

JULY 9, 1918

THE CARLETON PLACE

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For to prepare three times daily food for a dozen hungry men is no mean undertaking. One cannot have in a logging camp the conveniences of a hotel kitchen. The water must be carried in buckets from the creek near by and wood brought in armfuls from the pile of sawn blocks outside. The low roofed kitchen shanty was always like an oven. The flies swarmed in their tens of thousands. As the men sweated with ax and saw in the woods, so she sweated in the kitchen. And her work began two hours before their day's labor and continued two hours after they were done. She slept like one exhausted and rose full of sleep heaviness, full of bodily soreness and spiritual protest when the alarm clock raised its din in the cool morning.

For a week thereafter Benton developed moods of sourness, periods of scowling thought. He tried to speed up his gang, and, having all spring driven them at top speed, the added straw broke the back of their patience, and Stella heard some sharp interchanges of words. He quelled one incontinent mutiny through sheer dominance, but it left him more short of temper, more crabbedly moody than ever. Eventually his ill nature broke out against Stella over some trifle, and she, being herself an aggrieved party to his transactions, surprised her own sense of the fitness of things by retorting in kind.

"I'm slaving away in your old camp from daylight till dark at work I despise, and you can't even speak decently to me," she flared up. "You act like a perfect brute lately. What's the matter with you?"

Benton gnawed at a finger nail in silence.

"Hang it, I guess you're right," he admitted at last. "But I can't help having a grudge. I'm going to fall behind on this contract, the best I can do."

"Well," she replied tartly, "I'm not to blame for that. I'm not responsible for your failure. Why take it out on me?"

"I don't particularly," he answered. "Only—can't you see? A man gets on edge when he works and sweats for months and sees it all about to come to nothing."

"So does a woman," she made pointed reply.

Benton chose to ignore the inference. He sat a minute or two longer, again preoccupied with his problems.

"Well," he said at last, "I've got to get action somehow. If I could get about thirty men and another donkey for three weeks I'd make it."

He went outside. Up in the near woods the whine of the saws and the sounds of chopping kept measured beat. It was late in the forenoon, and Stella was hard about her dinner preparations. Contract or no contract, money or no money, men must eat. That fact loomed biggest on her daily schedule, left her no room to think overlong of other things. Her huff over, she felt rather sorry for Charlie, a feeling accentuated by sight of him humped on a log in the sun, too engrossed in his perplexities to be where he normally was at that hour, in the thick of the logging, working harder than any of his men.

A little later she saw him put off from the float in the Chickamin's dinghy. When the crew came to dinner he had not returned. Nor was he back when they went out again at 1.

Near mid-afternoon, however, he strode into the kitchen, wearing the look of a conqueror.

"I've got it fixed," he announced. Stella looked up from a frothy mass of yellow stuff that she was stirring in a pan.

"Got what fixed?" she asked. "Why, this log business," he said. "Jack Fyfe is going to put in a crew and a donkey, and we're going to everlastingly rip the innards out of these woods. I'll make delivery after all."

"That's good," she remarked, but noticeably without enthusiasm. The heat of that low roofed shanty had taken all possible enthusiasm for anything out of her for the time being. Always toward the close of each day she was gripped by that feeling of deadly fatigue, in the face of which nothing much mattered but to get through the last hours somehow and drag herself wearily to bed.

Noon of the next day brought the Panther coughing into the bay, flanked on the port side by a scow upon which rested a twin to the iron monster that

jerked logs into her brother's chute. To starboard was made fast a like scow. That was housed over, a smoking stovepipe stuck through the roof, and a capped and aproned cook rested his arms on the window sill as they floated in. Men to the number of twenty or more clustered about both scows and the Panther's deck, busy with pipe and cigarette and rude jest. The clatter of their voices uprose through the noon meal. But when the donkey scow thrust its blunt nose against the beach the chaff and laughter died into silent, capable action.

