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"Who wouldn't be worried," Linda said, "with the whole country on fire and no telling when it may break out in some unexpected place and wipe one out of house and home."

"Is it so bad as that at the lake?" Stella asked uneasily. "There's not much in the paper. I was looking."

"It's so bad," Linda returned, with a touch of bitterness, "that I've been driven to the Springs for safety; that every abominable man on the lake who can be spared is fighting fire. There has been one man killed and there's half a dozen loggers in the hospital suffering from burns and other hurts. Nobody knows where it will stop. Charlie's limits have, barely been scorched, but there's fire all along one side of them. A change of wind—and there you are. Jack Fyfe's timber is burning in a dozen places. We've been praying for rain and choking in the smoke for a week."

Stella looked out the north window. From the ten story height she could see ships lying in the stream, vague hulks in the smoky pall that shrouded the harbor.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"It's devilish," Linda went on. "Like groping in the dark and being afraid—for me. I've been married a month and for ten days I've only seen my husband at brief intervals when he comes down in the launch for supplies or to bring an injured man. And he doesn't tell me anything except that we stand a fair chance of losing everything. I sit there at the Springs and look at that smoke wall hanging over the water and wonder what goes on up there. And at night there's the red glow, very faint and far. That's all. I've been doing nursing at the hospital to help out and to keep from brooding. I wouldn't be down here now only for a list of things the doctor needs, which he thought could be obtained quicker if some one attended to it personally. I'm taking the evening train back."

"I'm sorry," Stella repeated. She said it rather mechanically. Her mind was spinning a thread upon which, strung like beads, all the manifold succession of things that had happened since she came first to Roaring lake. Linda's voice, continuing, broke into her thoughts.

"I suppose I shouldn't be croaking into your ear like a bird of ill omen when you have to throw yourself heart and soul into that concert tomorrow," she said contritely. "I wonder why that Ancient Mariner way of seeking relief from one's troubles by pouring them into another ear is such a universal trait? You aren't vitally concerned, after all, and I am. Let's have that tea, dear, and talk about less grievous things. I still have one or two trifles to get in the shops too."

After they had finished the food that Stella ordered sent up they went out together. Later Stella saw her off on the train.

"Goodby, dear," Linda said from the coach window. "I'm just selfish enough to wish you were going back with me; I wish you could sit with me on the bank of the lake, aching and longing for your man up there in the smoke as I ache and long for mine. Misery loves company."

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."

—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZ, 603 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.

How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultz's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

Stella's eyes were clouded as the train pulled out. Something in Linda Benton's parting words made her acutely lonely, dispirited, out of joint with the world she was deliberately fashioning for herself. Into Linda's life something big and elemental had come. The butterfly of yesterday had become the strong man's mate of today. Linda's heart was unequivocally up there in the smoke and flame with her man, fighting for their mutual possessions, hoping with him, fearing for him, longing for him, secure in the knowledge that if nothing else was left them they had each other. It was a rare and beautiful thing to feel like that. And beyond that sorrowful vision of what she lacked to achieve any real and enduring happiness there loomed also a self-torturing conviction that she herself had set in motion those forces which now threatened ruin for her brother and Jack Fyfe.

There was no logical proof of this. Only intuitive, subtle suggestions gleaned here and there, shadowy finger posts which pointed to Monohan as a deadly hater and with a score chalked up against Fyfe to which she had unconsciously added. He had desired her, and twice Fyfe had treated him like an urchin caught in mischief. She recalled how Monohan sprang at him like a tiger that day on the lake shore. She realized how bitter a humiliation it must have been to suffer that sardonic cuffing at Fyfe's hands. Monohan wasn't the type of man who would ever forget or forgive either that or the terrible grip on his throat.

Even at the time she had sensed this and dreaded what it might ultimately lead to. Even while her being answered eagerly to the physical charm of him she had fought against admitting to herself what desperate intent might have lain back of the killing of Billy Dale—a shot that Lefty Howe declared was meant for Fyfe. She had long outgrown Monohan's lure, but if he had come to her or written to make out a case for himself when she first went to Seattle she would have accepted his word against anything. Her heart would have fought for him against the logic of her brain.

