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Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER XV.

Rapprochement.

The train roared away into the night on its long trail to the West, the noise of it lessening to a rumble all among the never-ending waste of trees and rock ridges. Gradually the little night birds recovered from their fright and their plaintive chorus rose again among the swamp grasses and underbrush.

Kendrick had landed luckily, and except for the shaking up and a few bruises he was little the worse for the tumble. Still sitting where he had plowed up the ballast, he rubbed his arm tenderly and tried to penetrate the gloom, his eyes not yet accustomed to the starlight after the dim interior of the observation car. His entrance [illegible] at the rate [illegible] was going [illegible] picnic as a result of his [illegible]

They were both [illegible] to know, but they did not [illegible] Kendrick was used to [illegible] and with the pursued party not [illegible] However, there was the [illegible]

[illegible] to his feet, put his [illegible] of his mouth and [illegible] The unexpected loudness of [illegible] startled him a little, it went [illegible] and re-echoed solemnly [illegible] of the howling hills reached [illegible] for miles. But although he [illegible] intently there was no answer [illegible] than the echo which soon died [illegible] away and got lost somewhere [illegible] [illegible] seemed like a heavy [illegible] listened.

[illegible] Aggie was [illegible] from the heavy [illegible]

"She's [illegible] mighty badly hurt or she'd [illegible] me. Where are [illegible] Miss Lawson. I [illegible]" he shouted.

"Lawson, I mean Aggie," mocked [illegible] echo. The hollow sang away [illegible] caverns [illegible] [illegible] night mysteries.

[illegible] was darkness in the air and [illegible] of stars. Close from a [illegible] of swamp and bush [illegible] through the velvet [illegible] the hollow [illegible] Rocky [illegible] scattered around in the [illegible] and higher on the right was [illegible] the rounded pile of rock, with a [illegible]-trimmed birches clinging to [illegible] the world like thinning gray [illegible] a moonlit head. It was [illegible] to see the birches clearly, [illegible] outlines for the Rutland [illegible] they were there [illegible] they looked, he had seen [illegible] of the growths. Behind the [illegible] probably there was [illegible]

[illegible] snatched up some pebbles [illegible] them into the undergrowth [illegible] these pesky little birds [illegible] mournful monotony of note. [illegible] knew she could not be far away [illegible] started down the track slowly, [illegible] the ground on each side. He found her at last, lying very still among the bog reeds.

Gently he lifted her out onto the dry sandy ballast, greatly alarmed at her unconsciousness, and went in search of water. He located a tiny pool just off the right-of-way and realized for the first time that he was hatless. Hastily he sat down and, removing one of his boots, dipped it in the water and came hobbling back with it as fast as he could go in an attempt to reach her before it had leaked out. He was so intent upon this that he was quite close before he realized that she was sitting up. She greeted him with an exclamation.

"Good!" cried Phil with satisfaction. "That's the stuff!" He sat down on the end of a sleeper embedded in the earth and peered at her anxiously; but the light was rather uncertain and he was glad to note that eastward the treetops blackened against a silvering sky. The arrival of the moon would help a lot. "How badly hurt are you, Miss Lawson? Do you know if people have got killed jumping [illegible]?" he reproved.

"I don't know whatever possessed you to [illegible]" she retorted. "I am not dense enough to believe it is just coincidence that you are here. You had no business to follow me, Mr. Kendrick, and I resent it very much."

"At least credit me with a sincere desire to be of service to you, Miss Lawson," said Phil, with a half humorous touch of opprobrium in his tone.

"Are you in the habit of changing people's names to suit the dictates of your own disordered fancy?" she demanded sarcastically. "I should think you would find that very confusing."

"I do—sometimes, Miss Williams-Lawson."

"In these days of neurasthenia it is indeed refreshing to meet one of such healthy nerve as you appear to possess," she said icily. "Since you have chosen to play the bell-boy in this large country hotel in which we find ourselves, I shall assume that I am now in my room and that you have received your tip. In other words, that will be all, garcon. I shall be able to manage very nicely, thank you. You may go I really mean that!"

