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Cheating Catherine

By IMES MACDONALD

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The last of her line was Catherine Van Wye, who lived with two maiden aunts in the old colonial mansion that had been the home of the Van Wyes for a hundred and forty years. Stiff and prim had been her upbringing, and not for a single instant had she been permitted to forget that she was a Van Wye—something rarer, something fairer, something so much closer to heaven than any one of the "common people."

After a fashion Catherine was pretty, but a little too slim, a little too wan. Her blood may have been blue, but also it was thin. She was delicate, but Catherine had wealth, was cultured in the ignorance of life as her grandmother had been—this showed in her shy, rather wondering eyes—but she did have one redeeming trait which might save her from a barren life of old-maid gentility—and that trait was curiosity.

The only man Catherine knew who was anywhere near her own age was John, the chauffeur. She used to sit primly behind John in the car and study the back of his well-set head and sturdy shoulders, and wonder about men in general as represented by John. If it had ever occurred to him, John might have encouraged Catherine to think about him in particular. He might have even done this so successfully that she would have eloped with him, for John was a good-looking boy but he had never once given Catherine a thought. A certain little maid in the stone front over in the next block completely filled John's head and heart. Poor Catherine could never have competed with Adele, the little maid, for Adele had blood-red lips and daring eyes—she was all curves and dash and vitality—and John was mad about her.

However, John's presence always set Catherine's curious mind to wondering about men in general. It wasn't nice, of course, for to wonder about men was quite vulgar, she knew that her aunts had said so. They had impressed upon Catherine that she was a Van Wye and a sacred thing, and she believed it. The idea of a man's even so much as touching her gave her shivers of horror—especially an ordinary man of the People—for the People were terribly common, and Catherine was patrician, very patrician, indeed.

Then one afternoon it so happened that Adele had occupied so much of John's time and thought that he had neglected his job and the car, so much so that that neglected piece of mechanism stalled right on a busy crossing on the avenue. It certainly was embarrassing, for the traffic policeman was as sore as a wounded rhinoceros. He called John a "mutt," and would probably have said worse things than that if it hadn't been for Catherine's patrician presence. But the engine would not start and the traffic was piling up behind them while the traffic regulator became more and more angry.

"Here!" he roared. "Swing her down the middle of the block next the curb!" And as he heaved his massive weight against the back corner of the heavy car one Jim Brand detached himself from the passing throng and joined in pushing the heavy car out of the way.

"You ought to be on the force, with them shoulders." The policeman grinned his thanks to Jim Brand as they rolled the big car up to the curb.

But Jim only laughed and waved his hand in a half salute as the other went back to his job.

"Thank you very much indeed," said Catherine primly as Jim Brand turned to her with his hat in his hand, and her eyes as she sat in the car were almost on a level with his own. His first thought was that she would have been pretty if she had a little more life to her.

"She'll have to go to the garage, miss," offered John meekly.

"I'll get you a taxi," smiled John Brand. He did so, and handed her into it most naturally by taking firm hold of her arm. And no young man had ever before taken hold of Catherine's arm. From the taxi she leaned out and thanked him again, smiling just a little excitedly, for this was an adventure. Then, summoning all her courage, she said: "Were you going downtown? Perhaps I could drop you somewhere."

So Jim Brand got in beside her and they rolled down the avenue, at length stopping in front of Catherine's home. "I—I was really on my way up town," confessed Jim Brand, humorously, "but I—wanted to ride with you."

Catherine didn't know what to say to that, so she just looked—and then looked away, wondering if either of her aunts was observing the tableau as she and the strange young man stood there on the walk.

"You're not offended, are you?" he asked.

"I—I should be"—she entered the gate and turned to him for a fleeting instant—"but I'm not!" And with a little laugh she ran up the steps.

The very next Sunday morning quite early Catherine crossed the street to the park opposite the house. The aristocracy of the square only use the park during the early hours, before the rabble of the city fills the benches, so she sat herself down in the early morning sunlight and wondered about Jim

Brand, who at that very moment came strolling toward her.

