BOVRIL FLAVORS STEWS AND HASHES

BOVRIL

ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF

Every Man For Himself

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Nip and Tuck.

Engine No. 810 was running free through the night with a big string of box-cars and gondolas tossing along behind her, dim shadows in the dark. Her powerful electric headlight threw a beam, long and bright, that burrowed into the black void far in front. But for this and the few red-glowing spinks in her firebox and the thunder of the wheels, the freight might have been some phantom, noiseless rushing through the night with two red eyes in its hall.

Evans, the fireman, stood huddled at the side near a hatch in the floor. The hard grit from the white fires than could be carried in her ashes beat fiercely upon flying coats and caps, and the wind was with the whirling clamor that was hissing back from the stack.

Back in the blind baggage stood Evans, leaning out from a narrow pendant platform on which she experienced every time the Whole train seemed to go crashing over a switch, leaning out, I say, and looking at the delay in a hard for the Spruce Junction gas clear as crystal; but up there they would have to take the first station of the division.

Well, at the station at the junction a girl in a black coat shrugged her shoulder toward the engine. Mac-Donald shook his head.

"Not her, Number Seven," he shouted.

They were leaning down upon the switch light opposite Thornton, but Mac-Donald was in a hurry and took advantage of the grade of the water there. The few seat-boxes they were passing by as they were coming to their places ahead.

"No," was a "blin" rather on up the line, the division. The conductor was well and up of the scared groups on the platform with the same perplexed faces looking the train with the same perplexed faces looking them through the

Engine 810 would take

[illegible] Macdonald back, but off steam, opened for, threw the brakes [illegible] and brought every-[illegible] ring standstill with [illegible] just past the tank, [illegible] was scrambling back [illegible] to have [illegible] down the [illegible] And all of this [illegible] the presence of the [illegible]

[illegible] followed was [illegible] nothing in the locality to [illegible] for it, while the hour and the night damp and cis-[illegible] nothing to account for the [illegible] of a girl dashing wildly [illegible] straight for the engine, arms waving frantic sig-[illegible]

The engineer's wavering uncertainty had begun to flow freely be-[illegible] was on top of them. Panting, [illegible] in riotous disorder, this [illegible] young woman climbed up into the cab with the agility of an overpowering excitement, pouring out upon the astonished enginemen a wonderful stream of incoherent "explanations."

Evans, who never before had seen a girl on the verge of hysteria, swore deep and long under his breath, staring as if in a trance. He came to himself only when the water overflowed the manhole, and he let go of the spout with a carelessness that earned him a wetting as it fired dripping back into the tank.

Meanwhile the girl set fast on the [illegible] than she clambered into the brakeman's seat, nestling in [illegible] the boiler-head as far forward as she could get, her feet on the fireman's lunch-pail, her knees drawn up in clasped fingers and her eyes locking straight ahead out of the narrow cab window. That it might be against the rules of the road for strangers to ride on an engine apparently had not occurred to her, for she seemed to take it for granted that she was entirely welcome as long as she did not get in their way.

The fireman stared across at Macdonald and surreptitiously tapped his forehead; the conductor stare back at Evans and winked knowingly. The Evans had taken but a few moments. A light was swinging out from the cab of the cars at the rear, and Mac-Donald opened the throttle. They were moving ahead before either of the two men could think of anything but several variations of the word "damn."

In this manner did Miss Cristy Lawsen come to take her first ride on an engine. The night had been crowded with nerve-wracking excitement; but in the climax in which she experienced even this unexpected way out of her difficulty she felt renewed strength and courage that surely would see her through. Half an hour ago she had been lost in a welter of despair; but she was all right now. Everything was all right now. The story would get through yet; nothing could stop it now. And, protected by the roar of the wheels, she cried a little in relief.

Just a moment of this, however. She was not ordinarily the crying kind. The furnace glare presently filled the whole cab as the fireman shovelled in more coal, and the novelty of her surroundings pressed upon her to the temporary exclusion of everything else.

Wasn't the din something awful. She had no idea that a locomotive was such a noisy place. She soon found herself getting more used to it and watched the engineer with wonder and interest. Her idea of an engineer, she found, had been formed by the illustrators in the magazines; she had pictured him in her mind as a man who sat with hand constantly on the throttle or the levers or whatever it was, bent far forward, peering keenly and steadily from beneath the visor of his greasy cap with eyes riveted unswervingly on every yard of track ahead. She was surprised, therefore, to find that this engineer seemed almost careless of attitude, leaning back in his cushioned seat, body jogging loosely to the motions of the great machine. It was only occasionally that he seemed to arouse enough interest to lean out of the window and scarcely ever did he touch the levers in front of him. Once he actually got down from his seat and came over to the fireman's side to shout something in that grimy individual's ear, and all the while they were thundering along without any lessening of speed. What if something should appear suddenly on the track in front of them? Her heart leaped at the thought. She was sure he could not get back in time to stop, and it was all very surprising to her.

