

DOX

PREVENTS THAT SINKING FEELING

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER III

"No Matter What Happens"

At no time had it been Phil Kendrick's habit to entertain an inflated opinion of his own importance. On occasion he had ridden around the gridiron on the shoulders of idolatrous students; but his modesty had been one of the factors underlying his popularity. Desiring conceit, in others, he was too prone, perhaps, to take himself to task for those little mistakes which every young man is liable to make from time to time.

It is safe to say, however, that never in all his life had he arraigned himself upon the carpet of his own condemnation so severely as now while paddling across the bay for the second time within the hour. If the McCorquodale incident earlier in the evening had lowered his opinion of his own judgment he was now ready to concede that he had no judgment whatsoever. It was of little use to tell himself that it served her right, or that she had dared him deliberately to do what he had done. That did not alter the fact that if he ever met her again—it was not likely that he would, of course, but if he did—somewhere, sometime—he had erected a barrier to her good will which would preclude all hope of her friendship. His status in her sight was that of a "miserable fresh Aleck!"

Thus, as a relief to his feelings and in part to keep warm by exertion, did Phil come home through the fog at headlong pace in a high state of discontent, a veritable bear with a sore head. As he lifted the canoe to its place in the boathouse something pricked his finger, and by the light of a match he found a dollar bill pinned to one of the canoe cushions with a tiny brooch. His hire—the only reward he had had any right to expect! The sight of these souvenirs did not tend to restore his peace of mind, and there was little mirth in the short laugh which he bestowed upon them as he thrust them into his pocket; yet it is interesting that he looked upon them as souvenirs, even while deciding to dismiss the whole matter permanently from his thoughts.

The launch was not back yet, he noted. Well, Stinson could go to the devil with it for all he cared! He slammed the boathouse door and strode up the side-street, this mood carrying as far as the picket gate. His hand was on the latch before he realized that the library windows were blurring through the fog with light. Had the servants all gone crazy to-night? He went around to the front of the house, and with his face between the slats of the verandah railing, peered through the French windows. Muttering astonishment, he climbed over the railing, fitted his latch-key noiselessly and swung open the double glass doors that gave direct entrance to the room. The slight sound of his entry passed unnoticed by the Honorable Milton Waring, who continued to lean over his desk completely absorbed in a litter of papers.

But for the heavy odor of stale cigar smoke it would have been easy

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to suppose that the fog without had crept into the library. The air was blue. Phil's glance swept the disordered room. Three empty whisky glasses stood on the library table. The butts of cigars and innumerable cork-tipped cigarettes lay smothered in gray ashes that spilled untidily in sundry ash-trays. There was a char of burned paper in the open grate where a few coals still glowed redly. The desk was covered with packets of folded papers, held together by rubber bands, and loose sheets upon which much figuring had been done with the blue pencil which his uncle favored. A stock certificate or two peeped from a closed account book.

Phil looked again at the bowed figure, struck by a laxity of manner that was foreign to the Honorable Milton Waring. His thick iron-gray hair, usually so carefully brushed, was rumpled on end where his fingers had plowed and held his head while he figured with the other hand. He had removed his collar and tossed it aside impatiently; it lay on the floor behind the chair, leaving the tie still hanging loosely around the neck, the end of it twisted over one shoulder. The door in front of which the intruder stood was outside the older man's line of vision; but Phil could see a flushed cheek, and there was an air of dejection in his uncle's attitude quite out of keeping with customary poise.

The subject of these observations reached abruptly for the decanter on the desk and poured himself a stiff drink of Scotch whisky. The neck of the glass, a little tattoo against the glass, he swallowed the liquor neat and shook his head in a spasmodic glance. The sigh with which he settled back in his chair was one of utter weariness.

Phil gave a slight cough to announce his presence.

"Pardon me, Uncle Milton, if I'm intruding, but I didn't know you were in town—Why, what's wrong?" he ended quickly; for his uncle had sprung from his chair and was clinging to the edge of the desk for support while he stared as if he were gazing at an apparition.

