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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

A TALE of RED ROSES

By
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

The eminent sociologist, who under that title had sounded so forbidding, proved to be a young looking man with a dancing eye, who hailed her with joy and unspokenly claimed attention solely on his merits as a "live member."

She found it difficult as he smiled so frankly and boyishly at her to remember that this was a man whose name was known throughout the civilized world for his keen thought upon political economy in its broadest sense, and the astounding part of it was that he was so good looking, graceful and self possessed and, most astounding of all, that he immediately began to talk to her about baseball.

The equally eminent musician, just behind him, claimed Professor Watt's attention for a moment, and Molly glanced complacently back along the line. Mrs. Allerton, the wife of the senator, was just behind her, looking hot daggers into her shoulder blades and Molly, suppressing a giggle as she noted the purple condolence rumpoos nailed on with furniture tacks, gazed calmly through her at the other social Lucrezia Borgias, whom she had passed at one ruthless bound.

Also she cast her eyes downward with much satisfaction, at her own extravagantly simple frock of pearl woven white chiffon. Only youth and a good figure could dare a frock like that, and, happy in her new enemies Molly glanced at the dance program which had been made out for her.

She caught her breath with incredulous joy as she saw her allotment. Every notable in the gathering was on her card, beginning with the governor. No. 9 was Sledge, and she wondered with dawning horror, what sort of figure he would be in the dance.

CHAPTER IV.

Molly's Dizzy Popularity.

THUS sped the evening, with Molly climbing the dizzy heights of popularity in hourly increasing excitement. She not only had a notable partner for every dance but a brilliant partner for every tete-a-tete between numbers, and the all most equally happy, though not as highly favored, Fern warned her, in a giggling, whispered moment, to keep her back to the wall lest she be stabbed. Her cup of happiness was full when the famous musician, a near sighted man who wore his hair short and inspected her rapturously through half inch thick glasses, composed a sparkling little rondo for her at a piano.



Inspected Her Rapturously Through Half Inch Thick Glasses.

In a quiet little alcove and named it "Molly" and wrote it on her dance card all in the space of seven minutes. True, he had danced with her two numbers before and had had time to think of her—possibly to think of her in rondo terms.

Occasionally she caught sight of Sledge in the throng, although she had not seen him on the floor, and she realized that her number with him would be a "sit out." Perhaps that was why it had been put down so far in the program, when she would welcome rest. It was like his doing, for she had to acknowledge that he was a least farsighted.

One thing perplexed her. He was much less awkward and much more at ease here than he had been at the party. Whenever she saw him he was

talking gravely with men of large affairs, and, to her surprise, she observed that, in every case, he was accorded notable respect. Even the musician seemed absorbedly interested in him and her leading millionaire came back to him again and again. She wondered why men sought him, and she was still wondering when the eminent sociologist fairly snatched her out of the arms of the mayor after the eighth dance.

"Come and watch me smoke a cigarette," he begged her. "I've been trying to get a chance to talk with you again the entire evening, but there's always such an increasingly mad scramble around you that the attempts made me feel undignified."

"You'd worry a lot about that," she guessed.

"Wouldn't I?" he laughed. "Will you chill if we step out on the terrace?"

"I don't know how," she happily told him, and they hurried outside, where he led her to a seat in the moonlight and deftly made her comfortable with three cushions from as many chairs.

Sledge and Senator Allerton passed them as he lighted his cigarette, and he looked after Sledge until the match burned his fingers.

"There is the biggest man I have seen in a long while," he remarked as he sat beside her on the settee.

"They say he is not only the boss of the city, but of the state," replied Molly, very much interested. "You knew that, didn't you?"

"Of course," he acknowledged, "but I scarcely think that would influence my judgment. I have studied a great many men of more power and influence than he has at present, but none of them, so far as I can discern, seemed to have his elemental force. Wherever he was born, he would have been a leader. He is a wonderful man. Throw him in a savage country and he would be king."

A huge figure approached them.

"Hello, Watt," rumbled the deep voice of Sledge. "My dance, Molly."

"Well, you having a good time?" asked Sledge, sitting comfortably in the seat Mr. Watt had just vacated.

"The time of my life," she assured him, with happy animation.

"That's the word," he heartily approved. "If there's anybody here you want just tell Cameron. If he don't trot 'em right over tell me."

"The mayor has been very kind," acknowledged Molly, beginning to wonder.

