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Lost and Found

Story of a Bridegroom With Dramatic Tastes

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Robert Dwight married Mildred Corson every one said that they would be happy if Dwight did not go on the stage, for which he had a strong leaning. Mildred was very much in love with him, and it was feared that if he was separated from her, to be surrounded by actresses, not only would she be jealous, but he might be tempted to leave her in the lurch.

They were married early in February, intending to go south to meet the summer coming north. A large number of friends saw them joined, pelted them with rice and old shoes, and they were driven to the dock from which they were to sail. On boarding the ship they found their stateroom a mass of flowers sent to them by their friends. In two or three days they found themselves in Jacksonville, Fla.

To Mildred Dwight, who had been a lonely little stenographer when Robert fell in love with and married her, this leisurely life of the well to do was a delightful experience.

Robert Dwight was far from poor, his business was a prosperous one, and there was no economizing during this wedding trip. And, best of all, there was waiting for them in New York a luxuriously furnished apartment which was to be home.

No wonder the Dightws were blissfully happy, and it is not surprising that on this winter morning Mildred looked from her hotel window into a summer land of tropical flowers and singing birds and decided that this was heaven indeed.

Robert had gone out to buy some cigars at a queer little tobacco shop at the end of a crooked street, and when he returned they were going for a long drive under the palms.

Mildred glanced at the clock. Robert had been gone over an hour, and the motorcar was waiting below.

Another hour ticked away and thirty minutes more.

After the manner of brides, Mildred became alarmed over the long absence of her loved one, and, twisting a white chiffon veil over her little hat, she went out to look for him. She knew the way to the tobacco shop, and she soon reached the crooked street.

Her heart sank when she saw that down its length were an unusual number of people.

Had anything happened to Robert? She moved through the crowd, not daring to ask for fear of the answer she might receive, and she had nearly reached the end of the street and the shop when something happened—something that shattered her beautiful bubble of happiness and ended that most blissful of honeymoon.

Mildred saw Robert coming out of the tobacco shop. He paused in the doorway to light a cigarette. How handsome he looked in his white flitting white flannels, with a white hat set back on his dark hair! He tossed the match away and glanced up the street.

His face brightened into radiance; his eyes glowed with excitement and lover's ardor.

Mildred thought he saw her, but he was looking at another woman, a woman who was running down the opposite pavement. Nay, she was only a slight young girl, exquisitely lovely and evidently in deep distress.

As she ran toward Robert he advanced to meet her with outstretched hands. The cigarette he had tossed aside performed a blazing parabola and fell at Mildred's feet. But she did not see it.

Her anguished eyes saw nothing save the glad look in Robert's face and the joy of the girl as she flew into his waiting arms.

"You!" cried Robert.

Mildred saw no more. She fled back along the crooked street with a wildly beating heart and an insane desire to laugh loud.

Did any woman ever have such an odd ending to a honeymoon?

An hour later she left the hotel with her trunk and handbag, and what excuse she made to the clerk I do not know, but there was no message for Robert Dwight when he came home at last to find her gone.

Six months later it was summer time in New England. Mildred Dwight had resumed her maiden name of Mildred Corson and had obtained a responsible position in one of the large manufacturing of a Connecticut city.

As Miss Corson she acceptably filled her position and won her way into the hearts of her fellow clerks. Not one of them knew of the tragedy which had blighted her honeymoon, nor did one of them guess that Mildred had ever been a bride.

She found a pleasant boarding place and congenial friends. In the city were several good theaters and an occasional concert.

Still Mildred was very unhappy. She loved her husband, and, although the newspapers had told her that Robert was making a worldwide search for his vanished bride, she maintained silence toward those who had known her in the past.

There came a Saturday in August with its customary half holiday from work. Mildred had spent a quiet afternoon in her own room, and after the

evening meal one of her new acquaintances, Corn Fields, came with an invitation to attend one of the open air moving picture theaters.

Mildred rather liked the silent drama, so, clad in dainty white gowns, the two girls entered the inclosure and found seats near the front.

Overhead the stars were shining, and outside the inclosure was the hum of city street traffic. The orchestra was unusually good, and Mildred found herself strangely stirred when the violins drifted into McDowell's beautiful "To a Wild Rose."

