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"Don't be cross, Jack," she whispered. "Please. I'm sorry. I simply can't help it. You don't understand."

"Oh, don't I?" he said savagely. "I understand too well; that's the devil of it. But I suppose that's a woman's way—to feed her soul with illusions and let the realities go hang. Look here."

He caught her by the shoulders and pulled her to her feet, facing him. There was a fire in his eyes, a hard shutting together of his lips that frightened her a little.

"Look here," he said roughly. "Take a brace, Stella. Do you realize what sort of a state of mind you're drifting into? You married me under more or less compulsion—compulsion of circumstances—and gradually you're beginning to get dissatisfied, to pity yourself. You'll precipitate things you maybe don't dream of now if you keep on. Hang it, I didn't create the circumstances! I only showed you a way out. You took it. It satisfied you for a while. You can't deny it did. But it doesn't any more. You're nursing a lot of illusions, Stella, that are going to make your life full of misery."

"I'm not," she sobbed. "It's because I haven't any illusions that—that—Oh, what's the use of talking, Jack? I'm not complaining. I don't even know what gave me this black mood just now. I suppose that queer miracle of my voice coming back upset me. I feel—well, as if I were a different person, somehow—as if I had forfeited any right to have it. Oh, it's silly, you'll say. But it's there. It can't help my feeling—or my lack of it."



"Try it, Stella," he whispered passionately.

Fyfe's face whitened a little. His hands dropped from her shoulders.

"Now you're talking to the point," he said quietly. "Especially that last. We've been married some little time now, and, if anything, we're farther apart in the essentials of mating than we were at the beginning. You've committed yourself to an undertaking, yet more and more you encourage yourself to wish for the moon. If you don't stop dreaming and try real living, don't you see a lot of trouble ahead for yourself? It's simple. You're slowly hardening yourself against me, beginning to resent my being a factor in your life. It's only a matter of time if you keep on until your emotions center about some other man."

"Why do you talk like that?" she said bitterly. "Do you think I've got neither pride nor self respect?"

"Yes. Both a plenty," he answered. "But you're a woman, with a rather complex nature even for your sex. If your heart and your head ever clash over anything like that you'll be in perfect hell until one or the other gets the upper hand. You're a thoroughbred and high strung as thoroughbreds are. It takes something besides three meals a day and plenty of good clothes to complete your existence. If I can't make it complete some other man will make you think he can. Why don't you try? Haven't I got any possibilities as a lover? Can't you throw a little halo of romance about me for your own sake—if not for mine?"

He drew her up close to him, stroking tenderly the glossy brown hair that flowed about her shoulders.

"Try it, Stella," he whispered passionately. "Try wanting to like me for a change. I can't make love by myself. Shake off that infernal apathy that's taking possession of you where I'm concerned. If you can't love me, for God's sake fight with me! Do something!"

Looking back at that evening as the summer wore on Stella perceived that

it was the starting point of many things, no one of them definitely outstanding by itself, but bulking large as a whole. Fyfe made his appeal, and it left her unmoved save in certain superficial aspects. She was sorry, but she was mostly sorry for herself. And she denied her premonition of disaster.

She never dreamed that Jack Fyfe could possibly have foreseen in Walter Monohan a dangerous factor in their lives. A man is not supposed to have uncanny intuitions, even when his wife is a wonderfully attractive woman who does not care for him except in a friendly sort of way. Stella herself had ample warning. From the first time of meeting the man's presence affected her strangely, made an appeal to her that no man had ever made.

There was no denying the man's personal charm in the ordinary sense of the word. He was virile, handsome, cultured, just such a man as she could easily have centered her heart upon in times past—just such a man as can set a woman's heart thrilling when he lays siege to her. If he had made an open bid for Stella's affection she, entrenched behind all the accepted canons of her upbringing, would have recoiled from him, viewed him with wholly distrustful eyes.

But he did nothing of the sort. He was a friend, or at least he became so. Inevitably they were thrown much together. There was a continual informal running back and forth between Fyfe's place and Abbey's. Monohan was a lily of the field, although it was common knowledge on Roaring Lake that he was a heavy stockholder in the Abbey-Monohan combination. At any rate, he was holidaying on the lake that summer. There had grown up a genuine intimacy between Linda and Stella. There were always people at the Abbots, sometimes a few guests at the Fyfe bungalow. Stella's marvelous voice served to heighten her popularity. The net result of it was that in the following three months scarce three days went by that she did not converse with Monohan.

