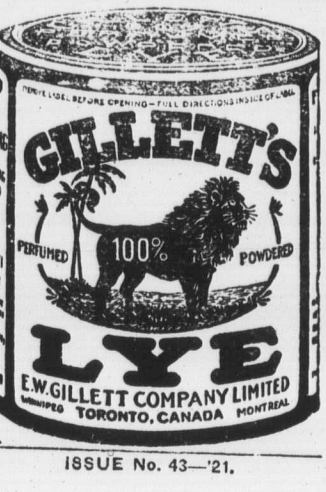


Puts new life  
into you  
**BOVRIL**

**Every Man For Himself**  
By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE  
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CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)  
"Don't let's get into any political discussion, Philip," interrupted his uncle, holding up his hand in protest. "Please, I'm too tired for that. I'm sick of it, d'you hear? Politics! Politics! The same miserable tactics of misrepresentation! The same petty motives that have bedeviled public life for the past— Damn them!"  
He heaved himself abruptly from his chair and began to pace the room restlessly while Kendrick watched him, surprised by the unexpected vehemence of the outburst. After a turn or two he stopped directly in front of his nephew, and in his eyes was a strange look.  
"There are many things, my boy, which you cannot be expected to understand without a lot of explanation," he said more quietly. "I cannot go into any of these things now. If you ever accept a public office in later life try to look upon it as a sacred trust to be fulfilled according to the dictates of conscience. Then you will begin to understand what I meant by 'burden of effort' and 'heat of the day.' I want you to believe that even one man against a pack of wolves can put up at least some kind of a fight, even though he knows that sooner or later he is doomed to go down. I have tried conscientiously to do what I thought was my duty. Do you believe that?"  
"Certainly," nodded Kendrick without hesitation.  
"Thank you, Philip. No matter what happens I want you to continue to believe that."  
"Look here, Uncle Milt, if anybody is trying to put anything over on you, why not let me in on the scrap?" urged Philip eagerly. "I meant what I said a moment ago. What is it? What's the matter? Finance? Let me help. I'll write you a cheque for what I have in the bank and we can raise something on my Parkview property."  
The Honorable Milton tossed his head in a chuckle of amusement.  
"How much have you got?" he smiled.  
"About two thousand in the bank, another couple of thousand in negotiable securities—ch, about ten thousand, roughly, including the real estate. We could sell that. I'll look after it first thing after breakfast."  
"Ten thousand dollars is neither here nor there, Philip," said his uncle, shaking his head slowly. "I could raise such a sum by the mere request. Perhaps if it were five times the amount— Just the same, I am grateful for your offer, my boy."  
"Fifty thousand dollars!" murmured Phil. "It's a lot of money when you haven't got it."  
The Honorable Milton glanced at the clock on the mantel and gave an exclamation.  
"It's time you and I were in bed. I hear Stinson just coming in. Everything's all right. I'm going to turn in now."  
At the foot of the stairs he paused to lay a hand on his nephew's shoulder and there was unwonted gentleness in his manner.  
"Good-night, Philip. And thank you for the 'flower of folly,'" he said awkwardly.  
For a moment Kendrick stood watching the Honorable Milton Waring as he mounted the stairs, slowly, a heavy hand upon the banister rail. The gray head was bowed. There was an air of dejection in the whole figure as of one who tastes the bitterness of defeat.

CHAPTER IV.  
When Phil opened his eyes on the morning sunshine—both eyes—he was gratified to note a slight improvement in the thickened orb. Before retiring he had seen the newly returned Stinson around to the front of the house, to bring in the suitcase left by the verandah and had instructed the valet to bring a piece of raw beefsteak to his room. Nevertheless, as he studied his appearance in the mirror with some anxiety, he was glad that he was going to Sparrow Lake and thence to North Bay as fast as he could get there. Thorpe would soon



