

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)
"We have the law on our side," re-
sponded the man who had shot to
kill in self defence if you don't leave
us strictly alone. We've got—
He never finished that sentence; for
rifles and hallooing off towards
the river apprized the two anxious de-
fenders of "The Sauce" that the worst
had happened. Kendrick crossed to
the opposite side in two bounds and
found McCorquodale already on top
of the rocks, reaching down for his
handgun.
"We're in for it, old man," said Phil
coolly. "Make straight for the trail.
We've got to beat them to it."
McCorquodale only swore as he
tightened his belt and for the first
time they went down the hill in long
jumps, that sent loose stones crash-
ing through the brushwood. Once on
the level they ran for the sounds of
trouble, as fast as they could pene-
trate through the impenetrable under-
growth. They broke through at last
into the bare road and ran at top
speed down a long straight stretch of
it.
It was like a long aisle between the
trunks of spruce and hemlock.
There was a sharp turn to the right
at the end of this aisle and judging
from the glow of a fire that someone
had lit and the shouts of men in
combat, it was just around the turn
that the issue was being fought.
"Left! Cork into the bush!" panted
Phil as he heard a shout behind them.
They cut straight through for the
bushes against the glow of which the
trouble was being fought.
Approached Kendrick threw
out his arm to stop the detective, and
they slipped to the ground and crawl-
ing remaining distance on hands
and knees.
A man in the freight trolley was
talking to the giant Syde in the
turning of a wild head-to-hand fight
with McCorquodale. They were cur-
sive and kicking him from all sides at
the same time. The detective was
with rifles they had thrown away
and were in favor of knives and
clubs. The fighting was too close for
him to see. A sixth man had
sprung into the fight. He was
aiming at the big Swede.
The Swede's hands lay sprawled
on the edge of the woods, but
the man who had attacked him and
sprung to his feet. McCorquodale
was in the bushes, but he
was firing only with feet
and hands.
The detective's bullet, however,
had struck him. Red Melvor lay
sprawled on the ground where he fell.
A moment later McCorquodale looked
up from his examination.
"I can't kill this bird with no
thirty-two," he grunted. "He'll
be around after a bit, cousin."
The bullet bumped him on
the bean and glanced off like it was
solid ivory. It slips the bracelets on
him, see, an' we takes him along with
us. I miss my guess if he ain't want-
ing in no more admition.
"Only gassed Kendrick that
the girl was nowhere in sight. Evi-
dently Crisly was carrying out in-
structions to the letter. Jimmie
Stiles! When he hid gone under,
he lay prone in the foreground,
his face ghastly with a smear of blood
across the cheek. The fellow who had
done it was still standing there, look-
ing down at the inanimate form.
Distant shouts and the noise of re-
inforcements approaching through the
timber announced the gravity of the
situation. "In another moment the
whole crowd would be upon them."
"That's my guy up, ho," whispered
McCorquodale, pointing to Stiles vic-
tims. "You grab Jimmie on your
back and beat it for the canoe."
The girl's away already an' Swede
an' he'll join you in a jiff an' the
whole bunch of us vamoose, see. You
grab Stiles silenced him with a look
and together they leaped into the
Fray. Phil knocked out the man stand-
ing beside Stiles with one blow on the
head from the butt of his revolver.
Shouting encouragement, McCorquodale
went to the hard pressed Sven-

