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7



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"When the war comes—the day the war starts—French artillerymen will be behind the guns at Namur. The English—"

The Hungarian orchestra of forty strings swept into a wild gypsy chant. Dissonances, fierce and barbaric, swept like angry tides over the brilliant floor of the cafe. Still Capper talked on, and the woman called Louisa bent her jewel starred head to listen. Her face, the face of a fine animal, was set in rapt attention.

"You mark my words," he finished, "when the German army enters Brussels proof of what I'm telling you will be there. Yes, in a pigeonhole of the foreign office safe those joint plans between England and Belgium for resisting invasion from the eastern frontier. If the Germans strike as swiftly as I think they will the foreign office Johnnies will be so flustered in moving out they'll forget these papers I'm telling you about. Then your Wilhelmstrasse will know they've paid for the truth when they paid Billy Capper."

Capper eagerly reached for his glass and, finding it empty, signalled the waiter.

"I'll buy this one, Louisa," he said grandiloquently. "Can't have a lady buying me wine all night." He gave the order. "You're going to slip me some banknotes tonight—right now, aren't you, Louisa, old pal?" Capper anxiously honed his cheeks with a hand that trembled. The woman's eyes were narrowed in thought.

"If I give you anything tonight, Billy Capper, you'll get drunker than you are now, and how do I know you won't run to the first English secret service man you meet and blab?"

"Louisa, Louisa, don't say that! Great fear and great yearning sat in Capper's lined eyes. "You know I'm honest, Louisa. You wouldn't milk me this way—take all the info I've got and then throw me over like a dog!" Cold scorn was in her glance.

"Maybe I might manage to get you a position—with the Wilhelmstrasse." She named the great secret service of France under her breath. "You can't go



"Maybe I might manage to get you a position."

back to England, to be sure, but you might be useful in the Balkans, where you're not known, or even in Egypt. You have your good points, Capper. You're a sly little weasel—when you're sober. Perhaps?"

"Yes, yes; get me a job with the Wilhelmstrasse, Louisa!" Capper was babbling in an agony of eagerness. "You know my work. You can vouch for me, and you needn't mention that business of the Lord Fisher letters; you were tarred pretty much with the same brush there, Louisa. But, come, be a good sport; pay me at least half of what you think my info's worth and I'll take the rest out in salary checks if you get me that job. I'm broke, Louisa!" His voice cracked in a sob. "Absolutely stony broke!"

She sat toying with the stem of her wineglass while Capper's clasped hands on the table opened and shut themselves without his volition. Finally she made a swift move of one hand to her bodice, withdrew it with a bundle of notes crinkling between the fingers.

"Three hundred marks now, Billy Capper," she said. The man echoed the words lovingly. "Three hundred now and my promise to try to get a number for you with—my people. That's fair?"

"Fair as can be, Louisa." He stretched out clawlike fingers to receive the thin sheaf of notes she counted from her roll. "Here comes the wine—the wine I'm buying. We'll drink to my success at landing a job with—your people."

"For me no more tonight," the woman answered. "My cape, please." She rose.

"But, I say!" Capper protested. "Just one more bottle—the bottle I'm buying. See, here it is all proper and cooled. Marks the end of my bad luck, so it does. You won't refuse to drink

with me to my good luck that's coming?"

"Your good luck is likely to stop short with that bottle, Billy Capper," she said, her lips parting in a smile half scornful. "You know how wine has played you before. Better stop now while luck's with you."

"Hanged if I do!" he answered stubbornly. "After these months of hand to mouth and begging for a nasty pint of ale in a common pub—leave good wine when it's right under my nose? Not me!" Still protesting against her refusal to drink with him the wine he would pay for himself—the man made that a point of injured honor—Capper grudgingly helped place the cape of web lace over his companion's white shoulders and accompanied her to her taxi.

"If you're here this time tomorrow night and sober," were her farewell words, "I may bring you your number in the—you understand; that and your commission to duty."

