pressed-not really, I mean.

"Eesides, there's no hurry."

"You really mean this?"

loved anyone as I love you."

"Of course, silly," she smiled at him.

silence.

"How?"

a long time.

come and smile."

sap his strength.'

man Wilson will pay for this."

than I can to mother."

"My dear!" he said.

her . . . and the little room.

"Is that all you'll miss?"

"I shall go and see Auntie to-night.

"She's a dear," he said. "I shall miss

And for a while they sat in silence.

"There's nothing to worry about," she

"I'm young-at least I'm not old-

"You've got wonderful courage!" he

"What do you think he said?" she

"No. He said that I was just the wife

"That is nonsense, and you really

must get it out of your head!" she said,

almost crossly. "You'll never be there

"That is true," he agreed, in a grim

"You haven't an instinct that isn't

"The difference you make," he said

"I was just thinking what I should

"Then don't think! I am here. And I

"I wish I were coming with you,"

"Listen, Mary. I shall be all right.

"You shall know it-good or bad."

after all, if it produces a woman like

"Sorry!" the guard said with a smile.

"I'd have held her up a bit if I could!"

as it slowly rounded the curve of the

platform, a silent figure, looking after

Canadian Pacific

Bargain Fares

OTTAWA

MONTREAL

Pembroke, Renfrew, Arn-

de Beaupre

and return

GOING

Thursday, Nov. 25th

T. & N. O. Ry. and Nip. Cent. Ry.

Canadian Pacific

"Come what may, I love you. And I

have felt like to-night if you had not

kind," she insisted. "The very case it-

"Of course I do!" she laughed.

me. Here's the train. It's early."

she went on, a moment later.

as she was speaking.

you, my dear."

"I think so," she said.

"A gaol-bird?"

self showed that."

been here."

A MOVING STORY OF A MAN WITH A PAST

Second Chance

HOLLOWAY HORN

Author of "George," "Two Men and Mary" Etc.

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CHAPTER X

LEAVING TREVOWE'S

On the Tuesday morning Ferguson was late at the office for the first time since he joined the staff of Trevowe's. He had no desire to meet ony of the men with whom he had worked and at ten c'clock he knew that the great majority of them would be in their own offices.

Mr. Mumford was not in his room five-thirty then."

told Mummy you were coming in. How is going to be all right." Her eyes were are you feeling?"

"I hate leaving!" he said.

"I've been thinking things over," she said quietly. "You'd never be happy here again. I think it's for the bestall things considered."

you're doing the right thing?"

"I see that. And so did Mr. Trevowe." place was apparently deserted. "Does he know?" Ferguson asked quietly.

"I've just been phoning him," Mr. Mumford said. "He's distressed to hear to leave it to you. If you stay on I gusch shall see that no one dares offer any discourtesy to you. Apart from my own feeling in the matter, I have Mr. Trevowe's express order."

"It's good of you, and it's good of Mr. Trevowe. He knows the truth about the other affair, of course. But, in the circumstances, I must go. Everyone in the building will know. I could never hold a position of any authority and I should be living on tenter-hooks."

Mr. Mumford nodded. "I quite see to the sergeant. your point of view," he said. "Mr. Trevowe instructed me to pay you the balance of this current quarter's salary.'

"That's exceedingly kind of you both, Ferguson said. "If you make out the cheque, Miss Donovan, I will sign it," he went on.

"Number two account, please. You're returning to London, Ferguson, I hear?" "Yes. My past may not tread so heav-

ily on my heels there."

else, I'm sorry because you were be- est station when you get to London. coming one of the most useful men here. There's a form here to be filled in. Look here, Ferguson, I don't often do Where are you staying in town?" this kind of thing, but if it would help "I don't know. To-night at one of you, give me as a reference. I'm not the little hotels near St. Pancras.' bound to mention how long you've been have given every satisfaction and that I'll drop a note to the local station." we are sorry to lose you.'

"Thank you very much, Mr. Mum-

front of him, and he signed it. "Well . . . good luck!" the old man in my life as I am to her." said and held out his hand.

"Good-bye . . . and thank you," Ferguson said as the two men shook hands. "I'll go and see him off," said Mary Donovan, who was a very privileged person in Mr. Mumford's office. She took his arm as they went down

the stairs

"You're asking for trouble, Mary," he

"We might meet anyone." "What of it? I'm not ashamed of you.

