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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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Daisy's Hero

He Proved, Too, He Was a
Real One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Howard glanced apprehensively toward the row of steamer chairs where her pretty daughter, Daisy, was engaged in animated conversation with a good looking, athletic young man.

"Daisy is so imprudent," murmured Daisy's mother as she neared the chairs. "There is poor Hal eating his heart out, and that naughty girl is devoting herself to young Pearson!"

She smiled coldly at Ben Pearson as he arose promptly at her approach and arranged her chair. When she was seated and the rug tucked about her feet Mrs. Howard glanced significantly at Daisy.

"My dear, did you know that Hal was waiting for you? You promised to play accompaniments for him."

"Oh, mother, I forgot all about it!" cried Daisy as she arose and settled the blue cloth cap on her bright hair. "Mr. Pearson was describing the great Yale-Harvard game—you know he was halfback on the football team!" Daisy cast an admiring glance at Pearson's broad shoulders.

Mrs. Howard smiled perfunctorily, and she was nettled to observe that Ben Pearson accompanied Daisy in her search for Hal Denison. Just as she was congratulating herself that this Mediterranean tour, with all its pleasant intimacy of ship life, must bring about an engagement between Daisy and Hal Denison, the son of her old friend, why, who should appear but this football hero, Ben Pearson, and promptly put poor Hal out of the running.

Why they called Hal Denison Poor Hal one could not tell, for, although he was not big and brawny like Ben Pearson, he was not frail looking unless one especially noted the intellectual face which had a certain delicacy of feature and expression. Otherwise, although Hal Denison was small in stature, he was wiry and strong. He had never gone in for athletics. He was a musician, and even now there came the dreamy strains of "La Serenade" as he played on his violin to Daisy's sympathetic accompaniment.

Later the music ceased for awhile, and then Pearson's deep bass voice was heard booming forth popular songs.

Dusk was settling down over the sea when Daisy came along the deck quite alone and slipped into her chair with unusual quietness.

"Hal played beautifully, my dear," murmured Mrs. Howard sleepily.

"I suppose so, mother," returned Daisy; then, hesitatingly, she added, "You don't like Mr. Pearson, do you?" "I don't admire him, my dear, but I cannot say that I dislike him," returned Mrs. Howard.

"I like him very much," said Daisy simply.

"Not better than Hal?" demanded Mrs. Howard, throwing caution to the winds.

Daisy hesitated, and that instant's hesitation told Mrs. Howard that the girl's love was wavering between the two men. Which would she choose? There was little doubt, for Daisy was a hero worshiper, and she plainly admired the burly football player.

"Oh, mother," she cried impulsively, "you know I'm fond of Hal, but he's more like a girl, don't you know—quiet and dreamy and fond of simple things. One could not imagine Hal doing anything heroic, now, could one?"

"Some people rather thought it was heroic for Hal to give his cousin Ned three-quarters of their uncle's estate, when the uncle had purposely cut Ned off in a moment of anger; that's an example of moral courage. It was courageous of Hal to submit to a transfusion of blood in an effort to save his brother's life three years ago. In my opinion, Hal Denison is a hero."

"But, mother, dear, that is all very well, but that isn't the sort of courage I mean. There is a certain charm in physical courage, don't you know. Jeopardizing one's life to save that of another. I couldn't imagine Hal doing that."

"How about giving his blood for his brother? He has never been as well since then."

"I know, but the kind of heroism that I mean is born of an impulse, the sort that leaps to stop a runaway horse, that plunges overboard to save a drowning person. Oh, you know!"

Mrs. Howard smiled.

"A spectacular heroism," she said dryly.

"I can't imagine Hal doing anything of that sort," went on Daisy. "He is so deliberate in all his actions. He would want to stop and think the matter over—whether there might not be a safe and sane way of accomplishing the end. Do you know, mother, that Mr. Pearson has saved eight people from drowning in the past ten years?"

"I didn't know it, Daisy, but I am sure it is a very creditable record. Did he tell you of his acts of heroism?"

"Now, Mother Howard!" Daisy laughed rather shamefacedly. "He did tell me, but only because I urged him to do so. I love heroism."

Mrs. Howard arose and prepared to go below.

"Come, dear; we must dress for dinner. Remember, Daisy, that there are more unrecorded heroes in the world's history than otherwise."

And Daisy, still doubting her mother's judgment, went down to dinner quite unconvinced that there could be

any lurking heroism in the quiet personality of Hal Denison.

For several days after that there was bad weather, and many of the passengers were compelled to remain in their staterooms. Among these latter were Mrs. Howard and Hal Denison, who declared himself a fair weather sailor.

But Daisy Howard and Ben Pearson braved the inclemency of the weather and the rain swept decks, and each day found them pacing to and fro, discussing a thousand and one topics, but usually swinging back to that most interesting one, absorbing alike to the young man and the girl, the heroic adventures of Mr. Benjamin Pearson.