"God bless you, Louisa, girl!" Capper stammered thickly. "I'll not fall you."

The orchestra was booming a rag-time, and the chorus on the stage of the Winter Garden came plunging to the footlights, all in line, their black legs kicking out from the skirts like thrusting spindles in some marvelous engine of stagecraft. They screeched the final line of a Germanized song: the cymbals clanged "Zam-m-m!" and folk about the clustered tables pattered, applause. Captain Woodhouse, at a table by himself, pulled a wafer of a watch from his waistcoat pocket, glanced at its face and looked back at the rocco entrance arches, through which the late comers were streaming.

"Henry Sherman, do you think Kitty ought to see this sort of thing? It's positively indecent!" The high pitched nasal complaint came from a table a little to the right of the one where Woodhouse was sitting.

"There, there, mother! Now, don't go taking all the joy outa life just because you're seeing something that would make the minister back in Kewanee roll his eyes in horror." Out of the tail of his eye Woodhouse could see the family group, wherein Mrs. Grundy had sat down to make a fourth. A blocky little man with a red face and a pinky bald head, whose clothes looked as if they had been whipsawed out of the bolt; a comfortably stout matron wearing a bonnet which even to the unforgotten masculine eye betrayed its provincialism; a slim slip of a girl of about nineteen with a face like a choir boy's—these were the American tourists whose voices had attracted Woodhouse's attention. He played an amused eavesdropper, all the more interested because they were Americans and since a certain day on the Calais-Paris express a week or so gone he'd had reason to be interested in all Americans.

"Henry, I tell you he does look like Albert Downs—the living image!" This from the woman, sotto voce. "Sh, mother! What would Albert Downs be doing in Berlin?" "Well, Kitty, they say curiosity once killed a cat, but I'm going to have a better look. I'd swear!" Woodhouse was slightly startled when he saw the woman from America utilize the clumsy subterfuge of a dropped handkerchief to step into a position whence she could look at his face squarely. Also he was annoyed. He did not care to be stared at under any circumstances, particularly at this time. The alert and curious lady saw his flush of annoyance, flushed herself and joined her husband and daughter.

"Well, if I didn't know Albert Downs had a lively business which he couldn't well leave," floated back the hoarse whisper, "I'd say that was him setting right there in that chair."

"Come, mother, bedtime and after—in Berlin," was the old gentleman's admonition. Woodhouse heard their retreating footsteps and laughed in spite of his temporary chagrin at the American woman's curiosity. He was just reaching for his watch a second time when a quick step sounded on the gravel behind him. He turned. A woman of ripe beauty had her hand outstretched in welcome. She was the one Billy Capper had called Louisa. Captain Woodhouse rose and grasped her hand warmly.

"Ah! So good of you! I've been expecting!"

"Yes, I'm late. I could not come earlier." Salutation and answer were in German, fluently spoken on the part of each.

"You will not be followed?" Woodhouse asked, assisting her to sit. She laughed shortly.

"Hardly, when a bottle of champagne is my rival. The man will be well entertained—too well."

"I have been thinking," Woodhouse continued gravely, "that a place hardly as public as this would have been better for our meeting. Perhaps?"

"You fear the English agents? Fahl

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They have ears for keyholes only; they do not expect to use them in a place where there is light and plenty of people. You know their clumsiness." Woodhouse nodded. His eyes traveled slowly over the bold beauty of the woman's face.

CHAPTER III.

Billy Capper at Play.

THE man Capper will do for the stalking horse—a willing nag," went on the woman in a half whisper across the table. "You know the ways of the Wilhelmstrasse. Capper is what we call 'the target.' The English suspect him. They will catch him; you get his number and do the work in safety. We have one man to draw their fire, another to accomplish the deed. We'll let the English bag him at Malta—a word placed in the right direction will fix that—and you will go on to Alexandria to do the real work."