"He's got his orders," returned Sledge complacently. "Let me see your dance program," and he took it from her lap. "I thought so," he commented. "There's a dark horse turned up, and you didn't get him."

"A dark horse?" she faltered.

"A ringer," he explained. "Lord Bunchcase. Andrew Lepton, the big coffee monopolist, sneaked him in here under an alias, and nobody's on." He puzzled over the card a moment. "Excuse me till I fix it" and he stalked away.

Molly sat silently, allowing a cold wave of humiliation slowly to chill her soul. Why, Sledge had carefully pre-arranged her triumph of the evening. He had assumed control of her dance card and of her succession of delightful tete-a-tetes. He had driven the star performers into her net as if they had been droves of sheep. True, men had sought her a second time of their own accord because of that charm which she knew she possessed—a vaguely understood attractiveness, which was more than beauty, more than cleverness, more than mere sex receptiveness. She had won by her own power, but Sledge had given her the glorious opportunities. His omnipotence began to annoy her and his ruthlessness to inflame her already inflamed resentment.

She knew precisely what was happening at this moment. He was creating havoc in not less than half a dozen dance cards, with no compunction about having discommoded or distressed any one. Then there was Bert downtown battling with a disaster which had thrown him completely from his feet. Poor Bert! She had by no means forgotten him, even amid the height of her excitement. She should have been there to comfort him, and yet—well, he had not seen fit to come to her for comfort. Men were queer creatures. A woman when disaster overtook her did not need to deaden her intelligence. She needed it then more than ever.

After all, though, Bert was a man, and that was the way of men, and there was no use to dream of overturning the entire accepted order of creation. She was certain, however, that she could be of more help to Bert after they were married. He was weaker than she had thought.

Very well; Sledge had thrown down the gauge of battle. He had laughed when he was threatened and had ruined Bert in challenging defiance. Let him now take the consequences. If he

went to the penitentiary, well and good. He had probably sent other people there, with no more qualms of mercy than she would now show to him. She could be as ruthless as he. What was it Professor Watt had called the quality? Elemental force—that was it. Well, she possessed it too. She felt it within her, stirring with the same physical nascency as the virility of parenthood, to which it was so closely allied.

Just off the governor's stuffed leather library was a small room, with a hard desk and six hard chairs, and a hard looking letter file, and a hard, fire-proof safe let into the wall, and here, while Lord Bunchcase led Molly Marley through the paces of a hard two-step, Governor Waver and Senator Allerton and Sledge and Frank Marley gathered for a few moments of comfortable chat such as elderly gentlemen love to indulge in while frivolous younger people dance the flying hours away. All four being gentlemen who, by the consent of the public, bore the grave responsibility of the public welfare on their shoulders. It was not strange that their chat should turn to public affairs.

"I am glad to be identified with the enterprise," avowed State Senator Allerton, who was a naive, clean faced gentleman, with a good forehead and a quite negligible tongue. "At the same time, as far as I am privately concerned, I can only regard it as a temporary investment."

"Why temporary?" demanded Frank Marley, who was feeling particularly capable this evening. His \$175,000 worth of street railway stock had been increased to \$262,500. He was to have \$87,500 cash out of the undivided surplus of the old company, and his daughter, Molly, was the most popular girl at the governor's ball. "The street railway company has always made money, and the city needs additional transportation facilities. We have reached the normal period of extension, and I do not see what is to prevent us from limitless prosperity."

"The franchises," Senator Allerton reminded him. "Your present permits have less than five years to run."

"I have never had any trouble in having them renewed," objected Marley, priding himself on his management.

"Times are changing," sighed Allerton. "There is a growing disposition on the part of the public to charge public service corporations for the use of public property."

"The people are ungrateful," mourned Governor Waver, who had enriched himself through furnishing electric light at his own price to a public which had known nothing better than gas. "The moment they see a profit on their luxuries they want part of it. An undivided surplus such as the street car company has had is a constant menace."

"That was a sinking fund for extensions and improvements," Marley reminded him. "The stockholders had no right to ask for a division of it." "They would if we had not put it out of harm's road," insisted the governor. "That much has been saved to the men who really earned it, but I should not like to see a similar profit exposed. To my mind, a 7 per cent dividend is an even worse folly."

"It gives confidence in the stock," argued Marley. "The public would never be so eager to take up this new issue if it had not been for that 7 per cent dividend."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Mend a Tablecloth.