And you're not ashamed of yourself You're getting the six-fifteen?' "Yes. There are one or two things

I want to do in Messford before I go." "I shall be in the booking-hall at

"Now listen to me," she said firmly. "Hallo, dear!" she said cheerfully. "I "I'm perfectly certain that everything

on his as she was speaking. "So am I," he said.

"And I love you!" brokenly and turned away.

He knew that it was absurd, but as vowe accidentally." They were interrupted by Mr. Mum- he walked along he felt that people Ferguson," he said. "Very sorry indeed. talking about him, and he hurried away

Miss Donovan told me. You're sure from the part of the town in which you had." Trevowe's was situated. His immediate "There is no alternative. I can't work business was at the police station, and with all these people now that they with the exception of the station sergeant, perched on his high stool, the

> "Hallo! What do you want?" the sergeant greeted him.

"To see Inspector Garrod." "Anything wrong?" the kindly serabout it. What he said was that we were geant asked. He knew all about Fer-

> "Yes. It's leaked out, I'm going back to London.' "What a pity! You were doing so well

at Trevowe's!" "Well—that's how it is."

"The Inspector's in his room, I'll tell him. This way," he went on a momen!

"Come in, Ferguson," the Inspector it's quite simple." called. He was sitting at his desk and rose as the visitor came in. "Sit down." he said. "All right, Jones," he nodded

GARROD BEARS NO ILL-WILL

"Have a cigarette?" he began, and held out his case. "I'm sorry to hear about this business. It's that nasty little brute, Wilson.'

"Oily little swine! Mary told me about it. So you're going back?"

"Yes." "I can understand it. As far as we are concerned-officially, I mean-all "It is bad luck. Apart from anything you need to do is to report to the near-

"Wilkin's is good. Just outside St. here, unless the question is directly Pancras. And cheap, too. Look here, asked, and I can certainly say that you when you fix on digs let me know and

"That's very decent of you, inspector. "You'll be all right!" he said genially "So Miss Donovan said," Ferguson His secretary placed the cheque in said with a smile. "I don't think I've ever been s grateful to a human being

Garrod nodded. "I know," he said. "She's as good as gold. And where she's Parting. concerned I don't bear you any ill-will

"I'm glad." "She wouldn't have had me in any case, much as I wanted her."

"I'm a lot of good to a girl!" Ferguson said bitterly.

FOR THE

"That's just the point, Ferguson. You've got to be. That's why I'm ready to do any mortal thing I can to help

"I shall write to her when I get away. It's hopeless! This kind of thing will dog me for years. It's nine-tenths happens, I'm yours," she said. "If it pity for me, I'm afraid, where Mary

"You don't know her. She's loyalmore loyal than any man or woman when he got there, but his secretary They reached the main entrance. I've ever known. You know what Mr. Mumford thinks about her?"

Ferguson nodded. "That's typical. What do you think of doing in town?"

"I've got a few pounds by me. It won't last long, of course. And I've still "God bless you, my dear!" he said got a few friends, but I'd rather keep away from them. I ran into Mr. Tre-

"You mustn't get morbid!" the inford. "I'm sorry about this business, were watching him, pointing him out, spector said. "Hundreds of men make good even after a worse break than

"But the dice seem loaded against! me. I feel that I should have made good , here if I'd had a chance.' "I wish I could have got my hands on

Mr. Teddy Wilson!" the Inspector said "I don't love him either. I shall find

some job, I suppose. You fellows are very good, you know.' "Not one of us dare give you away. You know that? I didn't even tell Mary -even when she was practically certain

"I know. I've had nothing but con- it's simply true . . . now." sideration from the police."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. It he began, but hesitated before he addwould certainly be true of most of us. ed: "And I shall fall on my feet." Well, here's the form. Just fill it in

"What about the address? I don't had ticked Maynard cff." know what it will be.'

"Put in 'To be notified later'." Tee signed it in full: - John Fingal

Ferguson Hallett. "Rather a mouthful, asked with a smile. isn't it?" he said with a smile as he passed the form to the Inspector. afraid." "You'll still call yourself Ferguson?"

"Yes. I'm not going until this eve- a man like you needed." ning." "You're the wife that every man needs. But am I the husband a girl like you needs?"

"Well . . . good luck, old chap!" Garrod held out his hand.