"I hope you will not find it too drafty with the window open so wide," ventured Phil, standing up at once and bowing elaborately. "You will find water just over the fence there and the passenger trains go by twice a day with a supply of clean linen. I am sorry that I cannot turn out the fireflies for you, but it is the strict rule for them to burn all night. You may find some rather ambitious bugs in the ballast of the roadbed; they belong to the order Hemiptera, and have beaked or sucking mouths. For downright earnestness of purpose, however, I would recommend the mosquitoes which will have the number of your room shortly. If the growling of the bears in the woods disturbs you, all you have to do is to light a fire in the very open grate."

"Are you trying to frighten me, Mr. Kendrick?"

"Sorry I can't ask you to ring if you want anything," Phil pursued with exaggerated politeness, "but this is a pretty large hotel, as you said, and I shall be about five miles away—at the Thorlakson siding where breakfast is served at five-thirty. Good-night, madam."

"Pardon my presumption for making the suggestion, Mr. Kendrick," she said sweetly as he bowed a second time and was turning away, "but with a five-mile walk ahead of you, don't you think it would be advisable to—put on your other boot?"

The moon, which had floated free of the tree-tops, was bathing their faces and for an instant they gazed at each other with ponderous gravity. Suddenly Phil sat down again and they joined in a peal of laughter.

The echo of it was still knocking for admittance among the hills when a strange wild laugh floated unexpectedly abroad from a point off to the right. Involuntarily the girl shrank closer to him.

"For pity's sake!" she gasped. "What was that?"

"Just a loon on the lake over there—a harmless goose," a thing," and Phil grinned at her reassuringly as he laced his boot. "But he isn't as crazy as his laugh. That's just his way of singing 'I Hear You Calling Me.'"

"Then give me John McCormack." He smiled as he caught her surreptitiously opening the silver-meshed reticule and powdering her nose, but pretended that he had not seen this bit of feminine incongruity. "My, how still everything is!" she said a moment later in a subdued voice as she swept a glance around at the silver landscape and up at the stars, fixed and dim in the infinite leagues of distance. "It would be possible to go crazy here very quickly, I suppose."

"You'd soon get used to the quiet; then the racket of the city would drive you crazy. Say, speaking of wild geese, Miss Lawson, reminds me that as soon as I learned where you had gone and what for, I followed you to tell you that this is a wild-goose chase you're on. That envelope contains a package of stage money. It's just a dummy, prepared by Mr. Wade to duplicate the one stolen not long ago from the Alderson Construction Company. Object: to fool that fellow, Podmore. Before we make any more mistakes, hadn't we better try to understand each other's position? As a starter I'm going to ask you to read this letter from the Chief. Wait, I'll scratch a match for you."

Before this speech was half completed he had Miss Cristy Lawson's undivided attention. She gazed at him in amazement, and as he shielded the burning match with glow-reddened fingers her eyes raced eagerly over the introduction of Mr. Philip Kendrick as the private secretary of the President of the Canadian Lake Shores Railway with the latter's full authority to act as his representative. There was no doubting the authenticity of it.

To relieve her embarrassment Kendrick hastened to explain in detail. It was only natural that she should have supposed him to be in league with Podmore. Had he but known she was on that train he could have told her everything and have saved her the inconveniences of the present predicament; but he had supposed her to be already at her destination.

She told him how her train had been held up by a freight wreck between Toronto and North Bay; so that she had missed connections there and had been forced to wait over for twenty-four hours.

"Hadn't we better be moving, Miss Lawson?" he suggested. "We'll have to hoof it to Thorlakson's and it's a good five miles from here. We can talk as we walk along."

He took her arm to assist her to her feet, but when she attempted to stand up she sat down so suddenly that Kendrick thought she was going to faint.

"You are hurt!" he cried in alarm and was down beside her in a trice.

"Oh, it's nothing—just a turned ankle. I can't be very bad."

Nevertheless he would not let her stand on it until he had gone back to the rill to dip in the cold water the sleeve which he tore from his shirt; with this he bandaged the ankle tightly. As he steadied her to her feet again he could see that in spite of her attempt to smile the pain was acute for a moment. She tried the injured foot gingerly and presently was able to limp without his support.

"There, you see! It's getting stronger every minute," she laughed.

"You are a brave girl," he said.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew how dreadfully frightened I am of bugs. Are there really any bears in the woods here, Mr. Kendrick?" She shuddered slightly in spite of herself.

"Bugbears!" growled Kendrick. "I apologize for that, Miss Lawson. I should have known better. You're shivering," he cried with concern. "Are you cold?"