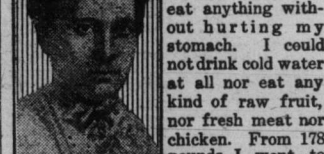
When a tablecloth begins to break or a small hole appears, cut a piece of white paper some larger than the place to be mended, baste securely over the hole and stitch on sewing machine, lengthwise and crosswise, very closely and evenly. It will look much neater and is easier than darning or patching by hand. I also mend sheets and bedspreads the same way. The paper will disappear when washed.—Farm and Fireside.

AFTER SIX YEARS OF SUFFERING

Woman Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Columbus, Ohio.—"I had almost given up. I had been sick for six years with female troubles and nervousness. I had a pain in my right side and could not eat anything without hurting my stomach. I could not drink cold water at all nor eat any kind of raw fruit, nor fresh meat nor chicken. From 178 pounds I went to 118 and would get so weak at times that I fell over. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and ten days later I could eat and it did not hurt my stomach. I have taken the medicine ever since and I feel like a new woman. I now weigh 127 pounds so you can see what it has done for me already. My husband says he knows your medicine has saved my life."

Mrs. J. S. BARLOW, 1624 South 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound contains just the virtues of roots and herbs needed to restore health and strength to the weakened organs of the body. That is why Mrs. Barlow, a chronic invalid, recovered so completely. It pays for women suffering from any female ailments to insist upon having Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson XII.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 17, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxii, 17-29. Memory Verses, 27-29—Golden Text, Ps. xci, 2—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This chapter is the record of Paul's account of himself and his conversion given to the people from the castle stairs. The chief captain having given him permission to speak after he found out that he was not the leader of a band of murderers, he stood on the stairs, and, beckoning with his hand till there was a great silence, he spoke unto the people in the Hebrew language, and, hearing him speak in their own language, they kept the more silence (xxi, 40; xxii, 1, 2). It was the Jews from Asia who started this riot, and the fact that the Lord had spoken to him from heaven at the time of his conversion in the Hebrew language may have led him thus to decide at this time (xxi, 27; xxv, 14).

When the Spirit records an event or a bit of history several times He must have some special reason for so doing and desire that we give special attention to it. Note the threefold repetition of Paul's story in chapters ix, xxii and xxv and partially in Phil. iii and I Tim. i and compare the three times repeated record of Hezekiah and Sennacherib in Kings, Chronicles and Isaiah and other repeated records. I have no doubt that the conversion of Saul was typical of the conversion of all Israel, when our Lord shall appear to them in His glory, and on that event hangs the conversion of all nations through Israel. The miraculous deliverance of Hezekiah and his people from the army of the Assyrians by an angel from heaven is suggestive of the future deliverance of Israel from all nations at the second coming of Christ.

Paul acknowledged that he had been a great persecutor of the followers of Jesus Christ, with the consent and indorsement of the high priest and the elders, and that with letters from them he was on his way to Damascus to bring those of that way bound to Jerusalem to be punished when this great event happened to him, and his whole life was changed (verses 3-5). He was full of the spirit of persecution until he had nearly reached Damascus, when suddenly a great light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun at noonday (for it was about noon), shone upon him and caused him to fall to the ground, and he heard a voice saying to him in Hebrew, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The repetition of the name was unusual, being used in the Old Testament only of Abraham, Jacob, Moses and Samuel (Gen. xxii, 11; xlv, 2; Ex. iii, 4; I Sam. iii, 10), and I have wondered if it caused Saul to think of the God of Israel as revealed to these men.

To Saul's question, "Who art thou, Lord?" the reply came promptly, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest" (verses 6-8). What a thrilling reply, what an eye opener, Jesus Christ really alive from the dead, and all that He said He was, and His followers believed Him to be! Then the persecuted ones were right, and Saul was all wrong. Quickly came the heart cry, "What shall I do, Lord?" And being told to go into Damascus and there he would be further instructed, he, having become blind by the great light, was led by the hand of them that were with him into Damascus (verses 9-11). Many in the city were fearing the arrival of this persecutor and no doubt praying to be delivered from his cruel hands. Perhaps some prayed for his conversion, even though he seemed such a hopeless one to pray for. Now, see what God had wrought, and let all who are praying for the salvation of others who are laid on their hearts be of good courage, for when God's clock strikes the hour the thing shall be done—not in your way perhaps, but in His own time and way.

