

MARCH 7, 1916

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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## BREAKING IN MOTHER-IN-LAW



THE deputy assistant Society Editor looked at the tired little golden head against the window sash and stared across at Lewis, where a church spire caught the last sun of its cross-tip. She was so done out she couldn't remember her own name except in patches. But she was triumphant just at telling for she was pulling off the stunt of her career!

"Miss Nevinson," she could hear the City Editor saying, "I wish to heaven you'd had more experience, but I've nobody else I can spare. Jacqueminot is going to Quebec on her honeymoon and you gotta follow her. They're good for a column or two to begin with. Don't worry or they'll get on to you. We'll keep faking till your first stuff comes through."

"Yep, to-night. Eleven-thirty from the Central Station. Here's your ticket and some expense money. Your room's reserved by wire."

The deputy assistant caught her breath as she remembered it.

Jacqueminot! The thrice or more wedded stage beauty whom she'd seen a miraculous once across the footlights. In the movies times without number, and via the Sunday Supplement pretty nearly every week, had just capped her successful divorce by annexing Dickie Updike, whose mother lived on Michigan Boulevard whenever she deigned to come home and run social Chicago. Jacqueminot's little toes had kicked holes in many a money bag before now, but not even the dancer's heaviest backers would have thought her capable of reaching Mrs. Updike's lounge.

The deputy assistant—whose name was Lucille Larose on the staff and Mary Imogen at home—packed her suitcase with more grins and groans than gauds and gowns. How she was to remain a week at the Chateau Frontenac with one navy blue serge suit, half a dozen blouses and a black evening gown she didn't know, but the City Ed. was inexorable and besides, twenty-two and blonde is nifty anyhow.

The train—a perilous glimpse into the Updike private car—a long, thrillsome, fakesome story reeled off in the lower berth between two and two and posted by an obliging porter—the Canadian boundary—Montreal and a spanking drive across town in a gorgeously befringed sleigh—train again—and at last the sunshine of Quebec and the quick cries of "Veuillez, veuillez, M'selle!" which reminded her that she and her prey had reached a foreign speaking and most picturesquely different land.

There was a room reserved for her as near the Updikes as possible and they actually went up in the same elevator, so close that Mary leaned out and touched the beauty's silver fox fur, just so's she could say she'd done it. Jacqueminot was even perter and prettier in reality than she was in the supplements. Incidentally Mary saw her looking at her new husband under her long lashes in a way that suggested the thought—but it wasn't probable, surely!—that the nimble-toed lady had a heart under her radiance blouse. Anyhow the glance would make stunning good copy.

Just as they got out of the elevator—Mary last as belittled blue serge—a man passed through the corridor. He was tall—over six feet. Or at least he had been. Now he was bent a bit and he leaned on another man's arm. Both were in khaki, but the tall man's shoulder strap bore a crown and his face—oh, it was a drawn, white parchment, scribbled with ghastly tales of bombs and wet trenches, wire entanglements and the green mist of deadly gases.

"Poor chap!" said Jacqueminot aloud, "back from the front and all torn up!" The man raised his eyes but instead of looking at the dancer his gaze somehow leaped straight for Mary. What happened next was hard to understand in retrospect, but at the time it had seemed quite natural. Their eyes had held each other for a full minute, then hers had filled suddenly with big hot rebellious tears and she had run into the shelter of the door that the astonished bell boy held open for her.

The day's work was to follow the Updikes and the deputy assistant did it thoroughly. They got a sleigh with a coachman furred up like Ursa Major—they drove ten miles out into the sparkling champagne-aired morning and across the three-foot ice of the St. Lawrence.

(N.B.—They held hands—at least Dickie did, to judge by his face.) They lunched in their room. They tobogganed in the brisk fashion of afternoon Quebec. Mrs. Updike appeared in the latest of sports costumes which Mary described from the enchanting scarlet cap to the bottom of

the short full white skirt, which came several inches below your feet ever have thought it could. It's owner's laugh shifted from the king's bastion of the Citadel straight across DuRoi's terrace. And nobody who heard it could have blamed Dickie a bit.

(N.B.—He told her after the third trip that her cheeks were American beauties—there's no doubt—and her lips also might be collected for. Done. Reported. And despatched to Chicago.) They tested at the Chateau of course, met the Shillingtons from New York, who introduced—Mary caught her breath at her quiet little corner table—"Major Torrington of the Sixteenth Canadian, wounded at Festubert."



Mrs. Updike appeared in all the latest sports costumes.

