by the confidential Mr. Ferguson than by certain of his clients. For although Blatchford Ferguson, barrister, etc., really could—and did—go barristering about the courts quite legitimately, he also carried on a substantial business in et ceteras. Thus, he could talk to an insurance prospect in a private office provided with insurance files and hung with insurance company calendars; or he could talk to a possible investor in a private office which had just the right financial atmosphere to foster confidence. Buying, selling, borrowing, lending, advising—nothing that could be "farmed out" on a split commission was beneath the notice of Blatch Ferguson, who would have negotiated a deal for a carload of Russian whiskies could he have found a responsible master barber to make the contract with a mattress factory which had the price.

As he shook hands with Conway, the young student who presided over the outer office, Kendrick was conscious that the office boy and the stenographers behind him were enjoying the mild sensation which his black eye inspired. Even the files were grinning like an idiotic cat from Cheshire. The two had known each other, somewhat casually, at the university.

"I bumped into the parallel bars during a game of volleyball at the gym the other night," he explained gravely. "Is Ferguson in?"

Conway told him to walk right through. Miss Williams would take in his card. Thus it came about that Phil, unescorted, passed through the gate in the railing and on through the door to the secretary's office. As he closed this door behind him he paused for a moment in some uncertainty at finding the secretary's office deserted. Her hat and coat were hanging in place, however, and a half finished letter was in her typewriter; so he ventured through to the open doorway beyond, thinking she might have stepped into the adjoining office.

She had. She had gone right through it and through the second office of the suite also. The young lady was visible through the vista of open doorways and she was so absorbed in her own activities that she was quite oblivious of his presence. For she was kneeling with her ear to the keyhole of the farthest door of all, the one which led into the sanctum sanctorum of her employer, and there was no doubt whatever that she was listening with all her might.

Not a little astonished, Kendrick watched her. Then at his slight cough the girl straightened quickly and stared at him with widened eyes. In answer to his beckoning finger she came towards him slowly, her color mounting swiftly. When she had shut the last door behind her she faced him with an air of defiance.

Kendrick gazed at her in speechless admiration of the picture she made as she stood there, symmetrical figure gracefully erect, her head held high with its elaborate coiffure of brown hair, her dark blue eyes flashing resentment, the creamy column of her well shaped neck, the firm chin, the almost classic perfection of her features, the rich red of her cheeks wherever did Ferguson go for his secretaries? She was plainly dressed in some dark material with a white collar and cuffs; but the sensible office dress served only to heighten the pleasing effect. There was only one jarring

note—the fact that she was chewing gum, chewing it rapidly as if to relieve nervous tension.

"Well! Hope you'll know me next time you see me! Get it off your chest please! Whatcha goin' to do about it?"

Kendrick smiled slowly at the incongruity of the speech, even while thankful that her voice at least was not in harsh discord with her appearance, but well modulated.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, realizing all at once that he had been guilty of staring somewhat longer than was warranted even by the unusual circumstances. "I am very short-sighted and there are times when I cannot distinguish objects at a greater distance than a very few feet. This morning my eyes are exceptionally bad."

She glanced at him quickly as if searching for indications of mockery which were lacking in the courteous tones of his voice.

"If you will be good enough to take in my card—?" he suggested, extending it.

She hesitated, then laid down her notebook and accepted the card without speaking. Ferguson coming to meet him at the door with extended hand, stopped short and stared.

"It's a peach, Phil! I must admit it's a peach!"

"A Lombard plum, you mean, Blatch. How'd I get it? Why, you see—I had the misfortune to step on a wayward banana skin— Oh, well, if you really must know, I tried to help an old lady pick up some bundles she'd dropped and she hit me with her umbrella, thinking I was going to grab them and run."

"Come right in. Come right in," chuckled Ferguson. "Here, have a cigar?"

"Thanks, but I'm only staying a jiff. Got to make another call and it's nearly noon now. Would you mind if I leave the door open? The smoke's pretty thick."

"Hit you with an umbrella, eh?" chortled the lawyer with jovial skepticism as he tilted back in his swivel chair. "Deduction: It had a knob on the end of it! Sentence: Thirty days in the woods!" and Mr. Ferguson stroked his nose while he permitted his shoulders to shake in appreciation of his own pleasantry. Mr. Ferguson's nose was fleshy and its color was red.