The orchestra had played the melody during their first meal in that Florida hotel, and it brought back painful memories of her brief spell of happiness.

Then the title of the play was flashed on the screen.

"Lost and Found."

With the first picture came a realizing sense of looking upon familiar scenes. Surely, surely this was the sunny south and the quaint streets those of Jacksonville.

And the girl!

Mildred almost arose from her seat and cried out with surprise as she recognized the lovely face of the heroine as that of the woman who had flown to Robert's arms. So Robert's sweetheart was an actress!

One scene after another flashed before her vision, melting into a whole, which brought her, trembling and incredulous, to the moment when she found herself gazing down the crooked little street of the tobacco shop.

Then she saw her own slender figure and white veiled face looking toward the shop from which her husband, Robert, was emerging, lighting a cigarette. The entire scene was repeated, incident for incident. He tossed away the match, glanced up the street, became eager, alert, tenderly smiling, flung away his cigarette and advanced with outstretched arms to meet the heroine's graceful flying form.

Robert in the moving picture! Why, how had it happened?

All the way home she was asking herself the question, and through the darkness of her perplexity and doubt came one ray of light. During his college days Robert had been one of the college players and was considered a talented amateur actor.

"I am glad he married the girl," sighed Cora as they reached Mildred's door.

"Yes," said Mildred absently, "but he was married before that."

"Who was married before?" asked Cora, puzzled.

"Why, Robert, of course."

"But there was no Robert. His name was Arthur."

"I am stupid tonight," was Mildred's only explanation as she parted from her friend.

The next day Mildred obtained leave of absence and in her straightforward way went directly to New York and called at her husband's office.

She was trembling like a leaf when she was shown into Robert's private office.

He stared at her as one looks at the newly risen dead. His face was thin and worn and his brown hair sprinkled with gray.

"Robert!" she said meekly and then promptly fainted away. When she opened her eyes she was lying on the leather couch, and Robert was on his knees bending over her. His eyes were tender and anxious.

"Can you ever forgive me?" was her first cry.

"Yes, dearest," he said generously. "But tell me what happened to send you away from me that day? I have searched land and sea for you, and I had given you up for dead when you appeared before me."

In a few broken sentences Mildred told her husband of her surprise and jealousy that day in Jacksonville and how when she was assured of his fidelity she had taken a train for the north and disappeared. Then the motion picture play on the screen had thrown a ray of light on the matter.

Robert's explanation made that ray a brilliant light of understanding which cleared up the mystery which had parted bride and groom for almost a year.

"You remember I told you I always acted in our college theatricals," he reminded her, "and many of my friends had urged me to enter the profession. But I did not seriously consider it and only now and then hankered to tread the stage."

"But that morning in Jacksonville I started down to the tobacco shop with only one thought in my mind—to get back to you. As I turned into the street I met my old friend of college days, Jack Budlong, president of our Players' club. He was glad to see me and tearing his hair insanely over the fact that his star performer had come down with the measles that very morning."

"Budlong fell upon me like a long lost brother and pleaded with me to take the part of the measles one. So I did, and when I reached the hotel, full of my experiences and with Miss Gray and Budlong accompanying me to meet the only woman in the world, why, my wife had vanished without a word. So you believed that I was false to you?"

Mildred's punishment had been great, indeed, and she humbly acknowledged her lack of faith. "But how was I to know?" she asked pitifully.

Robert smiled wisely.

"In great love there is no faltering of faith," he gently reminded her as he drew her face to his shoulder. "As the man in the play lost and found his sweetheart, so I lost my wife and have found her."

"With a greater love for you and unwavering faith," finished Mildred.

A FURRED TONGUE.

It May Mean Wrecked Nerves and Not a Disordered Stomach.

"I suppose that there is no more inradicable idea in the mind of the doctor than that the furred tongue is essentially an indication of a deranged stomach," writes Sir James Goodhart, consulting physician to Guy's hospital, London, in the London Lancet. Yet, according to Sir James, it is by no means always so. And he goes on to prove it by cases in his own extensive practice.

One of these was of a man in a very responsible position, a leader of men, to whom he had to give orders that had to be obeyed and from whom he had to hear much grumbling; a very hard worker and "the fastest talker I have ever struck," full of energy and playing every ounce of it. He was in splendid health, but suffered from a furred tongue and a bad taste in the mouth. In his case these were not due to the stomach at all, but to a disordered state of nerve control.