She could not help making comparisons between the two men. They stood out in marked contrast, in manner, physique, in everything. Where Fyfe was reserved almost to taciturnity, impassive featured, save for that whimsical gleam that was never wholly absent from his keen blue eyes, Monohan talked with facile ease, with wonderful expressiveness of face. He was a finished product of courteous generations. Moreover, he had been everywhere, done a little of everything, acquired in his manner something of the versatility of his experience. Physically he was fit as any logger in the camps, a big, active bodied, clear eyed, ruddy man.

What it was about him that stirred her so Stella could never determine. She knew beyond peradventure that he had that power. He had the gift of quick, sympathetic perception, but so too had Jack Fyfe, she reminded herself. Yet no tone of Jack Fyfe's voice could raise a flutter in her breast, make a flush glow in her cheeks, while Monohan could do that. He did not need to be actively attentive. It was only necessary for him to be near.

CHAPTER XI. The Crisis.

It dawned upon Stella Fyfe in the fullness of the season, when the first cool October days were upon them, and the lake shores flamed again with the red and yellow and amber of autumn, that she had been playing with fire and that fire burns.

This did not filter into her consciousness by degrees. She had steeled herself to seeing him pass away with the rest of the summer folk, to take himself out of her life. She admitted that there would be a gap. But that had to be. No word other than friendly ones would ever pass between them. He would go away, and she would go on as before. That was all. She was scarcely aware how far they had traveled along that road whereon travelers converse by glance of eye, by subtle intuitions, eloquent silences. Monohan himself delivered the shock that awakened her to despairing clearness of vision.

He had come to bring her a book, he and Linda Abbey and Charlie together, a commonplace enough little courtesy. And it happened that this day Fyfe had taken his rifle and vanished into the woods immediately after luncheon. Between Linda Abbey and Charlie Benton matters had so far progressed that it was now the most natural thing for them to seek a corner or poke along the beach together, oblivious to all but themselves. This afternoon they chatted awhile with Stella and then gradually detached themselves until Monohan, glancing through the window, pointed them out to his hostess. They were seated on a log at the edge of the lawn, a stone's throw from the house.

"They're getting on," he said. "Lucky beggars. It's all plain sailing for them." There was a sadness of infinite regret in his voice, a sadness that stabbed Stella Fyfe like a lance. She did not dare look at him. Something rose chokingly in her throat. She felt and fought against a slow welling of tears to her eyes. Before she sensed that she was betraying herself Monohan was holding both her hands fast between his own, gripping them with a fierce, insistent pressure, speaking in a passionate undertone.

"Why should we have to beat our heads against a stone wall like this?" he was saying wildly. "Why couldn't we have met and loved and been happy, as we could have been? It was fated to happen. I felt it that day I dragged you out of the lake. It's been growing on me ever since. I've struggled against it, and it's no use. It's something stronger than I am. I love you, Stella, and it maddens me to see you chafing in your chains. Oh, my dear, why couldn't it have been different?"

"You mustn't talk like that," she protested weakly. "You mustn't. It isn't right."

"I suppose it's right for you to live with a man you don't love when your heart's crying out against it?" he broke out. "My God, do you think I can't see? I don't have to see things; I can feel them. I know you're the kind of woman who goes through—her for her conceptions of right and wrong. I honor you for that, dear. But, oh, the pity of it! Why should it have to be? Life could have held so much that is fine and true for you and me together. For you do care, don't you?"

"What difference does that make?" she whispered. "What difference can it make? Oh, you mustn't tell me these things! I mustn't listen. I mustn't!"

"But they're terribly, tragically true," Monohan returned. "Look at me, Stella. Don't turn your face away, dear. I wouldn't do anything that might bring the least shadow on you. I know the pitiful hopelessness of it. You're fettered, and there's no apparent loop-



"Oh, you mustn't tell me these things! I mustn't listen. I mustn't!"

hole to freedom. I know it's best for me to keep this locked tight in my heart, as something precious and sorrowful. I never meant to tell you, but the flesh isn't always equal to the task the spirit imposes."

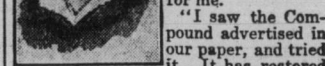
"Whether I care or not isn't the question," she said. "I know what I have to do. I married without love, with my eyes wide open, and I have to pay the price. So you must never talk to me of love. You mustn't even see me if it can be avoided. It's better that way. We can't make over our lives to suit ourselves—at least I can't. I must play the game according to the only rules I know."

"Oh, I know," he said haltingly. "I know it's got to be that way. I have to go my road and leave you to yours. Oh, the blank hopelessness of it, the useless misery of it. We're made for each other, and we have to grin and say goodbye, go along our separate ways trying to smile. What a devilish state of affairs! But I love you, dear, and no matter—I—ah—"

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SELL COCKERELS NOW

How Fall Fairs Can be Made a Great Success.