"A Seattle yarder properly handled can do anything but climb a tree," Charlie had once boasted to her in reference to his own machine.

It seemed quite possible to Stella, watching Jack Fyfe's crew at work. Steam was up in the donkey. They carried a line from its drum through a match block ashore and jerked half a dozen logs crosswise before the scow in a matter of minutes. Then the same cable was made fast to a sturdy fir, the engineer stood by, and the ponderous machine slid forward on its own skids, like an up-ended barrel on a sled, down off the scow, up the bank, smashing brush, branches, dead roots, all that stood in its path, drawing steadily up to the anchor tree as the cable spooled up on the drum.

A dozen men tailed on to the inch and a quarter cable and bore the loose end away up the path. Presently one stood clear, waving a signal. Again the donkey began to puff and quiver, the line began to roll up on the drum, and the big yarder walked up the slope under its own power, a locomotive tinneful of rails, making its own right of way. Upon the platform built over the skids were piled the tools of the crew, sawed blocks for the fire box, axes, saws, grindstones, all that was necessary in their task. At 1 o'clock they made their first move. At 2 the donkey had vanished into that region where the chute head lay, and the great first stood waiting the slaughter.

By mid-afternoon Stella noticed an acceleration of numbers in the logs that came hurtling lakeward. Now at shorter intervals arose the grinding sound of their arrival, the ponderous splash as each leaped to the water. It was a good thing, she surmised, for Charlie Benton. She could not see where it made much difference to her whether ten logs a day or a hundred came down to the boomsticks.

A shadow darkened the door, and Stella looked around to see Jack Fyfe.

"How'd do," he greeted.

He had seemed a short man. Now, standing within four feet of her, she perceived that this was an illusion created by the proportion and thickness of his body. He was, in fact, half a head taller than she, and Stella stood five feet five. His gray eyes met hers squarely, with a cool, impersonal quality of gaze. There was neither smirk nor embarrassment in his straightforward glance. He was, in effect, "sizing her up" just as he would have looked casually over a logger asking him for a job. Stella sensed that and, resenting it momentarily, failed to match his manner. She flushed. Fyfe smiled, a broad, friendly grin, in which a wide of

## "BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

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month's work for the day, even teeth.

"Say," he asked easily, "how do you like life in a logging camp by this time? This is sure one hot job you've got."

"Literally or slangily?" she asked in a pleasant tone. Fyfe's reputation, rather than colored, had reached her from various sources. She was not quite sure whether she cared to countenance him or not. There was a disturbing quality in his glance, a subtle suggestion of force about him that she felt without being able to define in understandable terms. In any case she felt more than equal to the task of squelching any effort at familiarity, even if Jack Fyfe were, in a sense, the



ked Around to See Jack Fyfe.

convenient god in her brother's machine. Fyfe chuckled at her answer.

"Both," he replied shortly, and went out.

Lying in her bed that night, in the short interval that came between undressing and wearied sleep, she found herself wondering with a good deal more interest about Jack Fyfe than she had ever bestowed upon—well, Paul Abbey, for instance.

She was quite positive that she was going to dislike Jack Fyfe if he were thrown much in her way. There was something about him that she resented. The difference between him and the rest of the rude crew among which she must, perforce, live was a question of degree, not of kind. There was certainly some compelling magnetism about the man. But along with it went what she considered an almost brutal directness of speech and action. Part of this conclusion came from hearsay, part from observation, limited though her opportunities had been for the latter. Miss Stella Benton, for all her poise, was not above jumping at conclusions. There was something about Jack Fyfe that she resented. She irritably dismissed it as a foolish impression, but the fact remained that the mere physical nearness of him seemed to put her on the defensive as if he were in reality a hunter and she the hunted.

