

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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CHAPTER XI SEARCH FOR WORK

Ferguson knew London well—the greater part of his life had been spent there—but during the days which followed his return from Mossford, he extended his knowledge considerably. He visited parts of the great city which had been merely names to him before—Haggerston, Stepney, and a dozen others—in his search of that most elusive thing—a job for a man who really wants one.

The positions for which by training, experience and ability he was suited were just the jobs which called for unimpeachable references.

Once, in a moment of depression, he told a prospective employer the truth. He was the Managing Director of a firm of manufacturers and wholesale dealers in furniture in the East End.

"You seem to be the type we want," the Managing Director said. "Who have you been with?"

"For the last few months I've been with Trevowe's, Ltd., in Mossford."

"For the last few months?" the Managing Director repeated, with slightly raised eyebrows.

"Yes. Prior to that I was in prison."

The Managing Director was sitting very upright in his swivel chair. "Prison?" he echoed.

"Yes. It's a long story. You may remember the Murray Brothers case? Rather more than three years ago."

"Yes. But look here . . ."

"It's all right. I'll go," said Ferguson rising. "Only I've got a little tired of coming up against the eternal question of references."

"I'm sorry, of course," the Managing Director—a decent little fellow—said earnestly. "If the business were my own I'd take a chance. I would really. In the circumstances I don't think there's my fellow directors to consider for one thing."

"Thanks, anyway."

"Up against it?"

"Not quite . . . thanks. I shall be all right."

"I'm sorry, but I don't do it on my own. Anyway, better luck!"

"Thanks," Ferguson said as he left the office.

The reaction of the Managing Director surprised him. He had seemed genuinely distressed and sympathetic.

After his meagre lunch, Ferguson read the letter he had that morning received from Mary Donovan. A smile touched his lips as he read it and went out into the London street with renewed courage.

And a search for a job by a man with Ferguson's record and sensitiveness needs courage of a rare order. The end of the first week came however, without nothing in sight.

On the Sunday afternoon he went to the Marble Arch to listen to the "orators." It was mildly amusing, and it had the added attraction of costing nothing. On the outskirts of one of the "meetings" a man spoke to him.

"If it isn't Mr. Hallett! How are you sir?"

Ferguson glanced at the man suspiciously but recognized him: it was Rossiter, the hall-porter in the Cosmos Club, of which he had been a member before the crash.

"Fairish, thanks. It's Rossiter, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. I've got several letters in my cupboard for you. I . . . I didn't send them on."

"Quite," smiled Ferguson.

"We were all very sorry sir," Rossiter said awkwardly. "The other stu-

wards, I mean. There was a lot of talk about it in the servants' hall. Most of us—certainly me—thought you was very hard done by sir."

"That's very kind of you, Rossiter. At the moment I'm staying at 17 Percy street, Tottenham Court Road."

"I'll write it down, sir, and send on those letters at once."

"Thanks very much."

"A lot of old members have gone, sir. You'd hardly know the place."

"It's a long time."

"Three years," said Rossiter, reminisciently. He produced a note book and wrote down the address Ferguson had given him.

"Send those letters on, won't you? Good-bye!" Ferguson turned away and was quickly lost in the crowd.

Very decent of Rossiter to bother, he decided.

On the Monday evening three letters arrived. Evidently Rossiter had posted them as soon as he went on duty that morning. One was from a firm that wanted to buy and sell stocks for him; the second was an advertisement of a firm which wanted to do his typewriting and the third contained an offer to provide him with lounge and dress suits at preferential rates.

Ferguson laughed when he opened the third letter. Still it was very good of Rossiter to have bothered.

But with the letters from the Club came one from Mary Donovan. She had evidently posted it on her way to the office that morning.

Sitting on the end of the bed in that dingy little bedroom, he read, and re-read that letter. It heartened him, put strength into him. Moreover, she was coming to town by excursion train on the following Sunday and he was to meet her at St. Pancras at a quarter past twelve. They could have seven whole hours together!