There came a day when the party landed at the island of Capri to visit the famous grottoes. Somehow Ben Pearson had attached himself to Mrs. Howard's party, and it had become customary now for Ben to escort Daisy Howard on these excursions, while Mrs. Howard and Hal Denison followed in the rear.

Pearson had visited the island the previous year, and he had much to relate of an adventure that befell the party of which he was a member. He told the story modestly enough, but it had the invariable ending. A child had fallen from one of the rocks into a deep, silent pool. He, Pearson, had plunged into the icy depths and restored the child to its mother's arms.

"This is the very spot," said Pearson, pointing before him.

Daisy looked. She glimpsed the dark blue water, still and icy. A glance over her shoulder showed that the other members of the party had gone on to another grotto. Only her mother and Hal Denison were near. Daisy turned her head toward Pearson, and her lips parted in a dazzling smile.

At that moment her foot slipped, and with a little cry of terror she caught herself, stumbled and then plunged down into the icy pool.

As she disappeared Ben Pearson rushed frantically up and down the brink of the pool and roared for help.

Mrs. Howard swooned away, and Hal Denison, tossing aside hat and coat, poised on the edge of the pool and then dived down. When he came up he brought the girl with him, dripping wet and shivering with cold, but quite conscious.

Hal's face was white and stern as he disdained Pearson's hastily offered assistance, and somehow he scrambled upon the rocks and bore Daisy to safety.

His shouts brought the guide and other members of the party, and, having administered restoratives and borrowed a steamer rug from a rheumatic old gentleman, he wrapped Daisy in it and, lifting her easily in his arms, bore her to a fisherman's hut on the shore.

Mrs. Howard, having been restored to consciousness, followed on the arm of one of the men, and soon she was assisting her daughter to dry her garments before a roaring fire in the fisherman's cottage.

Daisy was very pale and silent, and Hal Denison was equally reticent. Mrs. Howard, noticing that Hal was dripping wet and shivering with cold, insisted that they return to the tourist steamer at once, so that the young man might be put under the care of the ship's doctor. As for Daisy, she appeared in her normal health when she was arrayed in the picturesque gala attire of the fisherman's daughter.

For Maria, the slim, dark eyed girl, she wept with delight over the gold pieces which Mrs. Howard had given her in exchange for the garments and declared that they would buy her wedding clothes.

Once on board the Celeste, Mrs. Howard placed Hal in the care of the doctor and was relieved that he would suffer no more than a severe cold as a consequence of his heroic deed.

As for Mr. Ben Pearson, he had quite disappeared from the view of the Howard party, and it was several days afterward that Mrs. Howard espied him gloomily patrolling the deck alone.

Daisy was below in the library, reading to Hal Denison.

Presently Ben Pearson approached Mrs. Howard with unusual diffidence in his manner.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Howard," he said quite humbly, "but I would like to make an explanation."

"Yes?" asked Mrs. Howard coolly.

"About the other day at the grotto."

"Indeed?"

"I suppose you were quite surprised that I did not jump in and rescue Miss Howard at once. You may have observed that I'm hard hit with Miss Daisy. I think there's no one like her, and I'd like to believe that she owed her life to me. But"—He reddened uncomfortably and looked over the side at the swiftly rushing water.

"But?" prompted Mrs. Howard kindly.

"But, you see, I can't swim a stroke!" he confessed.

"Oh-h-h!" It was Daisy's voice in horrified wonder. She had come up just in time to hear his confession.

"It is true," he said doggedly.

"Then the eight lives you saved that summer—"

"All bunkum!" he interrupted, turning on his heel and walking away.

Daisy's eyes filled with tears. "Mother," she said humbly, "he's not only a coward, but he is a liar as well! I tumbled into the pool to prove to you and Hal that my hero was a hero indeed. But what a poor hero! When I opened my eyes and saw poor Hal's face and felt his arms bearing me out of that icy water I realized that here was my hero, modest and unassuming, but ready when the supreme moment came."

"Where is your hero now, dear?" asked Mrs. Howard quietly.

"Down in the library, mother, waiting. I have promised to be his wife, and he is waiting for your blessing!"

CHINESE PORCELAINS.

Wine Cups Like "Tilted Lotus Leaves Floating Down a Stream."

To look long upon Chinese porcelain is likely for numerous causes to result in falling under their persuasive spell. If you are interested in the sculptural stage of art, susceptible to the beauty of line, you will find it there in dignified simplicity. In color the eye is appealed to in a seductive infinity. In range of decorative motives the Celestial potter's mind is fertile with an imagery found only in the east. And there must not be left out of account the interest and satisfaction awaiting the technical student of structure that is found in a substance so quickly responsive to the deft touch of the artisan.