"As far as Mossford is concerned, I've got none but the happiest memories Wilson doesn't belong here, of course. "His name's Sternberg, isn't it?"

"Yes. He's a wrong 'un-but he's never been in prison," Ferguson said with a smile that cloaked his bitterness. "That's true of a good many people, I'm afraid. Keep smiling!"

Ferguson lunched at Number 5 and in the afternoon he and Mrs. Gaddesden packed his belongings. He had augmented his scanty wardrobe since he came to Mossford and was generally in a better state to face a period of unemployment. Mrs. Gaddesden was in-

lined to be tearful. shall always be here when you want "You can always have a bite and a bed here," she assured him at the

"You've been very good to me." he said quietly.

I feel in my bones that I shall get a "You . . . you . . . never spoke about break. You won't worry?" your mother, Mr. Ferguson. I've often wondered.' the truth." Her eyes were on his again

"My parents are both dead. They were dead before . . . it all happened." She nodded understandingly. "Are you all right for money? I shall worry otherwise. I'm comfortably off and have a few pounds to spare for a friend." Wilson get you down." "I'm all right," he assured her again,

"I shall never forget your kindness

though." "You'll write to me in any case?" "I promise. And I shall think of Number Five as Home."

"I believe you will," she said. shall tell Mary you said that."

"She knows it."

"Then goodbye, my boy, and God her lips on his. bless you!"

He shook her hand in silence and as he turned away he knew that he had standing there, on the platform, her left behind a friend who wished him face white in the evening light. But she was smiling at him as the train

The conventional phrase conveys no idea of what the fact means to a man like Ferguson.

"WE'LL FACE IT TOGETHER" Half past five found him at the station and a little later Mary Donovan hurried into the big hall.

"I'll come down to the platform with you," she said. "Mr. Mayrard was ticked off good and proper by old Mummy this afternoon. He had the impudence to mention what he called the 'rumour' to the Old Man. It served him jolly well right."

The departure platform was almost deserted and they found a seat just beyond the clock where they were practically alone. "I shall hate Trevowe's without you,"

she said. "I despise the men who have been whispering.' "I can understand it—the whispering, I mean. I've no hard feelings except-

ing where Wilson is concerned." "You will write to me to-morrow, she said, as if she were stating a fact. "And then whenever you've got a few

"I will. I shall be glad to have contact somewhere in the world." "I have your word?" Her eyes were on his as she asked the question.

minutes to spare."

"Yes." "Whether you have any news or not, remember. Even if it's bad news. I want! to know."

"Try and think," she smiled. "But for you this last business would just about have broken my spirit." "I don't think it would," she said. "Not for long, anyway. You're too good brave strength.

In a couple of hours' time he would "As it is. I'm not in the least debe in London once more. In his wallet he had fifty-six pounds. Moreover he "I wanted you to say that," she said had comparative youth and excellent

"You know, my dear, I'm very unhappy about you" he said after a her quiet smile.

"I don't think . . . I hardly know how consider his immediate future. to put it. But you may have to wait

Nor had he evolved any when the

"I can hardly believe it. I've never had recommended and took a room for the night. Bed and breakfast cost him Her hands closed on his. "Whatever the not-unreasonable sum of six shillings and having fixed it up he went means being poor, we'll face it to- out into the Euston Road to get a meal.

gether, that's all. If it means carrying on with my job-or a job-after we're married, then I shall carry on. People get through times like this somehow. We shall look back on it in years to "I read somewhere that women are whatever might turn up. of two kinds - the ones that put

strength into a man and the ones that Court Road, looking into the big furniture shops, and after a while came They sat on that wind-swept plat- to Charing Cross Road.

form a while in silence before she said In St. George's Circus he had rather "If there's any justice in things that a shock for a man spoke to him: "If it isn't old Hallett," the man said. "Fancy "In some way or other he will. Soonrunning inte you!" er or later, we do pay for things," he

ed-did not for a moment recognize the man, until he grinned, but with Speed has written one naturally conshe said. "I can talk to her more easily

ever known-the man's name, but they had been together in Maidstone Gaol.

"I remember you," he said grimly. "Course you do? How's things?" "Fair. And with you?"

said at length, firmly. "We love each fied the optimistic assertion for there other. That's the one thing that matwas a prosperous look about him as Perhaps the greatest shock I gave my ters. Six months ago I should have well as a superficial smartness. "What smiled if I'd heard anyone say it, but | are you doing?" he went on.