He sat a while holding the letter in his hand.

If it were in any way possible he must have news for her by Sunday. He must. It was wicked that such faith should be unrewarded. Whether he deserved a break or not, there was no question that Mary Donovan did.

A JOB OF SORTS

Later in the evening he went into the public library in Holborn and searched the advertisement column of the evening papers. He made a list of likely ones to call on in the morning. He did call, but if the job was a possible one and the firm reputable, the question of references inevitably cropped up.

"Why do you insist on references?" he asked an employer. "In America they just tell a suitable man to start in."

"Not for a job like this they don't—not off the films, anyway," the employer replied. "But why can't you give the usual references? To your last employer, for example?"

"I can. I was with Trevowe's Ltd., of Mossford, for a few months."

"And before then?"

"I wasn't in a job. I can run the job and run it well. Why not give me a chance?"

"I would, if it were my job. But I'm responsible to my directors and I'm not prepared to take a chance on a man who can't give the usual references. You've applied for a position of trust and responsibility—not to carry sandwich boards. I'm sorry but that's all there is to it."

He pressed a bell as he was speaking and as Ferguson went out he said:

"Next," to the office boy who had answered it.

Ferguson could see the other fellow's point of view but it didn't help him.

There is probably no more exhausting or depressing job than going from office to office in reply to advertisements offering jobs and a man must possess exceptional courage not to lose faith in himself. Curiously, perhaps, although Ferguson had met with no success, he had met with very little actual discourtesy. And none whatever from a person in responsibility where he had managed to establish contact with them.

Later in the afternoon, he got a job—of sorts. He had seen the advertisement in an early edition of one of the evening papers. "Man of Education and good address wanted to represent up-to-date firm of publishers" the announcement stated. It was not the kind of job he was looking for but the address was only a few minutes away from where he had bought the paper.

Whatever happened, he wouldn't be late for this one.

No. Thirty-three, Vengeance Street, proved to be a block of modern offices and the firm he sought occupied the whole of the second floor.

"Wait in the first room on the left," the girl in "Enquiries" told him.

Two other men were already there and a third came in while he was waiting.

The others may have been "well educated and of good address" but they didn't look it, and apparently the Hebraic gentleman who opened the door and surveyed the assembly some minutes later thought so too, for he pointed to Ferguson and said: "Come this way."

Ferguson was third, but it was no time to stand on ceremony and he followed the Hebraic one along the corridor to his office.

"Sit down. What's your name?"

"John Ferguson."

"Ferguson. Scotch, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"My name's Scotch, too," the other said. "I'm the staff-supervisor. What experience have you had in salesmanship?"

"None. But I want a job pretty badly."

"We're publishers. But we sell direct to the public. No shops. We publish things like these . . ."

He made an expansive gesture to a bookcase before he continued: "See? Complete editions of Scott, Dickens and the classics. They sell like hot cakes to people like schoolmasters and parsons. Deferred payments. All you do is to get the order; we do the rest. That's our best line—the Empire Encyclopedia. Twelve volumes published at ten guineas. You get ten per cent. A guinea for every order you get see? One of our men sold eleven sets last week as well as other stuff he got rid of. See?"

"I'll try it," said Ferguson. "Do I have a special locality to work in?"

"No. You go anywhere you like. No limit to your earnings. The more we pay the better pleased we are. You got to deposit a pound to cover the value of the samples. Returnable, of course, if you turn the job in. What about it?"

"I'll have a shot at it."

"We don't always insist on the deposit. You seem a decent sort of chap. You see the idea. That's a dummy set. Open it out so . . . and it shows what the set of books looks like in a bookcase. See? That's a sample book. You got three different ones. See? Better to concentrate on the Empire Encyclopedia. See? We provide a bag. It all fits in very nice and it isn't very heavy."

"Right-ho."