But—she had had a long time to think, to compare, to digest all that she knew of him, much that was subconscious impression rising late to the surface, a little that she heard from various sources. The sum total gave her a man of rank passions, of rare and merciless finesse where his desires figured, a man who got what he wanted by whatever means most fitly served his need. Greater than any craving to possess a woman was the measure of his rancor against a man who humiliated him, thwarted him. She could understand how a man like Monohan would hate a man like Jack Fyfe, would nurse and feed on the venom of his hate until setting a torch to Fyfe's timber would be a likely enough counterstroke.

She shrank from the thought. Yet it lingered until she felt guilty. Though it made no material difference to her that Fyfe might or might not face ruin, she could not, before her own conscience, evade responsibility. The powder might have been laid, but her folly had touched spark to the fuse as she saw it. That seared her like a pain far into the night. For every crime a punishment, for every sin a penance. Her world had taught her that. She had never danced; she had only listened to the piper and longed to dance as nature had fashioned her to do. But the piper was sending his bill. She surveyed it wearily, emotionally bankrupt, wondering in what coin of the soul she would have to pay.

CHAPTER XVII. A Ride by Night.

STELLA sang in the gilt ballroom of the Granada next afternoon, behind the footlights of a miniature stage, with the blinds drawn and a few hundred of Vancouver's social elect critically, expectantly listening. She sang her way straight into the heart of that audience with her opening number. This was on Wednesday. Friday she sang again and Saturday afternoon.

When she came back to her room after that last concert, wearied with the effort of listening to chattering women and playing the gracious lady to an admiring contingent which insisted upon making her last appearance a social triumph, she found a letter forwarded from Seattle. She slit the envelope. A typewritten sheet unfolded a green slip—a check. She looked at the figures, scarcely comprehending until she read the letter.

"We take pleasure in handing you herewith," Mr. Lander wrote for the firm, "our check for \$19,500, proceeds of oil stock sold as per your telegraphic instructions, less brokerage charges. We sold same at par and trust this will be satisfactory."

She looked at the check again. Nineteen thousand five hundred—payable to her order! Two years ago such a sum would have lifted her to plutocratic heights, filled her with pleasurable excitement, innumerable anticipations. Now it stirred her less than the \$300 she had just received from the Granada concert committee. She had earned that, had given for it due measure of herself. This other had come without effort, without expectation. And less than she had ever needed money before did she now require such a sum.

She was her own mistress, free as the wind. Fyfe had said that. She looked out into the smoky veil that shrouded the water front and the hills across the inlet, that swirled and eddied above the giant fir in Stanley park, and her mind flicked back to Roaring lake where the Red Flower of Kipling's "Jungle Book" bloomed to her husband's ruin. Did it? She wondered. She could not think of him as beaten, bested in any undertaking. She had never been able to think of him in those terms. Always to her he had conveyed the impression of a superman. Always she had been a little in awe of him, of his strength, his patient,



"Jack Fyfe's timber is burning in a dozen places."

Inflexible determination, glimpsing under his habitual repression certain tremendous forces. She could not conceive him as a broken man.

Curled among the pillows of her bed that night, she looked over the evening papers, read with a swift heart sinking that the Roaring lake fire was assuming terrific proportions; that nothing but a deluge of rain would stay it now. And more significantly, except for a minor blaze or two, the fire raged almost wholly upon and around the Fyfe block of limits. She laid aside the papers, switched off the lights and lay staring wide eyed at the dusky ceiling.

At twenty minutes of midnight she was called to the door of her room to receive a telegram. It was from Linda, and it read:

"Charlie badly hurt. Can you come?" Stella reached for the telephone receiver. The night clerk at the C. P. R. depot told her the first train she could take left at 6 in the morning. That meant reaching the Springs at 9:30—nine and a half hours to sit with idle hands in suspense. She did not know what tragic denouement awaited there, what she could do once she reached there. She knew only that a fever of impatience burned in her. The message had struck her suddenly taut, as if a crisis had arisen in which willfully she must take a hand.