Attend Your Local Fair to Improve Education and to Have a Good Time.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

THE marketing of thin chickens is not conserving our meat supply nor is it the most profitable method to the producers. Present prices of market poultry admits of the liberal use of feeds and the marketing of well-fleshed birds.

The best birds to flesh or fatten are those of the heavier breeds, such as Wyandottes, Reds, and Rocks. The light breeds, such as Leghorns, seldom pay to fatten unless they are very thin in flesh.

The birds intended for fattening should be confined to a small pen or slatted coop. The process is not difficult if you will but pay attention to a few points that are essential.

Do not feed the birds for the first day they are shut up. You should give them something to drink, but it is best to give no feed. After the first day feed very lightly for two or three days and then gradually increase the ration, being very careful not to overfeed. We usually start chickens on very finely ground grains at the rate of three-quarters of an ounce of grain per feed to each bird, feeding twice daily. This can be increased gradually to two or three times this amount. Generally the most profitable gains are made during the first fourteen to sixteen days feeding. Such birds will not be excessively fat, but should be fat enough to cook and eat well. Some markets demand a fatter bird.

The most profitable gains are made on birds weighing from three and one-half to four and one-half pounds when put up to fatten.

The grains fed should be finely ground and, if at all possible, should be mixed with sour milk. Mix the feed to a consistency of a pancake batter. The more milk the chicken will take the better bird you will have in the end. Milk appears to have no good substitute for fattening chickens. If you cannot get milk then add ten to fifteen per cent. of meat meal to the ration and mix with water. The addition of a little green food daily will help matters. Many people get better results by feeding a little salt. About one-half pound to one hundred pounds of dry grain is sufficient. This mixes best by being dissolved in water and adding a little at each feed. Be careful not to use too much.

The best grains available now are a mixture of ground barley, corn meal, finely ground buckwheat, and shorts. Oats are good if part of the hull is sifted out, as are also ground "cracked" grains. We have used with good results a mixture of two parts of ground barley, two parts corn meal, and two parts shorts, mixed with twice the amount of sour milk. In general feed about one-third shorn and then whatever is finally shorn grains you may have about the farm.

If at all possible mix the ground grains with sour milk.—Prof. W. R. Graham, O. A. College, Guelph.

Importance of Attending Exhibition.

Fall exhibitions are a permanent feature in the life of Ontario, and are of particular interest and import to the farmer and his family. True, many of the smaller shows might be greatly improved by the introduction of more new educational features, and some of the larger exhibitions have been criticized in the past for tardiness in placing agriculture in its due place, but at the present time, with things agricultural to the fore-front as they are, exhibition managements realize the value of a strong agricultural and live-stock department and are making this a leading feature of their work. In fact, no fall fair, large or small, could exist let alone prosper, without the products of the farm well represented.

Bearing this in mind, it is important that all attend their local fall fair and their nearest large exhibition. A well-managed fair is an education. The best live stock of the various types and breeds, the highest quality grain, roots and vegetables, the newest devices to aid the farmer and his wife in their work, and the most up-to-date special attractions are all there and each has its value to those who attend with the purpose of improving their knowledge. It is worth while to watch the judging being done to get an idea of approved type and to have one's interest stimulated that he may go home and do better work in breeding live stock or in the production of farm crops. Study the work of the judges. It helps to fix in the mind the proper type of live stock of the various breeds and the requirements of all farm crops. The boys and girls should be taken to the exhibition and encouraged to study and learn as well as to enjoy themselves.

Exhibitions also have their place in the social welfare of the people. It is profitable to get away from work for a few days and mingle with others, there to discuss matters of interest to all, and to see what progress is being made in industry other than that from which the fair-goer gets his or her living. It makes for a wider viewpoint. A little clean, wholesome amusement is necessary in order to get the most out of life.

Go to the exhibition with the idea of improving your education and at the same time to have a real good time. It is profitable to get away from work occasionally, and the exhibition offers not only an opportunity for pleasure but also for profit.—Prof. Wade Toole, O. A. College, Guelph.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By Rev. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 22

FRUITS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

LESSON TEXTS—Matthew 25:14-30; 5:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT—All things are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.—1 Corinthians 3:1-3.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Galatians 6:16-25.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Psalms 17:15; Isaiah 61:11; Acts 16:25; Romans 2:10; 5:1-4.