"Here's the order forms and addressed envelopes. You come in Saturday morning ten o'clock, to draw what's due. Good luck!"

"You don't want references?" Ferguson asked.

"No. I rely on my own judgment of a man. You needn't bother about the deposit, either."

"Thank you. Whatever happens, I shall return the bag and the samples."

"Just fill in that form, then, will you?"

RECEIPTS—ONE LUNCH

The form required his name and address and that of his previous employers and having shaken the large, and rather moist hand of Mr. McKissock, Ferguson sallied forth into Callene street carrying a brown bag made of a substance that closely resembled leather. It wasn't heavy but he gripped it tightly. The whole thing seemed unreal and it was not until he got back to his room in Percy Street that he realized how little the job really amounted to.

No wages; no expenses. Ten per cent. on sales—if any.

In the seclusion of his room he examined the samples carefully. They were got up very attractively and inside the dummy covers the reason why all and sundry should subscribe to the particular edition of the particular author were cunningly set forth.

The Empire Encyclopedia seemed particularly attractive. So much so, that Ferguson, in happier circumstances, might have been inclined to buy it himself. Teachers and parsons, Mr. McKissock had suggested.

Ferguson gave considerable thought to his plan of operation and decided that the best thing to do would be to go out to one of the smaller towns round London and try his luck. Country people, he imagined, were more readily accessible than Londoners and were probably not so pestered. Somewhere about half-a-crown day return from London was indicated and in the evening he walked along to Euston.

Berkhamstead, a small town in Hertfordshire, was the one he chose for the initial experiment. A cheap day-return cost exactly half-a-crown and a little after ten the next morning he walked out of the L.M.S. station on the outskirts of the town.

He discovered, before the day was out that he had chosen one of the most heart-breaking jobs in the world. People simply did not want complete editions of the great writers, and although here and there he managed to interest a person in the Empire Encyclopedia the interest did not take them as far as the essential signing on the dotted line.

He called on a clergyman, an old man with grey hair and kindly eyes, who asked him into his study.

"No," he said. "Look . . . I've bought all those at one time or another."

"Sorry, sir!" Ferguson said with a rather weary smile.

"I'm just going to have lunch. Care to join me?"

"I don't want to inflame myself."

"Not at all. My wife is accustomed to it. I assure you."

After lunch Ferguson had a chat with the old padre and ended up with calling him his whole story.

"Give me your address, Mr. Ferguson. I may be able to help you. And in the meantime call at Number Nine Beauman Road and ask to see Miss Cawthorne. She might quite easily buy the Encyclopedia. She does buy the most extraordinary things."

"Thanks very much, I will."

But when Ferguson got to Beauman Road, Miss Cawthorne was out.

He reached Euston just before six, having sold nothing whatever. He had met with a good many rejections during the day, but he had a feeling that with a little more luck he might have sold something. He saw, of course, that the arrangement he had made with the Publishing Company was a very one-sided agreement. The Company, in deed, could send out scores of travellers without incurring any expense beyond the cost of the samples.

Skill it was a job of sorts.

The next day he tried his luck in Camden Town.

He saw that it was useless to knock at the door of a house and attempt to interest a busy housewife in a complete edition of Dickens and he began by calling on the offices of House Agents and similar people.

For a while he met with no response,

but just before lunch he called at the office of a solicitor. The young man sitting at the desk in the office was very interested in the Encyclopedia. Ferguson did his very best and at length was delighted to hear the young man say: "All right, I'll have it."

Not until his signature was placed on the dotted line did Ferguson really believe that he had actually sold an encyclopedia, had earned a guinea.

But he had.

In the afternoon he called on every other solicitor in Camden Town, but there was nothing doing.

Still, a guinea for two days' work was not too bad, and if it could be done once it could be done again.

To Be Continued.

