BOVRIL
ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF
AN INVIGORATING HOT DRINK

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

At her request he began at the beginning and related the happenings of the past three weeks—at least, he began with his surveying experiences along this very track. Then he told how he had encountered Podmore and met the railroad president and about Wade's plan of discovering certain facts concerning Podmore and Nickleby. He realized how impossible it was for him to make first mention of what had happened on that foggy night that he had paddled her across the bay; he was not supposed to know that she was the girl and the bare thought of introducing such a dangerous topic filled him with trepidation, so that he was careful to give it a wide berth. He referred to the pleasant evening he had spent with her father and the way in which he had found out that she was both Miss Cristy Lawson and Miss Margaret Stiles into a corner and questioned him.

In her turn she told him how she had taken up her newspaper work in the hope of unearthing, under the guidance of her editor, evidence that would help to restore her father to his place at the head of the Inter-provincial Loan & Savings Company. McAllister, editor of The Recorder, suspected a political deal in regard to some government bids and thought that Nickleby and—and, some others were mixed up in a bold attempt at graft. If The Recorder's plans did not miscarry there would be a sensational exposure one of these days which would shock the whole country.

She went on to speak of President Wade of the Canadian Lake Shores Railway in the warmest terms. She had known him all her life as a close friend of her father and he was a frequent visitor at the Lawson home.

She stumbled on a cross-tie and would have fallen but for the strength of his supporting arm. She winced a little.

"Here, Miss Lawson, try putting your arm across my back and your hand on my left shoulder for a while. That's it."

With a thrill he slipped his arm about her waist, but she smiled up at him without protest. They made better progress after that. The steel rails streaked away in the moonlight endlessly before them, endlessly behind with uncompromising sameness.

"I suppose I deserve a good scolding for jumping off the train so far from the Thorlakson place; but the sleeping car conductor told me the train would not stop on any account, short of a damaged track, until it reached Indian Creek, I think he said it was. My best plan, he said, was to get off there and ride back to Thorlakson on a handcar. I was warned not to try any moving-picture stuff, but when I found out we'd have to slow up on the grade near the siding, I made up my mind to risk it. So when we slowed up back there, I thought it was the place, and sneaked to the back platform without being seen by anyone but you."

Kendrick shook his head at her, marveling at her nerve and the foolishness of the whole thing. Not many girls would have dared it. Lucky for her if she had seen her or she might have been in a pretty bad plight along these lonely reaches of track before any section hands chanced to find her. He studied her anxiously and decided that it was best to keep her talking while they trudged along.

"Will you tell me how you came to be masquerading as Miss Williams?" he asked. "Or is that something you'd rather not——?"

"Oh, no," she laughed. "That was Mr. Wade's bright suggestion. You know, he's been helping me in my work quite a lot. I have had to keep Daddy in the dark about it for fear he'd put his foot down on the whole thing; so I made a confidant of Mr. Wade."

"Then I've got a bone to pick with him," said Phil. "Why in the dickens didn't he tell me about you being at Ferguson's office when we were both on the same trail?"

"It's just like him not to, Mr. Kendrick. Probably he thought your work and my own would not cross at all and the less either of us knew about the other the safer it would be. Why, he even refused pointblank to tell me what he was going to do with that money—the envelope—that is——"

He saw that she hesitated as if she had said too much.

"You mean the fifty thousand dollars, stolen from the Alderson concern?" asked Phil quickly. "I was going to ask you about that. You mean that Mr. Wade really has that money? You can trust me, Miss Lawson. Surely you know that," he urged.

"He said he was piecing together a puzzle of some kind and would tell me all about it soon. How did he come to have that money?"

She studied him keenly before she spoke.

"I gave it to him to take care of," she said slowly.

"You! And where did you get it?"

"From Jimmy Stiles."

"Jim—my Stiles? Great Scott! And where did he get it?"

"He—stole it."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Tan Satchel Once More.

She told him about it. He was much cleverer than most people thought, young Jimmy Stiles, and he was overpoweringly anxious to help the Lawsons. There was no length to which his loyalty to them would not carry him. Kendrick nodded, recalling the boy's story as he had heard it from her father.

"I had no hesitation in taking Jimmy into my confidence from the first," said Cristy, "and it has been a big help to have someone watching Nickleby from the inside. He is a great little actor, that boy, and has succeeded in fooling our friend, Nickleby, into the belief that all he has to do is to snap his fingers and the frightened Jimmy will perform his bidding without question. Daddy told you about Stiles' early indiscretion, you said. Well, Jimmy has been pretending right along that he is afraid of exposure for that, and Nickleby has felt so sure of him that there have been occasions when he has permitted Jimmy to see behind the scenes and get a peek at some methods of doing business that would not stand analysis."

