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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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# Gordon Craig

Soldier of Fortune — by Randall Parrish



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"Easily," Vail assured. "Young Henley has been away five years; even before that he was absent at school so much as to be practically unknown except to the older servants. These have all been discharged and scattered. The wife is entirely unknown there. Any one, bearing ever so slight a resemblance, would pass muster. All you



I Took These and Read Them Over Carefully.

need do is read the father's letters over, post yourself on a few details and take possession. We will attend to all legal matters."

"Then you consider that I resemble Henley?"

"No," coolly, "not in any remarkable manner, but sufficient for our purpose—age, size, general appearance answer very well; nose, eyes and hair are alike and general contour of the face is similar. There is not likely to be any close scrutiny. Here is young Henley's photograph."

He picked it up from among the papers and handed it over to me. There was a resemblance, recognizable now that my attention had been called to it, certain features being remarkably similar.

I do not know how others might have looked upon such a proposition as this, but it never occurred to me at the time to doubt the honesty of Vail's statement, nor could I perceive any great wrong in the action so calmly proposed. Vail, watching the expression of my face in the light, seemed to divine my thoughts.

"Evidently you are recovering your good sense," he remarked easily. "You will act, I take it?"

"Yes," the word was out almost before I was aware of speaking.

"Sensible decision, my man," his face lighting up. "Now, there is no need of our meeting again or being seen together. Neale, hand Craig your copy of articles of administration and of the will."

I took these and read them over carefully, yet without fully comprehending the legal phraseology. They were apparently genuine, and I gathered from them that the facts were exactly as stated. Peter B. Neale of Birmingham was named one of the administrators.

"Here is a small packet of letters from Judge Henley to his son," Vail said in a businesslike way, "which you had better read and so familiarize yourself with local names and conditions. I have also drawn up and had typed a brief sketch of young Henley's life, which will aid you in playing the part. You will need a new outfit of clothes, I presume? If you will sign this paper I will hand you a liberal advance."

I read it over slowly, but it appeared innocent enough. Of course they would require some guarantee that my work would be performed. Yet certain questions arose to my mind.

"As soon as the property is legally in my possession I am to deed it over to you?"

"Certainly. I represent the administrators and the rightful heir."

"That will involve forgery on my part?"

"Technically, yes, but under legal advice, my dear boy, and agreement of the officials interested in proper settlement of the estate. There is no danger whatever."

I was not assured as to this, and yet the man's easy manner and smooth speech served to ease my conscience.

"And the \$10,000?" I asked.

"A thousand will be handed you to-night. The remainder may be retained

ed at the final settlement, together with the compensation of the woman. You make your own terms with her. So you see you cannot lose. Sign here."

"I had forgotten the woman. Is she necessary?"

"It will be better to have one, as they know down there young Henley was lately married. Any good looking with an easy conscience will do. You could coach her on the train."

"But I don't know a young woman in town," I admitted soberly, "except my landlady's daughter, and she's the limit."

Vail and Neale both laughed.

"You're slow, Craig," the former said good humoredly. "Get on your new clothes and look around. There's plenty would jump at the chance."

"That's altogether out of my line," I averred. "I'd rather go alone."

"Well, we'll not war over that. You can leave your wife north if you wish. I tell you what you do. Think it over and call me up by phone about 3 o'clock tomorrow. Here's the number. If you decide on taking a woman along I know one who will answer and will have her at the train."

"I am to leave, then, tomorrow night?"

"Yes, over the Eastern Illinois at 8:10. Sign here."

I was not hypnotized or unduly controlled. My mind seemed clear, but I yielded without a word and wrote my name at the bottom of the sheet. Vail blotted it carefully, folded the paper and placed it in a drawer of the table. Then he handed me two bills.

"There is \$1,000 there, Craig, and I will send you a typewritten memorandum of instructions covering all points in the game. Where can I be sure of finding you at 3 o'clock tomorrow?"

"At 407 Green street."

"All right; as soon as you read those instructions call me up by phone and let me know what you have done regarding a woman and ask any questions you may desire. That will be all now. Neale, you might show Craig the way out."

He put out his arm and we shook hands, although he did not arise from the chair. Neale stepped into the hall and I followed him. The entry way was in darkness and the man went to the side door without switching on the light.

"By the way, it will be as well for you to go out cautiously and not be seen. We want to play safe, you know," said he.

The door opened and closed, leaving me outside.

## CHAPTER II. The Woman.

IT was then that the power of thought returned to me. However glibly those two conspirators might gild over the affair it nevertheless was a criminal matter to which I had blindly committed myself. However, I had no thought of withdrawal from the contract, for, while I saw the danger involved and realized the illegality, yet I failed utterly to perceive any real evil. I did not doubt the truth of all that had been told me and was willing to assume the risk. The \$10,000 would be "easy money."

Not a glimmer of light appeared from within the house I had just left, and I drew my hat down over my eyes and stared about, listening. The hour could not be far from midnight, the night dark, the air heavy with mist.