If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

Walking along one of the town's streets this week, I happened to overhear a conversation that not only proved the foolish thoughts of some people, but their ignorance in admitting the point. One of the two young ladies in question mentioned to her friend that she was just returning from the library, as she intended to spend a quiet evening at home.

Imagine her surprise (and mine) when her friend declared, "How can you sit still long enough to read anything? I think reading is beastly! I fidget and fuss, and get no peace whatever."

The first young lady, with some curiosity, asked this "book-hater" if she "had ever really done any serious reading," and the second replied, "No. Even at school I used to try to get out of it."

"Then that is probably why you don't like it," replied the first young lady, wisely. "You've never given yourself a chance to like reading or books. Why don't you try it?"

Whether the young lady took the advice or not, I do not know, but everyone of you who is pleased to say "I hate books" should listen to it, and derive all the good, and probably some of the not-so-good, that is in books. And as far as fidgeting and fussing when reading, that is complete nonsense. A book is the most restful companion that one can find, and an hour will very seldom pass as fast as it does while reading a book.

Even a telephone directory is a book and may sometimes prove a great source of amusement and enjoyment. Looking through a very old one which is made up only of Timmins and South Porcupine, I notice on practically every page: "If you do not ring off, we do

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not know you have finished, and someone else may wish to call you." This was in the days when a "phone looked like a penny chewing-gum machine, the only difference being that instead of chewing gum, the person "chewed" about someone else.

At the bottom of every page, it says: "Don't use phone in a thunderstorm!" And so many of the ladies derive all their comfort now-a-days from a telephone during a thunderstorm!

head with his rifle butt. Bruin fell in a crumpled heap.

"Clarie examined the animal. It was evident its neck was dislocated. So Clarie grabbed the animal by the tail to straighten it out. He heard a vertebrae snap back into place. He let go the tail and the bear hopped away."

Death of Eugene Galipeau at Cache Bay on Nov. 6th

Cache Bay, Nov. 13—The funeral took place in Cache Bay November 6 of Eugene Galipeau, whose death occurred by accident in Cache Bay.

The funeral service was held in St. Therese's Church in Cache Bay, Rev. Father Theriault officiated. Interment was made in St. Mary's cemetery, Sturgeon Falls.

The deceased man was born in Pointe Gatineau, Que., in 1891. He died at the age of 46. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus and was well known in the district.

He is survived by his wife, formerly Laurence Renaud, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Galipeau, Sturgeon Falls; two brothers, Oscar and Napoleon, both of Sturgeon Falls; and sisters, Mrs. Rollin, Blind River; Mrs. Aime Roy, Timmins; Mrs. Gauthier, Rouyn, Que., and Florence, Sturgeon Falls.

Palbearers were E. Dutresac, F. Benoit, Mayor Lalonde, J. B. Allain, B. Marleau, G. Grandchamp.

Out of town persons who attended the funeral were, Moise Galipeau, Hull; Mrs. J. Galipeau, Sudbury; Calixte Galipeau, Hull; A. Theriault, Sudbury; Mrs. Maisonneuve, Sturgeon Falls; Mr. and Mrs. Domperre, Sturgeon Falls; Mrs. Levesque; Mr. Jannis; O. Charette, Gatineau; Mr. and Mrs. G. Charette, Gatineau; Mrs. Galipeau; Mr. and Mrs. B. Senecal, Sudbury.

Some of Those Bear Stories Are Certainly Hard to Bear

There is an old saying to the effect that the man who tells the first story hasn't a chance. Some other guy is sure to come along with a bigger story. Take the case of that bear story in The Advance last week. The yarn was from Matabechuan and was about a Canada Northern Power man who had an encounter with a bear. The power man planned to take refuge in the branches of a tree and was at the foot of the tree when the bear decided to lope away. The power man then turned away from the tree and started away—in the opposite direction to that taken by the bear. He had gotten only a short distance from the tree, when another big bear dropped down from the tree to follow the first bear. It was a good yarn. But now Lindsay, Ontario, has been heard from, it doesn't seem so good. Here is the Lindsay story of a bear as told in despatches from that town:

"Clarie Walton, Lindsay telegrapher, is telling a bear story to his friends these days. It is about a two-year-old bear, the age being determined by the animal's wisdom teeth as it opened its jaws wide to give the laugh to Clarie.

