# Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER IX.— (Cont'd.)

"Now, here's where you come in, Phil. Podmore thinks you intend to help him out and that is exactly what I want you to pretend to do. We'll stage a little drama and we'll have you on the carpet along with him. You'll deny all knowledge of the envelope. I'll fire you. You'll get mad and come back at me with red-hot talk for doubting your word and so on. We're going to let Podmore go when we get to the city. You'll go with him. The chance to sic you onto him is too good to miss. So we'll turn you loose together; it will be up to you then to mix in where you see fit. Is that all clear?

"All right. What I want you to do is to keep an eye on him. Find out what his next move is. He told you he was the reporter who had located the evidence that convicted Rives. Did he tell you how he got hold of it?—how he double-crossed Rives by low-down trickery? He doesn't know how to be loyal to anybody. I'll be surprised if he doesn't repeat on Nickleby.

"Then there are some things I want to find out about Nickleby and his associates. I want you to move carefully, Phil. I had one of Cranston's best men on the job until recently; but his usefulness was ended by unexpected developments. I'm working to put Nat Lawson back at the head of the Gan company; Nickleby is an interloper and he's playing ducks and drakes with the concern. Tell you about it later. Are you agreeable to act as my secretary in these matters and to carry out instructions—blindfold, so to speak?"

Phil had listened intently to the story. Now he deliberately lighted his pipe before replying, and when he did it was to ask a blunt question.

"Does Uncle Milt figure in this?" asked he, eyed the shadow that crossed his nephew's face.

"I don't I really knew that, Phil," said Wade seriously. "Time will tell. I'm banking on your uncle to stay a power in the money, but there's no telling to be gained by shutting one's eyes to the fact that many a good man has found the political game as he has played it these days too much for him. There are those who are in it for all politicians, your uncle is. I don't set myself up as a high-minded reformer; I'm playing in an a game at all, and I'm going to play it according to the rules laid down—or quit."

Phil pondered in silence. He was thinking of that strange interview in his uncle's the night of the fog; he gave no voice to his thoughts. "Your aunt has some of her private reasons interested in the Interprovincial, I imagine that's one of the reasons I want you with me, Phil." Wade turned and laid a hand on Kendrick's knee while he looked the young man quietly in the eye. "There are stronger obligations than the money side of it, though. All I can say is that the happiness of your aunt is as dear to me as it is to you, or as it would be to anyone who had learned to respect and admire her as we have. That happiness has got to be guarded, Phil, even at the sacrifice of—everything else."

His gaze wandered away again to where the twin rails converged, and for a moment the rhythmic beat of the wheels over the joints held sway. Rather surprised, Phil stole a glance at the virile face that was turned so steadfastly away and recalled an item of gossip he had once overheard somewhere—that Mrs. Waring was the real reason Benjamin Wade was still a bachelor. He wondered if there could be any truth in that idle rumor.

"I'm sorry that I can't be more explicit. Do you ever try to piece out a puzzle, Phil? That's what I'm up against now. I'll tell you all about it—as soon as I know myself. There are men in this world who stop at nothing——"

Phil turned abruptly, a startled look in his eyes; but the other did not finish the sentence.

"Harrington Rives is out of jail—" he began.

"A case in point, if you like," nodded Wade. "But don't let's talk to no purpose. We'll be passing Rutland's car in a minute. Do we stop for your cigars?"

"You'll find me back there at Thorpe's," Kendrick reminded.

In this simple fashion were events conspiring.

CHAPTER X.

The Stenographer Still Listening.

Visitors who came and went occasionally up the back stairs at Blatchford Ferguson's office were a Silk hats and expensive sometimes hung on the corner. Again, ill-kempt up that back way and an entrance; for in his later days Blatch Ferguson interested in the study of types and he made no attention of co-day written tative work upon the of crime.

leather chair, so placed that the light and left the lawyer in partial shadow behind his desk, had many a stranger and anxious caller in his day. Great men, men of importance, had sat in that chair; but with the passivity it yielded the same comforts to men who only thought they were important.

Just now it was occupied by Mr. Hugh Podmore—within an hour of that worthy's arrival in the city. At three p.m. his new-found friend, Philip Kendrick, had agreed to call upon Ferguson to corroborate the story which Mr. Podmore had just finished telling and to which his auditor had listened with great intentness, that being the only indication of surprise which the practiced Mr. Ferguson permitted himself to exhibit.

"You always were pretty cock-sure of yourself, Peddy, even back in the days when we both worked on the old Tribune," commented Ferguson, with a smirk of amusement. "But this proposition of yours is the deckle-edged limit and no mistake. If you were anybody else I'd have a lot of fun—kicking you downstairs!"

