

SEPT 19, 1916

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

"That's what it was for," interjected Sledge, looking out of the window into the sunken garden and vainly hunting the hand hole in the gate. "It has served its purpose," granted Allerton, "but taxpayers are becoming greedy. When they see the stockholders of a public corporation making 7 per cent they want some of it and try to make the corporations pay part of their taxes. In every city of importance the voters are demanding pay for street car franchises and making the street railway companies, in addition, bear half the cost of all street improvements."

"It's a bad outlook," agreed Governor Waver. "Frankly, as soon as I receive my new issue of stock I shall have it quietly placed on sale."

Marley looked at him indignantly. "Why, the street railway company is entering on the greatest period of prosperity in its career," he asserted. "There'll be no trouble about franchises. The city is wild to have the improvements and must have them."

Allerton looked at him wonderingly. "Waver is right," he stated. "I shall sell my own stock, and I'll venture to say that Sledge has already made silent arrangements for disposing of his. Do you know that the franchises at present granted in this state are revocable and that it is not possible to secure one which is positively safe for longer than ten year periods? When you come to the renewal of your franchises, Marley, you will be met with a demand for pay and will have other restrictions imposed on you. Our present franchise law, in view of the public tendency, is a bad one for investors."



"Sure," grunted Sledge. "I'm gonna break him too."

"Let's fix it," suggested Sledge. "I'm afraid it's too late," protested Allerton.

"Not for a new gag," dissented Sledge. "A new one can be put over quick."

"I fancy that there should be protection somewhere," opined the governor. "No matter what changes in public sentiment, the investing class, upon which the public depends for prosperity, must always be protected."

"But how?" inquired the senator. "How in this particular case?"

"Head 'em off," grunted Sledge. "I'm keeping my stock."

"I'd be glad to hold mine," stated the senator. "But how is it to be made of future value?"

"That's up to you," Sledge replied, rising. "Figure it out and see me tomorrow. Marley, I want to talk to you."

Mr. Marley, today a man worth over a third of a million dollars in the street railway stock alone, arose in offended dignity. He was a trifle too important, too capable and too wealthy to be ordered about like a messenger boy by a man who might shortly be a convicted criminal. Marley had arranged an interview between her father and Bert on the previous afternoon, and Mr. Marley also now knew a thing or two.

"I would suggest tomorrow," he stated coldly. "I should much prefer to talk with you during business hours."

"This ain't business," said Sledge, leading the way into the library, where he took a seat in an alcove.

Marley followed him reluctantly. "If it is my family affairs," he began in protest.

"Sit down," directed Sledge. "Bert

Glider has been making threats against me."

"Has he?" inquired Marley noncommittally.

"Tell him to quit or make good," ordered Sledge.

"Really, Mr. Sledge, I don't see where I can interfere," reproved Mr. Marley. "The matter is entirely between you and Bert."

"He's a friend of yours," charged Sledge.

"Yes," acknowledged Marley, feeling that he could afford to acknowledge it now that the street car reorganization had gone beyond the point where Sledge could stop it.

"How about this marriage with Molly?"

"That's Molly's affair," stated Marley stiffly.

"You know he's broke, don't you?" "I heard something of the sort," admitted Marley. "He's a clever young man, however, and until he gets on his feet again I have money enough for both."

"You won't stop it, then?"

"Certainly not," declared Marley, feeling that he might just as well make capital for courage out of the fact that he could not in the slightest degree influence Molly. "I might, perhaps, prefer a more brilliant match for Molly, but I do not need to make it a matter of money, and there is no better family in America than Bert's. The Maryland Gliders are the oldest and best stock in this country. Moreover, above all things, I wish to see my daughter happy."

"So do I," asserted Sledge. "That's why she can't marry this phinhead. I want her myself."

"Molly has made her choice," declared her father firmly.

"So you lay down, eh?"

"I decline to interfere."

"Making Bert a bum cuts no ice?"

"His temporary financial condition has no bearing in the matter. I should feel humiliated to think that I had allowed that trifling consideration to be a factor."

"Huh!" grunted Sledge. "You got enough for both, eh?"

"Quite enough," and Marley reflected, with a pleasant feeling of superiority, upon the moment soon to come when this political and commercial bully would be cringing.

"Then watch out for your eye," warned Sledge and, rising, walked out into the drawing room.

He found Molly quite busy, but since she was only occupied with a state representative and a local millionaire and the mayor and the young champion of the tennis players' club, he borrowed her.

She was astounded to see how they melted before him and almost had a feeling of wildly clutching at the coat tails of the mayor, whom she heartily disliked.

"I'm sorry for you, Molly," Sledge told her as he pre-empted the piano alcove. "I got to hand you another jolt."

"You're a fast worker," she complimented him. "But you'll have to work faster. I just gave Willie Walters a hint of the splendid news we are to have for the Glider, and he is tickled to death."

"Good work!" applauded Sledge. "I want that pulled quick."

Molly smiled.

"All right. Go as far as you like," she confidently invited him. "We'll see who gets the worst of it. By the way, maybe you wouldn't mind telling me the new jolt I am to receive."