The light fell slantingly across the stone steps in front and revealed a narrow opening through the brick coping beyond. I crept cautiously forward until I crouched behind the brick coping. There was not a disturbing sound, and I straightened up, essaying the first step forth into the full gleam of the light. Like some confronting ghost, scarcely more real than a phantom of imagination, I came face to face with a woman.

She had turned swiftly into the narrow gateway leading through the brick coping, hurrying silently as if pursued, her foot barely planted upon the step when we met. I stopped, speechless, rigid, my outstretched hand gripping the rail, but the woman drew hastily back, her lips parted in a sudden sob of surprise, one hand flung out as if in self protection. It was instantaneous. Yet before either could move otherwise or utter a word of explanation a heavy footfall crunched along the walk, and a burly police officer, his star gleaming ominously in the dull light, rounded the corner a dozen feet away.

"Here, now, an' what are ye oop too, me fine buck?" he questioned roughly, swinging me about into the light. "Give an account o' yerself moighty quick'er I'll run ye in."

"The girl, still staring blankly at me, must have perceived how I instinctively shrank back, my lips moving in an impotent effort at speech. Some sudden impulse changed her fright into sympathy. She started forward just a step."

"Nothing in the least wrong, officer," her voice trembling slightly, yet sounding clearly distinct. "He—he was merely accompanying me home from a dance."

"What dance?"

"Over—over there on Forty-third street."

"An' do yer live here?" the gruff tone still vibrant with suspicion. "Fer if ye do yer're sure a new gurl, and he peered at her shadowed face in the dim light. She drew in her breath sharply."

"No," her voice steady, now she realized she must carry out the deception; "my place is three blocks yet, around the next corner."

"That's a pruddy thin story, miss. Then what was the two ov yer doin' in here?"

"I had my foot on the step tryin' my shoe," she explained simply. "You don't arrest people for that, do you?"

It was plain enough the officer was puzzled, yet he reluctantly released his grip on my arm.

"It's half O' belave yer stringin' me right now," he announced doubtfully, "but O'll give yer ther benefit ov the doubt. Don't let me run across yer along this beat agin t'night. Go on, now!"

I felt her hand touch my sleeve timidly and caught a swift glimpse of her eyes. We must carry out the deception now and go away together. Without venturing to speak or glance around we walked forward into the enveloping mist. Her fingers, for appearances' sake, barely touched the rough cloth of my sleeve. All this had occurred so swiftly, so suddenly, that I was yet bewildered, unable to decide on a course of action. The girl, I noticed, was breathing heavily from excitement, her eyes cast down upon the wet pavement. Once, beneath the glow of the lamp at the first corner, I ventured to glance slyly aside at her in curiosity, mentally photographing the clear outline of her features, the strands of light brown hair straggling rebelliously from beneath the wide brim of the hat. There was more than a mere hint of character about that resolute mouth, the white contour of cheek.

At the second street intersection she turned east, advancing toward where passing trolley cars promised some life and activity even at that late hour. Impulsively she stopped and faced me, her hands clasped.

"I—I please—I will say good night now," she said, endeavoring to speak firmly, yet with no uplifting of the eyes. Hesitatingly I stood still, feeling strangely embarrassed by this sudden cut dismissal.

"Do—do you mean you wish me to leave you alone on the street at this hour?" I questioned meekly. "At least permit me to see you home safely. I will not hurt you or speak a word."

There was a tone of earnestness in my plea, but she only shook her head decisively, lips pressed close together.

"I—I am not afraid of—of you," she returned at last doubtfully. "It is not that, but—really—I cannot permit you to accompany me farther."

"Only to the place where you said you lived," I urged eagerly. "I promise not even to take note of the number and will never bother you any more."

Her fine eyes hardened, then sank slowly before mine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WOMAN SUFFERED TEN YEARS

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## For Twenty-four Hours

Gen. Joffre Sat With

Eyes Glued to His Map

AN interesting picture of General Joffre directing the great advance in the Champagne district is given by L. F. Bertelli in a despatch from France a couple of days after the advance occurred. Mr. Bertelli says:

"The past seven days of the war have taken a heavier toll of human life than any previous period. Careful calculations show that not less than half a million soldiers have fallen on Europe's 1,500-mile battle lines from Belgium to Switzerland, from Trent to Trieste, along the Danube, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, along the Caucasian Mountains, and from Bukovina to the Baltic."

"So frightful has been the carnage that fifty men have fallen every minute of the past week, at least twenty-five per cent. never to arise again."

"Of the two battles waged in France, that in Champagne was by far the fiercest and biggest. General Joffre himself conducted the advance, not as a picturesque General on a



JOFFRE AND CASTELNAU.

white charger, but sitting attentively at a kitchen table in a wine shop behind the lines, while his aides, with telephone receivers attached to their ears, shouted the latest developments from the various attacking columns. A staff officer states that he sat impassively with his eyes glued to a huge map, making no comments, but giving concise orders in a quiet, unemotional voice.

"For twenty-four hours General Joffre did not interrupt his close study of the situation, even for a sandwich. It was only when he was satisfied no more could be achieved that he smilingly remarked: 'Well, that's done. Now for a snack.'"

"After a perfunctory meal he slept four hours."