"Old stuff, Fergey!" grinned Podmore unperturbed. "You don't need to pull that for my benefit. Talk brass tacks, Kendrick will be here in ten minutes with all the proof you want that I'm handing it to you straight and that that campaign-fund wad of Nickleby's is where I can lay hands on it. Do I pass it to you or must I hand it over to Charlie Cady? Guess the Opposition'll know what to do with it. I'm asking you this: What's it worth to the Government to win the next election? That's the little old answer I want."

"Would a couple of million satisfy you? How'll you have it?—in fives and tens?" and Mr. Ferguson gravely stroked his fleshy red nose.

"Be serious, Fergey," protested Podmore. "You can see for yourself that I came near getting killed lining this thing up."

"I could not be more serious if you really had got killed, Poddy," and again he stroked the emblem of his entrez to the social functions of John Barleycorn. "I'm afraid your mind is warping in the sunshine of your own cleverness, Poddy. This fool notion of yours—coming to me about this money Nickleby's lost—if anybody had told me that once that long green was in your possession you'd come away back here——"

"What do you take me for, Ferguson—a thief?" glared Podmore angrily.

"Opportunist is not so harsh a word," soothed the lawyer, thoroughly enjoying the baiting. He frowned with an abrupt change of manner: "You want brass tacks, do you? Here they are, then. That money is none of my business, none of the Government's business. Understand that clearly. You say it was a campaign-fund contribution. How do I know it was? It never reached us. It's Nickleby's money and its loss is his funeral. Go and report to him and try to understand the meaning of the word loyalty. Our party doesn't care a tinker's damn who has had, now has, or will have that envelope. And if you want to get thrown out by the scruff of the neck just try going to headquarters with your crazy proposition."

"You—surely you don't mean that, Fergey, old man?" said Podmore, searching the other's face with misgiving.

"Every word of it. And here's something else, Podmore, that I won't charge you for. If you're wise you'll take a straight tip and get out of this office as fast as you know how—out of town—clean out of the country! You don't seem to keep as well posted on the latest news as you used to. Have you read that?"

Ferguson had opened a drawer as he spoke and tossed out a newspaper, so folded that an item encircled by red ink was uppermost. Podmore slowly picked up the paper. As his glance travelled quickly through the marked item his face paled—what part of it was not black and blue.

"Oh, Rives, eh? I—No, I didn't know he was out of the pen." He tried to keep his voice steady, but did not succeed very well.

"He's been out over two weeks now," hodded Ferguson, making no effort to conceal his contempt. "And he hasn't forgotten that a fresh newspaper reporter by the name of Podmore played him a dirty trick twelve years ago. He's sworn to get you for that."

"How—how do you know this?" asked Podmore hoarsely.

"'Itchy' McGuire called to see me day before yesterday. He's met Rives. If I were you I'd hunt me up a nice little island somewhere in the Tropics where you can live with the rest of the monkeys; they might elect you to Parliament or crown you king or something. Rives is one bad actor and he's sore—good and sore."

Podmore's attempted laugh had no mirth in it. He reached for his hat, and as he said a hasty good-bye he did not look at all well. For several minutes after he had closed the rear door Blatchford Ferguson leaned back in his chair, chuckling.

Now, while this remarkable interview was taking place in the inner sanctum, Phil Kendrick was shaking hands with Conway in the outer office. A moment later he went on through to the secretary's office, speculating on just what he should say to the self-contained Miss Williams. But, as before, he found her office deserted. To his amazement when he glanced through the inner doorway he saw her for the second time on one knee in front of the keyhole of Ferguson's private office.

She came towards him swiftly, closing the doors behind her as she had done on the occasion of his first visit. She was very angry; that much was apparent.

"I'll admit, Miss Williams, that it is often extremely difficult to break off a bad habit——"

"Mr. Ferguson is busy," she snapped.

"I would judge as much," said Kendrick dryly. "He is expecting me. If you will just hand him my card please."

"Thank you."

He was surprised at the look of disdain with which she took his card. Surely this girl whom he had caught twice in the act of eavesdropping upon her employer ought to be grateful for his silence, his toleration of such an utter misdemeanor! Instead, her whole attitude was one of dislike. She made no attempt to conceal it. It might do her good to get a sharp rebuke from Ferguson, and he was of two minds whether or not to speak to the lawyer about her. Then he remembered that she was only substituting and that dismissal would not mean much to her. There was the chance that it was just her woman's curiosity to know what was going on. Women were often like that, he had heard.

