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A low hung, low hooded yellow car stood there, exhaust puffing faintly. She paid the driver, sank into the soft upholstery beside him, and the big six slid out into the street. There was no traffic. In a few minutes they were on the outskirts of the city, the long asphalt ribbon of King's way lying like a silver band between green, bushy walls.

Ninety miles of road, good, bad and indifferent, forest and farm and rolling hill and the swamps of Sumas prairie, lies between Vancouver and Roaring lake. At 4 in the morning, with dawn an hour old, they woke the Rosebud ferryman to cross the river. Twenty minutes after that Stella was stepping stiffly out of the machine before Roaring Springs hospital. The doctor's Chinaman was abroad in the garden. She beckoned him.

"You saw Mr. Benton—Charlie Benton?" she asked. "He in doctor's house?"

The Chinaman pointed across the road. "Mist Bentle obah dah," he said. "Velly much sick. Missa Bentle lib dah, all same green house."

Stella ran across the way. The front door of the green cottage stood wide. An electric drop light burned in the front room, though it was broad day. When she crossed the threshold she saw Linda sitting in a chair, her arms folded on the table edge, her head resting on her hands. She was asleep, and she did not raise her head till Stella shook her shoulder.



Stella Caught Her Breath. She Hadn't Been Prepared For That.

Linda Abbey had been a pretty girl, very fair, with apple blossom skin and a wonderfully expressive face. It gave Stella a shock to see her now, to gauge her suffering by the havoc it had wrought. Linda looked old, haggard, drawn. There was a weary drop to her mouth. Her eyes were dull, lifeless, just as one might look who is utterly exhausted in mind and body. Oddly enough, she spoke first of something irrelevant, inconsequential.

"I fell asleep," she said heavily. "What time is it?"

Stella looked at her watch. "Half past 4," she answered. "How is Charlie? What happened to him?"

"Monohan shot him," Stella caught her breath. She hadn't been prepared for that.

"Is he— is he?" She could not utter the words.

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me from doing my work."



"I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. W. WATKINS, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Watkins.

"He'll get better. Wait." Linda rose stiffly from her seat. A door in one side of the room stood ajar. She opened it, and Stella, looking over her shoulder, saw her brother's tousled head on a pillow. A nurse in uniform sat beside his bed. Linda closed the door silently.

"Come into the kitchen, where we won't make a noise," she whispered. A fire burned in the kitchen stove. Linda sank into a willow rocker.

"I'm weary as Atlas," she said. "I've been fretting for so long. Then late yesterday afternoon they brought him home to me like that. The doctor was probing for the bullet when I wired you. I was in a panic then, I think. Half past 4! How did you get here so soon? How could you? There's no train."

Stella told her. "Why should Monohan shoot him?" she broke out. "For God's sake, talk, Linda!"

There was a curious impersonality in Linda's manner, as if she stood aloof from it all, as if the fire of her vitality had burned out. She lay back in her chair with eyelids drooping, speaking in dull, lifeless tones.

"Monohan shot him because Charlie came on him in the woods setting a fresh fire. They've suspected him, or some one in his pay, of that, and they've been watching. There were two other men with Charlie, so there is no mistake. Monohan got away. That's all I know. Oh, but I'm tired! I've been hanging on to myself for so long. About daylight, after we knew for sure that Charlie was over the hill, something seemed to let go in me. I'm awful glad you came, Stella. Can you make a cup of tea?"

Linda's head drooped over the teacup. Her eyelids blinked.

"Dear," Stella said tenderly, "come and lie down. You're worn out."

"Perhaps I'd better," Linda muttered. "There's another room in there."

Stella tucked the weary girl into the bed and went back to the kitchen and sat down in the willow rocker. After another hour the nurse came out and prepared her own breakfast. Benton was in no danger, the nurse told Stella. The bullet had driven cleanly through his chest, missing as by a miracle any vital part, and lodged in the muscles of his back, whence the surgeon had removed it. Though weak from shock, loss of blood, excitement, he had rallied splendidly and fallen into a normal sleep, from which he was just awakening.

Benton lifted alert, recognizing eyes when Stella peeped in the bedroom door. "Hello, sis!" he greeted in strangely subdued tones. "When did you blow in? I thought you'd deserted the sinking ship completely. Come on in."

She winced inwardly at his words, but made no outward sign as she came up to his bedside. The nurse went out.

"Perhaps you'd better not talk?" she said.

"Oh, nonsense," he retorted feebly. "I'm all right. Sore as the mischief and weak. But I don't feel as bad as I might. Linda still asleep?"

"I think so," Stella answered.

"Poor kid," he breathed. "It's been tough on her. Well, I guess it's been tough on everybody. He turned out to be some bad actor, this Monohan party. I never did like the beggar. He was a little too high handed in his smooth, kid glove way. But I didn't suppose he'd try to burn up a million dollars' worth of timber to satisfy a grudge. Well, he put his foot in it proper at last. He'll get a good long jolt in the pen if the boys don't beat the constables to him and take him to pieces."