Sledge chuckled.

"Your dad says he don't care if Bert is a bum."

"He isn't!" she hotly denied.

"Your dad's a game sport. He says he has enough money for both."

"Good for daddy!" she cried, delighted.

"Sure!" grunted Sledge. "I'm gonna break him too."

CHAPTER V.

Sledge Reduces His Salary List.

SLEDGE walked back through the Occident in such a mood that the regular members of the "Good morning, Ben," brigade fell away from him like bar flies from a cake of ice. Even Doc Turner, waiting the daily advent of the boss, met with the rebuff of stony silence and sat down in his favorite newspaper corner with his crusted brown derby jammed down to his ears and his inch long stub of cigar puckered tightly in at the corner of his wrinkled lips, where it looked at a distance like a speck of black rot in a dusty potato. Doc had digested, condensed and purveyed news to the big chief so long that he felt a proprietorship in that department and was justly offended when Tom Bendix came in a few minutes later.

"What's the matter with Sledge this morning?" "ad Doc.

"How do I know?" immediately snarled Bendix. "I don't sleep with him."

"He's got a grouch on him a foot thick," complained Doc. "He gave me a cold turndown. Walked straight through me without even a grunt."

"I'll tell Sledge he'd better be careful," sarcastically commented Bendix.

"Well, Kelly, what do you want?"

Schooner Kelly, who was afflicted with pink whiskers and a perennial thirst, stopped scratching.

"Two bits," he stated, with admirable clarity. "What's the matter with Big Ben?"

"He's teething," replied Bendix, producing the desired two bits, without which Schooner Kelly would be a nuisance for hours to come.

A low browed thug, with a long and wide scar sunk in one cheek, drew Bendix mysteriously aside.

"The Dutchman down in the Eighth ward has rented his back room to the Hazelnut club," he stated.

"Well?" inquired Bendix.

"Well, the Hazelnut club has Charley Atwood for its president, and Charley is a brother-in-law of Purcell."

"I see," said Bendix. "I suppose Dutch Klein knew this?"

"The Cameron picture's down off his back bar."

"Tell him you told me," advised Bendix, weighing the matter carefully, for of such trifles was political control constructed.

"Is that the worst news I can carry?" demanded the other, disappointed.

"If there's any worse we'll send it out when the wagon backs up," responded Bendix dryly.

"All right, captain," agreed the tale bearer. "Say, can you slip me an ace?"

Bendix slipped him an ace from a fund provided for that purpose.

"Thanks," said the thug. "Say, what's the matter with Sledge?"

"None of your business," snapped Bendix, with a wondering glance at the back room, and he waded through the usual morning lineup with that wonder growing on him. The actions and bearing of Sledge varied by so thin a hair's breadth from day to day that a notable variation meant something.

He found Sledge standing up, and then he knew that there was something in the wind.

"Get Bozzam," directed Sledge, and Bendix went straight out to the telephone.

"Get Davis," directed Sledge when Bendix came back, and Bendix, vaguely pitying somebody, hurried out to the telephone again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Back Numbers.

The old wooden cuspidor filled with sand.

The old man who wore his specs on his forehead.

The girl who ran behind the door to unpin her skirt when company came in.

The dear old lady who strung apples on a string and hung 'em out to dry.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:



Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. FRANK KNOBL, 1642 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my head and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My back would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. R. Yoser, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINA DUBRING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.



All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it will be confidential.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 24, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Cor. iv, 1, to v, 4 (Quarterly Review)—Golden Text, II Cor. iv, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

LESSON I.—Paul at Thessalonica and Berea, Acts xvii, 1-15. Golden Text, Acts v, 31, "Him did God exalt with His right hand to be a prince and a Saviour." May we so see these men of God going from place to place preaching Jesus Christ crucified, risen, and coming again, that we shall decide to do likewise at all costs, knowing that everywhere some will believe, though others believe not.

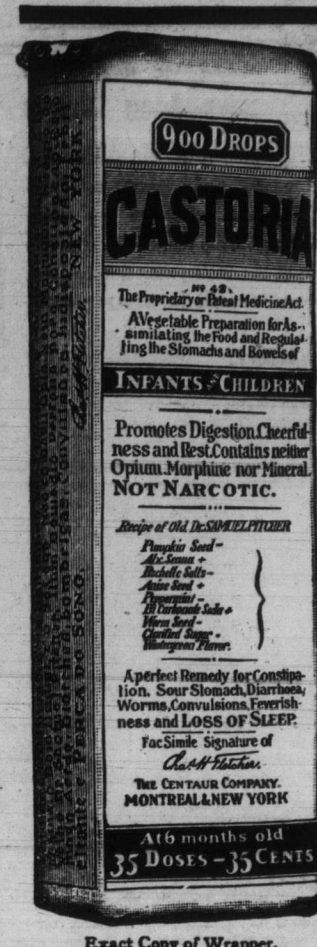
LESSON II.—The Thessalonian Christians, I Thess. i and iv, 13-18. Golden Text, I Thess. iv, 14, "Them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." It is refreshing to note how these people received the message, not as from men, but from God; how effectually it wrought in them and how they proclaimed it to others, seeking to please God and not men (I, 8; II, 4).