"Have you tried to get a line on Nickleby's past, Miss Lawson?" asked Phil with interest. "I understand that he was less than nobody when your father befriended him, and he may have drifted up here from the States and have a police record a yard long."

"We've thought of that. There is nothing in the local police records, but I believe Mr. Wade is making some quiet investigations in the States.

"Well, anyway, to make a long story short, Stiles knew the Alderson Construction Company was planning to make a substantial contribution to the Government campaign fund—J. C. Nickleby, that is; for he really is the Alderson Construction Company. When Jimmy reported this to me I thought I saw a good chance to get some sensational illustrations for the exposure story The Recorder was after if only we could get hold of the money long enough to photograph it. Jimmy was enthusiastic over the idea and told me to leave it to him. On thinking it over more carefully, though, I saw risks attached to the stunt which made it very unwise, and when I met Jimmy by his own appointment at the Union Station one night I asked him at once to make no attempt to obtain possession of the money, even for a short time.

"But I was too late. He was carrying a suitcase and calmly informed me that the money was inside. I was badly frightened. If we were caught with that money in our possession we would be arrested at once as a pair of ordinary thieves. I had jeopardized my editor's plans that we had been working out so secretly and regretted the foolishness a thousand times. Stiles wanted me to take the suitcase then and there—take it home and do the photographing, then have a messenger deliver it to Ferguson's office; or, if I preferred to give it back to him, he'd arrange to get the money to its destination somehow without anybody being able to trace it.

"But I was too frightened to decide and it was not long before I felt that we were being watched. We strolled around a bit to make sure that we really were being followed and when we found that the man we suspected was still on our trail, Jimmy was as badly scared as I was.

"While we were wondering what we'd better do I suddenly spied President Wade standing near the door of the big rotunda waiting-room and I had hard work to keep from calling out. I said good-bye to Jimmy, and walked over to him with the suitcase, blessing my stars for the good fortune. His private car was standing down on the track and as soon as he saw that I was in trouble of some kind he took me down to the car and I told him the whole story. There was nobody around except ourselves at the moment and he was not only greatly interested, but agreed to help me. We lifted out the envelope of money and he placed this in his safe aboard the car. He would not tell me what he intended to do with it, except that he promised it should be photographed for me and that it would be taken care of. He told me to ask no questions, but just leave everything to him and forget all about it. The less I knew about it the better, in case I was questioned.

"He had asked me a short time before if I thought I could obtain a place as a stenographer or office clerk of some kind in Ferguson's office for a few weeks and it had been agreed that I would try and, if I succeeded, I was to sit tight and keep my eyes and ears open. I have wondered how much of what happened he was half anticipating; he was so matter-of-fact. He escorted me out to a taxi and I went home while he sent a porter down to the parcel-room to check the empty suitcase. It may be there yet for all I know.

"You see now why I was so worried to learn that an envelope had been stolen from Mr. Wade's private car by Podmore and hidden up here at Thorlakson. I naturally jumped to the conclusion that it was the actual money that had been stolen. I should have known better, because Mr. Wade had asked me to have Stiles secure for him an envelope from the construction company's office, similar to the one containing the money. To tell you the truth, I had forgotten all about this and it did not occur to me that the envelope in the stump was a decoy. I see now, though, that Mr. Wade had plans of his own all the time."

"You're right as to that, Miss Lawson. This game is bigger than we think," said Kendrick thoughtfully. "One thing we may be sure of: Ben Wade can be trusted to act wisely. What you've just told me has interested me tremendously. Will you tell me something more? How under the sun did Stiles manage to turn the trick—get possession of that fifty thousand without getting caught?"

"It was cleverly done," laughed Cristy, "but like most clever things of that kind, it was as simple as A. B. C. Jimmy laid his plans carefully and the chief danger to threaten his success was that he would not be selected as the messenger between his own office and Ferguson's. He knew that the chances were he would be watched all the way by a detective; so he planned to make his substitution before leaving the building in which the Alderson company has its office.