"Good, good!" Woodhouse agreed. "The Wilhelmstrasse will give him a number and send him on this mission on my recommendation. I had that assurance before ever I met the fellow tonight. They—the big people—know little Capper's reputation, and, as a matter of fact, I think they are convinced he's a little less dangerous working for the Wilhelmstrasse than against it. At Malta the arrest—the firing squad at dawn—and the English are convinced they've nipped something big in the bud, whereas they've only put out of the way a dangerous little weasel who's ready to bite any hand that feeds him."

Woodhouse's level glance never left the eyes of the woman called Louisa. He was alert, appraising.

CONTINUED

(Back numbers may be had.)

How to avoid Operations

These Three Women Tell How They Escaped the Dreadful Ordeal of Surgical Operations.

Hospitals are great and necessary institutions, but they should be the last resort for women who suffer with ills peculiar to their sex. Many letters on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., prove that a great number of women after they have been recommended to submit to an operation have been made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are three such letters. All sick women should read them.



Marinette, Wis.—"I went to the doctor and he told me I must have an operation for a female trouble, and I hated to have it done as I had been married only a short time. I would have terrible pains and my hands and feet were cold all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured, and I feel better in every way. I give you permission to publish my name because I am so thankful that I feel well again."—MRS. FRED BEHNKE, Marinette, Wis.

Detroit, Mich.—"When I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so run down with female troubles that I could not do anything, and our doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. I could hardly walk without help so when I read about the Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others I thought I would try it. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and used them according to directions. They helped me, and today I am able to do all my work and I am well."—MRS. THOS. DWYER, 959 Milwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

Bellevue, Pa.—"I suffered more than tongue can tell with terrible bearing down pains and inflammation. I tried several doctors and they all told me the same story, that I never could get well without an operation and I just dreaded the thought of that. I also tried a good many other medicines that were recommended to me and none of them helped me until a friend advised me to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The first bottle helped, I kept taking it and now I don't know what it is to be sick any more and I am picking up in weight. I am 20 years old and weigh 145 pounds. It will be the greatest pleasure to me if I can have the opportunity to recommend it to any other suffering woman."—MISS IRENE FROELICHER, 1233 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.

If you would like special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Lesson IV.—Second Quarter, For April 22, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xii, 1-11. Memory Verses, 2, 3—Golden Text, Mark xiv, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The passover referred to in verse 1 was the last one ere He laid down His life as Christ our passover sacrificed for us and concerning which He said, "I have heartily desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (1 Cor. v, 7; Luke xxii, 15, margin). Only six days before that the events of this evening transpired. He is again in the home in Bethany to which He loved to come, and they made Him a supper at which Martha served, and Mary must surely have helped, too, as well as doing the other great thing recorded in our lesson. Lazarus, who had been three or four days in paradise, was there, too, but we have no record of any utterance from him after his return. It must have been with him, as with Paul, that it was not possible for him to utter what he had seen and heard (II Cor. xii, 4, margin). Mary, whose custom was to sit at His feet and hear His word whenever she could, find the opportunity, had evidently taken it into her heart that because of the cruel death He was to suffer no friends could be near Him at that time, and had therefore obtained some very costly ointment of spikenard with which to anoint Him beforehand if she should find opportunity. The occasion had now come and she was ready for it. He will never fail to provide the opportunity for those who desire to minister to Him.

Putting the accounts in Matthew, Mark and John together we learn that she poured the ointment on His head and on His feet and wiped His feet with her hair. Because Luke does not mention this anointing, but does speak of an anointing and feet washing with tears in the house of a certain Simon by a woman who was a sinner, some have thought that Luke described this anointing by Mary, but the incidents are wholly different, at a different time in His ministry and under altogether different circumstances. The name of the woman in the incident in Luke is not given, and we have no reason to give her a name. The Lord has left her unnamed. Let us also do so, while we thank God for her salvation. Returning to the incident of our lesson, we note that the house was filled with the odor of the ointment (verse 3). We think of the sweet perfume that filled the holy place where priests ministered to the Lord day by day, and we remember that the sacrifice of Christ Himself was unto God an odor of a sweet smell, and our service unto Him

is spoken of in the same words (Eph. v, ii, R. V.; Phil. iv, 18).

