

Nov. 19, 1918

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD

7



Copyright, 1916, by Little, Brown & Co.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Out of the Night That Covers Me."

THE Waterbug limped. Her engine misfired continuously, and Barlow lacked the mechanical knowledge to remedy its ailment. He was satisfied to let it pound away so long as it could revolve at all. So the boat moved slowly through that encompassing smoke at less than half speed. Outwardly the once spick and span cruiser bore every mark of hard usage. Her topsides were foul, her decks splintered by the tramping of calked boots, grimy with soot and cinders. It seemed to Stella that everything and every one on and about Roaring lake bore some mark of that holocaust raging in the timber, as if the fire were some malignant disease menacing and marring all that it affected and affecting all that trafficked within its smoky radius.

But of the fire itself she could see nothing, even when late in the afternoon they drew in to the bay before her brother's camp. A heavier smoke cloud, more pungent of burning pitch, blanketed the shores, lifted in blue, rolling masses farther back. A greater heat made the air stifling, causing the eyes to smart and grow watery. That was the only difference.

Barlow laid the Waterbug alongside the float. He had already told her that Lefty Howe, with the greater part of Fyfe's crew, was extending and guarding Benton's fire trail, and he half expected that Fyfe might have turned up there. Away back in the smoke arose spasmodic coughing of donkey engines, dull resounding of ax blades. Barlow led the way. They traversed a few hundred yards of path through brush, broken tops and stumps, coming at last into a fairway cut through virgin timber, a sixty foot strip denuded of every growth, great fire felled and drawn far aside, brush piled and burned. A breastwork from which to fight advancing fire, it ran away into the heart of a smoky forest. Here and there blackened, fire scorched patches abutted upon its northern flank, stumps of great trees smoldering, crackling yet. At the first such place half a dozen men were busy with shovels blotting out streaks of fire that crept along in the dry leaf mold. No, they had not seen Fyfe. But they had been blamed busy. He might be up above.

Half a mile beyond that, beside the first donkey shuddering on its anchored skids as it tore an eighteen inch cedar out by the roots, they came on Lefty Howe. He shook his head when Stella asked for Fyfe.

"He took twenty men around to the main camp day before yesterday," said Lefty. "There was a place up timber beyond that he thought he could save. I—well, I took a shoot around there yesterday after your brother got hurt. Jack wasn't there. Most of the boys was at camp loadin' gear on the scows. They said Jack's gone around to Tumbler creek with one man. He wasn't back this mornin', so I thought maybe he'd gone to the Springs. I dunno's there's any occasion to worry. He might 'a' gone to the head up the lake with them constables 't' went up last night. How's Charlie Benton?"

She told him briefly.

"That's good," said Lefty. "Now, I'd go around to Cougar bay if I was you."

THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."

—Mrs. M. GODDEN, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

Such annoying symptoms as heat flashes, nervousness, backache, headache, irritability and "the blues," may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.

Mrs. Jack. He's liable to come in there any time. You could stay at the house tonight. Everything around there, shacks and all, was burned days ago, so the fire can't touch the house. The crew there has grub and a cook. I kinda expect Jack'll be there unless he fell in with them constables."

She trudged silently back to the Waterbug. Barlow started the engine, and the boat took up her slow way. As they skirted the shore Stella began to see here and there the fierce havoc of the fire. Black trunks of fir reared nakedly to the smoky sky, lay crosswise on bank and beach. Nowhere was there a green blade, a living bush—nothing but charred bark, a melancholy waste of smoking litter, with here and there a pitch soaked stub still waving its banner of flame or glowing redly. Back of those seared skeletons a shifting cloud of smoke obscured everything.

Presently they drew in to Cougar bay. Men moved about on the beach; two bulky scows stood nose-on to the shore. Upon them rested half a dozen donkey engines, thick belled, upright machines, blown down, dead on their skids. About these in great coils lay piled the gear of logging, miles of steel cable, blocks, the varied tools of the logger's trade. The Panther lay between the scows, with lines from each passed over her towing bitts.

Stella could see the outline of the white bungalow on its grassy knoll. They had saved only that, of all the camp, by a light that sent three men to the hospital on a day when the wind shifted into the northwest and sent a sheet of flame rolling through the timber and down on Cougar bay like a tidal wave, so Barlow told her. He supposed his hands now and called to his fellows on the beach.

No, Fyfe had not come back yet.

"Go up to the mouth of Tumbler creek," Stella ordered.

