# Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

Cautioning silence, McCorquodale swung the nose of the canoe abruptly towards the right bank and they slid noiselessly into the deeper shadows, where the detective caught hold of an overhanging branch and held the canoe stationary. Presently Phil was able to recognize the familiar words of an old voyageur chantey, a paddling song of the French-Canadian rivermen:

"En roulant, ma boule, roulant;
En roulant, ma bo-u-le."

With paddles swinging in unison to the rhythm came four men in a large Indian canoe, speeding with the current down the centre of Indian creek. Peering from their concealment, Kendrick and the detective could discern the blacker outlines of the craft and its occupants as it sped forth from the gloom of the forest into the starlit area of the tiny lake. The great canoe was low in the water; for heaped in the centre of it was what was evidently a pile of freight, with two men in front and two behind. The steersman swung the prow around and on they went up the Wolverine without a pause in the sweep of the paddles or the swing of the song:

"Roulı roulant, ma boule, roulant,
En roulant, ma boule, roulant,
En roulant, ma bo-u-le."

"French half-breeds," guessed Kendrick when the singing modulated in distance, "and they're heading for the lumber camp. What do you make of that?"

"Looks like this 'Red' party them guys was talkin' about last night had hit camp. I'll lay even money them fellas has been down to the station for another shipment o' booze," asserted McCorquodale. "We gotta do some careful gum-shoein', old man. Them birds is feelin' their cats."

From the junction of the two streams it was only a matter of four or five miles to the foot of the rapids, and after a while they could hear the distant roar of the water. Paddling cautiously now and keeping well within the deeper shadows close to shore, they finally reached the spot where the tote road debouched on the river and without mishap disembarked and hauled the canoe out of sight into the bushes. In following the lumber trail there was the danger that they might meet some of the men from the camp; but after a whispered colloquy they decided it was a risk which had to be run. Since the old tote road had recovered its lost "swamping out" it had grown into a tangle of underbrush, saplings and fallen limbs in spots to afford considerable concealment of a sort. They had gone but a short distance on the woods, however, before both of them stopped abruptly and listened to a strange sound which carried to them faintly in the quiet night with all the mystery of the unaccountable. It was like the beat of a distant drum, a lively tattoo that came and went at regular intervals:

Rumma-tumma-tum-tum . . . tum-tum!
Rumma-tumma-tum-tum . . . tum-tum!

"What is that?" said Kendrick in a low voice.

"It's a new one on me," muttered McCorquodale in an awed tone. "Sounds like an Indian drum. Listen! There it is again."

As they advanced the intermittent drumming increased in volume. Presently above the trees they could see a glow in the sky. The reflection of what seemed to be a huge bonfire grew so strong that they left the logging trail for fear of discovery and stole cautiously forward through the woods.

Rappa-tappa-tap-tap . . . tap-tap!
RAP-tappety-tap-tap . . . tap-tap!

A medley of many voices rose in a weird chant which struck across the night like the wail of some stricken victim of the loup garou. It fell away abruptly and the drumming noise renewed.

Turning sharply to the right to get well away from the tote road, Kendrick and his companion crept at last to the edge of the clearing and took refuge in a hollow where a fallen tree hid them completely. From behind this shelter they peered forth upon a strange scene.

In front of the bunk house, cook shanty, stables, scaler's shanty and other low log buildings that once had been a lumber-camp, was an open space, about two acres in extent, lighted up like day by a bonfire at each end. In the centre, alongside a stump, his figure boldly revealed by the firelight, stood a man with dishevelled hair and a stubby growth of black whiskers. He wore the corduroys and Strathcona boots of a shantyman; about his waist was a bright red scarf. Inverted upon the stump was an empty wooden box and in each hand he flourished an empty whisky bottle.

Seated upon the ground in a semi-circle were nine of the roughest looking men Phil ever had seen, each with a piece of broken pine box across his knees and a whisky bottle or a short stick in either hand. Some of them were undoubtedly half-breeds, swarthy of skin and very unkempt; some bore the scars of knife wounds on their faces—riff-raff of the cities mixed with the off-scourings of railway and lumber camps. The whole motley crew were in various stages of drunkenness and it was evident that the whisky-traders' son; they were singing appealed to them as about the funniest and most musical thing they ever had enjoyed, for each man tried to outdo his neighbor in the vim which he put into his efforts. The leader by the stump had cursed them into realization of the grave importance of pounding the accompaniment in proper unison, and after much practice had got them into some semblance of accord.

"Now fer the last time, fellers!" he shouted, and away they went:

"Rum fer Injuns when they come!
Rum fer the beggars when they go!
That's the trick, my grizzled lads,
To catch the cash and snare the foe!"

