

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER I

Fog.

Except for the lone policeman who paused beneath the arc light at the Front Street intersection to make an entry in his patrol book, Bay Street was deserted. The fog which had come crawling in from the lake had filled the lower streets and was feeling its way steadily through the sleeping city, blurring the street lights. Its clammy touch darkened the stone facades of tall, silent buildings and left tiny wet beads on iron railing and grill work. Down towards the waterfront a yard-engine coughed and clanked about in the mist somewhere, noisily kicking together a string of box-cars, while at regular intervals the fog-horn over at the Eastern Gap belated mournfully into the night.

After tucking away his book and re-buttoning his tunic the policeman lingered on the corner for a moment in the manner of one who has nothing to do and no place to go. He was preparing to saunter on when footfalls began to echo in the emptiness of the street and presently the figure of a young man grew out of the gray vapor—a young man who was swinging down towards the docks with the easy stride of an athlete. As he came within the restricted range of the arc light it was to be seen that his panama hat was tilted to the back of his head and that he was holding a silk handkerchief to one eye as if a cinder had blown into it.

"Good-night, Officer," he nodded as he passed without halting his stride. "Some fog, eh?"

"Mornin', sir," returned the dim sentinel of the Law with a respectful salute as he grinned recognition. "Faith, an' 't is, sir."

High up in the City Hall tower at the head of the street Big Ben boomed two ponderous notes which flung eerily across the city.

Already the young man had faded into the thickening fog. He was in no mood to talk to inquisitive policemen, no matter how friendly or homesome. It was his own business entirely if concealed beneath the silk handkerchief was the most elaborate black eye which had come into his possession since Varsity won the rugby championship some months before. If his face ached and his knuckles smarted where the skin had been knocked off, that was his own business also. And when the judgment of calmer moments has convinced a respectable young gentleman of spirit that there is nobody but himself to blame for what has happened he is inclined to solitary communion while taking the measure of his self-dissatisfaction.

It was indeed the end of a very imperfect day for Mr. Philip Kendrick. As he descended the stairs of the Canoe Club his thoughts were troubled. At that hour there was nobody about, but he let himself in with a special key which he carried for such contingencies. He found the suite undisturbed where he had left it and soon had his canoe in the water. A moment later he was driving into the thick wall of fog with strong, practiced strokes, heading straight across the bay for Centre Island.

The fog gave him little concern. This land-locked Toronto Bay he knew like a well-marked passage in a favorite book and at two o'clock in the morning it was not necessary to nose along cautiously, listening for the approach of water craft. Away to the right the lights of the amusement park on Hanlan's Point had gone out long ago, before the fog settled down like a wet blanket. The ferries had stopped running for the night. Even the "belt line boat," Lulu—last hope of bibulous or belated Islanders—was back in her slip, funnel cold, lights out. The whole deserted waterfront lay wrapped in the shroud of the fog, lulled by the lap of water against

pillings and the faint creakings of small craft at their moorings. As the solitary canoe poked out from the open bay these minor sounds fell behind and were replaced by the steady purr of water under the bow. It filled with pleasing monotony the interludes between the fusing of the yard-engine back on the railway track and the blatancy of the fog-horn at the Eastern Gap, every half minute bawling its warning into the open lake beyond.

There was nobody over at the big summer residence on Centre Island except Mrs. Parby, the housekeeper, and her husband who acted as gardener. The place belonged to Kendrick's uncle, the Honorable Milton Waring, and it was usual for them to open the big house about the end of May. This year, however, his aunt and uncle had chosen to spend the summer at Sparrow Lake and for the past week they had been up at a rented cottage in the woods, leaving Phil behind in charge of the Island residence.

In response to a wire from his uncle, requesting him to join them at once and bring along certain articles which had been overlooked, he had packed his suitcase and paddled across to the city in the morning, intending to take the train for Sparrow Lake. A chance meeting with an old classmate, however, had resulted in a sudden decision to delay his departure for another twenty-four hours in favor of a good time with Billy Thorpe.

As if in punishment, things had seemed to go wrong with him all day. In the afternoon the Rochester baseball team had knocked three Toronto pitchers out of the box, a blow-up which had cost the loyal Mr. Kendrick twenty-five dollars and a loss of reputation as an authority on International League standings. Then in the evening, in the crowd at The Beach, somebody had taken hold of his silk ribbon fob and gently removed the gold watch which his aunt had given him on his birthday. Later still—

It was the left eye, so swollen now that it was closed to a mere slit. There was no optical delusion about its nomenclature and in diameter and chromatic depth it was at the head of its class; in fact, it gave promise of being, by daylight in a class by itself. It was the sort of decoration which could be relied upon implicitly to fire the imagination of misguided acquaintances through several merry weeks of green and yellow recuperation. And withal it cast a reflection upon the fist prowess of young Mr. Kendrick which was entirely unjust, it being the product of what is known as a "lucky punch"—for the other fellow.