"On my way there now—going fishing down the French River with an old schoolmate," grinned Phil. "Say, there was a meeting over at my uncle's on the Island last night, Blatch," he added briskly. "I believe you were there. Will you tell me what took place?"

Ferguson sat up. He ran his fingers over his head in a habitual gesture which long since had worn a bald streak along the top. He leaned back again in his chair, the tips of his fingers pressed together, and for a moment scowled thoughtfully at the wall.

"You're getting into deep water, boy," he warned at last, slowly. "I don't know where the mischief got that information; but I'll have to refer you to the Chief himself for your answer. Why, what do you want to know for?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, except—it was very foggy, you remember—a pretty good night for concealment, if anybody happened to be interested in spying on you people over there. You know more about that than I do."

Mr. Ferguson played a good game of poker; he prided himself upon his self-control. But the seriousness of his manner indicated that he was startled.

"Just what do you mean by that, Phil? You've come here to tell me something. What is it?"

So Kendrick told him, omitting nothing except the fact that the girl had dared him to kiss her, and that when he had done so he had gone in for an involuntary swim.

"And you let that woman go home alone at that hour of the morning? You are neglectful both of your opportunities and your etiquette!" but although the lawyer's tone was light he was very serious as he pursed his lips and scowled.

"Don't go blaming me, Blatch. As soon as I helped her ashore she ran off and the fog was so thick you couldn't see anybody within a couple of feet of you. I tried my best to find out who she was; but she ducked. Besides, how was I to know the thing mattered? I didn't know Uncle Milt was in town even—not at the time."

"I didn't say it mattered, Phil," said Ferguson hastily. He laughed at the idea. "Whatever put it into your head to think this—er—lady was spying on an ordinary business meeting? Supposing she was—why, what earthly good would it do her?"

"Search me, Blatch. Thought I'd better tell you about it anyway."

so. She got away without leaving a single clue, eh? Not that it matters in the least, but— You did right in reporting it. Thanks."

"Would mind telling me if you had anybody in the office here with you just before I came in? Or were you using the telephone?"

"Why," hesitated Ferguson in some surprise, "I was called on the phone by an old newspaper acquaintance—yes. Perhaps you know him—Hughy Podmore? He got a job recently as President Wade's private secretary—Canadian Lake Shores Railway. We used to work on the same paper long ago. Why?"

"Oh, nothing—just my idle curiosity. Say, there's something you can do for me, like a good fellow, before I go. Give me a knock-down to the lady outside, will you? Didn't know you owned a peach orchard, Blatch. Who is she?"

Ferguson chuckled as he pressed a button.

"Name's Margaret Williams. My regular stenographer was taken sick suddenly the other day and she sent around this friend of hers to substitute. She's a dandy good worker, too. But you're too late, my boy. She's leaving soon to marry a fellow at Buffalo—er—Miss Williams, allow me to present Mr. Philip Kendrick."

Her bow was very formal and as, at her employer's request, she escorted him to the private exit at her own end of the office, her manner was equally cold.

"I hope you bear me no ill will, Miss Williams," smiled Phil. "I assure you I have done nothing to merit it."

"That is for me to judge," she retorted calmly. "Please go. I do not care to know you, Mr. Kendrick."

Phil turned quickly. It was the second time within twelve hours that a girl had told him that—in those very words, with that same disdainful tone. Why, if he were to shut his eyes he felt sure he could imagine it to be the very voice inflected used by his Fog Lady when delivering the same sentence of exile. Again he found himself guilty of staring.

"Have you ever seen a real, honest-to-goodness amulet, Miss Williams?" he asked eagerly, reaching into his pocket. "I'd like to show you mine before I go, if I may." He slowly unfolded the dollar bill and held out the hand-painted blouse pin, watching her closely instead of away from it.

"What a pretty pin!" she said in a flat, disinterested voice. She looked at it perfunctorily. "I know a man who used to carry a potato to chase rheumatism away. It was planted by a one-eyed, left-handed negro, born on the thirteenth of the month. I've heard of an elk's took for pleurisy and a rabbit's foot for evil spirits; but a pin like that? It will lead you into danger instead of away from it."

"Not when it is pinned to a canoe cushion by a beautiful girl at the hour of three o'clock in the morning in a dense fog," declared Kendrick significantly.

"That is very silly," said the haughty Miss Williams with a bored air as she handed it back to him and turned towards her typewriter. "Good-bye, Mr. Kendrick. I really must get on with my work."