In truth, quite aside from his quiet entry, the young man's appearance was startling enough. His facial disfigurement achieved a bizarre effect which the condition of his clothes served to heighten. The once jaunty panama hat hung shapelessly about his ears and from beneath it a plaster of blond hair slanted across his forehead rakishly. His color was a soggy mess, from which depended a dark red string in sorry travesty of a flowing tie. His shirt was soiled with mud, his coat and trousers full of wrinkles.

"For heaven's sake, boy! What's happened? Train wreck?" He dropped back into his chair, eyeing his nephew in amazement. "Why aren't you at Sparrow Lake with your aunt? Get my wire? Eh? They told me you left this morning—" His voice was hoarse and it trailed away as if the situation embarrassed him and he was not quite sure how to handle it. He stared uncertainly, drumming nervously with his fingers.

Phil nodded as he sat down in the nearest chair and stared back. The surprise of finding his uncle there was overridden by the new discovery of his evident diffidence, his flushed face, a lack of that self-contained bearing which always had marked him as a man of large affairs. It was his uncle's strict rule, he recalled, never to take a second drink; it was an axiom of the Honorable Milton's that the second drink drew the cork on indiscretion and eventual inebriety. That something had happened which must have disturbed him greatly to make him break this rule was a deduction as simple as the evidence that he had broken it.

"What about you, Uncle Milton?" suggested Kendrick after a brief explanation of his change of plans—a recital which carefully avoided mention of McCorquodale or the mysterious woman of the fog. "If I had known that Aunt Dolly was going to be alone I wouldn't have let Thorpe persuade me to stay over a day."

"I was called in unexpectedly—important business—" He pushed uneasily at the papers on the desk. "Have a cigar, Phil?" He passed the humidifier as he spoke, then scratched a match and held it to his nephew's selection with careful courtesy. He shook his head in a smiling disapproval of the swollen eye. "Bad business, young man! Bad business! A fine flower of folly you have there, eh? Don't grow 'm like that at the Ladies' Aid meeting at the First Baptist Church, do they?" He settled back in his chair, chortling.

Phil smiled as he tossed aside his hat.

"Blame it on the fog, Uncle Milton. I was foolish enough to trip over something in the dark and take a header down the Canoe Club stairs into the water," he explained mendaciously. "Me for the woods to-morrow with out fail. I guess I got off easy at that, for you can't see your hand in front of your face out on

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tion, for instance—detectives, you know—around election time. I don't pretend to know very much about these things, of course."

"You are fortunate," grunted the Honorable Milton, dryly. "Seems to me you are allowing your imagination to run away with you, young man. Advise you to curb it."

Phil took a long pull at his cigar and studied his uncle keenly as he blew the smoke into the air.

"Do you want to know how I really got this beauty spot—this 'flower of folly' as you called it?" he asked unexpectedly. "I had a little argument with a fellow to-night who insisted that you were—retracted it, of course—were a political grafter!"

The smile with which the Honorable Milton Waring had welcomed the promised change of subject faded slowly. He wagged his head in reproof.

"Very foolish of you, Philip—to take any notice of that sort of thing. Let 'em talk!" Yet he looked at this nephew of his with a new interest.

"Grafter, eh? Didn't believe it, eh?"

"Anyone who looks up your political record, Uncle Milton, must respect you," said Phil seriously. "The newspapers that are so fond of handing out roasts seem to overlook the fact that you were the man mainly responsible for kicking out Rives and his crowd and cleaning up the whole rotten administration. It makes me mad. And some of them have got the nerve to hint that the present Government—"

(To be continued.)

Dyed Her Stockings and Skirt to Match

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Getting Very Particular.

The train stopped longer than usual on the big curve coming into the Irish wayside station. A passenger looked out, saw the guard descend from his van, and listened to the following conversation with the driver:

Guard—"What are ye stoppin' for?"

Driver—"Sure, and can't ye see the signal is agin me?"

Guard—"It's mighty particular you're gettin' all of a sudden."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

About the House

A Profitable Social Gathering.

