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prevents that
sinking feeling

Every Man For Himself
By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

"Will you please explain how you happened to be waiting for me at that particular spot?"

"Bless your heart, madam, I wasn't waiting for you! I happen to live nearby and was getting ready to step ashore when you grabbed my canoe and ordered me to keep quiet. I did so. Here we are."

"Your discretion was commendable," she approved. "It certainly is most extraordinary. I don't see where on earth—I guess my escort has taken French leave." She tried to laugh carelessly, but she could not hide the fact that she was greatly disturbed. "Will you paddle me across to the city?"

"And leave poor Joe out in the cold gray fog? Don't you think it would be better to turn back and give a holler or two?"

"Never mind him. He has gone home already very likely. I will pay you one dollar to paddle me over. Is that satisfactory?"

"It all depends. Supposing I refuse?"

"Then I would have to ask you to step into the water and swim to shore while I do my own paddling and keep down expenses."

"Presupposing, of course, that you own the canoe."

"It is too bad it is so dark," she retorted impatiently, "or you would know that a revolver is pointed straight at you this very moment."

Kendrick laughed in pure enjoyment of the situation.

"My dear young lady," he had decided that she was young and he wondered if she were pretty—"you force me to the conclusion that either you are bluffing outrageously or you are a desperate character! Please don't be frightened. I'm neither Steve Brodie, the bridge jumper, nor the famous Jack Dalton, and in this age of safety razors Bluebeards are extraneous. This isn't the opening spasm of some blood-and-thunder novel, you know. We're right here on Toronto Bay where one can get into trouble for not showing a light after dark. Will you oblige me by unhooking the lamp at the bow there and passing it back to me so that I can light up. I promise then to start earning that dollar without further delay."

He heard her fumbling with it. There was a splash in the water, a little cry of well feigned dismay.

"Oh, how careless of me! It—slipped out of my hand."

Phil grinned cheerfully as he began to dip his paddle, interest quickened. It was a neat side-stepping of his inconsiderate attempt to scrutinize her. She had taken the first trick.

"You do yourself an injustice, madam. Are you usually so careful when you are careless?"

"You have not told me your name yet," she reminded him, apparently more at ease now that she knew he intended to paddle her across the bay.

"My name? It's an Indian name—Watha. My A. Watha, at your service, and I am very fond of canoeing. What's yours?"

"You need hardly ask that, Mr. Hiawatha, when you knew my sister, Minnie, so well," she laughed. "I am Mary Ha-ha!"

"You don't say!" chuckled Kendrick in appreciation. "The original little Merry Ha-Ha, eh?—Little Laughing-Gas!"

"If you are Hiawatha, why are you using a paddle?" she pursued. "I always understood from the Poet that all you had to do was to guide your canoe with your thoughts."

"Not when they're travelling in a circle. But this looks more like 'Blind Man's Buff' than 'Ring-Around-A-Rosy,' don't you think? Or are you trying to play 'Tag' with me?"

Well, you're 'It' anyway," he said, dropping all hint of banter in his tone. "I'd advise you to meet a few straight questions with straight answers. First, who is this Joe person you were expecting to do the canoeing for you?"

"My husband."

"And the people in the launch?"

"How should I know who they were? By what right do you ask me that?" she demanded.

"The circumstances are somewhat unusual, madam, you must admit," Kendrick reminded her sharply. "Do you wish me to play safe by handing you over to the police?"

"Police? My Good Gracious me! What crime have I committed?"

"That would be a matter for official enquiry. It may be that you and your husband are in the habit of wandering about the Island in a thick fog at two o'clock in the morning—picking daisies for the sick kiddies over at the Children's Home, I presume—but, to be perfectly frank with you, I doubt it. Besides, there is the little matter of the launch."

"Why are you so interested in that launch?"

"Because I happen to be the nephew of my uncle who happens to own it and to have left it in my charge during his absence," said Kendrick deliberately. "I'm laying the cards face up, madam. The launch is the property of Honorable Milton Waring, of whom you may have heard. Undoubtedly it has been stolen."

He was not prepared for the laughter with which his unknown passenger greeted this bold announcement. He knew she was trying to smother her mirth, but it finally broke all bounds. A very musical laugh it was, very pleasant to hear.

"Oh, please forgive me," she gasped finally. "It is very rude of me, I know; but you said you were the Honorable Milt's nephew—" Again she laughed in spite of herself.

"You know my uncle?" he asked eagerly.

"I read the papers," she said evasively. "Everybody knows a public man."

"I'm laying the cards face up, madam," repeated Kendrick solemnly. "My name is Kendrick—Philip Kendrick. I was on my way home when you—well, shanghaied me. Won't you meet me half way by equal frankness, so that we may avoid—well, any unpleasantness?"

"You mean—" She had stopped laughing.