Barlow swung the Waterbug about, cleared the point and stood up along the shore. Stella sat on a cushioned seat at the back of the pilothouse, hard eyed, struggling against that dead weight that seemed to grow and grow in her breast. That elemental fury raging in the woods made her shrink. Her own hand had helped to loose it, but her hands were powerless to stay it; she could only sit and watch and wait, eaten up with misery of her own making. She was horribly afraid, with a fear she would not name to herself.

Behind that density of atmosphere the sun had gone to rest. The first shadows of dusk were closing in, be-

tokened by a thickening of the smoke fog into which the Waterbug slowly plowed. To port a dimming shore line; to starboard, aid and dead ahead, water and air merged in two boat lengths. Barlow leaned through the pilothouse window, one hand on the wheel, straining his eyes on their course. Suddenly he threw out the clutch, shut down his throttle control with one hand and yanked with the other at the cord which loosed the Waterbug's shrill whistle.

Dead ahead, almost upon them, came an answering toot.

"I thought I heard a gas boat," Barlow exclaimed. "Sufferin' Jerusalem! Hi, there!"

He threw his weight on the wheel, sending it hard over. The cruiser still had way on. The momentum of her ten ton weight scarcely had slackened, and she answered the helm. Out of the deceptive thickness ahead loomed the sharp, flaring bow of another forty footer, sheering quickly as her pilot sighted them. (She was upon them and abreast and gone, with a watery purr of her bow wave, a subdued mutter of exhaust, passing so near that an active man could have leaped the space between.)

"Sufferin' Jerusalem!" Barlow repeated, turning to Stella. "Did you see that, Mrs. Jack? They got him."

Stella nodded. She, too, had seen Monahan seated on the afterdeck, his head sunk on his breast, iron on his wrists. A glimpse, no more.

"That'll help some," Barlow grunted. "Quick work. But they come blame near cuttin' us down, belin' along at ten knots when you can't see forty feet ahead."

An empty beach greeted them at Tumbler creek. Reluctantly Stella bade Barlow turn back. It would soon be dark, and Barlow said he would be taking chances of piling on the shore before he could see it or getting lost in the profound black that would shut down on the water with daylight's end.

But by luck Barlow made his way, blundering fairly into the landing at the foot of the path that led to the bungalow as if the cruiser knew the way to her old berth. And as he reached the float the front windows on the hillcock broke out yellow, pale blurs in the smoky night.

"Well, say,"—Barlow pointed—"I bet a nickel Jack's home. See? Nobody but him would be in the house."

"I'll go up," Stella said.

"All right. I guess you know the path better'n I do," Barlow said. "I'll take the Bug around into the bay."

Stella ran up the path. She halted halfway up the steps and leaned against the rail to catch her breath; then she went on. Her step was noiseless, for tucked in behind a cushion aboard the Waterbug she had found an old pair of her own shoes, rubber soled, and she had put them on to ease the ache in her feet born of thirty-six hours' incasement in leather. She gained the door without a sound. It was wide open, and in the middle of the big room Jack Fyfe stood with hands thrust deep in his pockets, staring absently at the floor.

She took a step or two inside. Fyfe did not bear her; he did not look up.

"Jack!"

He gave ever so slight a start, glanced up, stood with head thrown back a little. But he did not move or answer, and Stella, looking at him, seeing the flame that glowed in his eyes, could not speak. Something seemed to choke her, something that was a strange compound of relief and bewilderment and a slow wonder at herself—at the queer, unsteady pounding of her heart.

"How did you get way up here?" he asked at last.

"Linda wired last night that Charlie was hurt. I got a machine to the Springs. Then Barlow came down this afternoon looking for you. He said you'd been missing for two days. So I—"

She broke off. Fyfe was walking forward with that peculiar light footed step of his, a queer, tense look on his face.

"Nero fiddled when Rome was burning," he said harshly. "Did you come to sing while my Rome goes up in smoke?"

A little half strangled sob escaped her. She turned to go, but he caught her by the arm.

"There, lady," he said, with a swift change of tone. "I didn't mean to sligh' at you. I suppose you mean all right, but just now, with everything gone to the devil, to look up and see you here—I've really got an ugly temper, Stella, and it's pretty near the surface these days. I don't want to be pitied and sympathized with. I want to fight. I want to hurt somebody."

"Hurt me then?" she cried.

He shook his head sadly.

"I couldn't do that," he said. "No, I can't imagine myself ever doing that."

"Why?" she asked, knowing why, but wishing to hear in words what his eyes shouted.

"Because I love you," he said. "You know well enough why."

She lifted her one free hand to his shoulder. Her face turned up to his. A warm wave of blood dyed the round white neck, shot up into her cheeks. Her eyes were suddenly aglow, lips tremulous.

"Kiss me, then," she whispered.