"Bruin was running when first sighted. Clarie took a shot and it splintered a sapling about 14 rods ahead of the bear. The bear halted and then started running again. A second shot, alarmed the bear as a bullet fanned his fur. The bear started galloping around the hunter had one bullet left and he hid behind a tree. As the bear came round the corner he cracked it on the



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2 Now Step In and See How Easy it is to adjust the front seat. It rises as it moves forward—for easier vision.

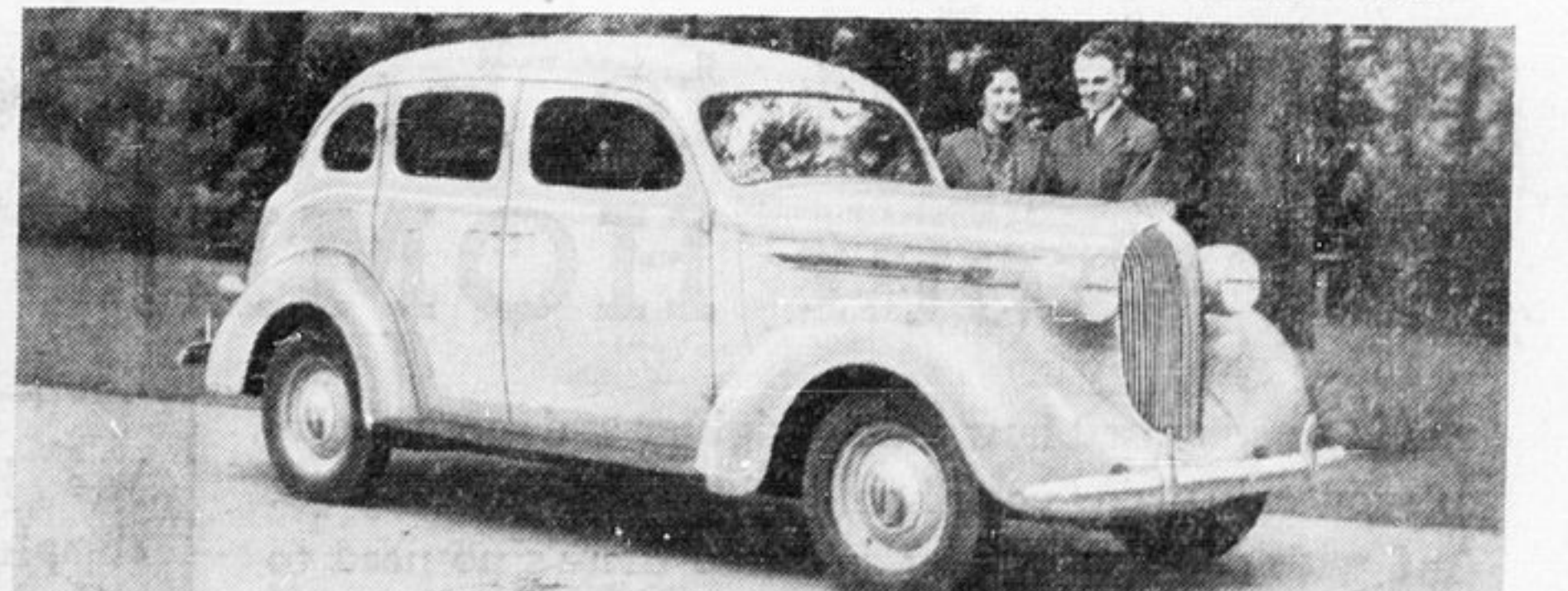
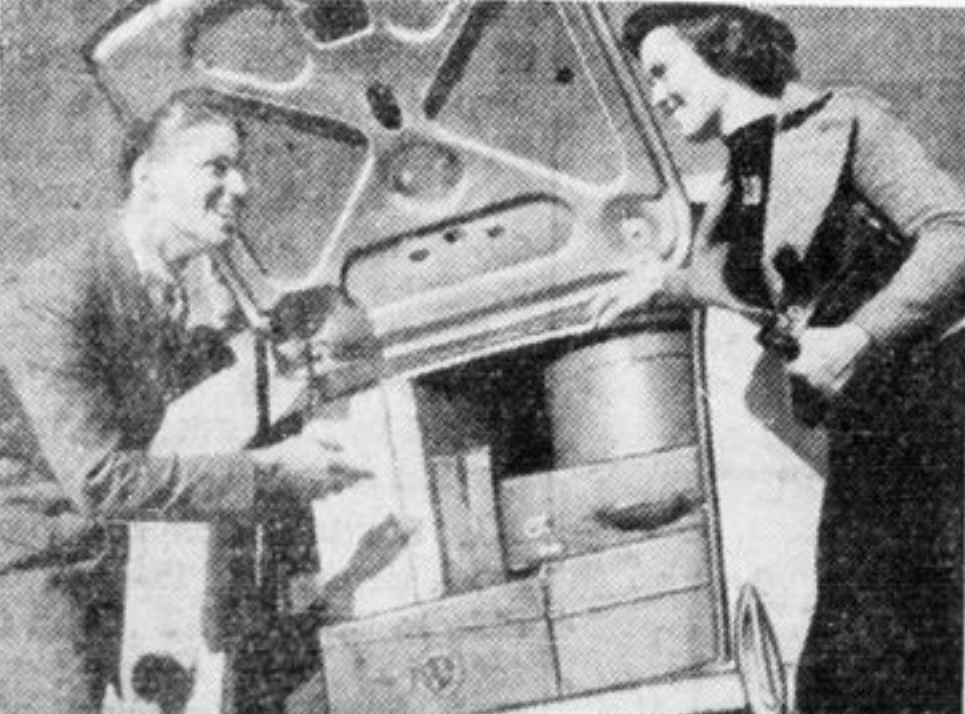