"I am a li—ittle chi—illy," she admitted as she put a hand to her chin to keep her teeth from chattering.

He grasped her other hand.

"It's like ice!" he reproached. "Why didn't you tell me? The nights are cold in these northern latitudes even in summer, and I'm a proper chump to have allowed you to sit still so long." He clucked his tongue in self-abasement. "You're chilled right through."

In spite of her protests he took off his coat, slipped it across her shoulders and tucked her arms into the sleeves. When he had buttoned it and turned up the collar he locked arms with her and together they hopped on the roadbed till they had to stop finally, out of breath with exertion and laughter. But the exercise was warming and he kept her at it for another few rods.

"How's that?"

"Warm—as toast," she panted. "Oh, what a picture!"

They had rounded a curve and found themselves unexpectedly opposite a lake vista that lay steeped in the moonlight. It was from here the loon had called. There was a chain of little lakes, clustered with wide openings between. The shores were thickly wooded close down to the water's edge and the land ran out in long arms that threw inky shadows in sharp contrast to the panorama of silver water spaces. Out in the centre was an islet where a great rock, rearing above the surface had gathered moss and a few clinging cedars, one of which stood out in solitary silhouette against the bright sky. The scene was like some artistic conception in black and white,—high lights and deep shadows,—and the cold beauty of it held them silent.

"Isn't that a glorious moon? What a wonderful night it is!" she breathed.

"Wonderful!" he agreed, but as he smiled at her he was not referring to the landscape or the moon. Far be it from him to dispute the wonder of a night the exigencies of which worked such magic in their acquaintanceship. He gave her his arm to lean on and they limped up the track, each glad of the other's presence in the solitude that encompassed them. The moon was well up above the rock ridges now, and its white light was gleaming along the steel rails that stretched lonesomely away into the spruce and Laurentian outcroppings.

(To be continued.)

Build Your Homes in 1922.

For those who have been turning over in their minds during the last few years the question of building a home, the following information will be interesting, as many have been kept from building during 1920 and 1921 because of the falling market of lumber and supplies.

The manager of a company, which sells direct from producer to consumer, was able to give us a very concrete idea of the present position of low prices. He said "We make a practice of selling the complete outfit for construction of a thoroughly well-built home. Last year, take for instance, this home would have cost you $3,648.80 for 1922. They stand at $2,577.66; or in round figures one-third less than last year. Here's another: Last year $2,237.99 and this year $1,557.79. The reason is that lumber prices have hit bottom—in fact are trending higher again. Other minor necessities are still due for a slight fall in prices, but any one who waits for all prices to reach bottom will get nipped because of the upward tendency of the lumber market—for lumber is the major element in construction of a home. Lumber prices on the upward trend will more than offset the small gain in cheaper general supplies."

His judgment is upheld by the trade in general. Renewed activities of contractors and builders throughout Canada would indicate that they too are preparing for more building this year.

Chinese Proverbs.

Think twice and do not speak at all.

At 70 a man is a candle in the wind.

A thousand soldiers are easily obtained; a general is hard to find.

Do not lace your shoes in a melon patch.

Easy to open a shop; hard to keep it open.

Of all important things, the first is not to cheat conscience.

All pursuits are mean in comparison with learning.

He bought a dried fish to spare its life.

Win your lawsuit, lose your money.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinarians

Tough Problem.

Mrs. Youngbride—"I've come to complain of that flour you sent me."

Grocer—"What was the matter with it?"

Mrs. Youngbride—"It was tough. I made a pie with it, and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it."

ISSUE No. 7—'22

About the House

Care of the Complexion.

The proper care of the complexion includes four steps—good health, cleanliness, prevention of blemishes and correct individual care. Omit one or more of them and your complexion will suffer.

If you expect to have a good complexion, you must live properly; that is, get plenty of sleep, an abundance of fresh air, eat simple, wholesome food and take a normal amount of exercise.

There is nothing which will cause the complexion to grow lifeless and to bring shadows under the eyes quicker than late hours or sleeping in a stuffy room.

To eat of rich, heavy food, to fail to masticate properly, to eat hurriedly or in an uncongenial atmosphere is to encourage indigestion; and that, of course, is followed by a muddy, sallow complexion. Eat enough, but never to the point of feeling full. It is vulgar to overeat and fatal to one's complexion.