The Major bowed, smiled, but didn't join in the badinage directed at the honeymooners. Instead, Mary saw with a jerk of the heart, his eyes wandering restlessly over the tea room as though he were looking for somebody. But whoever it was didn't happen to be there. Or perhaps there was less light in the corners than one would think.

All this in retrospect. Now, her evening dress donned, the big French rose fastened for sole color in the corsage, her eyes tired but triumphant under the rebellious little curls, Mary leaned against the sash and looked across the river at Lewis. It was lone some work chronicling the doings of honeymooners in a hotel where you knew nobody. She had heard Jacqueminot say something to Marion Shillington. There were two long unoccupied hours before that time.

Suddenly her eyes dropped to the terrace below. Two men went painstakingly along its border. One was intent on his job as steady. But the other raised his eyes to the hotel front and searched the facade restlessly. Mary was a little late for dinner. The Updike-Shillington party had two tables in the centre and the Major was with them. Mary got the gayety and the gowns verbatim. She also received a few glances that were more interesting to her than either, though they didn't figure in her letter to the City Ed.

But the shattering adventure didn't come till twenty-four hours later. Clad in her black gown, Mary had played variations on the girle and corsage bouquet and had done her hair differently. It was all the re-costuming she could manage. She was painfully conscious of her utter unchateaufiness and she slipped unobtrusively elevatorward.

The door of the Updike suite was open and Jacqueminot could be seen perched on a chair arm. From beyond came a shriek of feminine merriment, accompanied by two male guffaws. Jacqueminot was declaiming something to which the shrieks were oblique. Mary didn't mean to listen, but there are some things that haul you up by the heartstrings. And one is the retail of your own production. The little dancer was reading aloud the thrillsome, fakesome narrative that the deputy assistant had scribbled in the sanctity of the lower berth!

"No, you don't care, you witch," she heard Dickie Updike's voice, when the merriment had died to ripples. "But what about my poor mamma? She's had that reporter imprisoned for life and both hands cut off if she got hold of him."

For a galvanized second Mary's heart ceased to beat. Then, somehow she felt that odd sense of eyes behind that tells us we're watched.

It was Major Torrington. For the second time his gaze met hers for a startled heartbeat. Then, precipitately, filled with unreasoning terror, the deputy assistant turned and ran into her room!

She didn't go to dinner. Her head ached. Her heart pounded. That night she dreamed fitfully. The City Ed. was on one side of her in his shirt-sleeves, his pipe gripped in a menacing mouth. On the other side stood Mrs. Updike, Senior, with a look that would glaciate a volcano.

At the entrance to the dining room next morning a man stepped forward, a dapper little man with a smile. "Miss Nevinson?" he breathed, "just a word with you, if you don't mind. Let me show you the view from the west window here in the writing room."

Mary didn't need the card he passed under her startled eyes. In fact she didn't even read the name and address, though she took in unconsciously that it said Chicago. One word standing out like a nightmare was that menacing horror, "Detective!"

"Now," he said evenly, when he had led her to the farthest window, "no one will disturb us here. You are covering the Updike ho. moon. Not to waste time, I have the honor to represent Mrs. Updike, Senior. You will return to Chicago by this morning's train."

Mary opened her mouth and shut it again. She could fairly hear the click of heels.

"If you go without making any trouble no one need know," he went on, "if not—"

"Pardon me," said a voice at his elbow. It was so cold, so incisive and withal so unexpected that the little man jumped as much as Mary did.

"Pardon me," the Major repeated. "But I fear you are annoying my cousin. If you have any business to discuss you can do it with me. She leaves everything of the sort in my hands."

The man looked at the Major. The Major looked back. It was the sort of look that went with the D. S. O. that he had won and the newcomer knew it. There would be no trenches abandoned in this war.

Mary looked at them both and her number brain fell into action with a click. He couldn't prove anything since all her stuff had been posted not wired. But if she could only play up to this heaven-sent Major—

"Come, Mary," said the latter imperterbably, "if this—er—gentleman wishes to speak to me he can do it later."



Pardon me, I fear you are annoying my cousin.

"You'll breakfast with me, Miss Nevinson?" he said, as soon as they were out of earshot. "It's absolutely necessary. And in the meantime for heaven's sake give me your arm. This is the first walk I've had alone since Festubert!" "Lie?" he queried later, over the toasted crumpets, "but I don't honestly believe it is. Wasn't your mother Selma Norton and didn't she come from Dub. lin? Then we are cousins—oh very distant ones I assure you, but still cousins. I recognized the family resemblance to my mother's people as soon as I saw you."

