

Bouril sets you up

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER V.
The Tar Satchel.

Ordinarily Hugh Podmore, secretary to the President of the Canadian Lake Shores Railway, took a keen interest in his work. If anything, he applied himself more industriously during the many absences of his chief than when President Wade was there to observe and commend, a zeal which might not have been a tribute to his conscientiousness. But today Mr. Podmore, although dressed with that care which habitually imparted to his well-proportioned figure something of the beau brunié, to-day he was not quite his customary polite self. Things irritated him which ordinarily he would not have noticed, and the morning had drifted for him in quite an unusual manner. He had spent much time gazing absently out of the office window at the traffic in the street below, with many futile glances at his watch.

The first shop visible that led to the railway building, with its willing dog, down the hill of his roll-top desk and he was reaching for his raincoat, when his stenographer entered to inform him that there was a gentleman outside who would not take "No" for an answer. In every generation there is a satchel that the end from the girl's hand; but the same man a thing to him and he flung aside his gloves in resentment of the interruption.

"Show in," he growled, unlocking his door and showing back the lid with a frown.

The young man who entered in obedience to the summons acquired for the President of the company who came in, that afternoon began, the same way and he took back his chair and sat down at the desk, looking at the young man particularly—the young man's build and the very marked distinction of his left eye. Another introduction.

"State your business, please," he said, looking at the man's face. "I am Mr. Wade's secretary," said Kendrick, who the man is entirely new to me. "What do you want?"

"I was a little thing to arouse Podmore's ear," Kendrick began, but the chief refused to state his business for profit his credentials for inspection angered him. He was used to this extreme anxiety of visitors to see the Chief in person; it was a characteristic of the job-hunting crowd.

"The President is out of town," said Kendrick. "Besides, he wouldn't see you until you had told me your business anyway. What do you think he needs a secretary for?"

"To be sure," said Kendrick, "but he's not the only one who can't see his way out of the public," said Kendrick, "and there was a directness in his look which Podmore found unexpectedly disconcerting.

"Hard to say. His is on the go continually. If your business is important—"

"It is important."

"Then, if you'll give me particular details," suggested Podmore, reaching for his memorandum pad.

"Be good enough to answer my question, please. When will Mr. Wade be in his office?"

"Sorry, but it's impossible to say. Mr. Wade is out of town for a week or so. I don't know when he'll be back. I'll try to get a message to him for you."

"Thank you very much. I'll be back in a few minutes after the big young man had bowed himself out with mock humility. Mr. Podmore stood fingering the card and frowning at the window. It was an engraved card, his fingers told him. He did not like feeling that he had made a mistake in any way; but that is precisely how he did feel. Yet he was sure he had never met this young man before, in spite of a certain familiarity of face that haunted him. Not being a regular reader of the sport-

few blocks you call it; but why take chances just to save a little trouble? Pays to play safe every time, J. C. What about that detective, Alderson?"

"Oh, that fecker on the job. Here, you can see him standing out there on the corner 'round for our man show up." Podmore followed Alderson to the window. "Now, over there to the right—beside the post. Must be a good half hour since his office phone he was 'leavin'." Say, he's lookin' up here. I'll give 'em the high sign now."

"Well, I guess everything's O.K. then. Call in your messenger and get a move on. I'm due at the depot soon to meet the Chief." Podmore dropped into a chair and lit a cigarette with a look of satisfaction on his face.

Alderson leaned over and pressed a button. The young man who responded was James Stiles, bookkeeper and general office clerk. As he stood in the doorway, respectful enquiry in his white attire, pen in hand, lined office jacket sagging at the pockets, forearms encased in black sateen sleeve-protectors, and a dab of ink on his fingers, there was little to distinguish him from hundreds of his type to be seen in modern offices. So had rather a pleasant face, Podmore thought, a little dull, perhaps in its ingenuousness. He was not much more than a boy.

"Jimmy," instructed Alderson briskly, "drop whatever you're carrying and take this satchel over to Mr. Ferguson's office in the Brokers' Bank Building. It's got some mighty important legal papers inside. I want you to be sure and hand it personally to Mr. Ferguson himself. I told him I'd send you over right after lunch, so you needn't do so. Just hand it to Mr. Ferguson, understand. Blatchford, Ferguson, the lawyer, you know where his office is."

