

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

"I did," returned Marley calmly. "I thought it might help the price of my stock. It's been going down of late."

"Who gave you the word?"

"I didn't need it," Marley reminded him. "I'm still president of the road, you know."

"I've called it off," Sledge informed him. "You got no franchise."

"I beg your pardon," Marley smilingly interrupted. "The original franchise granted a line to the end of Grace street. When it was cut through to connect with Ridgewood avenue the authorization of the cut and all the condemnation proceedings were for an extension of Grace street."

"May I tell Mr. Sledge what we intend to do out there?" Molly pleasantly inquired.

"I don't mind," granted Mr. Marley, beaming upon his child.

"We plan to carry out the original idea of building an amusement park on the Porson property and to drop the Lincoln road project if the stockholders don't object at their meeting tomorrow," she happily told him. "Mr. Glider thinks it a much better location. Shall you be at the meeting, Mr. Sledge?"

In reply he chuckled at her.

"You're a corker!" he complimented her.

"You don't own much stock any more, do you?" she went on, delighted with her catch.

"Enough to stick around," he reminded her. "Marley, are you figuring to put something over at this meeting?"

"Are you?" returned Marley blandly.

"Huh!" Sledge half laughed. "Molly, my Bob is matched against the champion forty pound bull of Chicago tomorrow night. I can arrange for you to see the scrap without these roughnecks getting a peek at you."

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm sure I can't come, however. I've never seen a real dog fight, and I don't want to see one. But I hope Bob wins."

"He'll win," declared Sledge confidently. "He's never been licked yet."

"Everybody gets it some time, don't they?" Molly dimpled up at him.

"Uh-huh!" he gruffly assented.

Full of thought, he went over to see Bozzam, who now had an office in the newest palace of commerce.

"Ready for the meeting tomorrow?" he inquired.

"Quite," replied Bozzam, who, when with Sledge, was sparing of words.

"Is the slate fixed?"

"Sure! Bozzam, I got your record."

"Yes?" returned Bozzam carelessly.

"You served two bits before you got educated, a one year and a two stretch."

"Yes," agreed Bozzam, still carelessly.

"Well, if you try to pull anything here I'll be ten."

Mr. Bozzam laid down the pencil with which he had been tapping lightly on his desk and leaned slightly forward.

"Look here, you big slob," he gently observed, "you can't bully me, and you can't bluff me. When you get the goods on me is the time for you to get

"I'm glad I didn't sell my stock day before yesterday. I almost took thirty-five for it, but the man didn't come back."

His neighbor, a wattle necked man with a crooked nose and towlike hair which swept down his forehead and curled up over his eyebrows, said through his nose, like the wheeze of a penny whistle:

"Nyah; everything's all talk."

Up rose Attorney Tucker, a sharp nosed little man with beady eyes and the crisp business air which frowns on a smile and hates a holiday.

Let his fellow stockholders beware of too much optimism. He himself had been, next to President Marley, the largest individual holder of stock in the company. He had sold all but an extremely small portion before the panic and wished that he had sold the balance, for the outlook was very gloomy. He did not wish to make his remarks in the form of a personal tirade, but he did feel it necessary to point out that the downfall and ultimate ruin of their company was due, not to mismanagement, but to political manipulation.

"Let me tell you the truth!" he shouted. "We have with us today, at this very meeting, a man of tremendous power and influence; a politician of national renown; one who is at this moment under the searching eye of the law; an omnipotent friend and a relentless foe, and this man has chosen, for reasons of his own, to wreck and devastate and turn to useless rust

"Everybody gets it some time, don't they?" Molly dimpled up at him.

Sledge regarded him fixedly for a moment.

"You're in it, all right," he decided. "Huh!" And he walked out.

the Ring City test railway company."

Every eye was turned to Sledge, but that omnipotent friend and relentless foe, without moving a corpulent, gazed straight ahead at nothing.

"He is no friend of the working man!" swore little Henry Peters.