"He did start the fire, then?" Stella muttered.

"I guess so," Benton replied. "At any rate, he kept it going. Did it by his lonesome too. Jack suspected that. We were watching for him as well as fighting fire. He'd come down from the head of the lake in that speed boat of his, and this time daylight caught him before he could get back to where he had her cached, after starting a string of little fires in the edge of my north limit. He had it in for me, too, you know; I batted him over the head with a pike pole here at the wharf one day this spring, so he plunked me as soon as I hollered at him. I wish he'd done it earlier in the game. We might have saved a lot of good timber. As it was, we couldn't do much. Every time the wind changed it would break out in a new place—too often to be accidental. Hang him!"

"How is it going to end, the fire?" Stella forced herself to ask. "Will you and Jack be able to save any timber?"

"If it should rain hard and if in the meantime the boys keep it from jumping the fire trails we've cut I'll get by with most of mine," he said. "But Jack's done for. He won't have anything but his donkeys and gear and part of a cedar limit on the Tyee which isn't paid for. He had practically everything tied up in that big block of

timber around the point. Monohan made him spend money like water to hold his own. Jack's broke."

Stella's head drooped. Benton reached out an ax calloused hand, all grimy and browned from the stress of fire fighting, and covered her soft fingers that rested on his bed.

"It's a pity everything's gone to pot like that, Stell," he said softly. "I've grown a lot wiser in human ways the last two years. You taught me a lot, and Jack a lot, and Linda the rest. It seems a blamed shame you and Jack came to a fork in the road. Oh, he never chirped. I've just guessed it the last few weeks. I owe him a lot that he'll never let me pay back in anything but good will. I hate to see him get the worst of it from every direction. He grins and doesn't say anything. But I know it hurts. There can't be anything much wrong between you two. Why don't you forget your petty larceny troubles and start all over again?"

"I can't," she whispered. "It wouldn't work. There's too many scars, too much that's hard to forget."

"Well, you know about that better than I do," Benton said thoughtfully. "It all depends on how you feel."

The poignant truth of that struck miserably home to her. It was not a matter of reason or logic, of her making any sacrifice for her conscience's sake. It depended solely upon the existence of an emotion she could not definitely invoke. She was torn by so many emotions, not one of which she could be sure was the vital, the necessary one. Her heart did not cry out for Jack Fyfe except in a pitying tenderness, as she used to feel for Jack Junior when he bumped and bruised himself. She had felt that before and held it too weak a crutch to lean upon.

The nurse came in with a cup of broth for Benton and Stella went away with a dumb ache in her breast, a leaden sinking of her spirits, and went out to sit on the porch steps. The minutes



"He did start the fire, then?" Stella muttered.

piled into hours and noon came when Linda awakened. Stella forced herself to swallow a cup of tea, to eat food; then she left Linda sitting with her husband and went back to the porch steps again.

As she sat there a man dressed in the blue shirt and mackinaw trousers and high, calked boots of the logger turned in off the road, a burly woodsman that she recognized as one of Jack Fyfe's crew.

"Well," said he, "if it ain't Mrs. Jack. Say—ah—"

He broke off suddenly, a perplexed look on his face, an uneasiness, a hesitation in his manner.

"What is it, Barlow?" Stella asked kindly. "How is everything up the lake?"

It was common enough in her experience, that temporary embarrassment of a logger before her. She knew them for men with boyish souls, boyish instincts, rude simplicities of heart. Long ago she had revised those first superficial estimates of them as gross, hulking brutes who worked hard and drank harder, coarsened and calloused by their occupation. They had their weaknesses, but their virtues of abiding loyalty, their reckless generosity, their simple directness, were great indeed. They took their lives in their hands on skid road and springboard that such as she might flourish. They did not understand that, but she did.

"What is it, Barlow?" she repeated. "Have you just come down the lake?"

"Yes'm," he answered. "Say, Jack don't happen to be here, does he?"

"No; he hasn't been here," she told him.

The man's face fell.

"What's wrong?" Stella demanded. She had a swift divination that something was wrong.

"Oh, I dunno's anything's wrong particular," Barlow replied. "Only—well, Lefty he sent me down to see if Jack was at the Springs. We ain't seen him for a couple uh days."

Her pulse quickened.

"And he has not come down the lake?" "I guess not," the logger said. "Oh, I guess it's all right. Jack's pretty skookum in the woods. Only Lefty got uneasy. It's desperate hot and smoky up there."

"How did you come down? Are you going back soon?" she asked abruptly.

"I got the Waterbug," Barlow told her. "I'm goin' right straight back."

Stella looked out over the smoky lake and back at the logger again. A sudden resolution born of intolerable uncertainty, of a feeling that she could only characterize as fear, sprang full fledged into her mind.