Racka-tacka tack-tack . . . tack-tack!
RACK-tackety-tack-tack . . . tack-tack!

"This ain't goin' to be no cinch, 'bo," came McCorquodale's serious whisper in Kendrick's ear. "This mob's come in durin' the afternoon. We better get back an' pick up a gang o' our own—some o' them guineas from the railroad. Then we can clean this bunch up in proper shape."

"Wait," muttered Kendrick. "What are they doing now?"

One of the men was digging a hole while two others picked up a small log which they presently up-ended in the hole, tramping the earth about it firmly. The individual who acted as master of ceremonies gazed expectantly towards the bunk house where a heavily built man with sandy hair and whiskers had put in an appearance and was waving his hand.

"There's Red and Weiler!"

"Keep quiet!" commanded Phil.

Corduroys had mounted the stump and was addressing the boisterous crowd. Apparently he was looked upon as something of a wag; for he was interrupted frequently by laughter. His voice carried distinctly.

"Gents an' fel—ler citizens," he began, striking an oratorical attitude, "we now comes to the next num—ber on the program, the which is costin' a lot o' cold coin. Fif—ty thous—and dollars, gents, is what it costs to have the Perfessor put on his little stunt. Fif—ty thous—and dollars! We calls it 'The Double-Cross an' the Get-Away.' The Perfessor has double-crossed our friend an' worthy leader, Red McIvor, an' refuses to say where he has buried the hidden treasure. Instead of fifty thousand good bucks, he hands over a wad o' phoney bills. Instead o' fifty thousand genooine plunks we will now perceed to have fifty thousand dollars' worth o' fun—the Perfessor's treat, gents. He will now demonstrate his get-away. He is an insect an' to the insects he goes from here. He has stung us an' it is now his turn to git stung. I have grea—at pleasure in callin' upon the Perfessor."

As he finished speaking there issued from the log shanty a struggling group. Dragging between them in no gentle fashion a kicking, screaming prisoner, came Red McIvor and the German. They kicked him forward into the arms of the waiting men at the post, to which he was bound quickly from feet to waist. The firelight played upon the prisoner's distorted features as he begged them to let him go. His pleadings were greeted with shouts of laughter.

Kendrick clutched McCorquodale's arm in sudden excitement.

"By the eternal, it's Hughey Podmore!" he gasped in disbelief. "They've caught Podmore with that bogus money on him! That's what he means."

"There's Stiles—the one they're bringin' out now," whispered McCorquodale, pointing to a second prisoner who was being hustled out to witness the performance. His hands were tied behind his back and the man who had him in charge shoved him roughly to a sitting posture and pointed towards the post.

Kendrick's face was tense as he watched. His eyes smouldered with cold fire.

CHAPTER XX.

A Man of Money.

McIvor, the leader of the crew, was holding out the envelope taken from the stump and saying something to the first prisoner. They could not catch the words at that distance. Podmore shook his head and renewed his pleadings. The only response to these was an oath and a cruel blow on the mouth from the enraged ruffian, who now issued a sharp command.

Two of his men sprang at the prisoner and in a trice had stripped him to the skin from the waist up. They tore his shirt to ribbons. A jerk of McIvor's hand brought a third man on the run, carrying a tin can. He began to smear the contents over the back and chest and arms of the shrieking prisoner. While the onlookers rocked with drunken laughter Red McIvor peeled bill after bill from the roll of stage money in his hand and plastered them to the prisoner's naked body with resounding slaps.

"Tar an' feathers up to date—spruce gum an' greenbacks!" mumbled the detective. "Hear that feller yell!"

Kendrick's eyes were ablaze. He whipped out his revolver, his teeth clenched.

"McCorquodale, we can't sit here and see him killed in front of our eyes. This thing's gone far enough. I'm going out there——" But the detective grabbed him and with an oath dragged him back.

"Y' gone clean nutty?" he protested furiously. "Wanta get croaked, y' poor fish? Fat chanst y' got with them bohunks armed with rifles! It's six to one!

"They're scaring the poor devil to death, I tell you. See, they're getting ready to drive him into the bush! Man, don't you understand? The flies! He'll be eaten alive!"

McCorquodale carried his profanity pretty close to the surface at all times, but the well-spring of it that gushed from him as once more he dragged Kendrick off his feet sounded the depths of anxiety and formed a lurid preface to angry argument. Had Kendrick forgotten Stiles? They couldn't hope to save both prisoners at once. Get Stiles first and they could organize a search-party for Podmore afterward.