Curiously her eyes roved over all the levers and queer instruments. Certainly an engineer must have to carry a encyclopedia in his head to know how to manage them. There was a little knob, for instance: if she were to give it a pull, something would happen somewhere, an explosion perhaps,—dear knows what! She watched the hand of the indicator on the boilerhead fluttering around the figure 190. She studied the liquid in the glass tubes. A little apparatus, too, that looked like a small whistle. Was it a whistle and when did they blow it? Steam was bubbling out of a joint in a pipe right at her side; the hot water dribbled on her dress once when she leaned too far over and she caught the fireman grinning at her.

She laughed light-heartedly, taking a child-like joy out of this new and thrilling experience. She could not help marvelling at the unconcern with which these men attended to their work; they were perfectly at home on this reeling engine.

Didn't it rock and jerk about, though? It was enough to tear out the rails almost, it seemed to her, and her pulses quickened at the thought that if anything should break! But it did not seem to, somehow.

The fireman's gloved hand seized the chain on the feed-door again and jerked it open. She watched him toiling with his scoop, the white glare beating upon the rugged lines of his face till it was a wonder he could stand that fierce heat. There was a funny black smudge running across his nose and when he bent his back she saw that a buckle was missing from his overalls and he had substituted a piece of coarse twine. Was he married? If he was, why didn't his wife look after those buckles? He worked hard enough to deserve to have little things like that looked after for him. Why, she'd heard they even shovelled as much as a whole ton of coal on a single trip!

The lurch of the engine as the swung around a curve drew her attention to the track which was sweeping in upon them with dizzy continuity. Out there, ahead of the big black body of the locomotive, the funneled path of the headlight streamed away into the unknown. Far up the track the white mile-boards on the poles caught it, ran toward them, flashed at them and skipped out of sight behind. Tall weeds nodded in it as they swept past. It poured out along the wet rails which glistened in the bright path and let go only when the beam plunged away at a curve and went exploring in the woods or leaped across a valley into panorama on the other side.

Once a little rabbit sat in the middle of the track, staring the great light in the eye with a fascination that threatened its life. The tiny creature seemed to be paralyzed by the glare and they almost ran it down before it tore away in sudden fright and its cotton-white tuft vanished in the long grass.

But as the novelty of all this wore off, her mind reverted to the thing that she was trying to do. The speeding engine, the flying track, became merely the accessories which were carrying her nearer and nearer her goal—a telegraph operator.

The fireman's watch hung on a hook alongside and the hands showed twenty-five minutes past midnight. It was standard time both here and in Toronto; so that would be the time at The Recorder office also—12.25 p.m. They would be well into the rush of the night's work by now. The boys would be in from assignments and pounding out "copy" in the city room. The wires would be warming up and the "flimsy" arriving at the telegraph editor's desk in bunches, and old man Jeffreys would be reaching in the left bottom drawer of his scarred old desk for his little package of bread and cheese with an apple or a banana on top it off; he always ate that twenty-five minutes after midnight, just before the linotype men and the rest of the composing-room staff, who ate at the all-night restaurant around the corner, straggled back to their work.

Cristy began to go over the things she must do and to arrange them in the order she must do them. The very first thing would be the messages to McAllister and Brennan; there must be no delay in getting the police into action. If they could surprise their quarry over at Waring's house on the Island—catch them in the middle of it—it would provide a dramatic climax to the sensational story. She could trust her editor not to overlook any such opportunity and her eyes sparkled as she pictured the uproar that would follow those messages in The Recorder office. The old place would be buzzing and the whole staff on the jump like a bunch of excited kids!

Impatiently she peered out ahead, looked for lights down the track, glanced continually at the hands of the watch. She ran hastily over the strong features of the sensation, marshalling her facts, getting the general scheme of the story into her head in proper newspaper style and planning a strong "lead."

She became so engrossed in this that not until a vibrant shudder passed through the engine did she notice. The engineer was leaning out the window on his side of the cab, one hand on a lever. She threw a quick glance out the narrow window in front of her and saw that they were bowling down a straight stretch of track and that far ahead in the darkness were little specks of light.

A station! It must be the station at last! Anxiously she watched the far-away dots arrange themselves slowly into switch lights beside the track. The larger lights on the right—those would be station windows. Another light, a red one—the order board was out against them and the train would have to stop!

She cried out in her excitement and satisfaction. She felt like opening the narrow window, rushing out along the running-board to the front of the engine and cheering!

They were beginning to slow up now. A man came out and stood on the platform, some papers in his hand. She could see him quite plainly in his shirtsleeves in the glare of the powerful headlight. That must be the night operator—the Mecca of all her hopes.

The hands of the fireman's watch indicated 12.30.