"The fine white bowls surpass hoarfrost and snow" is a Chinese description of one of the ancient fabled fabrics. As the aroma of a delicate wine is enriched and refined by being served in a fragile glass, so the tea drinkers as far back as the days of the Tang, in the seventh and eighth centuries, appreciated their bowls, according as they "enhanced the tint of the infusion." And here comes in another element in the charm of Chinese porcelain. Like the European art of the middle ages and the renaissance, they were so intimately related to life that they contribute to a human and better understanding of a strange and distant people. No sooner is one interested in this truly national art of the Chinese than he finds a certain even if meager knowledge of them a matter of concomitant interest, even though not essential to an appreciation of their creations.

Wine cups of the Tang were likened by their poets to "tilted lotus leaves floating down a stream." There came into porcelain the hue of "royal dawn." Does one not find here a sympathetic communion with nature in far Cathay? Those so called "ginger jars" of the capriciously named "hawthorn pattern"—the most commonly known of all Chinese porcelains in the occident—were used for sending presents of fine tea at the Chinese New Year anniversary. Their decoration, which has nothing to do with the hawthorn, was made in representation of the blossoms of the winter blooming wild prunus tree lying on streams whose ice covering was disintegrating under the warming influences of the approaching vernal season.—Dana H. Carroll

Art a Trustworthy History.

Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts—the book of their deeds, the book of their words and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others, but of the three the only quite trustworthy one is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune, and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children, but its art only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race.—John Ruskin.

Civilians Victims of Raids.

In the attacks on the British Isles from sea and air during the war 2,160 persons have been killed or wounded. The number of deaths is 550.

The figures were given in the House of Commons recently by Herbert L. Samuel, the Home Secretary, as follows:

In the three attacks from sea 61 men, 40 women, and 40 children were killed, and 611 persons were injured.

In the 44 air raids 222 men, 114 women, and 73 children were killed, and 1,005 persons were injured.

The number of soldiers and sailors who were killed is only a comparatively small fraction of the total.

He who has conquered doubt and fear has conquered failure.—James Allen.

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shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

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Where is your hero now, dear?" asked Mrs. Howard quietly.

"Down in the library, mother, waiting. I have promised to be his wife, and he is waiting for your blessing!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Third Quarter, For
July 30, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Cor. i, 18, to ii, 5. Memory Verses, i, 22-24—Golden Text, Gal. vi, 14—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It is not many weeks since we had a Whitsuntide study in I Cor. ii, and now we are to have three studies in the letters to the Corinthians, with another a few weeks later. The epistles tell us of the church in this age and how we should live to glorify God, and therefore these studies ought to be most helpful. May the Spirit speak to our hearts. Sothenes, who is associated with Paul in this epistle, was one of the rulers of the synagogue who was privileged to suffer shame publicly for Christ's sake (i, 1; Acts xviii, 17). The church of God at Corinth meant the company of sinners who had become saints by believing the good news concerning Jesus Christ and receiving Him as their Saviour.

How great sinners they had been is seen in chapter vi, 9, 10; but, being purchased with precious blood, they were now in Christ Jesus, saints, washed, sanctified and justified, wholly by the grace of God, apart from any merit or works of theirs (i, 2-4; vi, 11; Acts xx, 28). They were saved by the cross of Christ, which is the power of God (i, 18). Christ Jesus was made unto them, as He is to all believers, wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption (i, 2, i, c, 30), for all that Christ is before God He makes His redeemed to be. As He is so are we in this world (I John iv, 17), which may mean that as He is before God so He makes His people to be even while we remain in these mortal bodies. There is another truth in this, and that is that as the world regards and treats Him we must expect the same, for we are here for Him, in His name, as His witnesses.

Although the standing before God in Christ of every saved sinner is so absolutely perfect, yet in these mortal bodies we are weakness itself, so that he had to reprove these believers as being carnal because of their envying and strife and factions, standing for this or that teacher instead of glorying in the Lord alone (i, 29, 31; iii, 1-7, 21-23; Isa. ii, 22). Because of their unworthy conduct some were weak and sickly and some were dying, forgetting that if we would judge ourselves we might escape much chastening of the Lord (chapter xi, 30-32). We must expect trials, but we shall never have more than He will give us grace to bear (chapter x, 13), and we should be careful not to bring unnecessary trials upon ourselves. The wisdom of this world and every arm of flesh we must persistently turn away from, and, though we may be foolish and weak and base and of no account in the eyes of the world, yet if fully yielded to Christ He will be glorified in us. Apart from Him we are nothing and can do nothing, but we can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth us (xv, 10; John v, 6; Phil. iv, 13).