"Meanwhile a few miles distant a scene worthy of Dante's inferno was being enacted on the battlefield. In the dead of night scores of thousands of blue-clad French infantry leaped out of the trench at the word of command and dashed across the ground, upturned like a plowed field by shells."

"What the German saw from his shell-battered trench when rockets and star-lights illuminated the grim spectacle was the gleaming point of a fixed bayonet, handled by an infuriated soldier wearing a mask which gave him the appearance of a howling demon. From a distance the battlefield formed a phantasmagoric spectacle. Lit by greenish lights, the rays of which pierced dense clouds of smoke and poison gases, the troops were seen swaying in a titanic struggle wherein no quarter was given or asked. All round the flames leaped from concealed batteries, belching high explosives and shrapnel."

"The victory which produced the greatest number of prisoners the Allies have yet gained at a single blow was won in true Hindenburg manner. The attacking forces were divided into three columns. While the right and left wings swept forward the central body remained quiescent till the advance on the flanks began to converge and act as powerful pincers. Then the centre came on and delivered the last blow, netting regiment after regiment."

"One of the most terrible features of the battle was the number of German artillerymen driven mad by the terrific cannonade. French wounded brought to Paris say that during the advance they came upon groups huddled around guns which they made no effort to serve. Some were dumb, the teeth of others chattered, while others screamed wildly."

"These poor wretches," said one soldier, "were quite harmless. They had gone stark mad."

Can Deflect Torpedoes.

From Rome comes the news that an Italian named Quarini has invented a device which deflects torpedoes from their course and explodes them. It is said that the allied fleets are to be supplied with his invention.

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## WOMEN IN FACTORIES.

Notable British Ladies Are Making Shells.

The educated woman as a munition worker is likely to prove a valuable asset in Great Britain, if one may judge by the success achieved by the scheme started at the Vickers, at Erith. There is nothing of the amateur in the first batch of 45 women.

They include two master-turners, Lady Colebrooke and Lady Gertrude Crawford, both of whom find no difficulty in the work at the lathes, Mrs. England, a sister of Lord Loreburn, Lady Catacre, Mrs. Greig, wife of Colonel Greig, of the London Scottish, and the ladies who originated the scheme, and Mrs. Moir, wife of the chief of the new Inventions Branch of the Ministry of Munitions, and Mrs. Cowan, wife of the M.P. for East Aberdeenshire. Miss Vickers is joining the next batch. In the same factory, but not engaged on the same work, is Lady Scott, widow of Captain Scott, who has joined the electrical department, where her deftness, acquired in her art as sculptor, allows her to do work requiring great delicacy of touch.

The work which the women are doing is on the 4.5 shells and the 18-lb. shrapnell. They do rough turning, boring, and the preliminary processes, and Messrs. Vickers have set aside a special foreman to train them, the training to take three weeks. During the first week anyone who found the work too hard had the right to drop out and to be replaced from the long waiting list.

There are two points made clear to all workers—first, that having been trained they pledged for six months of week-ends from Saturday afternoon shift at 2.30 to Monday at 6.30, being five shifts in all.

The idea of the training scheme is to have such a large body of educated women ready to relieve the ordinary workers, for whom it is a physical impossibility to work seven days a week and keep up the standard of their efficiency. Knowing that the lathes must remain idle over the week-end, as there are not enough workers available, their offer was welcomed.

The rates of pay are the same as for the ordinary worker. The rate of pay is from 15s to 19s per week of six shifts of 54 hours.

The women start out each morning in butcher-blue overalls, caps to match, leather gloves, and strong boots.

## The River Indus.

The River Indus in width during the year may vary by miles. Traffic for long distances cannot be guaranteed because the ever shifting channel throws up mud flats and sand banks here and overwhelmed good land there in a manner which defeats the wisdom of the ancient boatmen.

## Gastronomic Health.

"Pa, what is envy?" "Bav, my boy, is what your millionaire uncle feels every time he hears you begging your mother for a second place of pie."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Object.

"Why do you write articles on how cheaply people can live if they try?" "In the hope of getting enough money to avoid having to live that way."—Washington Star.

## Romans and Beards.

The ancient Romans considered it offensive to wear beards. All their busts, representing the famous men of olden times, are without beards.

No weather is ill if the wind be still.—Spanish Proverb.

## The Time to Break It.

There is an anecdote in some volume of French theatrical memoirs narrating an experience of Mlle. Clairon, the great tragic actress, with a pupil of hers, a girl of strong natural gifts for the histrionic art, but far too frequent and too exuberant in her gesticulation. So when the pupil was once to appear before the public in a recitation Mlle. Clairon bound the girl's arms to her side by a stiff thread and sent her thus upon the stage.

With the first strong feeling she had to express the pupil tried to raise her arms only to be restrained by the thread. A dozen times in the course of her recitation she was prevented from making the gestures she desired until at the very end she could stand it no longer, and in the climax of her emotion she broke her bonds and swung her hands to her head.

When she came off the stage she went humbly to where Mlle. Clairon was standing in the wings and apologized for having snapped the thread. "But you did quite right," said the teacher. "That was the time to make the gesture, not before."

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

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