So, groping for the relief of action, some method of spanning that nine hours' wait, her eye fell upon a card tucked beside the telephone case. She held it between finger and thumb, her brows puckered:

TAXIS AND TOURING CARS
Anywhere. Any time.

She took down the receiver again and asked for Seymour 9X.

"Western Taxi," a man's voice drawled.

"I want to reach Roaring Springs in the shortest time possible," she told him rather breathlessly. "Can you furnish me a machine and a reliable chauffeur?"

"Roaring Springs?" he repeated.

"How many passengers?"

"One. Myself."

"Just a minute."

She heard a faint burble of talk away at the other end of the wire, then the same voice speaking crisply:

"We got a big six roadster and a first class driver. It'll cost you \$75 in advance."

"Your money will be waiting for you here," she answered calmly. "How soon can you bring the car around to the Hotel Granada?"

"In ten minutes, if you say so."

"Say twenty minutes, then."

"All right."

She dressed herself, took the elevator down to the lobby, instructed the night clerk to have a maid pack her trunk and send it by express to Hopyard, care of St. Allwoods hotel, on the lake. Then she walked out to the broad stepped carriage entrance.

(To be Continued)

"Ground in Hamburg." One of the curious news outcroppings of the war comes from Sheffield, the home of English cutlery. A hollow-ground razor blade was exhibited, and stamped on the shoulder was the mark "Ground in Hamburg." The explanation was that the British public believed the Germans did better work and demanded the German product, so the altruistic British workman gave the Germans the benefit of his own unrivaled skill, apparently unruffled by the attitude of his own countrymen.

WHEAT FIELD DRAINAGE

Surface Drainage of Value in Growing Winter Wheat.

Black Knot Responsible for Great Losses Among Plum and Cherry Growers—How It Can be Controlled With Least Expense.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

SURFACE drains are used to remove excess water of soils due to violent showers or the rapid melting of snow and are consequently often almost as important on tile-drained land as on that which has no artificial drainage. These drains often prevent the gullying out or the washing away of soil and soil fertility.

Good surface drains will lessen considerably the amount of winter wheat "drowned out" or "winter killed." These injurious effects are largely caused through water standing on frozen wheat ground in the spring. Were this water removed by surface drains, the reason for having so often seen in wheat fields in the early spring would be largely removed. These drains are a benefit, too, in that the removal of surface water enables the land to warm up more quickly, and the plants to start growth earlier in the spring.

Surface drains should follow the natural low levels in the wheat field and be made before the season closes in the fall. They are easily run out with the ordinary long or the swivel plough, and generally do not require to be more than one furrow wide and one furrow deep. Where there is considerable slope in the field and consequently greater danger of land being gullied out, care should be taken that drains are not made too narrow. The rounding of the edges at the top and of the bottom of surface drains will facilitate the flow of water by removing danger of blocking from loose pieces of earth. Invasions should be well made to avoid stoppages in drainage system. Heavy clay soils are usually more benefited by the use of surface drains than are lighter soils.—Prof. W. J. Squirrel, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

To Cure Black Knot Disease.

No other cause, not even winter-killing, has destroyed and is destroying so many cherry and plum trees in this province as the Black Knot disease. This statement, while true of the province as a whole, is not true of the Niagara District nor of any other district where plum and cherry trees are carefully pruned and sprayed each year.

The disease is not caused by grubs, although these are often found in the knots, but it is caused by a fungus which attacks the branches and even the trunks of the trees and causes black, knot-like swellings, usually about three inches long and about half an inch in thickness, though often the swellings are much shorter and often again very much longer, the longest ones usually being found on the larger branches.

The disease will in some orchards confine itself to cherry trees and not attack the plums. In other cases it will attack plums and not the cherries, but more commonly both are attacked.