No, it was not in the result of the fight that dissatisfaction lay, but in the cause. McCorquodale's remarks about the Honorable Milton Waring had been addressed to McCorquodale's two companions; there had been no intent to insult the Honorable Milton Waring's nephew who sat at the next table in the restaurant, none of the three worthies being aware that they were within earshot of a hypersensitive member of the honorable gentleman's family. That being so, it had been distinctly foolish for the aforesaid nephew to walk over to the other table and demand an apology. He should have finished his coffee and cigarette and strolled out. Or, if he had deemed it imperative to participate in the political discussion, why in the mischief hadn't he just stepped across, proffered his cigarette case and made a joke of the situation?

Of a truth the expression upon this fellow McCorquodale's homely, good-humored face when Kendrick revealed his identity had been sufficiently quizzical. He had grinned widely as he waved the indignant young man to a seat at the table and even then the situation would have adjusted itself. McCorquodale's companions were a pair of flashily dressed young "sports" who, thinking they saw a chance for some fun at Kendrick's expense, had proceeded to tread upon Mr. McCorquodale's professional pride—McCorquodale, one time known to ringside patrons as "Iron Man" McCorquodale, one time near middleweight champion.

"Y'see, it's this way," the ex-pugilist had explained earnestly. "I ain't said nothin' about y'r uncle as ain't public anyways. It's in the papers off an' on, see? An' now another election's comin' down the pike, y'll have to be gettin' used to all kinds o' spels. Fac's is fac's, kid, an' when I says the Hon. Milt ain't no sweet-scented geranium but's out fer all the simoleons he can pick off the little old Mazuma Tree,—why, I on'y says what I reads an' hears, believe me. You bein' his nephew ain't changin' public opinion none. See?"

Kendrick's anger at this brazenness had prevented him from thinking clearly. He was getting "touchy" about his uncle's political record of late and had had occasion to defend it with some heat during certain discussions among friends; there had been several newspaper attacks which he had resented greatly also. His uncle's reputation as a public man he had been Quixotic enough to take to heart as a personal matter of family honor and, as everyone knows, family honor is a thing to uphold. He had demanded that McCorquodale retract his statement. McCorquodale had refused flatly to do so.

One of the two grinning "sports" knew a place where they could settle it undisturbed—just around the corner in the basement of a pool-room. It had been a brisk little mix-up while it lasted; but it had not taken the ex-pugilist long to discover that he was facing the best amateur boxer Varsity had produced in a number of years and right in the middle of it he had put on his coat deliberately, to the overwhelming disappointment of his two friends.

"Nix, you guys!" he had grunted, breathing heavily. "I knows when

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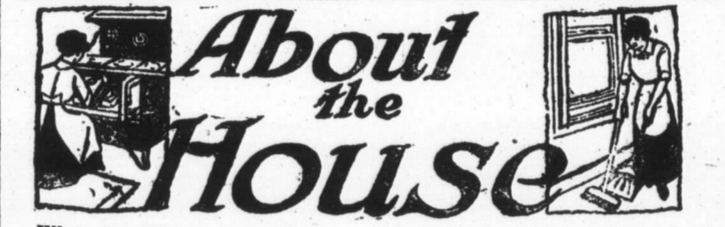
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I'm up against it. Y'see, I got a date with a Jane to-morra an' I ain't hankerin' to lose me way with no mussed mop. Not on y'r fintype!

Whereupon the "Iron Man" had proceeded to demonstrate his malleability by assuring Mr. Kendrick that he was ready to agree that the sun rose in the south and made a daily trip straight north to escape the heat, if Mr. Kendrick said so. His anxiety to make friends had been positively funny; but there had been a sincerity in his handshake that somehow had seemed to rob the apology of its satisfaction. And when McCorquodale had proffered a broken cigar Kendrick had accepted it with an uneasy feeling that he had made somewhat of a fool of himself; for Phil was no prig and he found that McCorquodale was a pretty good sort with a certain whimsicality that was not to be denied.

He rested his paddle for a moment and floated in the dark, listening. As soon as he got home he would go to the refrigerator for a piece of raw beefsteak for his swollen eye. Darn that eye anyway. He would have to hibernate up in the woods till it became more presentable. Far behind him in the mist somewhere the yard-engine was still coughing; across the water came a subdued squeal of protesting flanges, followed by the distant bang of shunted box-cars. He listened for any sound of the harbor patrol boat; but even had he bothered to show a light it would have been obliterated in the fog, which was the worst Kendrick had ever experienced. A raw beefsteak politeness—He fancied the fog-horn was a little louder; he would need to keep more to the left or he would find himself hitting Mug's



About the House

When Son Wants a Confidant.

Wonder how many fathers feel jealous of the way the grown-up son goes to mother if he wants a confidant? I don't suppose we'll ever know, for most of them would die rather than admit they care. But all the same, if the truth were known, father would give a great deal if son came to him for advice. As a rule, son goes anywhere else except to father, doesn't he?