"Wait for me," she said. "I'm going with you."

(To be Continued)

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 17

JACOB FLEEING FROM HIS ANGRY BROTHER.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 28:10-22. GOLDEN TEXT—He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities—Psalms 103:10. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis 27:46-28:3.

The motive which moved Rebekah to send Jacob away was a mixed one. She realized that Esau's anger was not against Jacob, even to the point where he was likely to kill him. She further knew that justice would have to be meted out to him, and thus she would be bereft of them both. Then, too, she realized that if Jacob remained in that land he would likely marry a heathen woman and thus defeat God's purpose regarding the covenant nation. This latter she pressed upon Isaac as a motive for sending him away.

I. Jacob's Flight (vv. 10-19). Jacob was fleeing from his outraged brother. His flight was necessary to save his life. He seems not to have gone the common road, so as to be less likely overtaken by Esau, should he pursue him. Through forced march he reaches Bethel, a spot nearly fifty miles away, by nightfall.

II. Jacob's Vision (vv. 11-17). Jacob's soul was peculiarly tested.

He had to leave home and mother. On the way to Haran night overtakes him, and he is obliged to sleep in a field with a stone for his pillow and the canopy of heaven for a covering. It was under such circumstances that the Lord gave him the wonderful vision at Bethel. Many times the rough experiences and severe trials of life help us on toward God. Luxury and heavenly visions do not usually go together. This finds illustration in John on Patmos; Stephen looking into heaven while being stoned, and John Bunyan in Bedford jail.

1. He saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven (v. 12).

This suggests a means of communication between earth and heaven, between man and God. It showed Jacob that in spite of his awful sin there was a way to heaven for him. Jesus Christ is the ladder connecting earth and heaven for us (John 1:51; 14:6; Hebrews 10:19, 20). In the incarnation Jesus Christ descended to earth's lowest depth and made a way upon which human feet might climb to heaven. Fortunate are they who in the times of earth's trials discern this ladder!

2. He saw angels of God upon the ladder (v. 13).

They were ascending and descending upon this ladder. These angels were the divine helpers to render needed assistance along life's way. Though unseen, God's angels guide and protect us on our earthly pilgrimage. They ascend unto the Father with our needs, and descend unto us with God's reply.

Christ is a real man, and so can identify himself with us; he is the very God, really divine, and so is able to lift us to God and secure our reconciliation with him.

3. He saw the Lord standing above the ladder (vv. 13-17).

To show Jacob that the ladder did not merely reach into space, the personal God appeared and talked with him. His message is filled with infinite grace. (1) He declared the God of Abraham and Isaac (v. 13), thus assuring Jacob that the same hand that guided his fathers was over him. (2) He renewed the covenant as to the land (v. 13). Though Jacob was now fleeing from the land, yet the covenant would not fail, for Jacob and his seed should possess it. (3) Assured him of a numerous seed (v. 14). They would spread abroad to the north, and south, and east, and west. (4) The divine presence with the wandering Jacob (v. 15). Though he had sinned and was reaping what he had sown, yet God was with him.

III. Jacob's Vow (vv. 18-22).

God's gracious visitation provoked Jacob to make a vow. Each sight of God should cause us to renew our obligation to him. His vow included three things: (1) Dedication of himself to God (v. 12). This is the first thing to do. Our gifts are an abomination while the life is withheld from God. (2) Worship established (vv. 13, 19). "This stone shall be God's house." Worship always follows dedication of one's self to God. There is personal communion between God and those who worship him. (3) Consecration of his substance, of his possessions (v. 22). Those who have fellowship with God recognize God's claim upon their possessions. God's grace should constrain us to give of our substance to him.

Meditation.

Meditation is one way of handling the Gospel history. Instead of a vague, half-remembered, less than half-comprehended story, the life of Jesus, steadily meditated on, passes into the life of the Christian, by an insensible but real transference.—Rev. H. P. Liddon, D. D.

A Spiritual Relation.

True friendship is a spiritual relation. God reveals himself to us in many ways through our different friends.—E. V. H.

Mascagni and the War.

Pietro Mascagni, the celebrated composer, once told how the opening chorus of "Cavaleria" was composed on the night of February 3, 1880, when his first child was born. That son, Mimì, is now, or was recently, driving a motor-truck for the Italian army; and a second boy, Dino, became a private in the engineer corps, blowing up Austrian barbed-wire barricades. On a visit to the young soldiers Mascagni saw his first battle.

"This is indeed music," he wrote. "It seems as if all the big drums in my orchestra had been multiplied by a million and suddenly gone mad."

The composer gave open-air concerts in the trenches, on one occasion attended by the king of Italy, and he set himself at work on a great patriotic symphony, designed to be a musical apotheosis of Italy's "war of redemption."

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