"Mr. Ferguson will see you now. Tell him anything you like." She eyed him coolly.

Phil gave her a cheerful smile as he passed on into the private office. Podmore had just gone.

"I had no trouble in getting a line on him for you, Phil. He came in right after you phoned and has been here ever since. Now, what the devil's the meaning of all this? What are you up to?"

(To be continued.)

## Fifty Men and One Elephant.

Interesting tests were once made to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses, weighing 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, weighing 12,000 pounds, pulled 8,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than his weight. Fifty men, aggregating about 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 3,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant. But, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries

# About the House

### Sweets for Winter Parties.

A great deal of care needs to be exercised in determining when candy is ready to be removed from the fire. A thermometer may be used in testing but, with a little practice, the soft ball, hard ball, thread, and crack or brittle stage can be easily recognized when a few drops of the hot candy mixture are tested in cold water.

If, upon testing in cold water, a little of the mixture rolled between the fingers forms a soft ball, the soft-ball stage is reached.

The hard ball stage is reached when a hard ball forms, by the same test.

The thread stage is when the sugar forms a thread when dropped from a spoon. The crack or brittle stage is when a few drops, when dropped from the spoon into cold water, at once harden and crackle.

**Glaced fruit and nut balls**—1 cup dates, 1 cup figs, 1 cup raisins, 2 cups nut meats. Wash and dry fruit. Put fruit and nuts through the meat grinder. Mix well and roll into shape. If desired, glace with the following glace mixture: 2 cups corn syrup, ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar. Boil together till brittle when tested in cold water. Place pan in pan of hot water and begin to dip the balls at once. Put balls on oiled paper to cool.

**Fruit sweets**—1 cup dates, 1 cup figs, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup nut meats, 1½ teaspoons orange juice, grated orange peel, ¼ cup honey or corn syrup. Put fruit and nut meats through food grinder. Add orange juice, grated orange peel and honey or corn syrup. Mold into balls and dip in cocoanut or chopped nuts.

**Vinegar candy**—3 cups sugar, 1½ cups vinegar. Boil sugar and vinegar together until a drop hardens in cold water. Pour on greased plates, cool and pull until white. Cut with shears into small pieces.

**Chocolate dips**—1½ cups corn syrup, ½ cup mild molasses. Boil together until it cracks in cold water. Pour into greased pan. Cool and pull. Just before candy becomes hard, pull into thin ribbon-shaped pieces about ½ inch wide. Cut into one-inch strips with scissors and set away to cool. When hard, dip into well-beaten melted sweet chocolate and place on oiled paper to cool.

**Chocolate caramels**—1 cup chocolate shaved fine, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup cream, 1-cup white sugar. Stir until dissolved but do not stir after it begins to boil. Boil until brittle stage but not too hard. Pour on greased plates. When nearly cool, mark in squares.

**Cocoanut cream candy**—3 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoons butter, 2-3 cup shredded cocoanut, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir sugar, milk and butter until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Boil 12 minutes. Add cocoanut and vanilla, and beat until creamy. Pour into buttered pan, and mark in squares when nearly cool.

**Cocoanut sweets**—1 pound shredded cocoanut, 16-ounce can condensed milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Form into small cakes on a greased tin and bake 20 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven until brown. Melted chocolate may be added in the proportion of two squares to the above recipe.

**Everton taffy**—2 cups brown sugar boiled briskly with ½ pound butter, few drops lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon. Boil sugar, butter and lemon juice together briskly for ten minutes, or to crack stage. Add flavoring and pour in buttered pan. Mark in squares and loosen it from the pan by running a knife under the candy before it becomes entirely cold.

**Honey taffy**—2 cups sugar, ¼ teaspoon soda, vinegar. Boil together to crack stage. Cool in buttered pan. Pull. Cut and wrap in waxed paper.

**Peanut brittle**—1 cup white corn syrup, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup roasted peanuts (halved), 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cook syrup, vinegar and salt until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add peanuts and cook until syrup is a golden brown, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and pour into a buttered pan. Cool and break into pieces.

**Pop corn balls**—1 cup corn syrup, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon soda. 4 quarts popped corn. Boil syrup, sugar and cream of tartar to the soft ball stage. Add the butter and soda, pour over freshly popped corn and shape into balls.

### "You Help Me, Selma."

"The last is the best of all the game! Now for Rosamond Fleet!" cried Selma Andrews, who after years away was revisiting all her old playmates. "I can hardly wait to see her. I used to be fearfully jealous of her; there never was anyone who had more wheedling tricks and manners than Rosamond. Yet I adored her, too."