During the war many pleasant social customs fell by the wayside, but now they are beginning to be restored. Among these is the social sewing that made a pleasant day for the neighborhood, or the club, or the church society, and a very profitable one for the hostess.

Of course, the success of it depends largely upon the ability of the hostess to utilize her spare time getting things ready for a long time before, so that there is no hitch in the work from the moment it begins until the ladies reluctantly go home late in the afternoon. The hostess has ready garments for the children, shirts for the men folks, household supplies, such as sheets, curtains, pillow slips, table linen and dish towels, carpet rags to sew for rugs, aprons, perhaps a quilt to quilt or a comfort to knit, things to make over and the general sewing of the family that she has not had time to do. Often a good seamstress is engaged for a day ahead to cut out and baste the more difficult things, though this is not really necessary.

Everything is rolled together for the garment, or else the articles are folded separately in clean newspapers. The sewing machine is cleaned, oiled and put in good order, plenty of thread and buttons are provided and everything thought out beforehand for the success of the day. The best workers attack the hard things, leaving the carpet rags for the children, who love to have a hand in the fun, and the patching for the elderly ladies who do not trust their eyesight for the complex things. In groups the ladies work, each doing what she is best fitted to do.

The hostess provides the dinner, which is usually chicken and biscuits, or some big substantial dish that will be relished by all. A good menu is chicken with fresh rolls and mashed potatoes, cabbage, salad or stewed tomatoes, home-made pickles and cake. The greater part of this is made ready the day before, such as baking the cake, opening the fruit, cleaning the chickens, making the rolls to be reheated next day, and getting the tables partly ready. It isn't hard work to get the dinner and the dishes can be left until the guests go home, as there will be plenty of food to be reheated for the family supper, and the mistress of the house can feel free to enjoy herself once the eating is over.

The hostess also pays to the club or organization ten or fifteen cents for each person present. One lady who entertained a group of twenty-five workers counted up her cost at thirty cents each for the fee and the cost of the meal, and found that for seven dollars and fifty cents she had more than thirty dollars' worth of finished work to her credit. The beautiful quilt alone that the ladies quilted would have cost six dollars, while the rags for rugs represented a saving of several dollars for floor covering for

the guest bedroom, above the thirty dollars' worth of garments. Everybody had a good time and was not overworked, and everybody said it was a delightful day.

With the country short of help so very long, and everyone rushed to death, the social gatherings have been all too few for some years back, so if the sewing social combines work and fun and helps the country ladies get away from home more than they do, it is to be hoped that many more communities will take it up speedily.

Iceland Short of Ice.

Strange as it may seem, Iceland has run short of ice, and urgent requests for immediate shipments of that commodity have been sent to Norway.

Herring fishing, Iceland's principal industry, is in grave danger, as ice is required for packing the fish, which are exported in large quantities. This ice shortage has been caused by an extraordinarily mild winter.

On the north coast of the island there is ice without limit, but there is no means of transporting it to the districts where it is required. Hence the urgent appeals for shipments of ice from other parts in order to save the herring industry.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

When Does a Man Fail?

When he makes a vow he fails to keep;

When without sowing he would reap;

When he would rather beg, borrow or steal

Than work to earn an honest meal;

When he delights to stir up strife

Or values honor less than life;

When he insults a fallen foe,

Or at a woman aims a blow.

Rockall, an islet in the Atlantic, 300 miles from the Scottish mainland, is supposed to be the only remaining portion above water of a lost land.