breath and hurried towards the sec-
tion shanty. She had made good time
in the canoe with the swift current of
the Wolverine in her favor, and she
was elated at her progress. The re-
maining stage of the journey should
not present much difficulty, once she
had persuaded Thorlakson of the urgency
of her mission.
The place was in darkness and she
tapped loudly on the window-pane of
Mrs. Thorlakson's room. After a while
she heard the woman stir and call
out. Crisly shouted in to her and
with many strange Icelandic expres-
sions of astonishment Mrs. Thorlak-
son came to the door and let her in.
The kind-hearted woman's appear-
ance in a flaming red canton-flannel
nightgown, her hair comically "done
up" for the night, was grotesque. But
Crisly did not laugh. Instead, she
asked for Thorlakson and cried out in
dismay to learn that he was not there—
that he had taken the handcar and
had gone off with the two Norwegians
to visit Biodeau, the foreman on the
station below.
Crisly poured out her story, at least
as much of it as she thought would
convey the urgency of the situation;
but it was rather difficult to make the
woman grasp it. Mrs. Thorlakson's
English being somewhat limited, while
the girl had no knowledge whatever
of Icelandic. At last she gave it up.
"May I have some biscuits or some-
thing from the pantry?" she asked,
and at the woman's nod she rummaged
around among crocks and pans in
search of portable edibles. She stuffed
a handful of stale doughnuts inside
her shirtwaist, together with a lump
of cheese.
Mrs. Thorlakson stood at the door
with the lamp held high in one hand,
peering in upon these operations in
dumb wonderment. When she finally
realized that the girl purposed setting
off along the trail on foot, she be-
came loud in her protests. Crisly made
out that she was anxious about the
sprained ankle; but this was so entire-
ly better that it had given her no
trouble at all so far and she merely
was elated at the good woman's fears
and, with a hasty good-bye, ran out
of the house and disappeared in the
dark. For several minutes Mrs. Thor-
lakson continued to stand in the door-
way, the lamp above her head, her face
shining in the mellow glow with a
queer mixture of apprehension and
mystification. These city people were
beyond her comprehension.
(To be continued.)

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Singing the Old Songs.
"Ah, for the old days!" sighed the old-fashioned young man. "The girls of to-day are not at all like our mothers used to be! Why, I'll bet you don't know what needles are for!"
He glanced with admiration at the modern girl.
"I do too!" she flashed. "They're for photographs!"
Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

About the House

Health and Beauty.
The dark circles under the eyes, of which so many of my readers complain, may be due to poor circulation or to other causes. Massage will do much to improve the circulation, and is most effective when it follows steaming or bathing the face in hot water. The tips of the fingers should be dipped in a good massage cream, then with slight pressure worked around the eyes in rotary motion; the nose should be stroked from the bridge outward and downward, and the skin of the cheeks should be pinched up and rolled between the fingers and thumb. Plenty of fresh air, day and night, an abundance of sleep, and regular habits of the bow are also necessary. If improvement does not follow, it is advisable to consult a physician.
To combat wrinkles, feed the skin plenty of oil and use astringents. This means that a gentle but thorough massage with a good cream is necessary. By a good cream, I mean one made from almond or olive oil. This should be used immediately after a hot soap-and-water wash, while the pores of the skin are open. After the massage the surplus cream is to be wiped off and an astringent is used to draw up the lax muscles and to close the pores. Nothing is better for this purpose than ice, which should be rubbed over the skin for ten minutes to the most effective. If you have no ice, fill the bowl with water as cold as you can get it, add a few drops of tincture of benzoin, and rinse well with this.
For a thin neck, practice deep-breathing exercises; these are most essential; they will build up the chest and fill out those ugly hollows at the base of the throat and over the shoulders. Second, give the neck a thorough scrubbing with hot water and soap and a complexion wash every day. Follow this with a hot rinse and then with a massage. For the massage, use either a flesh-building cream made with almond oil, or use warm cocoa-butter. Cocoa-butter is more fattening, but some few sensitive skins can not stand it.
The massage should be gentle; the tips of the fingers should be used, the neck in small circles over the skin. As a finish, the cream is wiped off and the neck is rubbed with ice or rinsed in quite cold water. There is also a good exercise that keeps the chin line firm and youthful: Roll the head around on the shoulders. This may sound strange, but it is quite practical. You'll find that it gently stretches every muscle in the throat.
For chest and bust development and to straighten round shoulders, the proper exercise is also some form of deep-breathing. You can stand before an open window or out of doors and take a certain number of deep breaths every day. Or you can take the deep-breathing exercise in an even better way: Fill the lungs with as much fresh air as you can pack into them, and then hold the lungs full for a certain number of seconds before exhaling, lengthening the time you hold the air as you become accustomed to the exercise. About half a minute is a good average.
A deep-breathing and arm exercise combined is also used for chest development. Start by holding the arms in front of you, and as you breathe in slowly, bring the arms around to the sides and as far to the back as you can get them. This is really the most effective way, as you can feel the pull on the muscles of the chest.