"That's what I came for. Kiss me, Jack."

If she had doubted, if she had ever in the last few hours looked with misgiving upon what she felt herself impelled to do, the pressure of Jack Fyfe's lips on hers left no room for anything but an amazing thrill of pure gladness. She was happy in his arms, content to rest there, to feel his heart beating against hers, to be quit of all the uncertainties, all the useless regrets. By a roundabout way she had come to her own, and it thrilled her to her finger tips. She could not quite comprehend it or herself. But she was glad, weeping with gladness, straining her man to her, kissing his face, mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

USING MILKING DEVICES

When It Is Advisable to Invest in Milking Machines.

The Cause and Cure of Diarrhoea in Calves—Simple and Common-sense Methods of Treatment May Save Valuable Young Animals.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

IT is clear that if dairying is to develop as it ought to do in the Province of Ontario, more labor is needed on dairy farms. As the supply of labor is limited, cow-farmers are turning their attention to the mechanical milker as an aid in the biggest job on a farm where milk-cows are kept, namely, that of milking.

Past the Experimental Stage.

While it is true that mechanical milkers are not yet perfected, and possibly will never be absolutely "fool-proof," they have reached a stage of perfection where they can be recommended to the man who is in need of help at milking-time. There are several machines now on the market which have proven to be more or less successful in tests made at Experimental Stations, but what is even more important, have stood the test of actual farm conditions. The various columns of the agricultural press contain the names of the leading makes of machines which can now be purchased by milk-producers.

In answer to the question, will it pay to buy a milking machine? we would answer yes, under the following conditions:

1. Where a herd of twenty or more milking cows are kept, though we were in a stable recently where a man was using a machine to milk eight cows, and he considered that it paid him.

2. Where hand-milkers are not to be had, and where it means selling all, or part of the herd, because of the difficulty in getting the cows milked.

3. Where a man desires to increase his herd but cannot do so, because hand milking is impossible.

4. Where a man has some mechanical genius and is willing to give the machine the necessary attention in order to make it a success. Not every man can get good results with a milking machine. The cows must be stripped after the machine, to insure "milked out clean."

5. Where a man or woman will give the necessary attention in order to keep the machine clean. It must be thoroughly washed and the milking parts kept in a solution of chlorine of lime—one pound, dissolved in ten gallons of water. This must be changed about every two weeks, or as often as necessary to prevent contamination.

6. Where a man has the necessary capital (about \$500) to invest in a machine and does not have to borrow the money at the present high rate of interest.—Prof. H. H. Dean, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

Infectious Diarrhoea in Calves.

A form of diarrhoea in calves, known as "Infectious Diarrhoea," is not uncommon in calves, and the owners are often at a loss to account for it.

It is caused by a specific germ that gains entrance to the circulation, generally by the navel opening. It generally occurs as an epidemic in certain stables or certain localities, and as it is often fatal, causes great loss to the breeder.

The cause and results strongly resemble those of joint ill, or navel ill in foals. The virus which causes the trouble exists in the stable or in the soil.

Symptoms.—At a variable time after birth, in some cases a few hours and in others a few days, the young animal suffers from an attack of acute diarrhoea, the symptoms of which do not differ markedly from ordinary diarrhoea, except from the fact that they seldom yield readily to treatment. The patient refuses to nurse or partake of nourishment, persists and death soon results.

Treatment.—Preventive treatment consists in preventing the cause. When we know that the entrance into the circulation of a germ causes the trouble, its entrance must be prevented in order that we may be successful. The building in which the cow is expected to bring forth young, and especially the stall, should be thoroughly disinfected. This may be done by sweeping and dusting thoroughly, and following by a thorough washing or scrubbing with a hot five per cent. solution of carbolic acid or one of the coal tar antiseptics, or by pouring over the stall with five per cent. crude carbolic acid. The stall should be cleaned out daily and a little slacked lime spread upon the floor each time before supplying fresh bedding. The attendant should have a quantity of a good strong disinfectant on hand, and one of the solutions above mentioned, or a solution of corrosive sublimate, 30 grams to a pint of water. The writer prefers the latter. The navel of the calf should be freely dressed with this as soon as possible after birth, and several times daily afterwards until thoroughly healed.

Curative treatment is often ineffective. The following has probably given better results than any other, viz.: Mix part formalin with 15 parts new milk and mix a teaspoonful of this with each part of milk consumed by the calf. When the calf is nursing its dam the mixture can be mixed with a small quantity of the dam's milk and given as a drench, the attendant estimating about how much it should get. When the calf is to nurse the dam it is well to wash udder and teats with the solution before the calf nurses and once or twice daily for a week or so afterwards. When this is done the parts should be allowed to dry, and then be well rubbed with a dry cloth before the calf is allowed to nurse.—J. H. R., Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.