of making witty remarks, and the fish would care whether he had a black eye or not.  
As he dressed leisurely Kendrick's mind reverted soberly to the events of the past twenty-four hours. Reviewing in detail the interview with his uncle, there grew out of his confusion of thought an odd sense of disquiet.  
Clegg's questioning of Stinson had yielded the information which his uncle had not seen fit to volunteer in regard to last night's clandestine visitors at the Island residence—Nickleby, President of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company; Alderson, of the Alderson Construction Company; Blatchford Ferguson, the lawyer. If, as the Honorable Milton had intimated, it had been a business meeting merely, they must be accounted for all the secrecy with which the meeting had been shrouded. His uncle, Phil knew, had invested heavily in mining stocks, and J. Cuthbert Nickleby was the man who had been most closely associated with him in these private investments, while favored with Warnings legal patronage in some time now Ferguson had been in such deals as had come to Kendrick's notice. As for Alderson, he was a comparative stranger to Phil—a contractor who had risen rapidly during the real estate boom, and who very reasonably might be taking a flyer on the market.  
It must be something of this sort, and in the face of his uncle's evident desire for him to mind his own business, Phil was inclined to let it go at that. It was scarcely to be expected that his uncle would break the custom of years in a sudden burst of confidence just because his nephew happened to surprise him in one of his difficult situations. His life was full of such difficult situations, no doubt, had been for years—and the Honorable Milton was accustomed to relying upon himself to surmount them as he saw fit.  
Far from feeling any resentment of his uncle's refusal of his boyish offer of assistance, therefore, Phil now regarded the offer itself as somewhat ridiculous from his uncle's standpoint. To one of such large connections ten thousand dollars was the same as a hundred-dollar bill to the average man. Yet his uncle had thanked him for his good intentions and tacitly had made him feel that the appreciation was sincere. At no time had there been in clear sympathy than during this unexpected interview. His uncle was not given to sentiment. Perhaps the liquor—  
Phil paused in the act of leaving his boot to frown out the window. The Honorable Milton Waring undoubtedly was greatly worried about something—financial affairs maybe. Or was that only one side of it, incidental to something not so simple of adjustment? The searching look, the solemnity of the words which had followed that sudden outburst against political conditions of the day, that reference to a man fighting a pack of wolves—what about that? No matter what happened he wanted his nephew to continue believing that he had tried to do his duty.  
No matter what happened! It was this remark, more than any other, which fostered Kendrick's disquietude. Something was liable to happen, then?—something calling for a blind exercise of faith in his uncle; something which on the surface might seem to question his—his what? Integrity? Political honor? Social philosophy of speech with no special significance? Phil shifted uneasily on the chair as he thought of his aunt's position if some catastrophe befell his uncle. If any trouble of that kind were likely to develop, surely his uncle would have told him. Well, there was no use in getting himself all worked up over nothing.  
He began to whistle softly as he rummaged among his ties. Then his thoughts switched to the girl with whom he had talked in the fog, if he had only known then what he knew now! She had been spying upon the Waring residence, upon this secret meeting with the Honorable Milton. That much seemed certain. But why was she interested in what had transpired? Who was she? And what had information which made it difficult to analyze the situation intelligently.  
Had he done right in withholding from his uncle the fact of his unusual encounter with this girl? He imagined the laugh with which the Honorable Milton would be likely to greet the relation of the incident. If it were true that there was no use in sending a boy on a man's errand, what about a woman on a spying expedition in a thick fog at two o'clock in the morning? Perhaps her story of the party at a friend's house was true, after all. Perhaps she and this "Joe" were a pair of sneak thieves—  
But he knew she wasn't, just as he knew that she was a girl of education and refinement. A tantalizing thing to meet a disembodied voice like that, a low laugh, a mystery! The lady might have a face like a dried prune! (Only he knew that she hadn't!)

Voices were not to be relied upon. Take that "hello-girl," for instance; she had had the softest, litting voice over the wire, then when he got a look at her she hadn't been a day under forty-five and her face—! Certainly it hadn't been the fairest that e'er the sun shone on! Only in this case he knew it must be different! He was a hopeless fool if ever there was one! The best thing he could do was to forget the whole affair and with this sensible decision he reached into his pocket for the souvenir, and spent some time in re-examining the little hand-pinned shirt-waist pin with which she had fastened his pay to the canoe cushion! Phil breakfasted alone. Although the sun had climbed high enough to dispel the fog his uncle still slept the heavy sleep of utter exhaustion. Without disturbing him, therefore, Kendrick had Stinson run the launch over to the city half an hour later. As a concession to the possibility of there being a series of side to the espionage of the girl and her accomplice, he had decided to advise his uncle's lawyer of the adventure; Ferguson then could assume responsibility for the consequences, using his own judgment as to its significance. Also Phil intended to have a chat with Shores Bayly, of the Canadian Lake in the city; if he happened to be in the city; if he was an old boyhood friend of the Warnings and Phil knew that he could talk to him freely without fear of his confidences being abused.  
At the docks almost the first person Kendrick encountered was Chic White. Chic was the more or less renowned sporting editor of the "Morning Recorder" and he had a little while as he talked, more a matter of nervous habit than saliva. He spat dryly three times as he stared at the approaching Kendrick and greeted the erstwhile captain of the Varsity rugby champions with a grin that bared two rows of teeth.  
"By gods! What a fall was there, my countrymen! Wow! Who slipped you the haymaker, Kendrick?"  
"Stick to the quotations, Chic," laughed Phil good-naturedly, barely pausing in his stride. "Got it in the fog last night—Canada Club stairs in the dark. I had a pretty bad fall."  
"So did Humpty-Dumpty!" Mr. White's grin widened, and with a de-liberate wink and a final spit he waved his hand and walked off, laughing loudly.  
The owner of the black eye went his way, face set in abnormally forbidding lines. People smiled as they passed him on the street. He would have given a ten-dollar bill to have met the redoubtable Mr. McCrorquodale around the next corner. He thought of buying one of those pink shields; it would not hide it all, but it might help. He tried tying his handkerchief over his eye as a bandage, but felt so foolish that he tore it off and laughed at himself.  
(To be continued.)  
**Deadliest Foe of Orchard.**  
The codling moth is the parent of the appleworm, a very unpopular insect. To get a line on the habits and life history of the insect, experts have constructed "cocoon racks" of wood strips so put together as to form rows of compartments or cells, each accommodating one caterpillar.  
The rows of cells are covered with strips of transparent celluloid, through which the transformations of the caterpillars into pupae and finally moths can be watched. A record of observations for each caterpillar is kept by the help of a reference number at the top of its compartment. The moth is brownish gray, with a wing-spread of three-quarters of an inch. At rest on the bark of an apple tree, it is hardly distinguishable to the eye. The female lays her eggs on apples, one here and another there, and the caterpillars hatched from them bore into the fruit, eating it as they grow and dealing it in a manner unhappily too familiar. In late summer or early fall the full-grown worms leave the apples and seek concealment in holes or cracks in the trees, or under the bark, spinning tough silken cocoons in which to pass the winter. Many of them, still resident in the apples, are carried with the latter to storage houses, where they spin their cocoons in boxes, barrels or bins. In spring they transform into moths, which fly to the orchards, thus completing the cycle.  
Elderly people can to-day remember a time when nearly every apple offered for sale had one or more worm holes. Usually it was the caterpillar of the codling moth that was responsible for the mischief. Nowadays decent apples rarely exhibit such unpleasant imperfections for the reason that a spray of arsenate of lead applied to the trees is death to the insect.