Martha, who was acting as guide, hesitated. "You must be prepared for a big change in Rosamond," she said. "People can't stay children forever, and like everyone else Rosamond has had trouble. She isn't well—"

But Selma was not to be discouraged. "She can't help being Rosamond," she declared; "not if she is as gray as a badger."

"Oh, she isn't gray!" Martha replied.

A little later the two old schoolmates stood at Rosamond's door. The woman who opened it were a youthful dress that was none too fresh; her hair was arranged like a girl's; her fretful face was rouged. Selma gasped. Could that be Rosamond?

For a moment Rosamond's face brightened, but only for a moment. She led her guests into her pretty parlor and began to recite her troubles. They were not terrible troubles, but clearly the self-pitying Rosamond's vision that she could see nothing beyond them. The cat was uncomfortable for everyone. When Martha rose to end it even Rosamond's protests were half-hearted.

Out in the October sunshine Selma drew a long breath. "I can't believe it even now!" she cried. "I never saw anyone so changed in my life. What is the matter? Has her marriage been unhappy?"

Martha shook her head. "Only as Rosamond has made it herself. Will adored her and in spite of everything adores her still. No, the matter is that Rosamond hasn't changed; she's just what she always was, although we didn't recognize it. Don't you remember that she was always coaxing us to do every hard thing for her in school? 'You help me, Selma,' whether it was algebra or French or physics. She never would face a hard thing herself."

Selma was silent; she remembered. "And you know," Martha went on, "you can shirk in school—sometimes—and get away with it after a fashion. But you can't shirk in life. So Rosamond, who went right on expecting other people to do all the hard things for her, has had to pay the price."

"Poor Rosamond!" Selma said gravely.

"Yes; and poor Will and the poor children; that's the worst of it, Selma."

### Tuberculosis In Young Children.

Tuberculosis occurs frequently in infants and young children. It is said that between thirty and forty per cent. of children two years old and more than seventy per cent. of children fifteen years old are affected with it. Indeed, some physicians, who are perhaps unduly pessimistic, believe that all of us have had some form of tuberculosis the seeds of which were sown in childhood, but that the majority have recovered from it.

Tuberculosis of the lungs is less common in infants and children than in adults. On the other hand, children die more often than adults of tuberculosis of the bones and joints, of the glands, of the skin and of the membranes of the brain. These are common affections in early life, but they are rare in men and women. Glandular and intestinal forms of tuberculosis are common in children. Another often fatal form is tuberculous meningitis.

In many cases of tuberculosis in children the disease—at least in its beginnings—lies all in any conspicuous symptoms. The child may seem to be well except for a little evening fever that runs along for several weeks. Then the temperature, which is never more than a degree or two above normal, gradually subsides, and that is the last of the tuberculosis, which probably never was recognized as tuberculosis at all.

Tuberculosis is a contagious disease, and if all the sick could be suddenly cured, and if the places where they had been in could be thoroughly disinfected, it would be stamped out; but since that seems impossible, the best we can do is to protect the child as fully as possible. A child should not be housed with consumptive adults, harbor tubercle bacilli, or the germ may be conveyed by kissing, or the disease may be transmitted on a spoon that a sick mother or nurse has used to test the baby's food—an unsanitary practice in any circumstances. Avoiding all those means of contagion and obtaining fresh air and sunlight and good nourishing food may keep a child from having the disease at all, or if not, will give the child the power to overcome it.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

### A Remarkable Piece of Jade.

The largest block of jade in the world, according to the New York Times, is in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. At first glance it looks almost as large as Plymouth Rock; actually it is seven feet long and four feet wide. It is not so heavy as Plymouth Rock, but weighs approximately three tons. It was found on South Island, New Zealand, in 1902, and is of the green variety of jade, with shades that range from green to rich emerald.