They rolled in beside the platform and the long string of freight cars bumped, groaned, squeaked and stopped. A lantern came bobbing along the tops of the cars from the rear. The conductor dropped off the caboose and jogged forward beside his train.

Macdonald drew in his head and looked across the cab. But the seat was empty. The girl had slipped away already and presently he caught sight of her, disappearing into the station.

(To be continued.)

Not a Private

Mistress—"Well, I'm sorry you want to leave me, Mary, but what's your reason?"

Mary remained silent.

Mistress—"Something private, perhaps?"

Mary (suddenly)—"No, mum; please, mum, he's a base corporal."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

About the House

How To Get Rid of the House Fly.

House flies are recognized as a most common vehicle for the transference of certain diseases from sick to well persons. Their activities are especially associated with the distribution of such diseases as typhoid fever, tuberculosis and infantile diarrhoea, the germs of which may be found exposed in feces, and other discharges of sick persons. The flies infest themselves by feeding on such substances. They carry the germs on their legs and bodies, as well as in their digestive tract and then pollute such food as milk with the germs. They also carry organisms from decaying substances, which will promote decay in the material infected.

"A fly that has fed upon feces of a typhoid patient may carry the organisms of typhoid in his digestive tract, and vomit it on food for a period of at least seven days.

The best method to prevent their breeding.—House flies breed in decaying or decomposing vegetable and animal matter and excrement. THEY BREED CHIEFLY IN STABLE MANURE. See that the regulations respecting the storage of manure in urban municipalities is enforced in your town. In order to control the breeding of flies, manure should be regularly removed every six days in the summer, and either spread on fields or stored at a distance of not less than a quarter of a mile, the further the better from the house or dwelling. Flies also breed in fermenting matter, such as kitchen refuse and garbage and in moist earth, sometimes found around garbage and privy receptacles. Garbage receptacles should be kept tightly covered. If you have no garbage collection in municipality, all refuse that will ferment should be buried or burned within a few days. When it cannot be disposed of at once it should be sprinkled with chloride of lime in summer.

Rid your house of flies—First screen your windows and doors, especially those in the dining-room and kitchen, then drive as many of the flies out as possible through the sunny opening. Flies naturally seek the light, and in summer do not seek dark corners.

To poison flies—Mix two tablespoonfuls of 40 per cent. Formalin (a solution which may be obtained from any drug store) with one pint of equal parts of milk and water. This mixture should be exposed in shallow plates in sunny windows, and a piece of bread may be placed in the middle of each plate to enable the flies to alight and feed. All dead flies should be swept up and burned. The burning of pyrethrum in a room, preferably at night, is sometimes effective. Immediately after, the flies should be swept up and burned, as many are only stupefied by this substance.

Stable flies—All of the foregoing methods may be applied in the extermination of the stable fly. These pests cause animals a great deal of pain and prevent them properly resting. Money that is spent in keeping the stable free from flies and for chloride of lime—to be lightly sprinkled in the troughs and behind the horse-stalls—will more than compensate in the improved condition of the animals, and will guarantee them comparative freedom from the attacks of flies in the stable.

How Can I Overcome Bashfulness?

One of my girl readers wrote me lately that she had overcome a great deal of her bashfulness by paying more attention to her clothes and appearance. She found that if she dressed with care she had more confidence in herself and was happier. Her system is worth trying. Take comfort, too, in the fact that you will outgrow some of your bashfulness, but make up your mind not to let anything interfere with your meeting people. Do not avoid people, but mingle with them whenever possible. Take part in the things that are happening in your neighborhood. Go to church and to Sunday school, and if asked to serve on a committee do not refuse, but do what you can to make the work of that committee a success. You can always forget yourself in trying to do things for others. Read the experience of this girl. I am sure you will find it helpful:

"It seems that half the girls who seek advice are asking how to overcome self-consciousness. A lot of us know just how they feel, for self-consciousness is that miserable feeling which comes when you are in company, making you tongue-tied and awkward. I am not offering a positive cure for this trouble, but I am going to tell you of a few things that I have found helpful. People feel better if they know they are looking well. One does not need expensive clothes, but something appropriate and becoming. Well-cared-for shoes, stockings and neckwear count a lot. See that your shoes are not run down at the heels, not your gloves soiled.

"While you are dressing, dress carefully. No one can feel perfectly at ease who has dressed too hurriedly and feels that she is coming to pieces. If your hair is slippery, fasten a net over it, but not too tightly. It also pays to be particular about your finger-nails, for nothing is more disconcerting than to discover dirty nails after it is too late to attend to them. Having made a careful toilet you can forget about yourself entirely. Avoid fussing with your hair, picking at your face, playing with your necklace or drumming your fingers, for it is annoying to others and betrays your nervousness.