3 This is News, too! Instruments are easier to read . . . and the handbrake is located under the panel.

4 Try the Back Seat—it's "chair-height" . . . comfortable . . . richly upholstered.

5 Stretch Out! Enjoy the greater elbow room, head room and leg room. The whole car "floats" on Amola steel springs, with airplane-type shock absorbers. Live rubber body mountings block out road vibration.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25th 1937

Bargain excursion tickets will be valid on Trains 2 or 46 and their connections, Thursday, Nov. 25th. Passengers who use our Train 2 will connect at North Bay with C. P. Train 2, leaving 8:20 p.m. same date. Passengers who use Train 46 will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C. P. Depot and take C. P. Train 8, leaving at 1:00 a.m., Friday, November 26th.

Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than C. P. Train 1 from Windsor Street Station, Montreal, 10:15 p.m., Sunday, Nov. 28th, and connecting at North Bay with our Train 1 at 12:45 p.m., Monday, Nov. 29th. EXCEPT passengers from points north of Porcupine MUST leave not later than C. P. Train 9 from Montreal 7:50 p.m., Sunday, Nov. 28th, to connect at North Bay with our Train 47, Monday, November 29th.

Tickets will not be honored on Trains 49 and 50 "The Northland." Tickets destined Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre not good on Semi-Streamlined Trains 350 and 352 to Quebec or 349 and 351 from Quebec, but good on all other trains between Montreal and Quebec.

Tickets Good in Coaches Only. No Baggage Checked Children 5 years of age and under 12, when accompanied by Guardian Half Fare.

For Fares, Departure Time and Further Information Apply to Local Agent.
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