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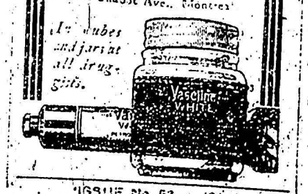






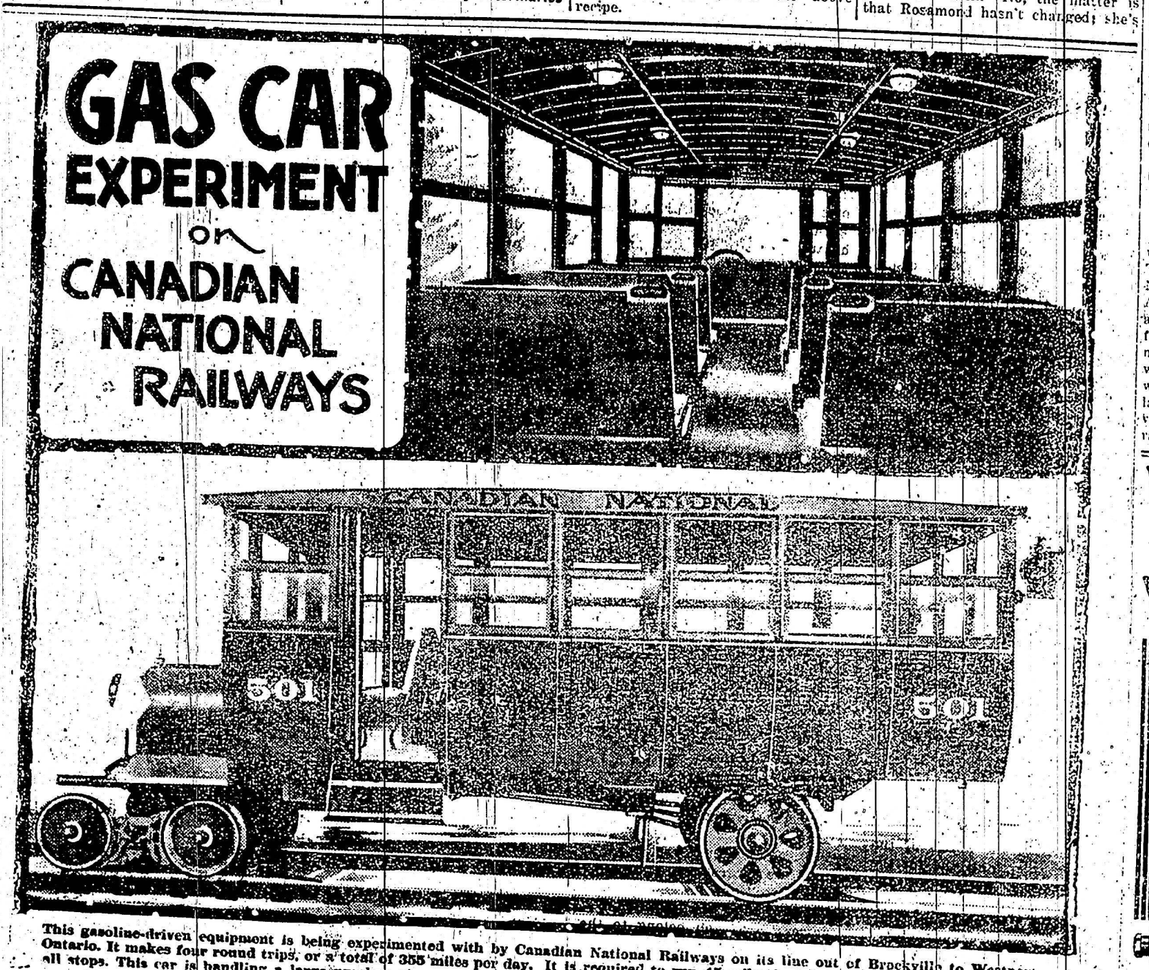


This gasoline-driven equipment is being experimented with by Canadian National Railways on its line out of Brockville to Westport, Ontario. It makes four round trips, or a total of 355 miles per day. It is required to run 45 miles in 1 hour and 45 minutes, including all stops. This car is handling a large number of passengers daily.


# CANADA A COUNTRY OF MANY CLIMATES

## WINTER IS ASSET RATHER THAN LIABILITY.

## Roses on Vancouver Island at Christmas While Others Enjoys Curling Bonspiel.

Winter time in Canada has its advantages all its own. It does not serve well to complain that it is disagreeable and unhealthy, it does heavy coal and it is the prevalance of snow that is the interruption of business.

Canada is a country of many climates, and while Winnipeg at Christmas time is cold and, while Winnipeg and Quebec are getting real curling bonspiels, in fact, the climate of one of its greatest cities, one who will regale glance at a map will observe that Canada's latitude is the same as Europe, and there can be that the climate of the private latitude is in the development of Canada are the more southern statistics bear this out. The world will be children be found that perhaps the very advantages of the death rate for tuberculosis lower than in the Hospital, Toronto, St. Chilliwack.

If it were not for the winter would be a great mining, what is the primary occupation of the country, the vigorous people of Canada more than one of the statistics bear this out. The world will be children be found that the state of health, in