**Dyed Her Wrap Blue and a Skirt Brown**  
Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.  
**Matter of Money.**  
Fred—"If I were to propose, what would be the outcome?"  
Freda—"That would depend very much on the income."  
A nursing bottle has been patented which is made of a collapsible material which can be folded from the bottom. Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

**THE CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING OF WOOL**  
PRODUCT ENJOYS OVERSEAS REPUTATION.

**Present-day Conditions Make the Pursuit of the Sheepman a Profitable Calling.**

A virtual revolution has been wrought in the wool industry of Canada in the past few years. Whereas but a short while ago the wool produced in Canada was offered for sale in such an unsatisfactory state that the Canadian manufacturer looked with indifference upon the home-grown product, to-day he realizes that Canadian wool compares favorably with that of any other country and more than half of the domestic production finds its way to Canadian mills. Not only is the high quality of the Canadian product appreciated locally now but in the United States and the overseas markets it is now generally recognized that Canadian sheepmen are producing wool the equal of similar classes and grades grown elsewhere in the world. Gradually but surely a reputation has been built up for Canadian fleeces wools on the domestic and foreign markets.

By July 15th this year, the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Ltd., had disposed of about one million pounds of the 1921 graded clip. By the end of the season they expect to have handled about five million pounds. This, it is stated, represents about one-third of the wool production of Canada which is significant of the status of the productive industry. In the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1921, more than 7,000,000 pounds of wool were exported to the United States, 130,000 to the British Isles and 30,000 to Newfoundland.

This elevation of the status of the wool industry in Canada by selection and grading has been brought about through the combined efforts of the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, an organization of sheepmen and the Livestock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. To counteract the indifferent manner in which fleeces were treated and marketed, expert wool graders were engaged by the Government for the purpose of grading the wool at certain centres throughout the country. This policy

was followed for the first few years until last year when it was found advisable to have all the grading done under one roof and a warehouse was erected at Weston, Ontario, for the purpose. Canadian grades are now established standard in ever particular, and have proved satisfactory in every way.

Shipments to English Markets. The United States market has always furnished an excellent outlet for the Canadian wool crop and a large portion of each season's clip has found its way across the border. This year, however, this egress is closed by the passing of the Emergency Tariff Bill. No apprehension exists, however, over the sale of this season's clip, the Canadian product having rapidly achieved an excellent reputation overseas. Last year the sheepmen of Canada, through their own organization, made their first shipments of graded wool, some 130,000 pounds, to the English markets, where it was received most favorably. Consequently it is hoped and anticipated that British manufacturers may take a substantial portion of that quota of the crop which went annually to the United States. The organization is also arranging at the present time for a suitable firm of wool brokers to act as a selling agent for Canadian wools on the Canadian market.

The co-operative marketing of wool and general organization for betterment of sheep raising in Canada which has made the pursuit of the sheepman in Canada so much more profitable, has aroused a new interest in the industry, exhibiting new possibilities and opportunities not hitherto apparent. The number of sheep is increasing steadily in every province as more and more farmers are convinced of the advisability of adding a small flock to their stock. From 1915 to 1920 the sheep population of the Dominion increased from 2,988,662 to 3,720,783. Greater interest yet will doubtless be evinced in the future with the opportunities of grading and marketing, and

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