It was with an unreasonable feeling of disappointment that he bowed himself out. She had not blinked an eyelash! Who was the idiot who first started looking for needles in haystacks anyway? A fool's quest! Mumma! but wasn't he de trop with the ladies? Well, he would buy cigars with the dollar and make a present of the pin to Mrs. Parby, his uncle's estimable housekeeper.

But he did neither of these things. Instead, he was to continue the folly of keeping both souvenirs and the equal folly of looking at them from time to time—to see if they were safe.

(To be continued.)

Dyed Her Sweater and Silk Stockings

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Wreath for British Dead Faces Irish Delegates.

As they attend conferences in Downing Street every day the Irish peace delegates pass a cenotaph at which a new wreath of laurel with large red, white and blue streamers was laid recently. Attached to the wreath is a card bearing this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of 568 officers and non-commissioned men of His Majesty's army, navy and police force who, having fought for King and country in the great war, have since been foully murdered by the King's enemies in Ireland."

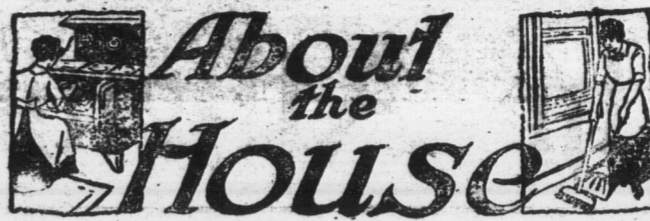
Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

France Sending Fruit for English Tables.

The sacred British breakfast of marmalade is menaced by the Ribborough train and ferry across the Straits of Dover, which during the war rendered invaluable service and which has just made its first peace trip, bringing delicious Casselas grapes for the King and Queen as the gift of the grape growers of Tarn-et-Garonne.

A through train from the vineyards arrived in London with the French and British Colors decorated with bouquets of flowers from France. This train brought 309 tons of fruit along with the gift to their Majesties. Fresh fruit in England in winter has hitherto been scarce and high.

It was announced that the use of the ferry will save 20 per cent. of the time usually taken for the transportation of fruit from France to England.



About the House

When You Remodel a Garment.

If you are one of those unfortunate women who can buy what you want when you want it, and let someone else sweat over the bills, do not read this. But if you belong to the lucky majority who get a suit this fall, a hat about Christmas, and the gloves, shoes and hose that properly belong to the suit, when it is in its second season, this may be of help to you. Perhaps after you read it you may decide to make the old suit last another year in a new guise, and buy the accessories this fall.

Up in the attic you may have an old black broadcloth suit which went out of style before the war. If you have you are in luck, for both broadcloth as a fabric and black as a color are in high favor this season. And while the ultra dress has the long lines from shoulder to hem which look discouraging to the home dressmaker seeking to convert a suit into a dress, there are really good models with girdle which give one a chance to utilize the suit coat. Or a long black broadcloth coat might be converted into a smart new dress by using a front panel of satin or silk.

In making over the suit the first step is to get your material ready. It should be first ripped, using a safety razor blade, or a good sharp knife if you haven't the razor blade. Then take out doors and brush the pieces with a stiff brush, taking care to remove all stitches and lint. Pure wool may be washed with soap flakes or a good wool soap and soft warm water. Make a lather before entering goods. Do not rub on soap. Be sure that the water in which the goods is washed and in which it is rinsed, is of the same temperature. Do not use too hot water. Changing the temperature causes the wool fibres to stiffen. It is better to leave a little lather in the rinsing water, as otherwise the natural oil of the wool is removed. The soap that adheres to the cloth will be removed when the material is hung outside. If the water is hard, soften with borax or ammonia.

Run the material through a wringer, do not twist with the hands, and hang on the line to partially dry. Then roll it lightly, let stand for an hour, and press, over a cloth, on the wrong side.

If you are not sure of the quality of the wool it would be better to clean it in gasoline. To do this only a high grade gas can be used, as the low grade oils remain in the wool and the cloth becomes a dirt catcher. To test the gas, put a little on a sheet of writing paper, and allow it to run off to the side. If it evaporates quickly and leaves no marks on the paper it is all right to use.

Silks are better washed in gasoline. Or perhaps you will want to dye it. Georgettes, crepe de chins, and foulards dye well. If you decide to dye, first remove all the color possible. Make a heavy suds of a mild soap added to water enough to cover the goods. Enter the silk and boil until

color is removed. Thirty minutes should be sufficient, fifteen is often enough. A little washing soda added to the water hastens the process.