Control Measures.—In order to control Black Knot thoroughly it is helpful to know that it is spread by means of tiny spores which act as seeds, and are blown by the wind from tree to tree. These spores are formed on the knots themselves. There are two main crops of them each year, the first during early spring, usually in March and April, and the second in late spring, usually the latter part of May and all of June. Therefore, to control the disease the first step to take is to cut down all dead and dying trees and remove all knots on other trees, cutting in each case about four inches below the knot so as to be sure the infected area is removed. If knots occur on the very large branches or on the trunk, they may be removed by means of a chisel or a very stout knife and chisel. An inch at least of the bark on each side should, if possible, be taken with the knots. All prunings, whether of dead or living wood, should be burned at once, otherwise the spores will form on them and spread from them. It is very important to do this cutting out and pruning before Christmas time. Warm days after the leaves are off are excellent for the purpose. Under no conditions must the knots be left on the trees until at least as February. In cutting do not overlook any wild cherries that may be infested around or near the orchard.

The next step is to spray the trees with either lime-sulphur wash or Bordeaux mixture, so that the spores that come from a distance in early or late spring may get a chance to germinate. Three sprayings should be given, the first a few days before the buds burst, the second about a week after blossoms fall and the third about two weeks later or just before the earliest cherries begin to ripen. The earliest cherries should be added to each of the last two applications to kill the Plum Curculio and to keep the cherries free from maggots. The lime-sulphur for the first spray should be in strength about one gallon to fifteen or twenty gallons of water, and for the second and third, one gallon to about forty gallons of water. Bordeaux for any application should be composed of four pounds of bluestone and four pounds of fresh stone lime or six pounds of hydrated lime to forty gallons of water. The arsenate of lead should be at the strength of two and a half pounds of the paste form to forty gallons of liquid or half this amount if the powder form is used.

It requires several years to free an orchard completely of Black Knot.—L. Caesar, B.S.A., Provincial Entomologist.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY AID VICTORY LOAN



As an instance of how science and industry have co-operated in helping to win the war, it is interesting to note that Sir Thomas White, K.C.M.G., Minister of Finance, has made a special "His Master's Voice" Record for the purpose of actually informing the Canadian Public in his own voice concerning the need of the second Victory Loan.

Science has thus made it possible for the voice of the Finance Minister to be heard in thousands of places in every part of the Country at the same time. The illustration shows Sir Thomas "caught in the act" as he made his special recording at the laboratories of the Berliner Gramophone Company, Limited, Montreal.

ALL BECAUSE JUDGE SMOKED

County of New York is Threatened With Action Which May Cost the People Money.

Three lawyers have declined to bring suit for a prominent New York business man upon the ground that it would be "unethical," yet each admits that the injury in the case cannot be disputed and that there ought to be some way in which the business man could secure just relief. Should a lawyer be found willing to bring the suit, some extraordinary precedent rulings may be expected.

Recently, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star, the business man bought a "re-built" motorcar. He found, first, that it wouldn't run; second, that it differed, mechanically, from a specific promise in the bill of sale, and, third, that the car delivered to him was not the one shown him by the salesman. He sued to recover the money he had paid and the jury in the case, after being out one minute, returned a judgment in full for the amount claimed. The firm which had sold the car appealed for a new trial solely upon the ground that the judge had left the bench for a few minutes while the lawyers were summing up. After the usual delay, the court of appeals passed on the appeal and granted a new trial. Meanwhile, the witnesses necessary for the proof of the plaintiff's case had disappeared, the most important having gone into the army.

For years it had been the custom of New York judges to go out into their private office to smoke during the summing up of unimportant civil cases. No one had thought of making that a ground for an appeal until about two months before the trial of the automobile case, at which time an appeal had been based on that ground and had been granted. The judge in the automobile case hadn't read about this other case in the newspapers and no one had happened to mention it to him. Therefore, he went out to smoke as usual.

The business man now proposes to sue the county of New York for damages sustained through the incompetence and carelessness of one of its servants—the judge.

Railroad Ties.

Railroad ties last about eight years under normal conditions, when they have to be renewed, which costs a good deal of money and calls for a large force of labor. It is estimated that treated ties which are first kiln-dried and then immersed in hot creosote until saturated last twice as long. They are absolutely waterproof and impervious to rot.

Disturbed sleep usually comes from some form of indigestion. Strengthen the stomach and stimulate the liver with a course of

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