Probably the greatest reason why our Christian experience does not measure up to our standing, why we are not as to our daily life what we ought to be, is because we fail to grasp by faith what we really are in Christ, and not seeing the fullness which is already ours in Him, we try to attain to it by our own efforts. If we only knew by believing what is written what is the hope of His calling and what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints and what is the exceeding greatness of His power toward us (Eph. i, 18, 19), we would live better lives because of what we really are in Christ before God. Next to the assurance of what we are now because of His finished work there is nothing so purifying, separating, uplifting, as the knowledge of what we shall be at His coming (I John iii, 1-3). Note what is written in this epistle concerning it in chapters i, 7; iv, 5; vi, 2; xi, 28; xv, 23-25; xvi, 22, and may the thought of fellowship with Him in His kingdom and glory make us more gladly willing to have fellowship with Him now in humiliation and suffering (I John i, 3; Phil. iii, 10). He is pleased to call us "laborers together with Him," and yet He does it all, working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure (chapter iii, 9; Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 20, 21). We are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ, that we may be temples of the Holy Spirit, who worketh in each one as He will when He can have the right of way in us (chapter vi, 19, 20; xii, 7-11).

The one only foundation is Jesus Christ, the sure foundation (chapter ii, 13; Isa. xxviii, 16; I Pet. ii, 6), all else being as sand, a refuge of lies (Matt. vii, 26, 27; Isa. xxviii, 17). But we may be safely on this foundation and yet so build, so live, that the building, the daily life, not being acceptable to God, shall not be approved in that day, but rejected and the believer suffer irreparable loss and find himself just barely saved—saved as by fire (chapter iii, 12-15). This was evidently what Paul had in mind when he spoke of denying self that his service might not be disapproved or rejected (chapter ix, 25-27, R. V.). We may not judge others till the evidence is all in, but we may and should judge ourselves always by the question: Will He approve? Is this of the Lord?

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"THE WAR IS FINISHED."

So Say German Soldiers When Captured by French.

PARIS, July 10.—The new French front before Peronne appears to have been fortified now so as to facilitate flanking movements southward and a widening of the position already conquered. French infantry inaugurated this operation Saturday night by successful attacks in the region of Belloy-en-Santerre, where 850 Germans were made prisoners, and east of Estrees, where fifty men were left in French hands after an assault on a communicating trench.

The French had scarcely reached the first line of their adversaries when the Germans were seen climbing out of the trenches in clusters with their hands up and marching in double-quick time toward the French trenches.

"The war is finished. The war is finished," cried many of them with their faces expanding into smiles as they leaped into the French communicating trenches and fled back to the rear between lines of more French troops, waiting for the word to take their turn in the assault. The prisoners then cried for water and bread.

Camel Carriages.

Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen. They are large, double story wagons, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two or even three camels, according to their size. Iron bars which give them a cage-like appearance were originally intended as a defense against robbers, and the carts were probably also used for the conveyance of prisoners.

The Chipmunk is a Hermit.

Evidently the chipmunk has no partner and will spend the winter in his subterranean retreat alone. I think this is an established chipmunk custom, rendered necessary, it may be, by the scant supply of air in such close quarters, three feet underground, and maybe under three or more feet of snow in addition. At any rate, the chipmunk, male and female, is a hermit, and there is no co-operation or true sociability among them. They are wonderfully provident and industrious, beginning to store up their winter food in midsummer or as early as the farmer does his.—John Burroughs

Overheard Under the Sea.

"Hypocrite!" cried the swordfish to the clam. "Why hypocrite?" retorted the clam. "You consider yourself the emblem of pacifism, and yet all the time you and your tribe are engaged in the making of shells!" sneered the swordfish.

Consoling.

"What did you say your age was?" he remarked, between dances. "Well, I didn't say," smartly returned the girl, "but I've just reached twenty-one."

"Is that so?" he returned consolingly. "What detained you?"

His Merits.

"We object to the young man who is courting our daughter because he is a shoemaker." "Why, a shoemaker is the best sort of a man, because he is usually whole-soled and well heeled."

War Nicknames.

War nicknames are a curious study. Probably there never was a war which did not give rise to some comic or offensive designation for the enemy. "Picts" (painted people), and "Lombards" (long-beards) remain as isolated monuments of the Roman soldier's play of fancy. The French in the early centuries called us "talls," for some rather mysterious reason. On more obvious grounds we have been known since the days of Joan of Arc as "god-lams," the one epithet to which our gallant allies have remained faithful throughout the centuries. We on our side have chiefly exercised our wit on the supposed passion of all Frenchmen for frogs. The nature of a war, indeed, can generally be traced in war nicknames. There is nothing opprobrious in "Ruski," and something positive, caressing in "fuzzy-wuzzy," the English nickname for the brave but misguided Soudanese. "Guppy" suggests good-natured contempt. The Boer "rooineid" and "Broodrick" are familiar, but not insulting.—Tit-Bits.

How would you set down in figures the number eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven? About half of a class to which the teacher put the question wrote the answer 11111; the other half wrote it 111111.—Youth's Companion.

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