When it came near dinner time Mary had an impulsive phone call from Jacqueminot. "My dear!" gurgled that irrepressible, "our darling Major's so hard hit that he had to tell me all about it! And I think you're positively the cleverest thing that ever happened. I've had reams of press notices but never such a scream as yours. I could cut every word of it! And he says you've done a column every day!"

"Say, dearie, he told me—oh pshaw, you know about that darn fool who gave you such a scare and how you said you'd no doubt it was 'cause you had no clothes. Well, I've got six trunks—or I guess eight. And the duckiest things too, straight from Paris. Come on up and take your choice. Dickie's a dear, you know, but—gee, I needed somebody to help me break in my mother-in-law!"

## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—First Quarter, For  
March 12, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Heb. xi, 32, to xii, 2—Memory Verses, xii, 1, 2—Golden Text, Heb. xii, 1, 2—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson on the heroes and martyrs of faith was probably suggested to the committee by the previous lesson on the death of Stephen. If a word or phrase gives the key to a chapter or portion this is certainly the "faith" chapter of the Bible, for the word is found twenty-four times in this chapter. But we must look at chapter x, 38, for the reason why of this chapter. "The just shall live by faith," a sentence quoted three times in the New Testament, the other two places being Rom. i, 17; Gal. iii, 11, and all three quotations of Heb. ii, 4. Before we can live by faith we must be justified by faith, made just or righteous (Rom. v, 1), and that takes us to the first "believe" in the Bible in connection with righteousness (Gen. xv, 6). "He believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." This also is quoted just three times in the New Testament (Rom. iv, 3; Gal. iii, 6; Jas. ii, 23), so these must be very important sayings.

Our first great need is righteousness, the kind that God requires and has provided fully in Christ and can be obtained only by faith (Rom. x, 3, 4).

Then, being saved, we must glorify God by a righteous life, and this also is by faith, for as we have received Christ Jesus the Lord so must we walk in Him (Col. ii, 6). Faith and patience are the two essential things in the daily life of the believer, steadfastly beholding the Lord Jesus, implicitly believing His word and waiting patiently for His return (Heb. vi, 12, 15; x, 35-37; xii, 1-3). Faith is not what we feel or see, but is a simple trust in what the God of Love has said of Jesus as the Just. Unsaved people cannot possibly please God (Rom. viii, 8), and only by faith and obedience can saved people please Him. By believing Gen. i, 1, with Ps. xxxiii, 6, we know how the world was made.

Abel believed that the only way for a sinner to approach God was by sacrifice and shedding of blood as taught to his father in Gen. iii, 21. Cain did not believe God, and therefore his rejection by God. Enoch was fully agreed with God in everything and was willing to bear the scoffing of the ungodly (Amos ii, 8; Jude 14, 16). Noah believed in an approaching judgment and in obedience to God prepared for it. Abraham did not consider himself nor Sarah nor sleeping impossibilities, but was fully persuaded that God was able and would do what He promised (Rom. iv, 19-21). The word of God concerning things to come sustained Isaac and Jacob and Joseph and the parents of Moses and Moses himself. The unseen heavenly city and the recompense of the reward were veritable realities to Abraham and to Moses, enabling the one to live as a stranger and a pilgrim here and the other to turn his back upon all the pleasures and treasures and prospect of preferment in Egypt. Daniel feared not the lions' den, nor his friends the fiery furnace, nor David the giant Goliath, because to each the living God was a glorious reality.

While many are mentioned by name in this list of people of God, we cannot but adore the grace which mentions Rahab among such as these and even associates her with Abraham in James ii, 23-25. We wonder as we read of Barak and not of Deborah, but we notice the words "and others" of verse 35 and pray for grace to be willing to be counted among the "others," though not mentioned by name. The