Fyfe joined Charlie Benton about the time she finished work. The three of them sat on the grass before Benton's quarters, and every time Jack Fyfe's eyes rested on her she stole herself to resist—what, she did not know. Something intangible, something that disturbed her. She had never experienced anything like that before; it tantalized her, roused her curiosity. There was nothing cool about the man. He was nowise fascinating, either in face or manner. He made no bid for her attention. Yet during the half hour he sat there Stella's mind revolved constantly about him. She recalled all that she had heard of him, much of it, from her point of view, highly discreditable. Inevitably she fell to comparing him with other men she knew.

She had, in a way, unconsciously been prepared for just such a measure of concentration upon Jack Fyfe. For he was a power on Roaring Lake and power—physical, intellectual or financial—exacts its own tribute of consideration. He was a fighter, a dominant, hard bitten woodsman, so the tale ran. He had gathered about him the toughest crew on the lake, himself, upon occasion, the most turbulent of all. He controlled many square miles of big timber, and he had got it all by his own effort in the eight years since he came to Roaring lake as a hand logger. He was slow of speech, chain lightning in action, respected generally, feared a lot. All these things her brother and Katy John had sketched for Stella with much verbal embellishment.

(To be Continued)

Sartorial Discard.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood was greatly attached to a regiment of highlanders when the latter were stationed at Portsmouth. Sir Evelyn, then a captain, one day returned from London and with great hurry proceeded to array himself for parade. When he at last emerged he observed that his men were evidently at great pains to conceal their laughter, and he quietly questioned his subaltern as to the probable reason.

"Well, sir," replied the latter, "you are dressed correctly as to kilt, sporran and all the rest of it, but you have forgotten to remove your tall hat!"—London Standard.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR JULY 14

#### READING GOD'S WORD.

LESSON TEXT—Psalms 19:7-11; Acts 8:26-29.

GOLDEN TEXT—Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John 8:32.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Psalms 37:31; 119:9-16; Proverbs 18:12; Isaiah 65:9-11; John 5:39-46-47; Romans 15:4.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Psalms 119:9-16, 97-106.

#### 1. Characteristics of God's Word (Ps. 19:7-11).

The Psalmist here sets forth six descriptive titles of God's Word, six outstanding qualities, and six resultant effects.

##### FIRST GROUP—

###### 1. Title: "The Law of the Lord" (v. 7).

By this is meant the fundamental principles which God as a moral being reveals to the consciences of men as binding upon the soul.

###### 2. Quality: "Perfect" (v. 7).

It is free from omissions and redundancies. It is perfect as a moral code, and it perfectly accomplishes man's salvation.

###### 3. Effect: "Converting the Soul" (v. 7).

The practical effect of the law of God is to turn men to God himself, righteousness and holiness.

##### SECOND GROUP—

###### 1. Title: "The Testimony of the Lord" (v. 7).

It is the witness which God bears as to his attributes, and against man's sins.

###### 2. Quality: "Sure" (v. 7).

It is plain and infallible. We can repose in it our interests for time and eternity.

###### 3. Effect: "Making Wise the Simple" (v. 7).

The simple are those who have humble, open and teachable minds.

##### THIRD GROUP—

###### 1. Title: "The Statutes of the Lord" (v. 8).

These are the principles or charges which the Lord gives to us all, to fit us to rightly perform the duties which the different relations of life make obligatory upon us.

###### 2. Quality: "Right" (v. 8).

They are from the righteous God and are absolutely just and equitable.

###### 3. Effect: "Rejoicing the Heart" (v. 8).

The true heart rejoices in justice and equity.

##### FOURTH GROUP—

###### 1. Title: "The Commandment of the Lord" (v. 8).

This brings into view the personal God who stands back of his law to enforce its demands—to require obedience to its precepts.

###### 2. Quality: "Pure" (v. 8).

It is free from deceit and error.

###### 3. Effect: "Enlightening the Eyes" (v. 8).

The effect of God's law is to give man ability, not only to understand his love and salvation, but to be wise as to the things about him.