As if infuriated by his impassiveness, Attorney Tucker, who was paid by Sledge for the purpose, figuratively ripped the big boss up the back, skinned him alive, hung up his hide to dry, and scattered his ashes to the winds, painting him as an insatiable monster, and chiefly calling attention to his habits of ruthless devastation. Wherever the present street car company had a line the new one would have one on an adjoining street, with newer and better and swifter cars, and a closer schedule, and unless something radical were done he would not give a continental cuss per bale for the stock of the now rapidly dying Ring City Street Railway company.

A long low sigh, like the midnight sighing in a churchyard, arose from that meeting, as Attorney Tucker sat down. Little Henry Peters, with a livid face, clutched the arm of his wattle necked neighbor.

"If that man had only come back I could have got thirty-five for my stock!" he wailed. "I'm ruined. I shall lose my home! Frank Marley is a rotten business man!"

"Yeh!" intoned the crooked nosed one. "They're all thieves."

Jim Delancy, who, with a clear eye and a straight countenance, could make louder speeches than any man in the Eighth ward, painted even a blacker picture than Attorney Tucker, and when he sat down he had bankrupted every stockholder within the sound of his voice. It even seemed incredible that a street car should still be whizzing outside. Little Henry Peters sat numbly, with his hair clutched in his hands. If he could have swapped his \$9,000 worth of street railway stock for a jackknife with two broken blades his conscience would have hurt him, and every stockholder was in his class. Misery sat enthroned on every countenance.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Stockholders Wield Their Mighty Ballots.

IF a slight feeling of panic threatened Sledge when he stepped into the stockholders' meeting of the reorganized street railway company nobody knew it, for he sat off to one side of the president's table, facing the gathering, as heavily indifferent as ever, his big face expressionless and his small gray eyes gazing steadily straight ahead at nothing.

Marley was far more nervous than he, waiting impatiently, gavel in hand, for Acting Secretary Hunt to finish his tedious job of clerical work. Considerable stock had been brought in to be entered on the books, and, as the certificates were displayed to him, Hunt, with a lavender silk handkerchief tucked in his cuff, looked occasionally across at Sledge, evidently worried that he could not catch the eye of the big chief.

Bert Glider was the last man in line at Hunt's desk, and as he handed over a large bundle of certificates Hunt glanced at the name on the back of the top one and coughed loudly. He scraped his chair. He dropped his corporate seal on the floor with a loud clatter, but Sledge looked straight ahead. Whatever had happened to him he would know in good time, but in the meantime he was going to rest mind and body and nerves, and, if the big boss had one faculty which more than another had helped him to success, this was it—his putty-like inertia.

Marley, waiting, gavel in hand and pulling with rapid strokes at his goatee, watched this little tableau until, with another perspiring glance at Sledge, Hunt handed back the bunch of certificates to Glider and closed his books. Then, at last, the president's gavel fell, and he announced the special stockholders' meeting of the Ring City Street Railway company open for business.

Immediately he made a neat little speech to his faithful friends, the stanch investors, who had believed in the future of their heretofore prosperous organization well enough to hold to their stock or to purchase more in the face of apparent adversity. It was true that certain purely manipulative transactions had seemed to militate against the company and had temporarily depressed the market value of its stock.

Bendix stole a sly look at Sledge. He had never batted an eyelash. However, the president went on, the intrinsic value of the stock was still there, and, with that thought constantly in mind, there was no need for a panic. The stock was worth and should command par. The improvements, for which the reorganization had been made, were to be carried out, and others vastly greater were in immediate contemplation.

It was a hopeful speech, a rousing speech, a reassuring speech, and President Marley felt when he sat down, bathed in self approbation and perspiration, that there being six reporters present by special invitation, he had raised the market value of his stock from ten to fifteen points.

So impressive was his speech that little Henry Peters, whose cheeks were shrunken and pale and whose wrinkle framed eyes were bleared from the loss of sleep, turned to his nearest neighbor and said, with a sigh of relief:

"I'm glad I didn't sell my stock day before yesterday. I almost took thirty-five for it, but the man didn't come back."