Any one who longs to have a clear, radiant skin must move about in the open air enough to cause the blood to flow swiftly and to throw off its impurities. If you would keep supple of limb, clear of eye and possessed of a beautiful complexion, walk two or three miles a day.

Never buy cheap soap. French castile, tincture of green soap, or the production of a reliable soapmaker should be selected.

Unless the skin is very sensitive it will bear one good cleansing with hot water and soap every day and two or three bathings in cool water. Always follow the warm water and soap process by rinsing with cool water.

Once a day, preferably at night, anoint the face with pure cold cream and work into the skin gently with the tips of the fingers. Do not neglect the neck or the skin back and around the ears, for here age first shows itself. Wipe the cream off with either a soft paper napkin or with a piece of old linen. Then follow with a thorough washing with warm, soapy water. A soft complexion brush or a Turkish washcloth is good, unless the face is sensitive. In that case use the hands.

Before going out into the wind or sun protect the face with a thin film of vanishing or greaseless cream and dust lightly with fine, pure cosmetic powder; but never allow anything of this kind to remain on at night.

Most powders contain starch in some form, which swells when moistened with the skin secretions. If this powder lodges directly in the pores, it will in time cause them to be stretched and coarsened. Always use a thin film of cream first.

If the skin is naturally greasy or one's occupation is in a smoky or dusty environment, steam the face over once a week to cleanse the pores thoroughly. Wring a Turkish towel out of very warm water, place upon the face and cover with a dry towel. Repeat until the skin begins to redden. Anoint with cream, working well into the skin. Wash with warm, soapy water and then dash on cold water to counteract. It is ruinous to any complexion to permit the dust of a shopping trip, a ride or a journey to remain upon the skin, as it encourages wrinkles, pimples and blackheads as well as a dingy color.

Homemade Magic Lantern Slides.

On winter evenings when a storm is beating against the windows and the warm house seems the most comfortable place in the world, time passes happily if you have something of interest to do. On such a night get out your magic lantern and amuse yourself and the family by making silhouettes.

Get some pieces of thin glass of the right size to fit the lantern. Then, within proper limits on the glass, paste small hillhouettes cut from dark or heavy paper. You can use a single figure or you can paste several figures near together to form a group or composition. It is not necessary to make original silhouettes, although of course that adds to the pleasure and interest of the work. There are postal cards that have silhouettes pretty in themselves and excellent for use in a magic lantern; and others can often be found in old prints or magazines. If the paper on which they are printed is not thick enough, paste the pictures on black paper and then cut them out. Scenes from country life; humorous figures; profile views of notable persons or of friends; outlines of ancient temples, buildings, ruins and statues; anything that shows graceful action or figures from famous pictures—those are among the subjects from which to choose. There are a number of simple devices that will occur to an ingenious girl. The ragged edges of torn paper will serve to suggest grass on the ground, and black thread pasted on the glass will do for ropes, reins, the tails of animals and horizon lines. Overlapping the cut-outs saves room, draws the picture together and gives it depth.

Since it is difficult to avoid tearing the pictures when you put the slide into the lantern and take it out, it is a good plan to have ready a cover of glass held in place by passe-partout pasted round the edge.

You can make a series of slides that suggests a motion picture by pasting the cut outs in different postures, so that they make a story. There is fun even in making simple slides that cost little effort. A little more time and thought will produce silhouettes that are intricate and beautiful.

Saying Good-Bye.

A friend of Alice's, a student at college, sometimes comes to call upon her, and by her fireside they thrash out many questions. Often he goes from her saying, "I never thought of that!" or "That's a new idea! I'll try it." But last week he quite took her breath away by saying "It makes no difference to me how nice a girl has been, possibly for an entire evening, if she fails when it comes to saying 'Good-bye.' It spoils the whole thing when she doesn't say it the right way!"

Alice questioned him closely, because he had awakened her interest. He spoke of a girl whom they both liked; a girl far above the average in intellect, in character, in friendship that she offers to girls of her own age and to women. "But," continued the young fellow, "she doesn't know how to get on with men. She's so afraid of flattery, afraid of appearing forward. I've seen her entertain a man for an hour or so successfully, but when it came to saying 'Good-bye' she seemed suddenly dumb. Not a hope of pleasures, not a hope for any future fun or frivolity. The affair was ended with a definite period."