In dyeing, follow directions on the package you select implicitly.

Before starting your work of cleaning, study well your garment and decide on a pattern. Be sure that you have material enough to carry out your idea before you start ripping up the old garment. There are many good patterns on the market, and all will tell you how much material you need. If you are at all clever with the needle, you will be able to do the work yourself. If you have doubts as to your skill it would be economy to hire a dressmaker to do the work.

For the Lunch Pail.

Mothers who are at their wits' end in planning the children's school lunch will welcome the following suggested combinations.

Sandwiches with sliced, tender meat for filling; baked apple, cookies, or a few lumps of sugar.

Slices of meat loaf or bean loaf; bread and butter sandwiches; stewed fruit; small frosted cakes.

Crisp rolls, hollowed out and filled with chopped meat or fish, moistened and seasoned or mixed with salad dressing; orange, apple, a mixture of sliced fruits or berries.

Lettuces or celery sandwiches; cup custard; jelly sandwiches.

Cottage cheese and chopped green pepper sandwiches; fruit cake.

Hard-boiled eggs; crisp baking powder biscuits; celery or radishes; brown sugar or maple sugar sandwiches.

If the sandwiches are wrapped in oiled paper, the lunch packed neatly and a paper napkin put in, the children's enjoyment of the lunch will be doubled and the mother will be amply repaid by their enthusiasm for a mother who cares.

Good Cheer From the Sick.

Is there anything quite so beautiful as a radiant, happy soul in a deformed body? Many of the happiest people I have ever known were crippled; but how they spread sunshine and cheer over the whole house!

I know a woman who has spent the largest part of twenty years in bed with a hopeless spinal malady who writes, "I am anxious to give sunny thoughts to people, to help my complaining, fault-finding, pessimistic friends." This brave woman is trying to give sunny thoughts to people when she has been a semi-invalid for twenty years. One would think that if anyone had a right to be pessimistic, gloomy, sad, and discouraged, it would be such a woman. But no! She cheers people up. This ought to make those of us who are sound well ashamed of our fault-finding, complaining, and pessimism.

If there is a blessed quality in the universe it is found in those who express sunshine, who radiate happiness and good cheer under great suffering.

THE HENS PAY!

This guaranteed health tonic costs you nothing. The hens pay for it in eggs.

It supplies Nature's egg-making elements.

Pratts Poultry Regulator

ADVICE FREE Let us help you

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Toronto

Two Kinds of Doctors.

The Rev. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman in search of the divine knocked at the physician's door. "Does Dr. Channing live here?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "Can I see him?" "I am he." "Who? You?" "Yes, sir." "You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach?"— "Heard me preach?" "Certainly. You are the Dr. Channing that preaches, ain't you?" "Oh, I see, you are mistaken now. It is my brother who preaches. I am the doctor who practices."

To think without reading is difficult; to read without thinking is ridiculous.

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, F. T. Johnson, 246 Craig St. W., Montreal, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Boys just love its smooth fragrant lather

BEST for BABY—BEST for YOU

DYEING

YOU will be astonished at the results we get by our modern system of dyeing and cleaning. Fabrics that are shabby, dirty or spotted are made like new. We can restore the most delicate articles.

Send one article or a parcel of goods by post or express. We will pay carriage one way, and our charges are most reasonable.

When you think of cleaning and dyeing, think of PARKER'S.

Parker's Dye Works Limited

Cleaners and Dyers

791 Yonge St. Toronto

Have it always in the house

WISER mothers keep a jar of a tube of "Vaseline" White Petroleum Jelly in the house for many childish ills, such as bumps, bruises, chafed skin, cradle cap. It is soothing, healing and grateful to the most irritated skin. Be prepared for winter colds, too. "Vaseline" Capsicum Jelly rubbed on the chest, and "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly sniffed into the nostrils will check them quickly.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Consolidated) 1880 Chabot Ave., Montreal, P. O.

Vaseline White PETROLEUM JELLY

ISSUE No. 44—21.

Purity-Quality-Economy

The combination of purity-quality and economy has made Magic Baking Powder the standard baking powder of Canada. Positively contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. Its use insures perfect satisfaction.

"Costs no more than the ordinary kinds"

Made in Canada

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO, CAN. MONTREAL