"Yes, sir. Want me to ask for a receipt?"

"Oh? No, never mind a receipt. It'll be all right."

The young bookkeeper picked up the satchel, nodding respectfully to the President of the Interprovincial Loan & Savings Company as he quietly closed the door behind him. He had been formerly employed at the Interprovincial; in fact, it was to Nicholas's personal recommendation that he owed his present position with the construction company.

The departure of Stiles with the satchel, of whose precious contents he had been kept in ignorance, was a signal for the separation of the trio in Alderson's office. With a wave of the hand Podmore hurried off towards the Union Station, and presently J. Kendrick Nickleby made his way more leisurely to his waiting automobile.

On the corner opposite the building in which the Alderson Construction Company had its down-town office, the man from the Brady Detective Agency was lighting a fresh cigar. He sauntered around the corner, then quickened his pace to get closer to the briskly walking young man with the tan satchel. He continued to feel distance.

It was the season when these who have the misfortune to be confined to indoor tasks chafe most in the least—a beautiful May-day of blue sky and sunshine and balmy air that call insistently to open places of green grass and the luxury of idleness. Vagrant dreaming, young Jimmy Stiles felt the call and he skipped along with carefree enjoyment of his brief respite. He laughed gaily at a pair of dogs who seemed inclined to question each other's voracity, and sent them scampering with a whoop, swinging the satchel around his head. He pulled down his vest, felt his tie and winked boldly as he passed a pretty girl. He broke into a whistle in his present practicing the latest rag-time air with an enthusiasm which found no ennui in repetition of time, and it was while thus absorbed that he went by the Jessup Grill. He was well beyond the entrance before he realized that his name was being called and that somebody had dashed out from the doorway to overtake him.

(To be continued.)

About the HOUSE

A Convenient Farm Home.

"A farmer's wife can have as many conveniences as the city housewife," recently declared an up-to-date farm woman. Then she added, "Men are willing to spend the money for home conveniences if they are asked to do so."

Mrs. Scott's house is heated by an up-to-date furnace in a finished basement. An acetylene gas light plant on the farm furnishes light for the house, barns and other outside buildings and makes it possible for Mrs. Scott to do her cooking on a gas stove and her ironing with a gas iron.

The side verandah, which is screened and fitted with lights, is used for a laundry room. There are double tubs and the power washer is run by the power engine, which is also on the verandah. By means of these aids to efficiency, washing becomes not a bore but a real pleasure, and time that otherwise might have to be put in at the laundry is used for community affairs of which Mrs. Scott is one of the leaders.

Running water throughout the house is supplied by means of a large water tank outside which is built up high enough to create force to carry the water through pipes into the house.

The bathroom in this home is thoroughly modern. Over the lavatory basin is a built-in medicine chest with a mirror in the door. Linen cupboards on one side of the bathroom provide a convenient place for linens and extra supplies for beds. Cleaning cloths and dust mop and also the ironing board are kept out of sight but handy in a cleaning closet in the bathroom. Soiled clothes are taken care of in a built-in box with a hinged lid. Towel racks on the door and over the bathtub make it easy to keep towels where they belong.

Mrs. Scott's kitchen is an example of what can be done by careful planning. It is not large and for that reason everything must have a place. The walls are blue half way down and the rest is in oiled. The ceiling is painted in buff color. The linoleum is buff and blue, carries out the color scheme on the walls and ceiling. The porcelain sink has two brass drain boards and there are two windows above the sink that insure plenty of light. Above the window reaching to the ceiling are built-in cupboards in which can be stored extra dishes, baking tins and other equipment not used daily. On each side of the windows are the cupboards used to hold dishes and kitchen utensils. On each side of the drain boards are built-in cabinets. One of these contains a large baking board and below it three bins for different kinds of flour and sugar. The bottom part of the other cabinet has several closets for big pans and other large articles. The top part of the cabinets is made into work tables and just above them and below the cupboards are hooks to hang utensils

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 invented by the U. S. Government and is 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, 245 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.