"I hoped I'd find you—aren't you going to ask me to sit down?" Then he sat down anyway. It was quite startling and very exciting. He questioned her and teased her, treated her just as if she weren't a Van Wye and sacred—just as if she were a girl whom he liked.

"Let's walk," he finally said, rising and catching her by the hands to draw her to her feet. He was like that—just sudden and abruptly insistent—it took Catherine's breath completely away. And the color came into her cheeks and lips, and animation to her eyes. She fairly sparkled in response to his vital presence, and she completely forgot herself and her aunts and tradition.

So it went. She met him many times. Apparently by accident, but really by arrangement, although Catherine herself never fully realized this. And suddenly her aunts noticed a change in her. She grew rounder, color became pronounced, her lips were red always and her eyes danced on the slightest pretext. The aunts were perplexed until one evening Catherine was late to dinner. She had been out all afternoon in the car. Jim Brand had given John \$5, and they had left John to his own devices while Jim took the wheel, with Catherine in the seat beside him. Together all afternoon they had breezed along through the country recklessly happy. Hence Catherine's lateness to dinner.

At the Van Wye table that night there was less conversation than usual. The aunts were uneasy. Catherine's father had been a little wild in his youth, and the aunts wondered vaguely until Catherine arose from the table with a little smile.

"Aunt Belinda, were you ever grabbed suddenly by a nice young man and hugged close up to his heart and kissed ever so many times right on the mouth before you realized what was happening?"

"Whatever put such notions into your head, Catherine Van Wye? Certainly not!" said Aunt Belinda, severely.

"Then I feel very sorry for you, Aunt Belinda," said Catherine, demurely, "for you have missed something."

"Catherine!" chorused the horrified aunts in despair, but their terrible niece had danced toward the telephone. And an hour later Jim Brand was playing ragtime on Catherine's piano while that young woman stood behind him and patted the syncopated time on his broad shoulders, occasionally leaning down to rub her smooth cheek against his, while in the room above those maiden ladies, her aunts, commended in solemn conference.

"And he's just a common country boy who happens to go to college!" said Aunt Melvina.

"I don't see what we can do about it," said Aunt Belinda helplessly; "she's twenty-one and has the Van Wye willfulness!"

And every now and then Catherine Van Wye unexpectedly launches her agile young body like a catapult upon her surprised husband and hugs his head savagely to her breast, murmuring: "And they would have cheated me out of this! Cheated me out of life, and love, and you—your common person!"

But Jim Brand only grins and gives his ardent wife a proper kissing, which vulgar practice, I regret to say, seems to agree with the last of the patrician Van Wyes.

WORDSWORTH'S EARLY HOME

House in English Village of Cocker-mouth, Where Poet Was Born, Is Still Standing.

Cockermouth is one of those English villages of the lake region where you feel that you would like to spend your declining years in a cottage with the inevitable English ivy and a garden decorated with borders of periwinkle and other old-fashioned flowers. A river following a twisted course through Cockermouth completes the peaceful, back-to-nature atmosphere of the village.

You might easily spend some time in Cockermouth before you discovered that it was Wordsworth's birthplace. The historic home is still standing, the same stolid, substantial British residence where the poet spent the greater part of his boyhood.

The house is decidedly a home for a student of books and not at all the sort which Wordsworth, the nature devotee, would have chosen in which to grow up. The yard and garden, however, make up for the unpicturesque stone walls. It is a shady yard, surrounded by a low stone fence.

The Wordsworth house is not a shrine for the literati to inspect and write verses of appreciation on the walls, or sign their names in a ledger along with the autographs of famous visitors and tourists. It is a quiet home, as in the poet's day, a home which you would pass a dozen times without suspecting it had been the birthplace of such a famous person.—Chicago Daily News.

Forgotten the Driver.

Mrs. Manager was about to start on a picnic with her family.

"Let me see, here are the wraps, here's the lunch basket, here's the field glass, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I think we've got everything, and yet—Children we haven't forgotten anything, have we?"