> "I always knew you were a toff, even and the devil" meant no balls and no in 'stir.' Do you want a job?"

"I told the Old Man that I was going "Very badly." to marry you this afternoon, after he

> "That's another matter," said Fer- "Oh dear no, sir! I am up here to fit guson cautiously.

"Told you not to be a silly ass. I'm

"What is Mr. Sidmouth?" job-if you get it. You don't ask ques-

"Sounds like a queer job," said Fer-

it over. Ten o'clock to-morrow morning is a good time.' "Shall I tell him. . ." Ferguson began.

"Tell him everything. He won't want references. Besides. I'm your blinking reference."

And with another grin Pertie Rourke turned and left him.

He walked on and decided to find ou

difficulty in finding Culvert's Court. It appeared to be a curio shop, but the they could by throwing stones and yellblind was drawn, and all he could see ing to the discomfort of other people.' "Not if I hear regularly and know in the dim light that came from the lamp at the corner were a few old books in leather bindings and Chinese vase.

The name above the shop was "Forest" but what connection Mr. Sidmouth count on you. You're going to make good. You're not going to let this beast had with Forest or the Curio Shop was beyond Ferguson. In any case he did

It was no good to him, he decided, and turned away.

As he walked back to his temporary home, he realized bitterly that, in the to take a job in which references were

At the hotel he asked the young woman who appeared to be in charge for some notepaper, and in the seclusion of The train was moving. He saw her his room wrote to Mary Donovan. He told her that he would write again as soon as he had fixed up a more or less permanent address, and assured her

wasn't quite true. His meeting with him. And out into the night he took Rourke had disturbed him. To be greeted by such a man as an equal-"chaps like us" Rourke had said, "haven't a choice of many jobs."—made Ferguson wonder what was going to happen. It was quite clear to him that there was something very shady about "Mr. Sidmouth," and that apparent preference for men who had been in prison was not likely to be due to philanthropy but to something else far more sinister. But it was a "job" he had to offer and Rourke had assumed that he would

take it. the sun was shining-and the woman who ran the hotel recommended him prior, Quebec and St. Anne to a private house in Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, where he might be able to obtain a room. It proved to be a pleasantly clean house, and the room he took on the second floor was only nine shillings a week. For an additional six shillings a week, Mrs. Penslever, the landlady, contracted to

For information as to rates, train ser- provide him with breakfast. vices, limits, etc. Apply to Ticket Agents.

OFFER OF A JOB

He was alone in the compartment and sank back into the seat with a feeling of unutterable loneliness. But almost at once he pulled himself together, fortified by the memory of her

And as a background to his life he had Mary and with him the memory of

He lit his pipe and settled down to

He had no plans, whatever. The betrayal of his secret had caught him en-"I don't think so," she said calmly, tirely unprepared.

train ran into St. Pancras. He found the hotel which Garrod

Euston Foad is never particularly cheerful and it is at its melancholy worst about nine o'clock in the evening. But Ferguson had no intention of letting it dampen his spirits and after his meal he felt quite equal to facing

He walked along the Tottenham

Ferguson-fer so he wished to be call-

He had forgotten—if indeed he had

"Okay." The man's appearance justi- "learn to be a lady.")

"At the moment I'm a gentleman of (one of the extinct Puritan sort) told leisure. I'm afraid.'

"Anyway, it can't do any harm. You learning dancing of Madame Michou in go along to 9 Culver's Court and men- preparation for going to balls, and I unless it runs into a mountain or dives tion my name-Bertie Rourke. Ask for am lenging to go to theatres." It was into an ocean or comes to pieces in Mr. Sidmouth. Culvert's Court is a like a bombshell thrown into the room! the air. turning off Linden street, Leicester The clergyman (so unlike my broad-Square."

"That's the first thing about the sinner in their midst; and the head

"It's a JOB. And chaps like us don' have too big a choice. Anyway, think I had told lies, and she left it at that.

No references wanted.

that evening where the place was.

"There's not much wrong with life, not like the look of the place.

"Nonsense. I'm just an ordinary girl, but I happen to have fallen in love absence of sheer luck, he would have with you. There's the whistle. Good-bye, not required. For a moment she was in his arms,

bore him away. He could still see her that he was in good spirits. But in spite of his assurance, i

> Life, however, had a more cheerful aspect in the morning-for one thing,

He sat on the end of the bed and surveyed his worldly possessions. And through the window, which he had opened, came the monotone and the more insistent noises of the great city He felt curiously alone.