"That unless you answer legitimate questions I shall be forced to hand you over to the police."

"I warn you that you would regret it," she said quietly.

"Very much," agreed Kendrick readily. "I would be sorry to cause you any inconvenience; but surely you see how impossible it is for me to avoid being inquisitive under the circumstances. Are you going to be frank with me or not?"

She did not answer him immediately and he smiled to himself as he paddled in silence. For, if the truth must be told, Mr. Philip Kendrick was enjoying himself immensely. He had only the sound of her voice from which to draw deductions; but the cultured tones of it and the lift of her low laughter bespoke an education and refinement with which he failed to reconcile the idea that she was a lady burglar. Yet—

ly absorbed in athletics to afford girls have than passing attention. Those of his social set—those he had met—had failed to impress him. One or two of them were attractive enough in a general way, he realized; some were amusing to him and some very, very tedious. It was a new experience to find himself actually interested in a girl—or rather, her voice! He wished he could get a look at her till he remembered the poor showing he would make with his blackened eye. Then he was thankful for the darkness.

Phil planned to land her at the Queen City Yacht Club at the foot of York St., or at the Canoe Club; either would provide an easy landing. They must be well across the bay now; but it was hard to say just where they would come in. Ordinarily he could have steered by the illuminated dial of the City Hall clock and the spire of St. James'; but the fog obliterated all landmarks.

They were both very damp from exposure to the mist, but it is doubtful if either of them was aware of it. He made several further attempts to discover her identity without avail; at every turn she evaded him skillfully and it was beginning to look as if she would step ashore and wind her way to the shore and behind her a single clue for him to follow. This illusive nature was an added spur to his desire to know this girl. He did not believe that she was a married woman at all. It was a conclusion which seemed to be justified by her elaborate precautions to make him think otherwise. Because of some foolish notion of the conventions she intended to go as she had come, taking advantage of the fog to write down the night's adventure in a book which must be closed to him for all time and forgotten.

Deliberately Phil held back the canoe. They were within a few strokes of the landing now.

"Listen to me very carefully," he began. "I am going to ask you for the last time to tell me your name or the name of some friend whom I can get to introduce me to you properly. Isn't that fair? I have told you the truth about myself and will hand you my card to prove it. You must play equally fair with me or—"

"Or what?" she demanded haughtily as he hesitated.

"Or—well, take the consequences," he finished lamely.

"Which are—? Be explicit, Mr. Kendrick."

"Well, I might turn around and paddle you back to the Island and leave you there, for one thing. The circumstances are not such as entitle you. For all I know, you're an ordinary crook. Think it over, madam. Is there any reason why I should not call you 'kiddo' and help myself to a kiss? Is there?"

"Yes—the fact that Philip Kendrick is a gentleman. I dare you to prove it otherwise!"

"It is kind of you. If you are so sure of it, why won't you give me a chance? Come on, be a sport. I will promise anything you wish to meet me legitimately, and I really would regret it very much if I thought—"

"I have already told you that it is impossible," she interrupted coldly. "I always understood it was a woman's prerogative to choose her acquaintances. I am grateful for your services to-night, of course; but beyond that—the fact is, I do not care to know you Mr. Kendrick. Please put me ashore and say good-bye."

A cold fire of resentment burned in Kendrick's eyes as he drove the canoe to the landing with a few skillful strokes. Why had he been so foolish as to tell her his real name? Why didn't she want to know him? Within an hour and stepped out. He felt along the gunwale to an iron ring in the planking, then handed her out safely. He retained his grasp of her hand.

"A moment ago you dared me to kiss you," he said gravely. "I am not in the habit of taking dares from anybody."

"Let go my hand at once, sir. You know very well you cannot so far forget yourself as to take such a liberty. I dare you to prove yourself no gentleman."

"I warn you—"

"I dare you!"

"Very well! On your own head be it, then! The boatman is worthy of his hire," he paraphrased and laughingly he seized her in his arms and kissed her.

The next instant he received a resounding slap in the face. It had young muscles and indignation behind it and it found him unprepared. He started back automatically, tripped, lost his balance and fell into the water.

"Oh, you—you miserable—fresh Aleck!" came her mortified cry.

She lingered only long enough to make sure that he could swim. As he drew himself out of the water the sound of her running feet died out on the pier.

With chattering teeth Kendrick cast loose, seized his paddle and drove it deep into the water. Ye gods, what a fool! Very angry at himself, he set out across the bay once more, guided by the derisive bawling of the fog-horn at the Eastern Gap.

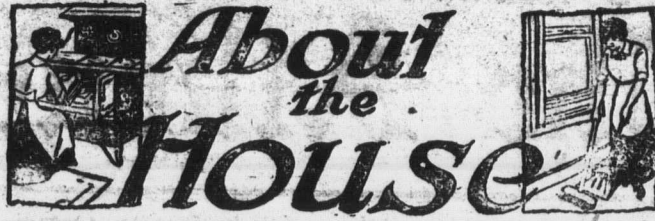
(To be continued.)