"He had been keeping a close watch on Podmore for some days, for he did not trust him and felt sure that he would not hesitate to play false to Nickleby and Alderson whom he had been cultivating so carefully of late. Jimmy is shrewd. His patience was rewarded one day by the sight of Podmore in a leather-goods store around the corner, purchasing two satchels which were identical in size, shape and color. Stiles had the clerk lay aside a third satchel which was the mate of the two Podmore had just bought. When one of the satchels was delivered at the office from Podmore, Jimmy knew he had guessed right. Just how Podmore was proposing to change the satchels worried Jimmy quite a bit until he began to suspect a new arrival in town by the name of Clayton. He found out that Podmore and Clayton were meeting in Podmore's room at different times, but ignoring each other as utter strangers in the hotel rotunda. Then when Clayton turned up quite casually at All Saints' Mission—the church Jimmy attends, you know—and began to ingratiate himself, Stiles thought he saw daylight. It turned out that he was right, too, in suspecting that Clayton was Podmore's accomplice.

"It fitted in fine with Jimmy's own plan. When he came out of the office with that tan satchel, which contained the money, his kid brother—Bertie—was sitting on the bottom step of the stairway on the same floor, watching the door. As soon as he saw Jimmy come out, the kid ran upstairs to the next floor, picked up the satchel Jimmy had bought and in which he had placed some old newspapers, and took the elevator down. Jimmy got into the same elevator and they transferred the satchels going down to the street. So, you see, when Stiles walked out onto the street he was carrying the satchel that had the old newspapers inside, while young Bertie just stayed in the elevator, went up a few floors and calmly walked down the back stairs and so on home where he chucked the satchel, fifty thousand dollars and all, under Jimmy's bed."

(To be continued.)

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Misnamed.

She—"I hear you skated into an airhole the other day."

He—"That's what they call it, but I found it full of water."

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinarians

About the House

Making New Hats Out of Old.

Nothing makes us more discouraged with our wardrobe than to have a shabby looking hat. Many hats which are a bit dingy looking and slightly worn can be made to last a long time by care and renovation.

Nothing prolongs the lifetime of a hat more than good care. Hats should be brushed after each wearing, and if worn at irregular intervals, should be covered with tissue paper and kept in boxes away from dust, dampness, and strong light. In traveling, they should be protected by paper bags. For brushing velvet hats, use a fine bristle cloth brush, or piece of velvet, as a whisk broom leaves marks on the velvet. Always brush velvet in the direction of the nap. Wipe dust from satin, taffeta, or georgette hats with a clean cloth, and brush milans, leghorns, and stiffer straws with a whisk broom. A velvet or silk hat wet by a shower should be hung over a stove or radiator to dry, care being taken to keep the hat in shape. If a velvet hat has become badly spotted from the rain, hold for a few minutes in the steam from the spout of a teakettle, let dry and brush thoroughly. Remove stains from satin, taffeta and georgette while fresh, with some suitable cleaning agent. Trimmings which have become loosened by the wind or wear should be tacked into place at once.

Most of us own a velvet hat which has become shabby looking before the material is badly worn. It should first be thoroughly brushed; if black or dark colored it can be cleaned by sponging with chloroform, ether, or benzine, the former two being preferable, because they evaporate rapidly. Pour a few drops of the cleaning fluid on a sponge and rub carefully over the velvet, going in the direction of the nap. As soon as the sponge becomes dry, pour on a few drops and proceed as before. This work should be done out of doors or in a room which is well ventilated, as the fumes produced by rapid evaporation of any of these cleaning compounds are overpowering. Care should be taken not to work near a stove, or flame on account of the high inflammability of cleaning fluids.

When the hat is thoroughly dry, it should be steamed by moving it back and forth in the steam from the spout of a teakettle. Steam used for renovating purposes is what is known as dry steam, that is, there is considerable heat, and very little moisture.

Black or dark colored beaver hats may be cleaned by the same methods used for cleaning velvet ones. White or light colored plush or beaver may be cleaned with a mixture of gasoline or cornstarch. Mix two tablespoons of cornstarch with one pint of gasoline in a bowl, set bowl in a pan of warm water, as warm gasoline cleans more readily than cold. Rub beaver with mixture, and when dry, brush out the flour. To raise the nap on plush or beaver, steam quickly with dry steam, and beat with a small stick; beaver has a certain amount of glue or sizing which causes the nap to mat when wet; therefore this process is used to loosen the nap and cause it to stand erect.

Felt hats, which are practical for all seasons, may be cleaned in a number of ways. Art gum removes spots which are not of long standing. To clean stiff felt hats which are badly soiled, rub with a small block of wood wrapped with sandpaper, beginning at the centre of the top of the crown, and moving always in the same direction. When the hat has been cleaned, stretch a piece of old velvet over the block, rub with a hot flat iron, and then over a cake of paraffin wax. The wax will melt and adhere to the pile of the velvet. Rub the hat in the same manner as when sandpapering to produce a polished surface on the felt.