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PURITY FLOUR Best for all your Baking

But in a little while he sallied forth, Walked Three Miles to At the end of the street he found a

pillar box, and posted the letter he had written to Mary Donovan.

And the click it made as it fell into the box seemed to echo in his hear as he walked away.

(To Be Continued)

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

A very interesting and humorous book is "Snapshots on Life's Highway," by Maude Speed. It is a book of essays of times that have gone by, and in explaining why she should wish to write a book of memoirs, the author states that the world is always changing and "if only we could do justice to the subject, we have something to write about. Reading the different accounts Miss cludes that her life has by no means! been a dull one, and is glad that she chose to tell the reading public about it Quoting a section from "Schools of the Past," one of the many essays:

("Miss Maturn has been brought to a very strict private girls' school to "Of course I was always in hot water.

mistress was during a Confirmation class, when the clergyman taking i us that renouncing "the world, the flesh, theatres, and he asked us one after the other if we intended to renounce "And you aren't too particular what these. Each girl lisped a timid "yes" till my turn came, and then I said, myself for entering society. I am minded father) was quite flabbergasted, and did not know what to say to this mistress was deeply shocked, and said afterwards that "Miss Maturin ought to be ashamed of herself for presuming to argue with a clergyman." I said I should be more ashamed of myself it

And from "In the Home-Then and

Now" comes a part: "I was watching last summer an Etcn-cropped short-frocked mother with a cigarette in her mouth and two small boys clinging to her skirts (or the little there was to get hold of in them), as they came down to a seashore in the Isle of Wight. Having arrived there, she stretched herself at full He knew Linden street, but had some length on the shingle in the refined attitude adopted to-day, and continued proved to be a small, dismal little cul- to smoke in idleness, while her poor de-sac, but number nine was a rather children, receiving no attention, were better establishment than the others. allowed to amuse themselves as best

> Sudbury Star: - Someone has suggesta ed that they should call out the British navy to protect Britain for the duration

Work, at Only \$2 a Week

Speaking last week at Trinity College School, Port Hope, C. L. Burton, president of the Robert Simpson Co., Toronto, gave the boys a glimpse of · the "other side of the picture." He gave the lads a glimpse of the fact that any sort of success must be won by effort and interest and attention. Through his address run the suggestion that a young man could not fairly expect to get much work out of other people if he first could not get a lot of work out of himself.

Mr. Burton said he started work at \$2 a week and had to walk three miles to and from his business. But he said he didn't think of the salary for he didn't believe he was worth anything. "You must learn to do whatever work you are doing in the very best way it can be done." he said, "and not worry about what you are getting out of it. Then you will have a pride in your work and a pride in yourself. And if you are employed by a good firm you will find that your work will be appre-

"Make the heaviest possible demands en yeurself-not on others. Later on when you are in an executive position you will have to learn how to make demands on others. There are few can learn this. The most difficult posts to fill today are the highly paid positions requiring executive ability.

"Do you know," he said, "that you

boys in this hall to-night could change

the face of Canada to make it the most wonderful country in the world? There is nothing you could not do if you find out your native ability and give yourself to your work heart and soul. You will never do anything well unless you can learn to like it." Canada Lumberman.—It seems to be