##### FIFTH GROUP—

###### 1. Title: "The Fear of the Lord" (v. 9).

Reading the Word of God produces reverential fear in the heart of the reader.

###### 2. Quality: "Clean" (v. 9).

It is not only clean in itself, but sanctifies the heart of those who receive it.

###### 3. Effect: "Enduring Forever" (v. 9).

The life and relationship founded upon his law abide forever.

##### SIXTH GROUP—

###### 1. Title: "The Judgments of the Lord" (v. 9).

By this is meant the sentences pronounced by God's Word.

###### 2. Quality: "True and Righteous" (v. 9).

The penalties prescribed by God are true, conformable to the intuitive moral sense of man.

###### 3. Effect: "Serve as Warnings and Bring Reward" (v. 11).

If the warnings be heeded, shipwrecks upon life's sea will be prevented. Besides God pays a wage for obedience to his laws. Godliness is profitable unto all, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come.

##### II. A Notable Example of Bible Study (Acts 8:26-29).

1. Who It Was (v. 27). The Ethiopian eunuch, a man of great authority. He was the secretary of the treasury of the Ethiopian queen. The wisest and best men and women of the earth have been reverent students of the Bible and have testified to its beauty and power.

##### 2. The Circumstances of (v. 28).

It was while traveling that this great man was studying the Bible. This is a most excellent way to improve moments while on a journey.

##### 3. Doing Personal Work (vv. 29-37).

Philip was taken from his great evangelistic work in Samaria and directed to go to the desert. The Spirit directed Philip to join himself to the chariot in which the Ethiopian was traveling. Philip ran in obedience to the Spirit's command. One should be alert for the Spirit's direction as to the individual with whom to do personal work. The eunuch was inquiring after the way of life. But still he needed the help of a Spirit-taught man.

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## HOSPITAL WILL BENEFIT.

Generous Gifts In Will of the Late John Ross Robertson.

TORONTO, July 1.—After providing for a number of personal and public bequests, the will of the late John Ross Robertson, founded of the Evening Telegram, which is now being prepared for probate, directs that his estate, together with its increase during the lifetime of his wife and son, shall pass after their death to the Hospital for Sick Children in the City of Toronto. In the meantime the support of the hospital, in which the late publisher was so deeply interested, is dependent, as in the past, upon the voluntary contributions of the public. Mr. Robertson's executors being directed to contribute from the estate for that purpose, the sum of \$10,000 annually. The bequests to the hospital become null and void unless it is maintained exclusively as a hospital for sick children, and not affiliated in any way with the Toronto General Hospital, or any other hospital or infirmary. He requests that his son, Irving E. Robertson, or some other executor, shall have a place on the hospital board.

The testator further directs that subject to the editorial control of John R. Robertson, the Evening Telegram shall continue to be published as "a daily journal, independent and unbiased in municipal, provincial, Dominion and Imperial politics." The executors who are to carry out the terms of this will are: Mr. Robertson's wife, Jessie Elizabeth Robertson; his son, Irving Earle Robertson; his nephew, Douglas Sinclair Robertson; Mr. John Robinson, editor of the Evening Telegram, and Alfred Taylor Chadwick, business manager of the same. In the conduct of the Evening Telegram these trustees are to have "absolute control and management of the same, free from the interference of any other person or persons, firm or corporation, directly or indirectly."

It is further stipulated that "if the Hospital for Sick Children shall in any year make any attempt to investigate or audit the accounts, either by process of law or otherwise, all payments to it shall thereupon cease."

It is characteristic of Mr. Robertson's business methods that he left not a share of stock.

Mr. Robertson's last will and testament was drawn on February 7, 1918, in Toronto, by E. Douglas Armour, K.C. The principal items in the estate are: Building and property publishing plant and supplies and accounts receivable of the Evening Telegram, valued at \$736,000; house properties, assessed value, \$41,375; Victory Bonds and cash, \$390,000; life insurance, \$22,350.

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