If felt hats are too badly soiled to be cleaned by the method just described, brush thoroughly to remove all the dust; then soak for a few minutes in a pan of gasoline or benzine, and scrub with a stiff brush dipped in a soap solution. Rinse in clean gasoline or benzine and hang up to dry. If the felt is badly creased or dented, hold over dry steam and rub into shape.

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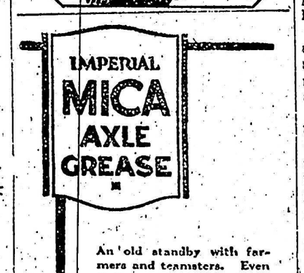

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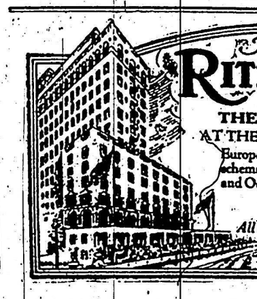

EFFECT OF SLEEP ON THE HUMAN BODY

EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD.

Interesting Facts Regarding Changes Going On During Period of Unconsciousness.

The study of dreams has always been a popular hobby, but few people have ever given a thought to the condition of sleep.

We must be asleep to be able to dream at all—except day-dreams—and the kind of sleep we enjoy has an effect on the dreams we experience.

The true dream is closely associated with deep sleep; but light sleep, in which we are partly conscious of what is going on around us, produces visions which we call dreams. The dreamer is sure to remember in a flash when his first realization on awakening has fitted in with some feature in his dream. An explosion in the room corresponds with a door banging as he wakes up.

In this connection it is interesting to mention the changes effected in the body by sleep.

When a person feels sleepy the pressure with which the blood flows through his body drops. It remains at this low pressure until sleep begins, when there is a rise.

Our Self-Winding Bodies.

Throughout the night, as we continue to sleep, the pressure gets stronger, until at a point slightly below the normal it is then we wake up or begin to feel "bright and fresh." The moment of waking there is a rise in our blood pressure, and the heart is working strongly.

In a very similar fashion the temperature of our body is affected, the lowering of the blood pressure during sleep affecting the temperature.

In the early morning, when we are feeling the benefit of a good sleep, the temperature is at its highest, and regulates itself during the moment of waking.

The effect of sleep on our breathing is clear and simple. We are aware of the fact that at the same time as we are breathing in oxygen, which is necessary to life, we breathe out carbonic acid gas. Inhalation is much shorter than exhalation. In comparison exhalation is prolonged.

During sleep our muscles are not only rested, because they are relaxed thoroughly. The poisons in the muscles are cleansed, for the body during respiration is almost entirely at rest.

The bodily energy which in other duties, such as digestion, and that energy is used up to a considerable extent.

It is not generally known that smell, hearing, taste, and touch are affected during sleep.

How It Affects Us.

Contrary, perhaps, to popular belief, a sleeping person is not so much affected by a light thrown on the face as by a less bright light would be. In other words, if the person were awake. If the eyelids are merely closed, this explains why a light on a sleeping person's face is similar to the effect on the eyes when the smell has to be stronger.

Our ears are rested during sleep, hour's sleep, and our hearing, and our sense of touch) recovers very close to normal after a short spell of rest, until just before it again rises slightly.

In the case of touch there is a slight reduction of sensitiveness only for a short duration.

So it will be seen that during sleep the general activity of the body becomes less affected by the surroundings until "rest" is reached.

The effects of deprivation are more likely to be felt after depriving the body of food for a short period. Several cases of fasting for more than a month are recorded, but it seems that seven days without nights is the longest period the human body can endure without food.

Many instances, where people have tried to refrain from sleeping for more than this period, have ended in serious illness or even death, while strong, healthy people have gone the seventh day.

A person deprived of food loses weight, and some authorities say that there are microscopic changes in certain brain cells.

Eat Well, Sleep Well.

The usual treatment for insomnia is a sleeping draught. A well-known doctor, however, who has himself been a victim to the sleeping complaint, has made a study of it. He derides the practice of taking sleeping draughts. In his opinion it is a defiance of all sound medical principles, as it aims merely at the cessation of the symptom instead of the removal of the cause of sleeplessness.

Of the many cases he has investigated he has found that many people admit that, at one time or another during the evening, they feel sleepy, but add that "the feeling passes."

His advice was to urge people to bed whenever they feel sleepy, no matter at what hour. He does not advise them to make their last meal of the day a light one. A good supper is the best preparation for sleep. He says it should be followed by a short walk afterwards, continued until a feeling of sleepiness sets in.

Imitation coal, as good as the real article at half its price, is the latest production claimed by a Canadian chemist.