"Nervous fears and nervous tastes are common enough, and they deserve a special thought," says Sir James. He believes that man is kept sweet and wholesome largely by nervous control, and when he loses this control "the parts become fevered, the mucous membrane dry, the nerves irritated, and taste is perverted." The men so affected are those who are nervous, anxious, hard workers, taking their work home with them to think about and dream about in bed.

Who Got the Baby?

Once upon a time a crocodile stole a baby and was about to make a dinner of it. The frantic mother begged so piteously for the child that the crocodile said:

"Tell me one truth and you shall have your baby again."

The mother replied, "You will not give him back to me."

"Then," said the crocodile, "by our agreement I shall keep him, for if you have told the truth I am not going to give him back, and if it is a lie I have also won."

But the mother said, "If I told you the truth you are bound by your promise, and if it is not the truth it will not be a lie until you have given me my child."

Who got the baby?

London's Windmill.

New Zealand, we are informed, now boasts only a single windmill. In this respect London is equal with the Antipodes. On Brixton hill, just by the waterworks and only a few yards from the main road, stands an old mill intact with the exception of the sails, and still in use, though now electricity takes the place of wind as motive power. The mill was erected by a Quaker about a century ago, and has remained in the family ever since.—London Chronicle.

Rubber Trees.

Rubber trees planted in Ceylon have attained a height of fifty feet and a girth of two feet from the surface of the ground in six years. At the end of that time the trees are ready for tapping in order to extract the latex, or sap, which is transformed into rubber.

Evading the Issue.

"Has that borrowing friend of yours dropped out of sight?"

"Oh, no; he manages to keep in touch with me."

His Wish.

Tom—I wish this ten dollar bill was a ten dollar debt. Dick—Heavens! Why? Tom—I'd never get rid of it.

He chooses best who chooseth labor instead of rest.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."

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If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Second Quarter, For April 2, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts ix, 1st, 17-19. Memory Verses, 17, 18—Golden Text, 1 Tim. i, 15—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The first two verses of our lesson chapter describe Saul going on in the same spirit as when he consented to the murder of Stephen and kept the raiment of those who stoned him. He is still breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord (what a horribly bad breath from the pit), and he is indorsed by Israel's high priest, who was professedly God's high priest. The account of his zeal for the devil is written in five different places—in our lesson chapter and in Acts xxii, xxvi; Gal. i and 1 Tim. i. He confessed that he was a blasphemer and a persecutor; that he was exceedingly mad against the saints, beyond measure persecuting the church of God, shutting up men and women in prison and giving his voice against them when they were put to death and all the time thought that he was right in thus opposing the teaching and the followers of Jesus of Nazareth. He was, as he afterward said, blinded by his devices, and it was an exceeding abundant grace that had mercy on him and saved him (II Cor. ii, 11; iv, 4; 1 Tim. i, 14).

The day came when he reached the limit, and God's clock struck its "no further" (Job xxxviii, 11). He was not at a preaching service nor under any so called means of grace, but on his way to imprison and kill more saints and nearing his destination, many in Damascus trembling if they knew of his coming, when suddenly, about noon, he fell to the earth because of a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun which shone upon him, and he heard a voice saying to him in the Hebrew language, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The people who were with him saw the light, but did not hear the words. He not only saw and felt the light and heard the words, but he saw the Lord Jesus (verse 17), who thus condescended to appear to him personally, as He will to the nation at His coming in glory, for it is written, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced," and they shall say, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us" (Zech. xii, 10; Rev. i, 7; Isa. xlv, 9).

To Saul's question, "Who art Thou, Lord?" the answer came, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." What an illustration of the assurance that believers are members of His body and that to touch one of His is as touching the apple of His eye! (Eph. v, 30; Zech. ii, 8). Although Saul's natural eyes were blinded by this great light and he remained three days without sight, he received sight such as he never had before, the eyes of his understanding being enlightened, for the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ had shone in (Eph. i, 18; II Cor. iv, 6). From that hour he was born from above, a child of God, a sinner saved, a rebel surrendered, wholly submitted to Jesus Christ risen from the dead and ascended to heaven. The glory of that light from heaven made him forever blind to all human greatness or righteousness, and now to him to live was Christ (Acts xxii, 11; Phil. i, 21).