"Shall I get in now, my dear?" said her husband, pulling on his driving gloves.

"Why, yes, of course!" beamed Mrs. Manager. "Get in! I knew there was something else!"

WHEN THE MAIL MAN IS SANTA CLAUS.



SOMETIMES the mail man acts as Santa Claus, or, maybe, he just substitutes for the dear old saint. Anyhow, he comes around to the house loaded down with packages, and sometimes those packages contain things even more warmly appreciated by the children than the gifts Santa puts in the stocking. They come as Christmas presents from the uncles and the cousins and the aunts or from the friend you met at the seashore or in the mountains last summer or from the kind old lady who patted you on the back when you went to the county fair, asked your name, said you were a "nice child" and she would always remember you.

At any rate, when the mail man takes the place of Santa Claus he has a great many families to look out for, and you should be kind to him and thank him for delivering the packages to you, for he is very hard worked at Christmas time. If he looks weary and worn wish him "Merry Christmas." Perhaps he has children at home who are not so well remembered at Christmas as you are. Maybe you'll think of them and hand the mail man a little package, telling him to take it home to his own children.



The Expectant Mother

"The Shadow of Coming Events" often darkens the days of the expectant mother.

Constipation, always a handicap to the health and happiness of every woman, becomes doubly dangerous to the woman who is preparing to fulfill her highest duty—maternity.

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Constipation means more than mere failure to have a regular thorough bowel evacuation. It means stagnation of waste matter in the bowels, production of irritant and poisonous matter, its absorption into the blood, and distribution all over the body.

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And, it's dangerous to employ pills, castor oil, purgative mineral waters, salts, etc., that force the bowels to act. But the Nujol Treatment for Constipation is not only harmless but in every way efficient.

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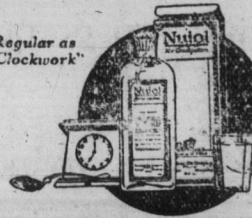
Best of all, Nujol not only overcomes constipation, but it hinders the formation of poisons in the bowels, absorbs and carries them out of the body, thus preventing complications.

Get Nujol from your druggist and take according to directions.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 29.

Joseph Cares For His Kindred.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 47:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—Honor thy father and mother.—Ephesians 6:2.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Psalms 34.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis 45:16-50:26.

Since we took the birth of the Saviour for our Christmas lesson, today, instead of a review, we will go back and take up the alternative lesson for December 22. It will be more profitable to complete the study of Joseph in his attitude toward his kindred than to undertake the review.

I. Joseph Sends to Canaan for His Father (45:17-28).

After Joseph had made himself known to his brethren he sent them back to his father in Canaan with the good news not only that he was alive, but that the Lord had exalted him to be lord over all Egypt, and that his father and brethren with their families should come down to Egypt where he would give them the best of the land and that they should eat of the "fat of the land." This illustrates how one day Jesus Christ shall disclose his identity to his brethren the Jews, and that his exaltation at the right hand of the Father was to make preparation for them against the awful day of trial which shall be visited upon them (Acts 3:19-21).

II. Joseph Meets His Father in the Land of Goshen (46:29-34).

Jacob experienced a double delight—that of seeing his beloved son, whom he had long mourned as dead, and of being welcomed to the new and strange land by its prime minister. Joseph instructed his father and brethren how to place their request before Pharaoh. Since their occupation was that of shepherds he knew that some fact should be employed in their approach to the king, for "every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians."

III. Jacob and Five Sons Presented to Pharaoh (47:1-7).

Though Joseph was high in authority he was not ashamed to bring his father and brethren into the presence of the great Pharaoh, even though they were humble farmers.

1. Pharaoh's Question (vv. 3, 4). He inquired as to their occupation. They answered that both they and their father were shepherds. They went a little beyond what they were asked by Pharaoh and instructed to do by Joseph. They requested the land of Goshen, for they knew it was a good place for pasture for their flocks.