His neighbor, a wattle necked man with a crooked nose and towlike hair which swept down his forehead and curled up over his eyebrows, said through his nose, like the wheeze of a penny whistle:

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson IV.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 22, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxvi, 1, 24-32. Memory Verses, 28, 29—Golden Text, Acts xxvi, 19—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

With the king and queen and all their pompous retinue, and the chief captains and principal men of the city (xxv, 23), this was probably one of Paul's greatest opportunities to tell to earth's great ones the wondrous story of redeeming grace. Festus, having had Paul brought in before this great gathering, said to the king and all present that, although the Jews were demanding his life, he had not been able to find that he had committed anything worthy of death, but that, having appealed to Caesar, he was going to send him to Rome, though he could not signify any crime that he had been guilty of, but he hoped that after Agrippa had heard him and examined him he might have something definite to write.

The king, having given Paul permission to speak for himself, he began by saying that he was happy to be permitted to state his case before the king because he knew him to be expert in all customs and questions among the Jews. He therefore asked to be heard patiently (verses 1-3). With a word concerning his early life at Jerusalem and his being brought up a Pharisee and well known to all the Jews, he said that the accusation against him was that he had become a follower of Jesus, risen from the dead and coming again to restore the kingdom to Israel, according to all the promises made by God through the prophets to the fathers (verses 4-8).

We hope to consider or refer to some of these later in this lesson. He then confessed that, like the Jews who were now persecuting him, he had himself been also a persecutor of the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, under the authority of the chief priests and a very cruel one, even going to distant cities to arrest them (verses 9-11). Then he told of his experience on the way to Damascus and of his commission from the risen and ascended Christ and of his subsequent obedience to this commission up to that day (verses 12-23).

We may be sure that such an assembly never heard such a testimony before, and we can only hope that some of those who heard became followers of Jesus as Paul prayed that they might (verse 29). Festus certainly heard more about the "One Jesus" (xxv, 19) than he knew before, but he had no use for such talk and told Paul that he was mad and beside himself (verse 24). It was not pleasant to be told so publicly, but this also was fel-

lowship with the Lord Jesus, for they said of him, "He hath a devil and is mad; why hear ye him?" (John x, 20.) Long ago it was said of the servants of the Lord, "The prophet is a fool; the spiritual man is mad" (Hos. ix, 7), and the wisdom of this world is still of the same mind.

It is possible that some in the assembly thought Paul to be more sane than Festus, and it looks as if the king was inclined to that opinion (verse 28). The revised version reads, "With little persuasion thou wouldst fain make me a Christian," and Paul's heart went out to God in great desire, that not only Agrippa, but all who heard him speak, might become Christians, or, as he put it, "almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds" (verse 29). The king and governor and others having gone aside to consult, their decision was that Paul had done nothing worthy of death or of bonds, and that if he had not appealed unto Caesar he might have been set at liberty (verses 30-32). But with such fanatical Jews about, who were determined to kill him, liberty would probably have meant death to him, and we know from the Lord's night message that it was in the plan for him to go to Rome. Going back in our lesson to Paul's account of his commission by the Lord Jesus, at the time of his conversion, which is a little more full here than in the other two records, note the assurance of deliverance from the people and from the gentiles (verses 16, 17), and compare Jer. i, 8, 19; Isa., xlii, 2. Then in lesson verse 18, how full and clear and simple his instructions, showing that all unsaved people are in darkness and under the power of Satan, but that by the gospel they may obtain light and deliverance, the forgiveness of sins and an eternal inheritance, the only condition being that they repent and turn to God and then prove the reality of their repentance by their works (verse 20). Not that God needs any works of ours to prove to Him our sincerity, for He reads the heart, but good works prove to men the reality of our faith in Christ (Tit. iii, 8). Paul declared that by the help of God he had continued to teach the death and resurrection of Christ that He might be a light to Jews and gentiles, as Moses and the prophets had testified (verses 22, 23).

Concerning the sufferings and glory of Christ, of which all the prophets spake, according to I Pet. i, 11, see Gen. iii, 15, 21, 24; Ex. xii, Lev. xvi, Pa. xlii, Isa. liii and others concerning Christ as the hope of Israel, and the restoration and salvation of all Israel see Jer. xvii, 13; xxiii, 5-8; xxxi, 31-34; xxxii, 41; xxxiii, 14-16, 23-26; Ezek. xxxvii, 21-28; Dan. ix, 24-27; Mic. vii, 19, 20; Zeph. iii, 14-20; Zach. ii, 10-13; viii, 22, 23; xiv, 9, 16, 17; Pa. ii, xlv, lxvii, cx.