"Practice good manners. Try to be natural and at the same time be as nice as you can to every one all of the time. Think of nice things to say to people and say them even if you think it will kill you. It won't.

"If you don't talk, very brilliantly, try being a good listener. Be sympathetic and attentive. Find out what other people's ideas are. Be interested in everybody and you will find them interested in you. Go out of your way to please them. Smile. Avoid cultivating the little mannerisms of other people, for what is natural for them is not natural for you. When you meet strangers make yourself believe that you like them. By liking them you can make them like you.

"Study yourself first, be sure of yourself, but most of all study other people so hard that you won't have time to think of yourself. Therein, I think, lies the secret of a charming personality."

Place-Cards.

Place-cards are used at formal dinners or luncheons in order to seat the guests without confusion. The names of the guests are written on the cards and arranged at the places where the guests are to be seated. On entering the dining-room each guest seeks his or her name and in this way finds his place. The cards also have decorative value, especially when made to harmonize with the other decorations, or are in keeping with the purpose or special features of the entertainment.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Happy Suggestion for Uncle.

Little Spencer let no grass grow under his feet, when uncle came for a visit, before rushing up with this:

"Uncle, make a noise like a frog."

"Why?" asked the old man.

"'Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says, 'Wait till your uncle croaks!'"

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ENGLISH RULES WIRELESS ETHER WAVES

ONE LANGUAGE USED IN THE AIR.

Canadian Operator Comments Upon Effect on International Understanding.

Great efforts have been made at international radio conventions to overcome the language difficulty in wireless communication, writes a Canadian wireless operator. By a system of authorized abbreviations provision has been made for the exchange of most of the common phrases incident to the transmission of a message, and it is not only possible but for operators in ships of different nationality to carry on intelligent conversations. And they do so, as a rule, and regardless of the fact that wireless operators are frequently the "Q Ilse" are employed, not disclosing the language they speak, that of the Germans hear an occasional "S.O.S." or an occasional "Mayday" of the wireless.

Yes, on the ocean, on the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, the English Channel, the Mediterranean, the Yellow Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, for "good morning" read "right," "n.m." read "good night," for "S.O.S." read "S.O.S." unauthorized abbreviations are easily recognized. Nothing but English is spoken. Spanish, Japanese, German, French, Swedish in England, have a leaning toward English, in fact, and "t.r." (or "de," and "a" are formally official salutations) are never extended. If a Spaniard wishes to ask a question about weather, he says "Como es el tiempo?" Does it in English, or being unable to do so, he [illegible]

Unconsciously [illegible] Occasionally [illegible] wireless messages [illegible] language certain colloquialisms arise. Recently a Japanese freighter and an American airship in the North Pacific, [illegible] she, while over [illegible] began to [illegible] "Why try to sink my [illegible] able United States [illegible] Japan? Capital [illegible] zen?"

America's [illegible] English by radio [illegible] The average American [illegible] good as the average [illegible] country, but [illegible] he is uncomfortable [illegible] "English" in his [illegible] his language, and whether [illegible] ship or coast station [illegible] sire to parley with him [illegible] idiom.

It is not necessary for [illegible] it seemed to be for German [illegible] her "culture" according to [illegible] the English language [illegible] lish cast of mind. The words [illegible] guide our thoughts into channels [illegible] are as truly national as are [illegible] themselves. One cannot think [illegible] lish without thinking, to some [illegible] as an Englishman would think [illegible] so, as English is spread [illegible] its users are inadvertently [illegible] dists towards international [illegible] standing.

Motor Vehicles for China

China, with 25,000 miles [illegible] ways, should be an excellent [illegible] for marine motors. Many are now in use in South China. But [illegible] is the disadvantage that rivers and creeks do not offer [illegible] portunity for speed.

Three-fourths of the motors used in that country are [illegible] North America. In [illegible] journeys where there are [illegible] for China has hardly any [illegible] of the same. They have [illegible] American motors can [illegible] amsterdam which [illegible] the severest tests.

Automobiles are also [illegible] in China as a necessary [illegible] suburban and interurban [illegible] ion, and for connecting [illegible] waterways. A great many are imported, for which [illegible] made by Chinese manufacturers. [illegible] session of an automobile is a [illegible] tional prestige, and the [illegible] business man who owns a [illegible] ed, richly appointed car is [illegible] spected. Electrical fittings [illegible] features of practical [illegible] a strong appeal.

Taxicabs are plentiful [illegible] is thought that the [illegible] velop a good market for [illegible] Chinese for bicycle riding [illegible] but, where they are [illegible] of roads is a difficulty.

But Not Vice Versa.

When little Percival arrived at school on the opening day, he [illegible] the following note to the teacher:

"Dear Teacher: Our sweet little Percival is a very delicate, [illegible] child, and if he is naughty and [illegible] likely to be naughty at times, just punish the boy next to him, and I will fright on him so [illegible] so good."