2. Pharaoh's Instructions to Joseph (vv. 5, 6). He told him to make his father and brethren to dwell in the best of the land—even Goshen, and that if he knew of any men of ability among them to give them the charge of his cattle. He assumed that since Joseph was so capable and trustworthy that some of his brethren would also possess suitable qualifications of administration.

IV. Jacob Blessed Pharaoh (47:7-10).

Though Jacob was a pilgrim in Egypt, dependent upon Pharaoh even for food to eat, in the dignity of his faith of what God would do with him, and through him, he pronounced a blessing upon the great Egyptian king. The less is blessed by the greater (Hebrews 7:7). Though conscious of his place of superiority through the divine covenant he did not manifest officiousness, but rather the desire to convey a vital blessing. He recognized that he was the channel through which great blessings would come to Pharaoh, in accordance with the Abrahamic covenant (Genesis 12:1-3). Israel is one day to be the channel through which the blessings of salvation shall flow to the Gentile nations (Romans 11:12-15).

V. Joseph Nourished His Father and Brethren (47:11, 12).

According to the instructions of Pharaoh, Joseph placed his father and brethren in the best of the land and made provision for them. Jesus Christ will one day, when the famine of the great tribulation is exceeding sore, be reconciled to his brethren, the Jews, and will give them a possession in the best of the land and nourish them. Christ is now seated with the Father on his throne, and one day will reveal himself to his brethren the Jews and will feed them on the "fat of the land."

Jacob lived in Egypt 17 years. When the time of his death approached he exacted from Joseph a promise that he would bury him in Canaan. He blessed Joseph's sons and issued a prophecy concerning his own sons.

General Order No. 1.

It has been given as a binding order to every man worthy of the name and who respects the stamp put upon his being by God, his Father and Creator, never to become the slave of men. Bondage is the supreme shame and supreme misery for a man conscious of his nobility and divine origin.—Charles Wagner, in Christian Herald.

Necessary Ingredients.

"Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself." Get these ingredients into your life. Then everything that you do is eternal. It is worth doing. It is worth giving time to.

That Australia is one of the healthiest countries in the world is shown by its low death rate.

Nature's First Law

is order—regularity.

Obeys it in your own body.

Keep your liver active and your bowels regular and natural. Good health is possible in no other way.

One pill a day is the regular rule. Two—perhaps three—now and then, if necessary.

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Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood.

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will help this condition.

National Prayer Days.

The first time the people of the United States were called upon to observe a day of national prayer was May 9, 1798, by proclamation of President John Adams. A controversy had arisen between this country and France and all Americans were called upon to pray for a continuation of peace.

In 1815, when the United States was about to make war on Algiers, President Madison proclaimed a day of prayer. During the Civil war three presidential proclamations were issued appointing days of prayer for peace. In 1865 the authorities called upon the people to pray for Lincoln, and in 1881 President Arthur proclaimed a day of prayer to mark the burial of President Garfield. In the autumn of 1914 President Wilson issued his proclamation for prayers on "Peace Sundays."

Shoveling Out Gas.

Weighing considerably more than the atmosphere, the poisonous gases employed in modern warfare always seek lower levels. Thus the gas clouds penetrate trenches and deep dugouts, and in most cases it is a matter of many hours before they become sufficiently diluted with the atmosphere to permit of safe breathing. So the matter resolves itself into a problem of driving the poisonous fumes out of the trenches and underground shelters, or at least thinning them out until the air is again made safe.

For this reason American soldiers now in France literally "shovel" poisonous fumes out of their trenches. Attached to a shovel is a sort of canvas scoop or "flapper" which permits the men to heave the heavy gases over the parapets and beat the fumes and dissipate them in the surrounding air.

Not Dangerous.

"While you were out west did you meet with any typical bad men?"

"I should say so! I spent a week in a camp full of the toughest customers you ever saw—real cowboys who spent most of their time firing pistols and careering on their bronchos at break-neck speed."

"Didn't you tremble for your life?"

"I was a trifle uneasy at first, but when I saw how a motion picture director bullied those fellows I plucked up considerable courage."

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