"The whole mob'll be chasin' off in a minute an' that's th' chanst we gotta lay for. Don't go 'n' spoil everythin' just as it's comin' our way. For the love o' Pete, bo, stuff moss in your ears an' sit tight!"

Kendrick had himself in hand again immediately. In an open fight with that gang two men hadn't a ghost of a show. As it was, their situation was desperate enough. The best that could be done for Podmore was to let things take their course for the moment. Later——

The detective's prediction was being fulfilled rapidly. The last bill had been stuck in place and the drunken gang had staggered to their feet, jeering and laughing at the grotesque appearance of their victim. They formed in two lines with sticks in their hands in preparation for the moment when the prisoner would be released and forced to run the gauntlet of their blows in his flight to the woods.

(To be continued.)


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# About the House

### Choice Color Combinations.

When decorating a room the furniture and rugs should be used as a nucleus, as these are very seldom changed. Of course, if the furniture is old and scarred and is not to be refinished it would be best to use darker shades, otherwise all the defects of the furnishings would be shown up.

But it is not necessary to have any scratched and marred furniture when there are so many products on the market to-day which can be bought at a very nominal cost, especially designed to make chairs and tables look new and attractive.

A coat of stain with a couple of coats of varnish, after the old finish has been removed, will do wonders to any old article. Or a coat of enamel with a dainty design stencilled on a bedroom suite will make it a thing of beauty. What could be prettier than a bedroom set stained walnut, a light gray wall for a background, with pink drapes, white curtains, old rose and white rag rugs with a little touch of very pale blue here and there; or a bedroom suite stained oak with cream or ivory background, with either blue and yellow cretonne overdrapes or brown and cream drapes, ivory curtains and a nice brown and tan rag rug?

Of course, in combining the two or more colors, the shades should also be taken into consideration. For instance, a pale blue and pale pink are very pretty and one will offset the other, but if the shades are dark they will clash. Gray is a neutral color and almost any color will harmonize with it with the exception of brown or tan. Because of the handsome curtain materials, as well as upholstery now obtainable, it is far better to have plain wall tones.

### How I Made Window Drapes.

We moved into a different house and as is usually the case, none of my curtains fitted the windows. Half of them were too long and the other half too short. We were not sure how long we would be in this house, so I planned to spend only a small sum in fixing up the curtains. I hung a curtain up at one of the long windows and found it lacked 12 inches of touching the sill. I decided to have a cretonne valance across the top, thus making the window appear shorter. But I omitted side drapes, since they would make additional vertical lines which always add height. An 18-inch valance looked very well, as far as spacing was concerned. So it was decided about the valance, and up underneath where nobody could see, the curtains were pieced with some old material I had on hand.

The windows in the living room were short, and I did hate to cut my curtains. I decided that by using valances here, I could fold the curtain over behind and save cutting. The valances add width to the window, just as when a stout woman wears a plaid dress. But really they are very good looking, in spite of the fact that I violated the principles of good design. Perhaps I shall add side drapes later.

The material I selected was a heavy cretonne in rose, green, blue and brown. The colors are lovely and blend together into an indistinct all-over design. There are three scallops on each valance, and they are finished with a narrow blue fringe. Later I am planning to use them for a bedroom, when we can afford pretty silk hangings for the living room.

The material was 36 inches wide, so it was the right width for the valances when split. I did not split it, of course, but fitted the pattern on the material so that between the scallops were large pieces of material. The window seat was 18 inches wide, so that a pad was made for it to match. Then I made a charming cretonne covered waste basket, by pasting the material and trimming flat on to a paste board sugar bucket from the grocery. There are some plain blue cushions with touches of flowered cretonne, and a lamp shade to match. And just think how pretty they will be in the guest room, when we move to the next house, and fix the curtains all over again!

### Seasonings Are Important.

Economy and frugality is the watchword of the French housewife, and this means save for the future, utilize the foods in the house and obtain the greatest amount of nutriment.

Fuel in Europe is quite expensive, so the housewife must economize in the amount she uses. Yet under these conditions you will not find the European housewife serving fried meats or quickly cooked foods. Long, slow cooking require very little fuel, and in the provinces you will find cooking done with wood or charcoal; the towns' or cities' gas and electric current are also used. Casseroles, marmites and rameking are popular utensils for cooking because these earthen dishes hold the heat and cook the food slowly, and because they also may be sent to the table and the food served from them.

The European housewife must have her little pots of growing herbs in the kitchen window. These plants she tends with loving hands, and from them she obtains the delicious garnishes and flavoring of the food. She also has several little jars of blended flavorings, which are sent to the table with the various dishes. An eminence of fine herbs, served with the braised or pot roast, conver's a plain dish into a dish fit for an epicure. Or, perhaps, the contents of these savory jars are called upon to add flavor to some homely vegetable or entree made from leftovers.

