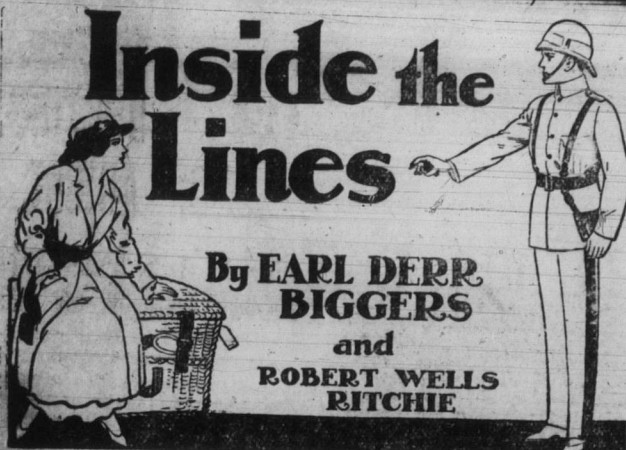


JUNE 12, 1917

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7



**By EARL DERR BIGGERS and ROBERT WELLS BITCHIE**

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"Why, Mrs. Sherman—and Kitty! And you, Mr. Sherman—charmed!" He accepted the proffered seat by the side of Kitty, receiving their hearty hails with languid politeness. With the sureness of English restraint Mr. Willy Kimball refused to become excited. He was of the type of exotic Americans who try to forget grandpa's corn fed hogs and grandma's hand churned butter. His speech was of Rotten row and his clothes Piccadilly.

"Terrible business this!" The youth fluttered his hands feebly. "All this harrying about and peeping at passports by every ally officer one meets. I'm afraid I'll have to go over to America until it's all over—on my way now, in fact."

"Afraid!" Sherman sniffed loudly and appraised Mr. Kimball's tailoring with a disapproving eye. "Well, Willy, it would be too bad if you had to go back to Kewanee after your many years in Paris. Now, wouldn't it?"

Kimball turned to the women for sympathy. "Reserved a compartment to come down from Paris. Beastly treatment. Held up at every city; other people crowded in my apartment, though I'd paid to have it alone, of course; soldier chap comes along and seizes my valet and makes him join the colors and all that sort."

"Huh! Your father managed to worry along without a val-lay, and he was respected in Kewanee." This in disgust from Henry J.

Kitty flashed a reproving glance at her father and deftly turned the expatriate into a recounting of his adventures. Under her unaffected lead the youth, who shuddered inwardly at the appellation of "Willy," thawed considerably, and soon there was an animated swapping of reminiscences of the great terror—hours on end before the banks and express offices, dodging of police impositions, scrambling for steamer accommodations—all that went to compose the refugee Americans' great epic of August, 1914. Sherman took pride in his personal adventures: "Five times arrested between Berlin and Gibraltar, and what I said to that Dutchman on the Swiss frontier was enough to make his hair curl."

"Tell you what, Willy; you come on back to Kewanee with us and mother and you'll lecture before the Thursday Afternoon Ladies' Literary club," Sherman boomed, with a hearty blow of the hand between Willy's shoulder blades. "I'll have Ed Porter announce it in advance in the Daily Enterprise, and we'll have the whole town there to listen. 'Ezra Kimball's Boy Tells Thrilling Tale of War's Alarms'—that's the way the headlines 'I'll read in the Enterprise next week."

The expatriate shivered and tried to smile.

"We'll let mother do the lecturing," Kitty came to his rescue. "How to Live in Europe on a Letter of Discredit"—that will have all the gossips of Kewanee buzzing, mother."

The meal drew to a close happily in contrast to its beginning. Mrs. Sherman and her daughter rose to pass out into the reception room. Sherman and Kimball lingered.

"Ah-h, Willy!" "Mr. Sherman!"

Both began in unison, each somewhat furtive and shamefaced. "Have you any money?" The queries were voiced as one. For an instant confusion; then the older man looked up into the younger's face—a bit flushed it was—and gulped.

"Not a postage stamp, Willy! I guess we're both beggars, and if mother and Kitty didn't have five trunks between them this Swiss holdup man who says he's proprietor of this way station hotel wouldn't trust us for a fried egg."

"Same here," admitted Kimball. "I'm badly bent."

"They can't keep us down—us Americans!" Sherman cheered, taking the youth's arm and piloting him out into the reception room. "We'll find a way out if we have to cable for a warship to come and get us."