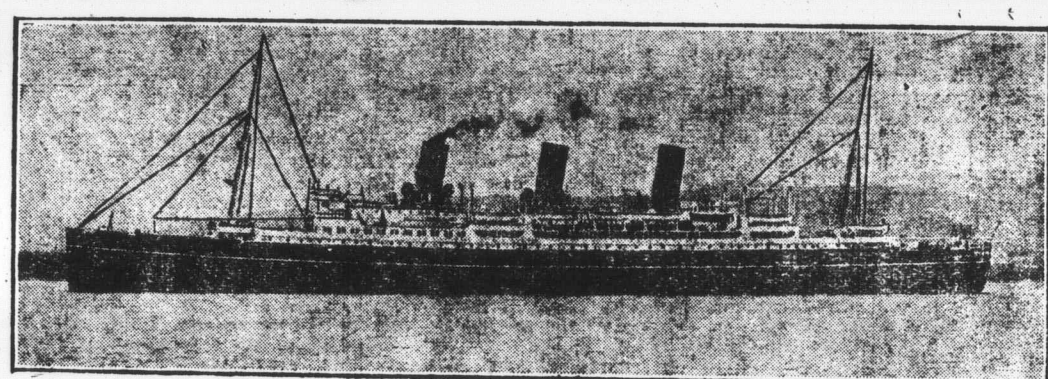
\$15 lb. for Wool

That's what you pay for it when you buy a suit. What do you get a pound for it when you sell the wool? Canadian wool has to be sent out of Canada to be prepared for the spinner. A pound of wool bought from the farmer is sold from one commission merchant to another, stored, shipped by train and boat, stored in England, sold and re-shipped until eventually it gets back to the mills in Canada at many times the price you got for it. There is no place in Canada to prepare wool for the worsted spinner. Isn't it a shame?

A mill is now under consideration, in Toronto, to convert raw wool for the spinner. When wool can be sent direct to the mill for combing and sold direct to the spinner, then the farmer will get the full price.

If this is of interest to you, Mr. Wool Grower, write Dominion Development Corporation, Limited, 709 Continental Life Bldg., Toronto, and get the full plan.

The Empress of Canada



The new C.P.R. liner, the oil burning Empress of Canada, is built especially for the Pacific service. The appointments will be the finest and most luxurious possible to-day, with particular regard to the C.P.R. standard of "Safety, Speed, Comfort."

She has an overall length of 653 feet, is 87 feet 9 inches in breadth and 52½ feet in depth to the bridge deck; she has a straight stem and cruiser stern, three funnels and two pole masts. There is a continuous shelter deck with bridge, promenade and boat decks over, the former extending for the full length of the ship; two complete between decks and lower and upper decks at the fore and aft ends. The "Empress of Canada" has a gross tonnage of 22,000 tons, and is arranged to carry about 490 first class, 109 second class, 238 third class and 932 Atlantic steerage passengers, and crew of 547. Of the cargo spaces, a large portion has been fitted for the carriage of silk and refrigerated cargo. Her speed is about 21 knots. She is built to the highest class of Lloyd's Register full Board of Trade requirements.

The first class accommodation is arranged on the shelter deck and in addition to the single, double and family rooms, there are several rooms and private suites, which comprise bedrooms, sitting rooms and bathrooms. The staterooms are fitted with the very latest type of washbasin, with a supply of hot and cold water. The public lavatories and bath rooms have the most modern improvements in sanitary equipment. A complete system of telephones is connected with a central exchange to the rooms and offices.

The dining saloon is on the upper deck and will accommodate 325 persons. A large reception room is situated forward of the dining saloon; the passenger elevator is at the fore end. On the upper deck is also a large swimming pool, 30 ft. by 18 ft., with adjoining gymnasium and dressing rooms similar to the best clubs. The other public rooms are arranged on the promenade deck with special view to convenience and comfort. The large lounge will provide ample room for concerts and moving picture performances, with complete moving-picture operating room. There is a long gallery, specially designed room for children, Drawing Room, Writing Room, Smoke Room and Verandah Cafe, and all are luxurious and attractive in every way. Long promenades and recreation spaces for games, dancing and sports are reserved for the use of passengers.

The second class accommodation is situated on the shelter deck aft, arranged in two and four berth rooms. These staterooms are fitted similar to the first class. The Dining Saloon is on the upper deck and will accommodate 100 persons. The Lounge is on the bridge deck aft.

In addition to a large laundry, dis-

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WISE mothers keep a jar or 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.

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