Home Decoration.
Making rooms cheerful and home-



When the children have any waste paper, strings, etc., they know just where such things belong. It is truly a great help in keeping the kitchen clean.

Baby's Progress

On the first day of a child's life there should be sensitivity to light, touch, temperature, smell and taste.
The two latter, however, are not mentally separated in the child's consciousness for some considerable time. Hearing is not in operation until the third or fourth day after birth.
General sensations of comfort or discomfort are felt from the second day; but pain and pleasure, as mental states arising from bodily sensations, are not noted till at or near the second month.
The first signs of speech, apart from natural cries, are in the shape of certain consonants. They will be "m," "p," "b," "d," "t," "r," "n," "l."
It seems rather a shame to destroy the belief that babies use the "m" sound because the little darlings are trying to say "mum," or "mother," but the fact is that "m" is the natural and easiest speech sound for a baby to make.
A baby's eyes should be in proper working order, or "co-ordinate," by the fourth month, and with a variation of a week or two, it is about that time that the child should show self-consciousness and have "the feeling of self." It will know itself in a mirror, and lock intelligent at its own hands, and know that they are its own. That's the difference between the human and the animal.
A child with a very firm and tight grip is, as a rule, one with excellent mental equipment.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Plenty of Room.
"I never go to church," the mill-
linaire said. "I guess you've noticed that, bishop?"
"Yes, I have noticed it," said the bishop gravely.
"I guess you wonder why I never go to church, don't you?" the mill-
linaire pursued. "Well, I'll tell you why, bishop. There are so many hypocrites there."
"Oh, don't let that keep you away," said the bishop, smiling. "There is always room for one more."
Up-to-Date.
"My doll can shut her eyes and go to sleep just lovely."
"Hush! My doll never goes to sleep at all; she's got insomnia."

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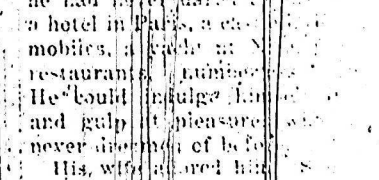
By Edmund Jalona
Translated by William L. McPherson.

At twenty years it is difficult for a painter not to believe that he is going to be a Rembrandt or a Raphael. At thirty, after many disillusions, things look different. When he was thirty-five Lionel Lion awakened to the fact that he was a Bohemian without talent and without a future. Angling was the only thing in which he took any real interest of for which he had any aptitude.
Indifferent and skeptical, he continued to vegetate, sleeping in an unfurnished studio, making a poor living by drawing commercial designs, and having much leisure to devote to his favorite pastime. When he had a little money in his pocket he left Paris, took a room in an inn on the Marne, and passed many of his full days on the river bank.
It was in this inn that he met an English old maid, well known as a millionaire's mistress. She had been married to a young man in a village in the town of the Marne, and she had carried out any of his ideas?
Editor—"Did you meet the office boy with the waste paper basket as you came upstairs?"
Yonah—"Yes, I did."
Editor—"Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

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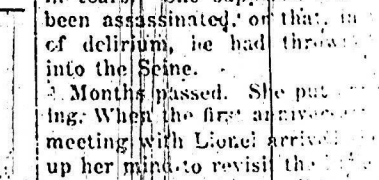
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