



Copyright, 1918, by Little, Brown & Co.

She busied herself about the house that forenoon, seeking deliberately a multitude of little tasks to occupy her hands and her mind.

But when lunch was over she was at the end of her resources. Jack junior settled in his crib for a nap. Fyfe went away to that area back of the camp where arose the crash of falling trees and the labored puffing of donkey engines. She could hear faint and far the voices of the falling gangs that cried "Tim-ber-r-r-r."

She longed for some secluded place to sit and think or try to stop thinking. And without fully realizing the direction she took she walked down past the camp, crossed the skid road, stepping lightly over main line and haul back at the donkey engineer's warning and went along the lake shore.

A path wound through the belt of brush and hardwood that fringed the lake. Not until she had followed this up on the neck of a little promontory south of the bay did she remember with a shock that she was approaching the place where Monohan had begged her to meet him. She looked at her watch. Two-thirty. She sought the shore line for sight of a boat, wondering if he would come in spite of her refusal. But to her great relief she saw no sign of him. Probably he had thought better of it, had seen now as she had seen then that no good and no earnest chance of evil might come of such a clandestine meeting, had taken her stand as final.

She was glad, because she did not want to go back to the house. She did not want to make the effort of wandering away in the other direction to find that restful peace of woods and water. She moved up a little on the point until she found a mossy boulder and sat down on that, resting her chin in her palms, looking out over the placid surface of the lake with somber eyes.

And so Monohan surprised her. The knoll lay thick carpeted with moss. He was within a few steps of her when a twig cracking underfoot apprised her of some one's approach. She rose, with an impulse to fly, to escape a meeting she had not desired. And as she rose the breath stopped in her throat.

Twenty feet behind Monohan came Jack Fyfe with his hunter's stride, soundlessly over the moss, a rifle drooping in the crook of his arm. A sunbeam striking obliquely between two firs showed her his face plainly, the faint curl of his upper lip.

Something in her look arrested Monohan. He glanced around, twisted about, froze in his tracks, his back to her. Fyfe came up. Of the three he was the coolest, the most rigorously self possessed. He glanced from Monohan to his wife, back to Monohan. After that his blue eyes never left the other man's face.

"What did I say to you yesterday?" Fyfe opened his mouth at last. "But then I might have known I was wasting my breath on you!"

"Well," Monohan retorted insolently, "what are you going to do about it? This isn't the stone age."

Fyfe laughed unpleasantly.

"Lucky for you. You'd have been eliminated long ago," he said. "No, it takes the present age to produce such rotten specimens as you."

A deep flush rose in Monohan's cheeks. He took a step toward Fyfe, his hands clinched.

"You wouldn't say that if you weren't armed," he taunted hoarsely.

"No?" Fyfe cast the rifle to one side. It fell with a metallic clink against a stone. "I do say it, though, you see. You are a sort of a yellow dog, Monohan. You know it, and you know that I know it. That's why it stings you to be told so."

Monohan stepped back and slipped out of his coat. His face was crimson. "I'll teach you something!" he snarled.

He lunged forward as he spoke, shooting a straight arm blow for Fyfe's face. It swept through empty air, for Fyfe, poised on the balls of his feet, ducked under the driving fist and slapped Monohan across the mouth with the open palm of his hand.

"Tag," he said sardonically. "You're it."

Monohan pivoted and, rushing, swung right and left, missing by inches. Fyfe's mocking grin seemed to madden him completely. He rushed again, launching another vicious blow that threw him partly off his balance. Before he could recover Fyfe kicked both feet from under him, sent him sprawling on the moss.

Stella stood like one stricken. The very thing she dreaded had come about. Yet the manner of its unfolding was not as she had visualized it when she saw Fyfe near at hand. She saw now a side of her husband that she had never glimpsed, that she found hard to understand. She could have understood him, beating Monohan senseless, if he could. A murderous fury of jealousy would not have surprised her. This did. He had not struck a blow, did not attempt to strike.

She could not guess why, but she saw that he was dealing with Monohan, making a fool of him, for all Monohan's advantage of height and reach. Fyfe moved like the light, always beyond Monohan's vengeful blows, slipping under those driving fists to slap his adversary, to trip him, mocking him with the facility of his foot.

The elusive light footedness of the man, the successive stinging of those contemptuous slaps at last maddened Monohan into ignoring the rules by which men fight. He dropped his hands and stood panting with his exertions. Suddenly he kicked, a swift lunge for Fyfe's body.

