

A MOVING STORY OF A MAN WITH A PAST

Second Chance

by HOLLOWAY HORN
Author of "George," "Two Men and Mary," Etc.

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"Why are you so decent to me, Mary?"
"Try and think," she smiled.

"You know, my dear, I'm very unhappy about you," he said after a silence.
"How?"
"I don't think... I hardly know how to put it. But you may have to wait a long time."

"I don't think so," she said calmly.
"Besides, there's no hurry."
"Of course, silly," she smiled at him.

"I read somewhere that women are of two kinds—the ones that put strength into a man and the ones that sap his strength."
They sat on that wind-swept platform a while in silence before she said:

"I shall go and see Auntie to-night," she said. "I can talk to her more easily than I can to mother."
"Is that all you'll miss?"
"Your dear!" he said.

"I've got a few pounds by me. It won't last long, of course. And I've still got a few friends, but I'd rather keep away from them. I ran into Mr. Trevowe accidentally."
"Your dear!" he 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 of it."

"I know. I've had nothing but consideration from the police."
"Mr. Mumford said, 'He's distressed to hear about it. What he said was that we were to leave it to you. If you stay on in the building will know. I could never hold a position of any authority and I should be living on tenter-hooks.'"

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

"You've been very good to me," he said quietly.
"You... you... never spoke about your mother, Mr. Ferguson. I've often wondered."

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 brave strength.

In a couple of hours' time he would be in London once more. In his wallet he had fifty-six pounds. Moreover he had comparative youth and excellent health.

And as a background to his life he had Mary and with him the memory of her quiet smile.
He lit his pipe and settled down to consider his immediate future.

He had no plans, whatever. The betrayal of his secret had caught him entirely unprepared.
Nor had he evolved any when the train ran into St. Pancras.

He found the hotel which Garrod had recommended and took a room for the night. Bed and breakfast cost him the not-unreasonable sum of six shillings and having fixed it up he went out into the Euston Road to get a meal.

Euston Road 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 whatever might turn up.

He walked along the Tottenham Court Road, looking into the big furniture shops, and after a while came to Charing Cross Road.

In St. George's Circus he had rather a shock for a man spoke to him: "If it isn't old Hallett," the man said. "Fancy running into you!"

Ferguson—fr so he wished to be called—did not for a moment recognize the man, until he grinned, but with the grin came recognition.
He had forgotten—if indeed he had ever known—the man's name, but they had been together in Maldstone Gaol.

"Fair. And with you?"
"Okay." The man's appearance justified the optimistic assertion for there was a prosperous look about him as well as a superficial smartness. "What are you doing?" he went on.

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But in a little while he sallied forth to try his luck.
At the end of the street he found a pillar box and posted the letter he had written to Mary Donovan.

(To Be Continued)

If You Like Books

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."

Perhaps the greatest shock I gave my mistress was during a Confirmation class, when the clergyman taking it (one of the extinct Puritan sort) told us that renouncing "the world, the flesh, and the devil" meant no balls and no theatres, and he asked us one after the other if we intended to renounce these. Each girl lisped a timid "yes" till my turn came, and then I said, "Oh dear no, sir! I am up here to fit myself for entering society. I am learning dancing of Madame Michou in preparation for going to balls, and I am longing to go to theatres." It was like a bombshell thrown into the room!

"That's the first thing about the job—if you get it. You don't ask questions."
"Sounds like a queer job," said Ferguson.
"Isn't a JOB. And chaps like us don't have too big a choice. Anyway, think it over. Ten o'clock to-morrow morning is the good time."

And from "In the Home—Then and Now" comes a part:
"I was watching last summer an Eton-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 length on the shingle in the refined attitude adopted to-day, and continued to smoke in idleness, while her poor children, receiving no attention, were allowed to amuse themselves as best they could by throwing stones and yelling to the discomfort of other people."

Sudbury Star—Someone has suggested that they should call out the British navy to protect Britain for the duration of Peace.

Walked Three Miles to 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 ran 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 appreciated."

"Make the heaviest possible demands on yourself—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 unless it runs into a mountain or dives into an ocean or comes to pieces in the air.

CANADIAN MAID COOKING SCHOOL

Grand New Soup for Chilly Days
You'll like this soup, it's an old Paris recipe made extra fine and creamy with Canadian Maid Evaporated Milk.

TODAY'S RECIPE
Cup mashed potato, 1/2 cup chopped onion, celery or celery salt, a few slices of fried, chopped bacon, 2 cups water. Simmer 20 minutes and add 2 cups of Canadian Maid Evaporated Milk. Salt and pepper to taste. For the Extra Fresh Cream Flavor be sure to get Canadian Maid—there's a difference.

I'VE LOST MY JOB
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