When the young man left, Alice continued to sit by the fire. Had he at last expressed one of the fundamentals of any kind—in a friendship, not only between a girl and a man, but between any two persons?

It is really a question of tact, not of sex. Alice finds in each person whom she takes pains to study a thirsty craving to be appreciated; a carefully concealed yearning to be valued properly, to be weighed and not found wanting.

At the end of a talk a girl delights in hearing another girl say, "Do come again; I've enjoyed seeing you." A man is plainly pleased when his friend exclaims, "Let's meet again for luncheon! I've something else I want to talk over with you."

But just a deadly, formal "Good-bye," whether analyzed or not, is like a wet blanket. The washer-woman that Alice's mother employs beams if Alice adds on paying her, "It's been a good day for drying! I hope next week will be as good."

Everybody is happier for a little appreciation or compliment. We all strive to please; that is really what we are out here for; and if we feel that we have failed, we go home disappointed. If we are old enough to know ourselves, we look up a book and do our best to change our thoughts. Sometimes we talk over our failures with a comrade of whose sympathies we are sure.

If we are young, we count over the other girls or boys whom we know, the ones whom we hope we shall see us. And so we think, perhaps we'll go to see Marian next Saturday, rather than Helen, because, even if she is not so interesting, or so good to look at, we always feel like going there again.

Dye Faded Sweater Skirt, Draperies in Diamond Dyes

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Hindus Are Superstitious.

Among the Hindus it is considered exceedingly unlucky for a person to cast back when he leaves his house.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

People who "need to be handled with gloves" are sometimes better handled with boxing gloves.

Baby's Own Soap so fragrant and refreshing

10-21

Battle With a Shark.

The only man in the world who has had his head in a shark's mouth and got it out again is "Treacle," an inhabitant of Thursday Island to the north of Australia.

He is described in "The Cruise of the Dream-Ship," by Mr. Ralph Stock, who says that his head looks as if it had been half cut off. The author tried to get him to give an account of the adventure, but all "Treacle" would say was: "Me pushem 'im leave go." He takes an extraordinary pride in his escape, and in return for six-pence will show visitors the shark's teeth that are still embedded in his skull, and for the same sum he strives himself to be photographed.

He speaks English in an extraordinary way. For instance, he calls a gramophone "Bolikus belong noise." "Pull um cover, pull um go, brother belong tomahawk." And "Thieves belong water."

Forest fires in Quebec in 1921 destroyed 1,000 square miles of timber, valued at $10,000,000.

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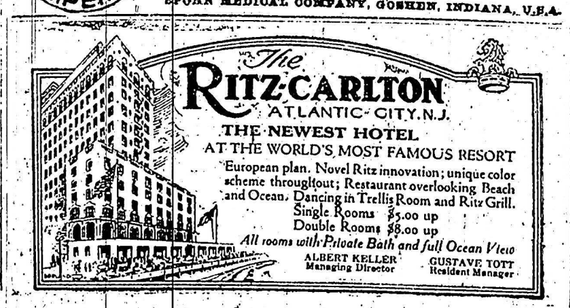

REBUILDING RHEIMS MAY TAKE 7 YEARS

REPAIRS TO BE UNDERTAKEN FIRST.

Greatest Orphanage in World Soon to be Constructed at Vitry-Sur-Seine.

Surprise is frequently expressed by visitors to Rheims, and is sometimes grimly voiced by the plain folk there, that so little has been done toward rebuilding that city during the three years of peace. The [illegible] made to a newspaper correspondent by a small Rheims shopkeeper [illegible] whatever has been done in the interest of the city firms, the small property owners [illegible] been left to look after [illegible]

"Heaven help those who [illegible] each other," he exclaimed. "Everything is paralyzed through [illegible] out for the reparation [illegible] more believe they will [illegible]

The authorities are [illegible] the free [illegible] sheds erected [illegible] Marquis de Polignac, [illegible] of the Co-operative Syndicate [illegible] cent parts of Rheims [illegible] a system of [illegible] is repaired [illegible] He contains a carefully [illegible] scheme which necessitates [illegible] of the city and [illegible] done [illegible] seven years. He [illegible] still [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]