WHERE MEN ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD

TO-DAY THIS NEFARIOUS TRADE EXISTS.

Although Heavy Penalties Are Imposed on Offenders "Caught in the Act."

Seeing that at present there are over a million unemployed in England and Wales, it is not wonderful that the British public get rather annoyed when they heard of the migration syndicates who were smuggling Chinese men into England at \$200 a head. John Chittiman is a very famous man in his way, but he can't do much. He will work eighteen hours a day and saves every penny he can get back to his own country. It is therefore, that he is not a desirable immigrant—especially at the present juncture in British affairs.

The States and Canada have been facing the same sort of trouble for many years past. Long ago we put a head tax of five hundred dollars (\$100) on each Chinese man who avoided it and a raiding party in smuggling Chinese to the Pacific.

In Northern British Columbia are huge herds, like the ones only hard to digger, with hundreds of millions of bushing, unworked, unknown. A thousand or more men can dig a hundred or so of these men in a place like this, and the "Tongs," the secret societies, will meet them and spread them out by all over the country.

About one-sixth of the white population of Victoria is Oriental, and Chinese in Chittiman is even a proportion to its size.

California is full of Chinese men. All this trouble has been States and Japan began to get whites in California returned to their children to sit down in the children in the public schools.

At present, the British Government altogether in October 1907, but the number of Chinese men who are entering the country is increasing. California is a territory, and worked in the secret. They can get a job in the territory, but they can't get a job in the territory. They have their own clubs, and camps, and have followed them in great numbers. The case is the same in the States where there is a great deal of trouble between the white and the race.

There is no smuggling of men in cases, for the Chinese men loved the colonies in. Elsewhere, however, man-dealing still exists.

When Chinese labor was out of the Transvaal gold mines, black "boys" from Inkabane, in the Transvaal East Africa. The agents, or traders, take out a license for \$1,500, and get about \$300 a head, "boys" delivered at Johannesburg, Kimberley.

Tea in Ceylon is cultivated by coolies imported from India. Asiam's tea plantations are worked by laborers brought from other districts.

Slave-raiding is not yet a thing in Africa. Slave raiding is still going on in Abyssinia. Boys and girls are sold for \$100 apiece, and taken to the price of \$200. In Arabia the prices run from \$400 to \$500 for a man, and \$200 for a woman.

Slavery also exists in South China; but it must be admitted that in that part of the world as a rule, extremely well treated.

Why We Need Free Speech.

Our whole theory of freedom of speech—and opinion for all citizens rests, not on the assumption that everybody is right, but on the certainty that everybody is wrong on some point on which somebody else is right, so there is public danger in allowing anybody to go unheard.

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Wind Shield for Motorcycle

A wind-screen for motorcycles, light and easily detachable, is a newly patented invention. It consists of two metal frames hinged together horizontally, so that the upper part may be folded back if desired and filled with transparent sheet celluloid. A steel tube fixed across the handlebars supports it, and it is further held in position by a strut extending upward from the front of the handlebars and attached by a flexible joint to the middle of the top part of the lower frame of the windshield. The upper portion of the strut enters telescopically the lower portion, which contains a coiled spring, so that the strut in effect is capable of a certain amount of extension or contraction, the spring acting as a buffer to absorb vibration and road shocks. In use, the screen is adjusted at such a height and angle that the rider is just able to see comfortably over its top edge, along which there is no frame. The lower end of the strut is provided with notches, so that it may be raised or lowered to alter the angle of the windshield.

Poison in the Teapot

Tea seems a harmless beverage; yet if it is made too strong or drunk to excess, it can be a deadly poison.

Its stimulating effects are due to the presence in tea-leaves of a powerful drug called theine. If the tea is not allowed to stand too long, a small quantity of this substance dissolved out of the leaves by the water, and the tea refreshes us without doing any harm. When the tea is allowed to remain for hours on the stove, an excessive quantity of theine is extracted from the leaves together with a larger amount of an other semi-poisonous substance known as tannin.

These two together form a real poison, affecting the nerves, the digestion, and the general health. Stewed tea is almost as harmful as opium or cocaine. The habit of taking it in this way is soon formed and the tea drunkard thinks nothing of consuming twenty or thirty cups a day.