Fyfe leaped aside; then he closed. Powerful and weighty a man as Monohan was, Fyfe drove him halfway around with a short arm blow that landed near his heart and while he staggered from that clamped one thick arm about his neck in the strange hold. Holding him helpless, bent backward across his broad chest, Fyfe slowly and systematically choked him. He shut off his breath until Monohan's tongue protruded and his eyes bulged

glassily, and horrible, gurgling noises issued from his gasping mouth.

"Jack, Jack," Stella found voice to shriek, "you're killing him!"

Fyfe lifted his eyes to hers. The horror he saw there may have stirred him, or he may have considered his object accomplished. Stella could not tell. But he flung Monohan from him with a force that sent him reeling a dozen feet, to collapse on the moss. It took him a full minute to regain his breath, to rise to unsteady feet, to find his voice.

"You can't win all the time," he gasped. "Some day I'll show you that you can't."

With that he turned and went back the way he had come. Fyfe stood silent, hands resting on his hips, watching until Monohan pushed out a slim speed launch from under cover of overhanging alders and set off down the lake.

"Well," he remarked then in a curiously detached, impersonal tone, "the lightning will begin to play by and by, I suppose."

"What do you mean?" Stella asked breathlessly.

He did not answer. His eyes turned to her slowly. She saw now that his face was white and rigid, that the line



"Jack, Jack," Stella Found Voice to shriek, "you're killing him!"

of his lips drew harder together as he looked at her, but she was not prepared for the storm that broke. She did not comprehend the tempest that raged within him until he had her by the shoulders, his fingers crushing into her soft flesh like the jaws of a trap, shaking her like a terrier might shake a rat till the heavy coils of hair cascaded over her shoulders, and for a second fear tugged at her heart.

She thought he meant to kill her.

When he did desist he released her with a thrust of his arms that sent her staggering against a tree, shaken to the roots of her being, though not with fear. Anger had displaced that. A hot protest against his brute strength, against his passionate outbreak, stirred her. Appearances were against her; she knew. Even so, she revolted against his cave man roughness. She was amazed to find herself longing for the power to strike him.

She faced him, trembling, leaning against the tree trunk, staring at him in impotent rage. And the fire died out of his eyes as she looked. He drew a deep breath or two and turned away to pick up his rifle. When he faced about with that in his hand the old mask of immobility was in place. He waited while Stella gathered up her scattered hairpins and made shift to coil her hair into a semblance of order; then he said gently:

"I won't break out like that again."

"Once is enough."

"More than enough for me," he answered.

She disdained reply. Striking off along the path that ran to the camp, she walked rapidly, choking a rising flood of desperate thought. With growing coolness paradoxically there burned hotter the flame of an elemental wrath. What right had he to lay hands on her? Her shoulders ached; her flesh was bruised from the terrible grip of his fingers. The very sound of his footsteps behind her was maddening. To be suspected and watched, to be continually the target of jealous fury—no, a thousand times no! She wheeled on him at last.

"I can't stand this!" she cried. "It's beyond endurance. We're like flint and steel to each other now. If today's a sample of what we may expect it's better to make a clean sweep of everything. I've got to get away from here and from you—from everybody."

Fyfe motioned her to a nearby log.

"Sit down," said he. "We may as well have it out here."

For a few seconds he busied himself with a cigar, removing the band with utmost deliberation, biting the end off, applying the match, his brows puckered slightly.

"It's very unwise of you to meet Monohan like that," he uttered finally.

"Oh, I see," she flashed. "Do you suggest that I met him purposely by appointment? Even if I did?"

"That's for you to say, Stella," he interrupted gravely. "I told you last night that I trusted you absolutely. I do so far as really vital things are concerned, but I don't always trust your judgment. I merely know that Monohan sneaked along shore, hid his boat and stole through the timber to where you were sitting. I happened to see him, and I followed him to see what he was up to; why he should take such measures to keep under cover."

"The explanation is simple," she answered stiffly. "You can believe it or not, as you choose. My being there was purely unintentional. If I had seen him before he was close I should certainly not have been there. I have been at odds with myself all day, and I went for a walk to find a quiet place where I could sit and think."

"It doesn't matter now," he said. "Only you'd better try to avoid things like that in the future. Would you mind telling me just exactly what you meant a minute ago—just what you propose to do?"