It should greatly cheer us to know that He looks upon our ministry in this way. He who reads the heart spoke of Mary's ministry as a good work wrought on Him and an anointing of His body beforehand for His burial, and added that wherever the gospel should be preached in all the world this would be her memorial (Mark xiv, 6-9). Judas and some of the others were indignant and said, "To what purpose is this waste? This ointment might have been sold for more than 300 pence and given to the poor." Judas cared not for the poor, but he was the treasurer and a thief (verses 4-6; Matt. xxvi, 8, 9; Mark xiv, 4, 5). We are not surprised at his finding fault, but it seems unlike true disciples to call anything done for the Lord a waste. Yet there are many professed followers today who seem to think it all right to spend all they wish on themselves, but to give to the Lord by giving to the poor or to missions is in their eyes at least unprofitable. How comforting it must have been to Mary to have Him say, "Let her alone; she hath done what she could" (Mark xiv, 6-8). In much service for Him we may not have the approval of the leaders in church work, but if He approves that is all we should desire, taking as our motto II Tim. ii, 15, with the stand taken by Paul in Gal. i, 10; Thess. ii, 4. It is most interesting to note that Mary of Bethany was the only woman who anointed His body for burial. Other women bought spices for that purpose when it was too late, but never used them, for He had risen when they reached the tomb (Luke xxiii, 55, 56; xxiv, 1-3). Nicodemus provided about a hundred pounds weight of myrrh and aloes, in which he and Joseph wrapped up the body when they lovingly laid it in the new sepulcher in the garden, wherein was never man yet laid (John xix, 38-42).

In Martha, Mary and Lazarus on this occasion may be seen by combining them what a well rounded Christian life ought to be. In Martha there is quiet ministry without being cumbered; in Mary the worship of true and believing devotion, which is always costly, for even David said, "I will not offer unto the Lord my God that which doth cost me nothing" (II Sam. xxiv, 24). In Lazarus there is the power of a resurrection life, because by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believed on Jesus, but the chief priests consulted to put Lazarus again to death (verses 10, 11). Many came together at this time simply to see a man alive who had been dead and not for Jesus' sake only (verse 9). It is well when our motto in all things is "For Jesus' sake only," willing to be always delivered to death for Jesus' sake that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal bodies.

Tennyson's Vanity.

The intricacies of a great man's character are often simplicities to his wife. Once, when the late Alfred Austin had paid a visit to Tennyson, his immediate predecessor, Tennyson walked with him as far as the gate which led to the highway. There, says Alfred Austin in his autobiography, while the elder poet stood leaning on the gate, a party of wide eyed sightseers appeared.

"What a vulgar people the English are!" Tennyson exclaimed. "They come here to watch for me, and when they see me they say quite loudly, 'There's Tennyson!'"

Mr. Austin afterward repeated this to Lady Tennyson, who smiled tenderly, but archly.

"My husband would be much more annoyed if the people didn't come," she said.

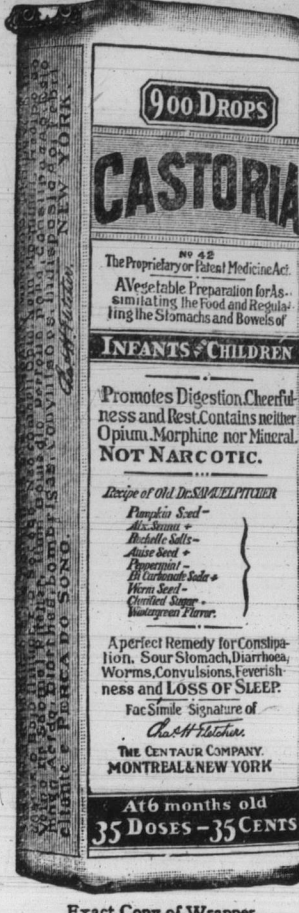
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