He will see to it (Ps. cxlv, 19). Ever since I wrote on this lesson last, some six or seven years ago, the words of verse 11 have been much with me, "I could not see for the glory of that light." Paul was three days without sight and did neither eat nor drink (chapter ix, 9), but for all the rest of his life he was blind to all but the face of Jesus and deaf to every voice but His, just as Jesus Himself was blind and deaf to all but His Father's face and voice (Isa. xlii, 19). Did you ever pray to be thus blind and deaf? At the hands of Ananias, one of the devout brethren at Damascus, Saul received sight, was baptized and heard his commission, as a chosen vessel of God, to see Jesus, know His will, hear His voice and be His witness to all men of what he had seen and heard (verses 12-16). Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God (chapter ix, 20). The incident of verses 17-21 concerning the trance and vision at Jerusalem in the temple tells us that Saul never forgot the day when he kept the raiment of them that stoned Stephen.

Who can tell how many incidents lead up to and have part in the conversion of a soul? The multitude listened until Paul spoke of being sent unto the gentiles, and then the uproar became so great that the captain had him brought into the castle and would have scourged him to find out what it was all about, but Paul was saved from this as a Roman citizen.

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SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

The Palace in Ceylon in Which This Relic is Preserved.

At all times of the year in Kandy, Ceylon, may be seen followers of Buddha making their way to the great Mahigawa temple, the "Palace of the Sacred Tooth," in order to lay offerings and flowers at the shrine of the founder of their religion.

Entering the temple, they pass into a small room, some twelve feet square, in which is kept the famous tooth of Buddha. The chamber is lighted by two lamps which have not been allowed to go out for years. The walls are splendidly decorated, and the vessel—called the Karundua—containing the tooth stands on a massive silver table amidst a gorgeous array of jewels and other valuable gifts.

The Karundua is draped with muslin, beneath which is a silver dome studded with gems, and under this is a dome of gold, beautifully carved and literally incrustated with precious stones. Two similar coverings lie below them, and beneath these is a small case of gold, in which on leaves of a gold lotus reposes the tooth itself. This relic, carefully guarded, is seldom seen by others than priests.

So much in reverence is the tooth held that to lay an offering to Buddha on the table bearing it is an ambition which every Buddhist would not fail to gratify if circumstances permitted.—Pearson's Weekly.

Interpreting a Problem.

Appropos of the problem of the greatest number that can be expressed by three figures, L. Capitaine writes that the figures 999 may be interpreted in two different ways. They may mean the ninth power of the ninth power of 9, or they may mean 9 raised to the ninth power of 9.

The ninth power of 9 is 387,420,489. This number raised to the ninth power is nothing so tremendous; any one could do the necessary calculation with a little time, as the result has only about seventy-five figures. But if we accept the second interpretation—9 raised to the ninth power of 9—it means that we shall have to multiply 9 by itself 387,420,489 times, which is a very different thing.

If All the World Were Perfect.

If all the world were perfect an intolerable sameness would be stamped upon humanity from one end of the earth to the other. "For the love of heaven," some one has exclaimed, "let me retain my defects. That is the only thing I really have." Moreover, there are some really quite captivating human defects. But it is important to control them so that they may never become obnoxious.—Anatole Le Braz in Outlook.

Agreed.

He kissed her suddenly. "Well, I like that!" she cried. "So do I," he answered, and she let it go at that.

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'REWARD.'

For information that will lead to the discovery of whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Blood Poison, Skin Diseases, Bladder Troubles, Special Ailments, and Chronic or Complicated Complaints who cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265, Yonge St., Toronto. Correspondence invited.

Took It as a Joke.

There is a story of Mr. Disraeli at the time of his extremely bumptious youth when he had just returned from his travels in the east. As a young man, much under thirty, he met Lord Melbourne, who was then prime minister, at dinner. Lord Melbourne proceeded to discourse on the eastern question, but instead of listening to the prime minister with the respect which he ought young Disraeli said, "It seems to me that your lordship has taken your knowledge of the east from 'The Arabian Nights'."

Some prime ministers would have snubbed the young man severely. Lord Melbourne was not of that kind. He rubbed his hands with great cheerfulness and said to the young man, "And a devilish good place to take it from!"

Perverted Proverbs.

Strike while the iron is hot. The more wait the less speed. A thrown kiss spreads no germs. One swallow doesn't make a summer. It's a long loan that has no return tag.

It is more blessed to give than to be given away.

A little change in the pocket is worth two changes in the weather.—Boston Transcript.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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