"I think it's better that I should go away," Stella said. "I want you to agree that I should; then there will be no talk or anything disagreeable from outside sources. I'm strong. I can get on. It'll be a relief to have to work. I won't have to be the kitchen drudge Charlie made of me. I've got my voice. I'm quite sure I can capitalize that. But I've got to go. Anything's better than this, anything that's clean and decent. I'd despise myself if I stayed on as your wife feeling as I do. It was a mistake in the beginning, our marriage."

"Nevertheless," Fyfe said slowly, "I'm afraid it's a mistake you'll have to abide by—for a time. All that you say may be true, although I don't admit it myself. Offhand I'd say you were simply trying to Welsh on a fair bargain. I'm not going to let you do it blindly, all wrought up to a pitch where you can scarcely think coherently. If you are fully determined to break away from me you owe it to us both to be sure of what you're doing before you act. I'm going to talk plain. You can believe it and disbelieve it if you please. If you were leaving me for a man, a real man, I think I could bring myself to make it easy for you and wish you luck. But you're not. He's—"

"Can't we leave him out of it?" she demanded. "I want to get away from you both. Can you understand that? It doesn't help you any to pick him to pieces."

"No, but it might help you if I could rip off that swathing of idealization you've wrapped around him," Fyfe observed patiently. "It's not a job I have much stomach for, however, even if you were willing to let me try. But to come back. You've got to stick it out with me, Stella. You'll hate me for the constraint, I suppose, but until—until things shape up differently—you'll understand what I'm talking about by and by. I think—you've got to abide by the bargain you made with me. I could not force you to stay, I know. But there's one hold you can't break—not if I know you at all."

"What is that?" she asked icily.

"The kid's," he murmured.

Stella buried her face in her hands.

"I'd forgotten—I'd forgotten," she whispered.

"You understand, don't you?" he said hesitatingly. "If you leave—I keep our boy."

"Oh, you're devilish—to use a club like that!" she cried. "You know I wouldn't part from my baby—the only thing I've got that's worth having."

(To be Continued)

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 6

ABRAM LEAVING HOME.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 12:1-9. GOLDEN TEXT—Be thou a blessing. DEVOTIONAL READING—Hebrews 11:1-10. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Genesis 11:27-32; Hebrews 11:3-10.

1. Abraham's Call (v. 1). The new era inaugurated with Noah at its head ended in a colossal failure. In view of such failure God turned aside from the nation as such, and called Abram out from his kindred and land, and placed him at the head of a new nation which he would train for himself. This call involved:

1. A call to separation. He was to leave the place of his fond associations for a land unknown to him. Obedience to this command meant the severance of three ties.

(1) "His country in the widest range of his affections. (2) His place of birth and kindred, which comes closer to his heart. (3) His father's house, as the inmost circle of all tender emotions." All this must be cast off before the Lord could get him into the place of blessing. When kindred and possessions stand in the way of love and service to Christ, one must renounce them (Matthew 10:37).

2. A call to heroic tasks. For Abram to go into a strange land and take possession of it for God called for the heroic in him. It costs much to live the life of separation, but it is the only way to have God's favor. Those who are children of faithful Abram must trust God.

3. God's Promise to Abram (vv. 2-3). God's demand for separation was followed by a seven-fold promise—a gracious engagement on the part of God to communicate certain unmerited favors and to confer blessings upon him.

1. "I will make of thee a great nation." (v. 2). This in some measure compensated for the loss of his country. He escaped from the degrading influences of his own nation, and became the head of a chosen nation. This was fulfilled in a natural way in the Jewish nation and in Ishmael (Gen. 17:20), also in a spiritual seed embracing both Jews and Gentiles (Galatians 3:7-9).

2. "I will bless thee" (v. 2). This was fulfilled (1) Temporally (Gen. 13:14-17; 24:35). He was enriched with lands and cattle, silver and gold. (2) Spiritually (Gen. 15:6; John 8:56). He was freely justified on the grounds of his faith. The righteousness of Christ was imputed to him.

3. "And make thy name great" (v. 2). He renounced his father's house, and became the head of a new house which would be venerated far and wide. He is known as the friend of God (James 2:23).

4. "Thou shalt be a blessing" (v. 2). It was a great thing to be thus honored and blessed by God, but to be the medium of blessings to others was greater still. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

5. "I will bless them that bless thee" (v. 3). God so identified himself with his servant that he regarded treatment of Abram as treatment of himself. Christ so completely identifies himself with his people that he regards wrong done to them as done to himself. Since he was God's friend, God regarded acts performed toward Abram as performed toward himself. In all ages since then the nations and individuals that have used the Jew well have been blessed.