"Kiss me, then," "That's what I came for. Kiss me, Jack."

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

mur-

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. D. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 24

JACOB AND ESAU RECONCILED.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 32:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—A soft answer turneth away wrath.—Proverbs 15:1.

DEVOTIONAL READING—Psalms 46.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis 32:23-32.

From Bethel, Jacob went to Padan-aram to his mother's people. Here he served Laban for twenty years—fourteen years for his wives and six years for certain wages. In his dealings with Laban he finds his match—two schemers get together—"diamond cuts diamond."

1. Jacob Departs for Canaan (31:1-21).

The time had come for Jacob to go back to his kindred in the land of Canaan. The Lord instructed him so to do (v. 13). Though going forward under the direction of God, his Jacob-nature caused him to take clandestine leave of Laban. When Laban realized the situation he went in hot pursuit, but God appeared unto him in a dream and warned him against any act of violence toward Jacob. They formed a compact and Laban returned home.

11. Jacob on the Way (chapter 32).

Laban's return freed Jacob from the enemy who was pursuing him from behind, but he faced a more formidable one in the person of Esau.

1. Jacob meeting the angels (v. 1). Two camps of angels met him to give him the assurance that God would be with him according to his promise. Notwithstanding this, he continued to scheme. He sent a deputation with a message of good cheer to Esau.

2. Jacob praying (vv. 9-12).

Esau made no reply to Jacob's message, but went forward with an army of men, four hundred strong, to meet Jacob. Jacob is in great distress, therefore he casts himself upon God in prayer. This is a fine specimen of effectual prayer. It is short, direct, and earnest. (1) He reminds God of his command issued for his return, and also of the covenant promise (31:3). Surely God would not issue a command and then leave him in such a strait. (2) Pleads God's promise as to his personal safety (v. 9, cf. Genesis 28:13-15, 31:33). In our praying we should definitely plead God's promises in his word, on the ground of covenant relationship in Christ. (3) Confesses unworthiness (v. 10). In this he shows the proper spirit of humility. (4) Presents definite petitions (v. 11). He lays before the Lord the definite request to be delivered from the wrath of Esau.

3. The angel of Jehovah wrestling with Jacob (32:24-32).

In God's school of discipline, Jacob is making some improvement, but still he is under the sway of selfishness and self-trust. Though he had laid the matter definitely before the Lord, he thought that his scheming would render God some assistance. Accordingly, he sent presents ahead to appease the anger of Esau. While journeying along, a man met him and wrestled with him, but Jacob knew not who he was. Perhaps he thought that Esau had pounced upon him in the dark. He exerted every ounce of strength in what he thought was the struggle for his very life. The morning was approaching, and still the wrestlers continued, Jacob not knowing it was Jehovah manifest in human form. This is the second crisis in Jacob's life. He did not dare to enter the promised land under the control of his self-sufficiency; his selfish will must be broken; his Jacob-nature must be changed. God humbled him by dislocating his thigh. When thus humbled, he quit wrestling and clung to God. He got the blessing when he, conscious of his weakness, laid hold of God.

4. Jacob gets a new name (v. 28). He was no longer Jacob, the supplanter; but Israel, a prince of God. His new name was given him after he had a new nature. He came face to face with God, and face to face with himself, and fought the battle to a finish. We must have the new nature before we can enter the place of blessing. Jacob came to realize that he had been struggling with God, for he called the place "Peniel," which means "face to face with God."

111. Jacob Meets Esau (33:1-11). God had evidently wrought with Esau, for when Jacob approached him the sting of bitterness was gone. It was not Jacob's scheming that removed Esau's anger, but the action of the Supernatural upon his heart. At Jabbok Jacob got right with God, so when he met Esau it was an easy matter to get right with him. When we are right with God it is an easy matter to get right with our brother.

In This Life.

We hear much of love to God, Christ spoke much of love to man. We make a great deal of peace with heaven. Christ made much of peace on earth. Religion is not a strange or added thing, but the inspiration of the secular life, the breathing of an eternal spirit through this temporal world.

Man and His Faith.

Faith is the substratum of life; so that a man will be as he believes, and will believe as he lives.—Wm. M. Taylor.



The Best Habit In The World

is the habit of health. The way to get it is to train your bowels, through the liver, to act naturally, at a fixed time, every day.

Take one pill regularly (more only if necessary) until you succeed. Then you can stop taking them, without trouble or annoyance.

This has been the good-health rule for 50 years.