LESSON III.—Paul at Athens, Acts xvii, 16-34. Golden Text, Acts xvii, 28, "In Him we live and move and have our being." In this gentle city, very religious, but wholly idolatrous, Paul preached Christ as the Creator of all things and the sustainer of natural life in all His creatures, but also as crucified and risen from the dead and the appointed Judge of all mankind.

LESSON IV.—Paul at Corinth, Acts xviii, 1-22. Golden Text, Acts xviii, 9, "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace." Working at his trade of tentmaking, along with Aquila and Priscilla, he continued at Corinth a year and six months teaching the word of God among them (xviii, 11). The opposition was great, but a night visit from the Lord Himself with the gracious message of verses 9, 10, was an unusual strength and encouragement.

LESSON V.—The word of the cross, I Cor. i, 18, to ii, 2. Golden Text, Gal. vi, 14, "Far be it from me to glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Although Paul knew much of the wisdom of this world, he renounced it all for Jesus Christ, who had come to him the power of God and the wisdom of God and who was made unto him and to all believers wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption (I Cor. i, 17, 18, 21, 24, 30).

LESSON VI.—The greatest thing in the world, I Cor. xiii. Golden Text, I Cor. xiii, 13, "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is love"—greater than the gift of tongues or understanding mysteries or the power to work miracles, for God is Love, but without faith it is impossible to please God.



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LESSON VII.—The grace of giving, II Cor. ix. Golden Text, Acts xx, 35, "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus that He Himself said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Giving is easy when the love of Christ constrains us, because of His great grace and love to us, and when we remember that we have nothing that we have not received, that all things come from Him and we can only give Him His own which He has first given to us."

LESSON VIII.—The riot at Ephesus, Acts xix, 29-41. Golden Text, I Tim. vi, 10, "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil." The record of the riot is the least important part of this chapter, but teaches what may happen when business is interfered with. Carrying the word of the Lord into all Asia and bringing the special gift of the spirit to believers, this is something worth while.

LESSON IX.—Journeying to Jerusalem, Acts xx, 16-27. Golden Text, Acts xx, 32, "I command you to God and to the word of His grace." The greater part of this chapter tells of Paul's farewell to the church at Ephesus through the elders who came to Miletus to meet him, with a mention of three months in Greece and seven days at Troas, on his way thither. He reminded the Ephesians that for three years he had taught them the whole counsel of God (verses 27, 28).

LESSON X.—Paul's sorrows and comforts, II Cor. xi, 21-33. Golden Text, II Cor. xii, 9, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my power is made perfect in weakness." I think that the record of his sufferings, as in xi, 23-28, cannot be equaled in the case of any other mere man. But he must have been sustained by the glory which he saw on the way to Damascus and while he was dead after his stoning at Lystra (xii, 1-5).

LESSON XI.—The arrest of Paul, Acts xxi, 27-40. Golden Text, Acts xxi, 15, "Thou shalt be a witness for Him unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." The first half of this chapter tells of the remainder of his journey to Jerusalem and his welcome here, with some incidents by the way at Tyre and Caesarea. The last half tells of his failure to pacify law keeping Jews.

LESSON XII.—A prisoner in the castle, Acts xxii, 17-29. Golden Text, Ps. xlii, 2, "He is my refuge and my fortress, my God in whom I trust." The story of Paul's conversion is the real topic of this lesson, and to me the central saying is, "I could not see for the glory of that light." The choice by God of such a man for such a great work and the manner of his call is one of the greatest marvels of the whole Bible story concerning any mere man.

Twelve Pipes a Day.

Henri Harpignies, the famous landscape painter, died in Paris the other day at the age of 97. He prided himself on the sumptuous table he kept and on the fact that he could drink three liquors and smoke twelve pipes a day up until the last week of his life.

Henri Harpignies was born at Valenciennes on July 28, 1819. He was a pupil of Achard and did landscapes of note both in oils and water color. His water colors had the strength and breath of the English school and were widely exhibited.

Belated Wisdom.

"What I want to know, Johnny," demanded the stern parent, "is why you picked a quarrel with that bad boy next door?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the injured culprit, "but I s'pose it must have been 'cause I didn't know what a bad boy he was."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

More Human Nature.

Omar—Fifteen mothers agreed to decide by ballot which had the handsomest baby.

Helay—What was the result?

Omar—Each baby got one vote.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not Serious.

"Husband, I found a lock of hair among your old papers. I never gave it to you."

"You needn't worry. I don't remember who did."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hereditary.

"Look at the way baby's working his mouth!" exclaimed Mrs. Newman.

"Now he proposes to put his foot in it."

"H'm!" replied her husband grumpily. "Hereditary. That's what I said when I proposed."

He Went.

Visitor—Is your clock right? Third Hostess—at the end of her patience and politeness—Oh, no! That's the one we call the visitor. Visitor—What a quaint name! Why? Hostess—Because it doesn't go.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have no Appetite.

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