Dyed Her Draperies and a Faded Skirt

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, 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.

A sewing machine works twelve times as fast as the hand.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.



About the House

The High School Girl's Dress.

If you are in high school or if you are somewhere in your teens, you are just naturally interested in clothes. You want to look your best, so be sure to have clothes that are really good looking.

The first requirement of clothes is that they be appropriate. A dress for school must be simple though not severely plain. It must be serviceable and easily cared for. A one-piece dress is best for winter and gingham for summer. Last year's party dress is not appropriate for school this year, although last year's "Sunday" dress made simply of French serge may serve for school. Georgette blouses, silk and satin dresses, gaudy ribbons and beads, are not appropriate for school.

If you observe well-dressed business women you will realize that they wear surprisingly simple dresses, which are well tailored and invariably clean and pressed. You will notice that they are very careful of details. They never have loose buttons or snaps, soiled collars, or unpolished shoes. A woman realizes that it is a business asset for her always to be well groomed. Her shoes must never be ill-fitting with run-over, unshined heels. They are broad enough to afford comfort for the toes and to avoid the misery of corns and bunions. Military heels are necessary for comfort and health. Rubber heels make walking easier and are better for the nerves. High French heels are absurd. Hose are thick enough for modesty and for the cold weather. Her fingernails must receive three or four minutes' attention daily and her hands be washed often enough to keep them white and be dried thoroughly to keep them soft. Gloves must be perfectly mended. The hems of her dresses must be adjusted to hang evenly. She certainly never gets up late and neglects to give her face and neck a soap and water bath. She takes baths and changes underwear often enough to maintain personal cleanliness. Her hair is neat and well kept.

Since good looks are a social and business asset, you should acquire early these habits of successful business women, only being younger, you will wear girlish clothes. Wear them while you are young, for some day you will find yourself a sedate lady and you have lost your chance to appear young.

Perhaps there are girls in your high school who wear very white noses and wads of hair extending three inches beyond each ear. The really worthwhile person will admire the girl with good looks and a minimum of artificiality about her. It is one thing to attract attention and quite another to win sincere admiration.

Suggestions From Other Women.

When you discover that your bedspreads are becoming thin and sleazy at the ends, you may make them almost as good as new by making use of the following method:

Take a strong piece of muslin about twelve inches or more in width and as long as your spread is wide. Arrange this strip or facing on the wrong side of the spread on that part which is worn. Fold under raw edges of the facing and sew to position. Treat both ends the same way. It is only a few moments' work and fully repays one for the little extra expense and time involved. A spread thus reinforced will put off the evil day a

year or more before it will be necessary to diminish a ten-dollar bill to buy a new one.—Mrs. R. S.

Make a bag of cretonne or some suitable material the width of the right-hand end of the sewing machine. The length may be as liked, say about 15 inches. Hem both top ends, and just tack one of them to the right hand end of the machine. You will find it a great time and labor saver, as you can throw all small scraps into it when you are sewing. Then they are not on the floor.—E. W.

A great many people have admired the sturdy little suits of heavy blue denim which my little two and three-year-old boys wear on the farm for everyday. Some say, "But I didn't know you could buy suits for such small boys!" You can't. I could not even purchase a pattern for them, but I found it an easy matter to adapt a one-piece pajama pattern to the purpose. The pajama pattern will, of course, have a drop seat, but, instead, lay the sections of pattern together and cut with a seam straight down the middle of the back, and then the little garment will open only down the front. Put a stitched pocket on each hip and one in front, so it will look like Dad's, and double-stitch all the seams to give a tailored effect.—Mrs. N. H. D.

I had a pair of old, high white canvas shoes which were past wearing as they were. I needed a pair of shoes for working in the garden and so tried the experiment of dyeing them. I dissolved a package of dark brown dye in less than a pint of boiling water and applied the dye with a small brush to the shoes.—M. E. G.

When I inquired the price of flour sacks at a bakery recently, I was amazed when informed they were 20 cents each. I decided I'd find a substitute, and did. I took seven old window blinds and put them into a tub of cold water with a small cup of sal soda, and soaked them overnight. In the morning I drained off the water, rinsed them and put to boil in soap suds and soda. When I rinsed and blued them they were very nearly

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white, and made fine soft tea towels.—F. A. R.

My screened porch blossomed out with an entire new set of pillow covers after harvest this year—all of dark green burlap, some plain and some enlivened with little strips of cretonne. A dime's worth of dye covered the cost, for the material was the accumulation of twine sacks found on the farm after harvest. I also covered a porch stool with the same material.—N. H. D.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

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