thoroughly established that the airplane

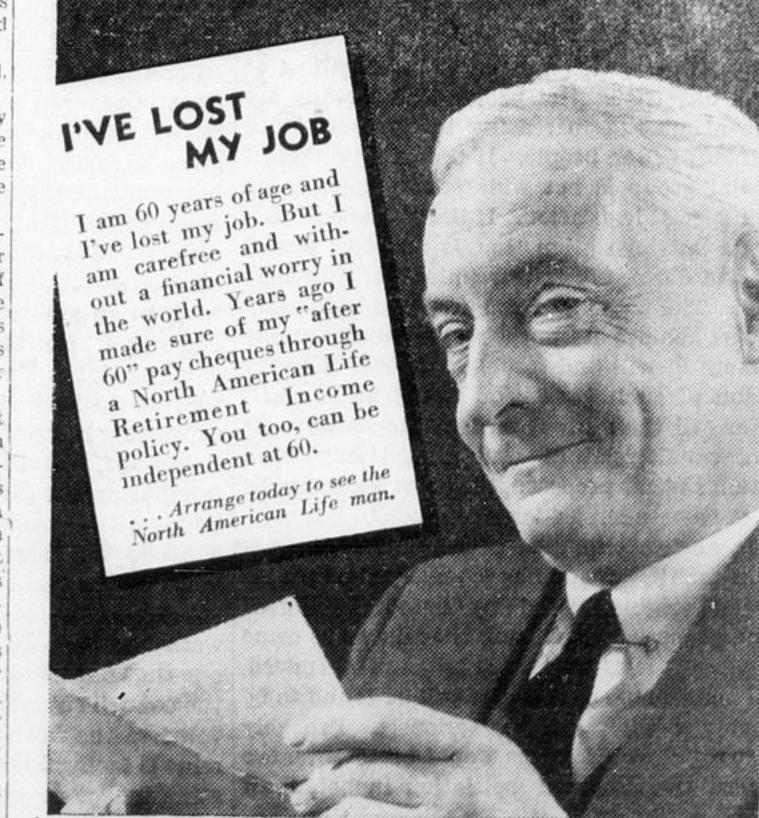
is a completely safe mode of travel

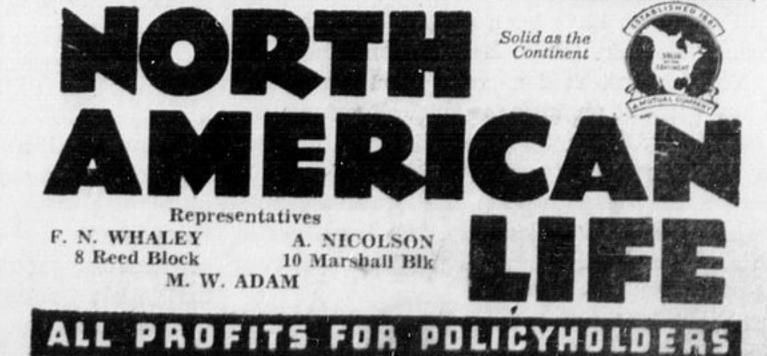
"CANADIAN MAID"

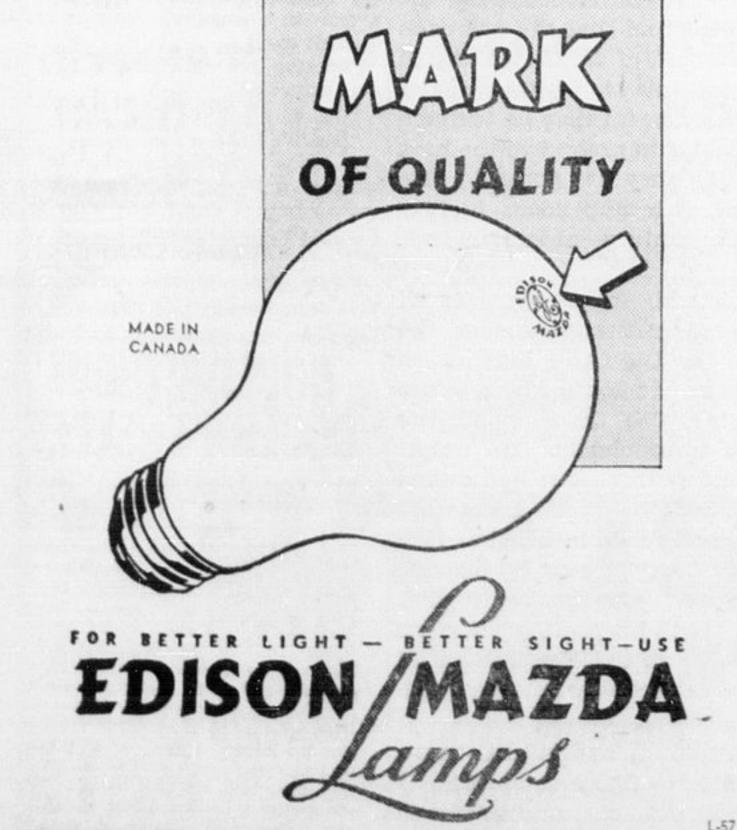
COOKING SCHOOL Grand New Soup

for Chilly Days You'll like this soup, it's an old Paris recipe









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