6. "And curse him that curseth thee" (v. 3). The nations that have been against the Jews have never prospered. While God at different times used the surrounding nations as scourges of Israel, he in turn punished them for their mistreatment of Israel.

7. "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed" (v. 3). This has been fulfilled (1) In the Jewish nation being made the repository of the Oracles of God. Through them the Bible has been given to the world. (2) The bringing into the world of the Redeemer.

(3) In the future time when the Jews shall be God's missionaries in carrying the good tidings of the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

8. Abram's Obedience (vv. 4-9). Abram at once departed out of his own land. He proved his faith by his works. He did not argue or parley. Neither did he demand some guarantee, but stepped out upon God's naked word. There were difficulties in his way, but faith in God made him brave. Faith in God gives victory over the world. He worshipped God. To go into a heathen land and establish true worship requires a courageous faith.

Secrets In Our Heart. We talk about searching our hearts. We cannot do it. What we want is to have God search them . . . and bring out the hidden things, the secret things that cluster there.—D. L. Moody.

Testaments for Soldiers. I am glad to see that every man in the army is to have a testament. Its teachings will fortify us for our task.—Pershing.

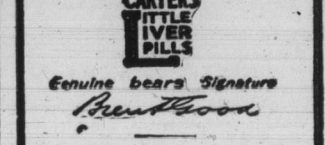
Who has deceived thee so often as thyself?

WHY Does Your Head Ache?

Headaches, sick or other kinds, don't happen to people whose livers are busy and whose bowels are as regular as a clock.

Thousands of folks who used to have headaches say this is the way they removed the cause:

One pill at bedtime, regularly. Largely if there's a suspicion of biliousness or constipation.



Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood. CARTER'S IRON PILLS will help this condition.

Doing Their Bit. War tanks carry pigeons for sending out messages in case of need. This is yet another use to which pigeons have been put in this war.

The ingenuity of the French in this respect, however, is hard to beat, observes a correspondent. In one of our allies' war museums is an apparatus which shows how the French have attempted to get news from their invaded territories. It consists of a balloon, which carries 40 carrier pigeons. In floating over the land now occupied by the enemy it drops from time to time a little parachute, to which is attached a basket containing a carrier pigeon, an aluminum message holder, several sheets of thin paper, pencil and detailed instructions for use.

The finder of the basket, after writing a message, has only to slip it into the holder in the bird's leg and set it free. The homing instinct then allows the pigeon to find its way back to the French lines.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PAPER

Supple at Sixty

Age and ripe experience mean happiness and usefulness when mental and bodily powers are preserved by keeping rich blood in the veins.

Nature's rare nourishment in Scott's Emulsion creates rich blood, warms the body and alleviates rheumatic tendencies. Its oil-food imparts strength to both body and brain. It is Nourishment—not Stimulant.

INSURANCE!

Fire, Accident, Sickness, Plate Glass Guarantee and Liability Insurance.

All Old Established Companies.

W. H. ALLEN.

THE SUN LIFE

Is Canada's Leading Assurance Company

And if not already a Policy Holder it will pay you to interview the Local Agent.

W. M. ALLEN, Carleton Place.

Total assurance in force 1915—\$257,404,160.00

Assets—\$74,326,423.00

JOHN R. & W. L. REID

Managers Eastern Ontario, Sun Life Building, OTTAWA.

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY

Have you an Insurance on your Dwelling, and have you protection from fire upon your Personal Effects?

A number of Standard Fire Insurance Companies are represented by

W. H. ALLEN

Will be pleased to quote you rates at any time.

ATTENTION! Sick Women

To do your duty during these trying times your health should be your first consideration. These two women tell how they found health.

Hellam, Pa.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles and a displacement. I felt all run down and was very weak. I had been treated by a physician without results, so decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and felt better right away. I am keeping house since last April and doing all my housework, where before I was unable to do any work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly the best medicine a woman can take when in this condition. I give you permission to publish this letter."—Mrs. E. R. CRUMMING, R. No. 1, Hellam, Pa.

Lowell, Mich.—"I suffered from cramps and dragging down pains, was irregular and had female weakness and displacement. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which gave me relief at once and restored my health. I should like to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies to all suffering women who are troubled in a similar way."—Mrs. ELISE HEIM, R. No. 6, Box 63, Lowell, Mich.

Why Not Try LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.