How the flavorings are made.—Place in a small bowl three tablespoons of salt, one teaspoon of white pepper, one teaspoon of paprika, one teaspoon of thyme, one clove of garlic, one-half cup of chopped onion, one-half cup of chopped green tips of celery. Rub between the fingers to blend and store in one-half pint fruit jar.

There is no greater stimulus to an endeavor than the knowledge that somebody believes in you; that somebody sees something in you which the crowd does not see; that somebody believes in you and in your future and expects great things of you.


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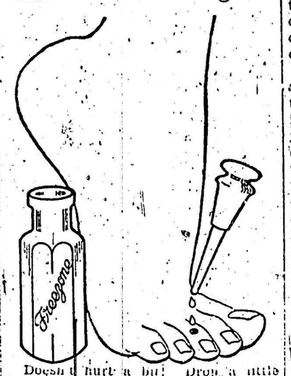


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## UNIFORMITY IN THE WESTERN SCHOOLS

### STANDARDIZED EDUCATION IN ALL PROVINCES.

### Important Step Toward the Attainment of Unity in Educational Systems of Canada.

It is true in Canada that East is East and West is West, and that in a good many respects an imaginary line divides the older and more conservative Eastern Provinces from that newer and more energetic Western territory. Whilst instigated by a common loyalty to the Dominion and mutually striving for the same national ends, there exists a subtle difference in their modes of action and in the opinion as to the most effective manner of attaining the objects both are working for. And so each moves forward in its own method of progression.

West of the Great Lakes the various provinces in most matters have a feeling of constituting in most respects one territory, united in the manner of their composition, populated by a people with a common lot, moved by the same ideas, actuated by the same motives and impulses because their circumstances are similar. For this reason, and because still being in the moulding process they are more plastic, and find it less difficult to co-operate in matters affecting the welfare of their own territories and the whole country.

An example of this has been the standardization of elementary education throughout the West. Education in Canada is a matter of provincial jurisdiction and the various provinces on entering Confederation formed their own systems and established their own policies. Each of the Western Provinces, in its own way and along what it considered the most progressive lines and, beset by the same difficulties and problems inevitable in a state of evolution and development established systems which in the Canadian educational scheme ne on earth.

Education Now Standardized.

There are in the Western provinces, which similar in their general outline, sufficiently similar in details to preclude any serious changes on the part of parents qualified in one province readily to move into another, under the guidance of provincial examination boards in their professions. The children moving from one part of the West to another found themselves handicapped to adopt new methods or fresh textbooks.

As a result of a series of annual conferences between the representatives of the four Western Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, elementary education is now largely standardized throughout this territory, and as far as teachers, children and their parents are concerned, that vast area which is the Great Lakes to the Pacific constitutes one educational province. While the different provinces have their own departments for entry to Normal schools, have been made the same and the training given in these establishments largely standardized. The qualifications of the teachers are very similar and consequently their certificates have been adjudged of equal value, so that teachers may move with their families from one province to another without any serious inconvenience. Furthermore, there is a certain amount of uniformity in text books which is yearly being widened to embrace a wider circle.

Nothing has been spared in Western Canada to give the children, particularly the boys and girls of the province, the utmost education can offer, and the proud boast of this province is that not only are the elementary schools within the reach of every child, but a university education within his reach. The Western Canadian provinces, recognizing they have a common purpose to perform, have united for the achievement of many objects, and the standardization of educational ideals have seized a propitious moment to band themselves together for a purpose the enormous benefit of which only the future will fully reveal.

### Monarch of the Air Measured Seven Feet.

Last summer a monster eagle, a bald-headed species, haunted the vicinity of Petawawa Military Camp and more than once disputed possession of the air with the various aeroplanes visiting the camp, with such success that they were several times compelled to land to prevent a collision. Baldy.

Now in pathetic majesty it stands in the window of Gravelle's butcher shop in Pembroke, having been stuffed by the local taxidermist, Dr. Bell. The eagle was caught up on Deep River, a few miles per reach of the Ottawa River, above Petawawa, by a French Canadian named Lamarche, who reported that the bird was suffering from poison bait, and, being in a dazed condition, was very easy to catch.

It measures seven feet from tip of its wings.

The Gordian knot takes its name from Gordium, an ancient city of Asia Minor, where Alexander the Great cut out a knot fastening the pole to the yoke of Gordius, King of Phrygia. To cut the knot means to evade a difficulty, and to get out of it in a summary manner.