Wheel Came Off Motor Car. ELMIRA, Ont., Oct. 9.—Through a wheel coming off, a motor car driven by O. Barber of Palmerston, crashed into a telephone post on the Floradale road near Elmira, at 11.30 o'clock last Thursday evening, seriously injuring Miss Louisa Nicol of Listowel, who is lying unconscious at the Zilliox Hotel here. The driver and two other occupants of the car escaped with minor injuries. Miss Nicol is not expected to recover.

Five Years for Robbing Cars. BROCKVILLE, Oct. 9.—Benson Dickson, G. T. R. trainman, who pleaded guilty to stealing merchandise from G. T. R. and C. N. R. freight cars, was sentenced by Judge Dowley to five years in the penitentiary. A fellow-worker, Donald Beach, regarded as the tool of Dickson, was let go under suspended sentence. Previously Dickson had served a term for a similar offence.

Ontario Indians Starve? NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—An Associated Press despatch from Marshfield, Wis., says: "Indians in the northern part of Ontario are starving as a result of the action of a large trading company in abandoning a yearly credit system, according to Howard E. Pullins and Burton E. Livingston of Baltimore, Md., research professors in plant physiology at the Johns Hopkins University. The two professors arrived here the other day after spending two months in the Canadian wilds near Fort Churchill, seeking specimens of vegetable and tree life for laboratory use. Many of the Indians, they declared, were unable to obtain sufficient food from the woods and streams to carry them through the summer."

Over and Under. "Archie is fairly going crazy over his new motorcar."

"That's strange. Every time I've seen him he has been going crazy under it."

Fine. "Telephone girls are not allowed to talk back."

"What a field from which to select a wife."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

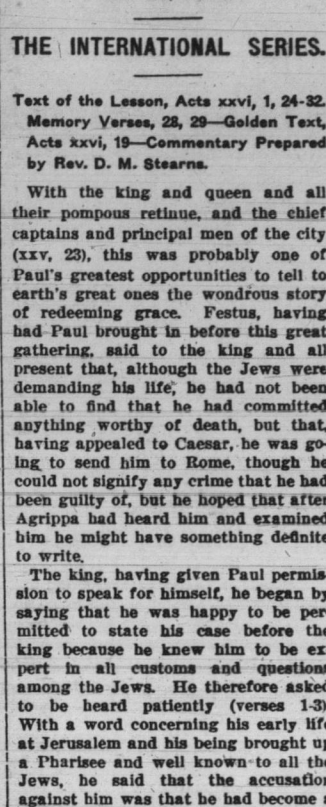
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North Crandon, Wis.—"When I was 16 years old I got married and at 18 years I gave birth to twins and I left me with very poor health. I could not walk across the floor without having to sit down to rest and it was hard for me to keep about and do my work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had a displacement and ulcers, and would have to have an operation. This frightened me so much that I did not know what to do. Having heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I thought I would give it a trial and it made me as well as ever. I cannot say enough in favor of the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. MAYME ASBACH, North Crandon, Wis.

Testimony from Oklahoma.

Lawton, Okla.—"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I seemed to be good for nothing. I tired easily and had headaches much of the time and was irregular. I took it again before my little child was born and it did me a wonderful amount of good at that time. I never fail to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women because it has done so much for me."—Mrs. A. L. McCLELAND, 509 Have St., Lawton, Okla.

From a Grateful Massachusetts Woman.

Roxbury, Mass.—"I was suffering from inflammation and was examined by a physician who found that my trouble was caused by a displacement. My symptoms were bearing down pains, backache, and sluggish liver. I tried several kinds of medicine; then I was asked to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has cured me and I am pleased to be in my usual good health by using it and highly recommend it."—Mrs. B. M. Osgood, 1 Haynes Park, Roxbury, Mass.



If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.