It's too late to help the fathers with grown sons. But here's the secret for the benefit of young fathers with sons who are just beginning to jabber. Listen to sonny when he wants to talk to you. Don't tell him to stop his noise or run and tell mother. That is, if you really want to be in on his secrets after he grows up.

It's very simple, isn't it? And easy to understand. You don't bother to talk much to folks who aren't a bit interested in you. And son is exactly like you. You may be inordinately proud of him, you may love him till it hurts, but he has no way of knowing it unless you pal around with him. And the time to begin to be chums with your boy is right now.

I know a father who can't understand why his fourteen-year-old boy doesn't want to do anything on the farm. I could tell him, but I daren't. I was there one spring when he was setting out early plants. Four-year-old son had a toy shovel and rake and hoe and he was naturally right anxious to help father make garden. Naturally, too, he got in the way. Father's temper is none too reliable and after having two plants dug up he spanked son and sent him in the house. He could have given son a little corner of his own and a half dozen plants and showed him how to set them out. That would have been the beginning of a working partnership.

But he hadn't time to bother with kids. Ten minutes was too long to give to holding his boy, and so because he wouldn't bother when the boy was four, he gets no help from him now that he is fourteen.

Of course, little children are more bother than help. But the wise father knows that the time to interest a boy in work is when he wants to work. Habit forming begins at birth, and it is never too early to start the habit of being a pal with your boy.

Cranberries—Sugar and Acids. There are many wrong ways to make cranberry sauce, but there is one right way. Allow half a cupful of cranberries for each person, and measure out half as much sugar as cranberries and half as much water as sugar. Boil the cranberries and the water together in a saucepan without a cover. All bright-colored vegetables or fruit, if cooked in a dish without a cover, are clearer and prettier than when they are kept closely covered during the cooking.

When the berries are soft, mash them with a spoon, remove them from the fire, add the sugar and stir it in well. The result will be a thick sauce that will jelly when cold, and the skins of the berries will be of a bright, clear red, and so tender that there will be no need of straining the sauce.

The reason that berries cooked in this way are better is a very simple one. All vegetable cellulose is toughened by being boiled with sugar, but is made tender and soft by being boil-



PREVENTS THAT SINKING FEELING

god shampoo. Tincture of green soap plus some good toilet water also makes a good shampoo.

Brush and comb the hair. Then apply the shampoo to the scalp and rub it well in with the tips of the fingers. When you have made a thick lather, wash the long hair thoroughly. You are now ready to rinse your hair and this process must be very thorough. No matter how much bother it may seem, you must renew the rinsing water until it remains perfectly clear after the hair has been dipped into it. If you have a bathroom and running water, you will find a bathtub spray very convenient for use in rinsing your hair.

Shampooing stimulates the scalp and usually improves dry, brittle hair by increasing the flow of oil. If by any chance your scalp should seem to be too dry after a shampoo, you would better use a little grease. Pure vaseline applied with a medicine dropper will be helpful, and ought to cause growth of hair. Part the hair here and there and apply a drop of vaseline close to the skin, and be careful not to spill any of the grease on the mass of your hair.

If your hair is too oily, a little pure aromatic ammonia or a little borax will help. But you must not use either of these things too often, for in that case you will injure the hair and make it brittle.

The Nearsighted Child.

Myopia, or nearsightedness, is owing to a deformity of the eyeball; it becomes so long that the image is focused in front of the retina instead of exactly upon it. Few if any children are born with short sight, but the softness of the eye, which permits the eyeball to lengthen, is often a family peculiarity that children inherit.

The trouble comes soon after the child begins its school work; and, once begun, the defect is likely to increase with each year of school until finally the inconvenience or the actual distress obliges the child to turn to glasses to correct its vision. Sometimes it is not merely inconvenience that the condition causes; the myopia may become malignant myopia, in which event changes in the eye begin that lead to incurable blindness.

If the child keeps his normal vision until the age of fifteen or sixteen, he may be regarded as no longer liable to nearsightedness. The progressive increase in the defect usually ceases soon after the twentieth year.

Only the physician can make an exact diagnosis of myopia. The diagnosis that a non-medical optician makes is not trustworthy, because the spasmodic contraction of one of the eye muscles may cause an apparent myopia, which unless atropine is used temporarily to paralyze the muscle cannot be distinguished from the real thing. It is easy to guess, however, that a child is suffering from nearsightedness when he has prominent eyes and dilated pupils and, though bright and quick at play, seems dull or mischievous at school—dull because he cannot see the blackboard and mischievous because, not being able to take part in the school work, he must find some other outlet for his energy. But the trouble

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Not Likely.

Urish had come to inform me, writes a Labrador Mission worker, that he could not "cleave the splits," for his "stomach had capsized." I felt it incumbent on me to administer castor oil, thinking that that might be sufficient punishment for what I had reason to believe was only a ruse to escape work. It was hard for me to give the oil, but harder still to have the boy look up afterwards with a cherubic smile and ask if it were the same oil that Elisha gave the widow woman!

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