With trembling and astonishment he submitted said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And thenceforth he was the bondservant of the Lord Jesus Christ. What his communications were those three days without sight or food or drink, and where he went to in Arabia, and his experiences there for three years (Acts ix, 8; Gal. i, 15-19) we may perhaps learn from his own lips some day, but this we may be sure of—there was no one worth while to him but Jesus Christ. How wonderful are the words of the Lord to Ananias concerning him, "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name, . . . for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake" (verses 15, 16). Compare chapter xxii, 14-16; xxvi, 16-18, and get a better grasp of his full commission.

Take to your own hearts, O fellow believer, that these things were written for us and that we, too, may be vessels unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work (II Tim. ii, 21). The Lord had shown Saul, in a vision, during his blindness, a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him that he might receive his sight (verse 12), and Ananias in person literally fulfilled it, putting his hands on him and saying, "Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost." At once he received sight, something like scales falling from his eyes. He arose and was strengthened, and preached Christ in the synagogues that He is the Son of God (verses 17-20). He soon began to realize something of the persecution he had made others feel. But perhaps one of the sorest trials was when the disciples at Jerusalem refused to believe that he was a disciple until Barnabas, true son of consolation, persuaded them that he was truly a disciple and had been preaching boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus.

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Under the most favorable atmospheric conditions deer can scent a man at the distance of a mile and a half. If he is smoking the range may be increased to two miles. They have been known to refuse to cross a man's track more than four hours after he had passed, but rain may destroy the scent in ten minutes.—St. James' Gazette.

Books as Carriers of Disease.

The report of the commissioner of education undertakes to reassure persons who are fearful of the spread of disease through books by recording the results of recent investigation at Yale university. During the cleaning of the library a chemical analysis of the dust was made. About half of this was found to be mineral matter, while the other half was organic, including paper fiber, wood fiber and molds. No mouth bacteria were found, and in general the analysis showed the harmlessness of the dust.

General Disatisfaction.

Tiny Elisabeth was taken by mother to an afternoon tea, fashionable, but where the various ladies present were well acquainted and indulged too freely in gossip. The little girl sat very straight and still, listening to all that was said. Critical remarks were made about absent friends, and even guests who took their departure were discussed with some freedom.

Elisabeth edged closer to her mother and remarked in a solemn whisper: "Nobody seems jes' exactly satisfied with anybody, does they, mamma?"

Jolt For the Hostess.

"So glad to have you here," murmured the hostess, who hadn't noticed him before. "You have certainly been the life of the party all the evening." "I can hardly believe that." "That is due to your modesty." "No; it is due to the fact that I have but this minute arrived."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quick and Accurate.

"How about your new stenographer? Is she quick and accurate?" "Yes, sir; she can powder her face, arrange her bracelets and fix her hair quicker than any stenographer I ever had. And do it accurately too."—Pittsburgh Post.

Very Different.

Brown—Did your wife cross question you when you got home last night? Jones—My cross wife questioned me.—Stray Stories.

The lives of many are ruined by the fatal error that the more one possesses the more one enjoys.

Carpet Facts.

May—Carpets are curious things, mamma. Mamma—Why so? May—Although they are bought by the yard, they are worn out by the feet.

Talking Big.

"Marriage, sir, is a failure." "Are you in a position to know, sir?" "I am, sir, and in a position to say so—I've just been divorced."

A straight line is shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

Usually a Liberal One.

"Pa, what is graft?" "Graft, my son, is a sort of tip pocketed by the servants of the people."

One word, one look, can efface years of affection.—Balsae.

Appropriate. Little Johnny—Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call Postscript. Dad—Postscript? What do you call her Postscript for? Little Johnny—Cos her name is Adeline Moore.—Exchange.

Indoor Occupation. "You must take an interest in outdoor sports," said the physician. "I do," replied the indolent citizen. "They provide my main reading every day."—Washington Star.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.—Macaulay.

First Woman Legend. Heather nations have different legends as to the origin of woman. The Japanese believe that she grew on a tree, the Laplanders that she was once a rabbit, the Persians that she fell from the heavens and the Australian natives that she was once a toad.

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