I. The Parable of the Talents.

This parable, like that of the Ten Virgins, is associated with the second coming of Christ. In both instances there is evident an unpreparedness on the part of the people. In the first case there is failure of the inward life; in the second, there is failure to use the gifts which have been entrusted to them. The first was failure to watch; the second was failure to work. By talents is meant, the gifts which God has entrusted to his servants. It may be natural endowments, special endowments of the Spirit, or it may be the gospel of Jesus Christ. With reference to these talents note:

1. Their distribution (vv. 14, 15).

(1) A sovereign one. The servants belong to the Lord as well as the money. (2) An intelligent one. The distribution was made on the basis of the ability of each servant. The reason one man received one talent was because the Lord knew that he would be incapable of using two or five. (3) A purposeful one. The talents were given to be traded with. They were not given for the servant's own use, but stock-in-trade for the enrichment of the master.

2. Employment of the talents (vv. 16-18).

In this employment all the servants recognized that the talents did not belong to them. The two-talented man and the five-talented man put their talents to use, which resulted in a large increase. It is always true that the right use of talents increases them. The one-talented man hid his in the earth. The unmistakable sign of the one-talented man is that he is hiding his talents. The two-talented and five-talented men are always busy.

3. The accounting for the talents (vv. 19-30).

(1) Its certainty. There is a day coming when the Lord's servants shall give an account to him for the use they have made of their talents. (2) The time of. This is at the coming of the Lord. (3) The use of their talents. They will rejoice when the Lord comes that they may present unto him their talents with increase. But the one-talented man will have fear and dread against that day. (3) The judgments announced. To the faithful there was reward. This reward consisted of praise: "Well done," promotion: "ruler over many things," and entrance "upon the joy of the Lord." For the faithless one there was awful punishment which consisted of reproach—"slothful," being stripped and cast into outer darkness.

II. Characteristics of the Subjects of the Kingdom (Matt. 5:1-12).

These beatitudes are connected with each other with the strictest order of logical sequence. They set forth the characteristics of those who are subjects of the kingdom. They fall into three groups: four in the first, three in the second, and two in the third.

1. Poverty of spirit (v. 3). To be poor in spirit does not mean to be without money, but to come to the end of self, to be in a state of absolute spiritual beggary, having no power to alter his condition or make himself better.

2. A profound grief because of this spiritual bankruptcy (v. 4). The mourning here is not because of external cares, but a keen consciousness of guilt before a holy God.

3. A humble submission to God's will and obedience to his commands without asking the reason why (v. 5). This is the outgrowth of mourning for spiritual insolvency.

4. An intense longing to conform to the laws of the kingdom (v. 6). Having received the righteousness of Christ as a free gift, every desire of his soul is to be filled with righteousness.

5. Merciful (v. 7). At this stage the subjects of the kingdom take on the character of the King. Christ was merciful; his followers will be likewise.

6. Purity of heart (v. 8). This heart purity begins by having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience with the blood of Christ, and is maintained by living in fellowship with him. Those who have pure hearts can see God everywhere.

7. Peacemakers (v. 9). Those who have been reconciled to God by Christ not only live in peace, but diffuse peace.

8. Suffering for Christ's sake (v. 10). The world hated Christ and crucified him. Those who live for him shall suffer persecution (II Timothy 3:12).

9. Suffer reproach (v. 11). It means suffering under false charges. In such case we shall glory in it because it brings great reward in heaven.

Quote the Bible.

Scholars may quote Plato in their studies, but the hearts of millions will quote the Bible at their daily tell, and draw strength from its inspiration as the meadows draw it from the brook.—GORDON.

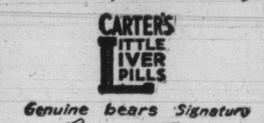


Nature's First Law

is order—regularity. Obey 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.



Genuine bears Signature

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

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Electric Ship Has Future.

The electric ship is no longer a dream but a reality and I should not be surprised to find, within a few years of the close of the war, every new vessel of any size driven, steered, stopped, reversed or turned, merely by the pressing of a series of buttons on the bridge, says a writer in the Electrical Times, London. The application of this principle will enable ships to be run with the highest efficiency at an even speed, permit marine engineers more liberty of design and yield proportionately greater cargo space than the present cumbersome form of machinery allows.

An Old Habit.

The recruit at bayonet practice had just given the dummy a vicious jab, when the drill sergeant noticed that he was grimacing in a rather unusual manner.

"Number Four!" cried the sergeant; "what's the idea of all that mugging?"

"Why," said the recruit, a former movie actor, "you want me to register hate or fear or something don't you?"

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