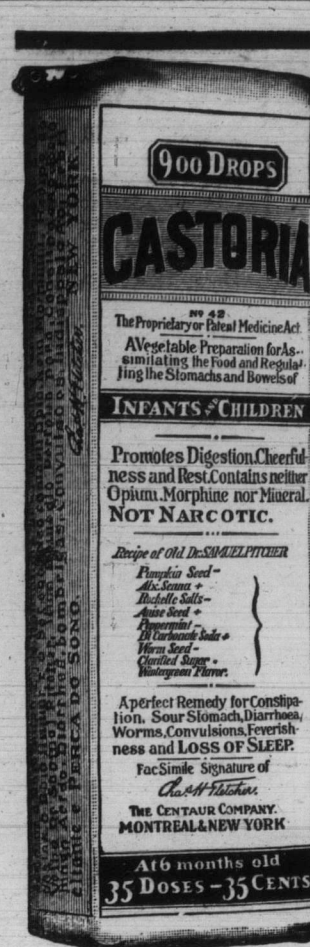
## HUSBAND SAVED HIS WIFE

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Denison, Texas.—"After my little girl was born two years ago I began suffering with female trouble and could hardly do my work. I was very nervous but just kept dragging on until last summer when I got where I could not do my work. I would have a chill every day and hot flashes and dizzy spells and my head would almost burst. I got where I was almost a walking skeleton and life was a burden to me until one day my husband's step-sister told my husband if he did not do something for me I would not last long and told him to get your medicine. So he got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and after taking the first three doses I began to improve. I continued its use, and I have never had any female trouble since. I feel that I owe my life to you and your remedies. They did for me what doctors could not do and I will always praise it wherever I go."—Mrs. G. O. LOWERY, 419 W. Monterey Street, Denison, Texas.



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mystery of the sufferings of the saints we may not understand, but we can trust the wisdom of a God of love and wait patiently for Him to make it plain. This is our faith and patience. These all "and others" died in faith, not having received the promises, but, having seen them afar off, were persuaded of them and embraced them (verses 30, 39). I believe that the believing ones before the deluge saw more of resurrection and glory in the cherubim within the garden of Eden than many believers now see. (Write L. and K., box 216 Harrisburg, Pa., for booklet on the cherubim.) That they without us should not be made perfect seems to me to indicate that they, with us, are waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God in our resurrection bodies (verse 40; Rom. viii, 19-21).

In the opening verses of chapter xii we are told that even our blessed Lord Himself was sustained in His sufferings by the joy set before Him. He ever lived in the love of His Father and in the glory of the kingdom of which He was always speaking and for which He is still waiting, so Paul prays in II Thess. iii, 5, that our hearts may be directed into the love of God and the patience of Christ (margin). As we consider Him at the right hand of the throne of God and remember His promise that when He comes to His own throne the overcomers shall be with Him there (Rev. iii, 21) such love and such glory should constrain us to lay aside all weights and besetting sins and live no longer unto ourselves, but unto Him alone, for "every one that hath this hope set on Him purifieth himself—even as He is pure" (I John iii, 3, R. V.). Whatever there may be to endure in the conflict, a thought of Him who endured so much for us should keep us from being weary or faint.

Mohammed's Carpet. Once a year a strange custom is observed in Cairo. A piece of carpet on which, according to tradition, Mohammed once sat and which is the most famous sacred relic of Islam is carried through the streets, and the khedive and his troops all receive it in review order and salute it as they pass. The relic is guarded most carefully at ordinary times, and the officer in charge of it each morning must salute it with his sword raised, while the bugler blows three blasts before it.

The Twelve Jurymen. A prisoner is tried by twelve of his fellow countrymen. This custom is a thousand years old, and we get it from the Vikings. The Vikings divided their country up into cantons, which were subdivided into twelve portions, each under a chieftain. When a malefactor was brought to justice it was usual for each chieftain to select a man from the district over which he ruled and compel him to try the prisoner, the verdict of these twelve men being declared by the judge to be final.

Poison in Young Rattlesnakes. Observations on live rattlesnakes show that the poison glands become functionally active as soon as the snakes begin to shift for themselves, which must be very soon after birth. Experiments on the young ones six days after birth proved the presence of venom in small quantities. Experiments made three months after birth showed that considerable venom is secreted, as a pigeon inoculated at this time died in two hours with the usual symptoms of poisoning.

May Break Great Estates.

One of the results of the war, according to reliable information, will be the adoption by the Government of a big scheme of land purchase for England such as has been so successful in Ireland.

Confronted with the twofold problem of providing employment for discharged soldiers both during and after the war and the desirability of increasing home grown food supplies, the Home Office, the Board of Trade, and the Board of Agriculture entered into consultation with the War Office and the Admiralty, and the outcome was the appointment by the Board of Agriculture of a special committee presided over by Sir Harry C. W. Verner.

The report of the committee is said to recommend extensive state acquisitions of land by compulsory purchase for the establishment on a large scale of colonies of small holders and the development of co-operative buying and marketing and of agricultural credit banks, together with a provision for a large state grant to put the proposals into operation.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

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