Just as Sherman and Kimball emerged from the dining room there was a diversion out beyond the glass doors on Waterport street. A small cart drew up. From its seat jumped a young woman in a duster and with a heavy automobile veil swathed under her chin. To the Arab porter who had bounded out to the street she gave directions for the removal from the cart of her baggage, two heavy suit cases and two ponderous oser baskets. These latter she was particular-

ly tender of, following them into the hotel's reception room and directing where they should be put before the desk.

The newcomer was Jane Gerson, Hildebrand's buyer, at the end of a motor flight from Paris. In the French capital she had managed after considerable difficulty to have an interview with the American ambassador and his wife. The latter was completely won by Jane's story of her anxiety to get herself and her gowns quickly back to New York. It was the ambassador's wife who suggested her going to Gibraltar and who arranged the necessary details of the trip for her. Cool, capable, self-reliant as on the night she saw the bastions of the capital's outer forts fade under the white spikes of the searchlights, Jane strode up to the desk to face the smiling Almer.

"Is this a fortress or a hotel?" she challenged.

"A hotel, lady, a hotel," Almer purred. "A nice room—yes. Will the lady be with us long?"

"No, no! That's crinoline, stupid! No papers!" She stretched forth her arms appealingly. The sergeant humped his shoulders and put out his hand to take the opened clasp knife.

A plump, doll-faced woman who possessed an afterglow of prettiness and a bustling, nervous manner, founced through the doors at this juncture and burst suddenly into the midst of the group caught in the imminence of disaster.

"What's this, what's this?" She caught sight of the filmy creation draped from the sergeant's arm. "Oh, the beauty!" This in a whisper of admiration.

"The last one made by Gerth," Jane was quick to explain, noting the sergeant's confusion in the presence of the stranger, "and this officer is going to rip it open in a search for concealed papers. He takes me for a spy."

Surprised blue eyes were turned from Jane to the sergeant. The latter shamefacedly tried to slip the open knife into his blouse, mumbling an excuse. The blue eyes bored him through.

"I call that very stupid, sergeant," reproved the angel of rescue. Then to Jane:

"Where are you taking all these wonderful gowns?"

"To New York. I'm buyer for Hildebrand's and—"

"But, Lady Crandall, this young woman has no passport—nothing," the sergeant interposed. "My duty!"

TO BE CONTINUED

"Open your baggage—all of it!" he commanded snappishly. Jane, explaining over her shoulder to the women, stooped to fumble with the hamp.

"Seventy of the darlings gowns, the very last Paul Pierre and Racket and Gerth made before they closed shop and marched away with their regiments. You shall see every one of them."

"Hurry, please! My time's limited!" the sergeant barked.

"I should think it would be, you're so charming," Jane flung back over her shoulder, and she raised the tops of the baskets. The other women pushed forward with subdued coos.

The sergeant plunged his hand under a mass of colored fluffiness, groped for a minute and brought forth a long roll of heavy paper. With a fierce mien he began to unroll the bundle.

"And these?"

"Plans," Hildebrand's buyer answered.

"Plans of what?" The sergeant glared.

"Of gowns, silly! Here, you're looking at that one upside down! This way! Now, isn't that a perfect dear of an afternoon gown? See that lovely basque effect? Everything's moyny age this season, you know."

Jane, with a shrewd sidelong glance at the flustered sergeant, rattled on, bringing gown after gown from the baskets and displaying them to the chorus of smothered screams of delight from the feminine part of her audience. One she draped coquettishly from her shoulders and did an exaggerated step before the smoky mirror over the mantelpiece to note the effect.

"Isn't it too bad this soldier person isn't married, so he could appreciate these beauties?" She flicked a mischievous eye his way. "Of course he can't be married or he'd recognize the plan of a gown. Clean hands there, Mr. Sergeant. If you're going to touch any of these dreams! Here, let me! Now look at that mousquetaire sleeve, the effect of the war-military, you know."

The sergeant was thoroughly angry by this time, and he forced the situation suddenly near tragedy. Under his fingers a delicate girle cracked suspiciously.

"Here—your knife! Rip this open! There, papers of some sort hidden here." He started to pass the gown to one of his soldiers. Jane choked back a scream.

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## A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Mrs. Sheldon Spent \$1900 for Treatment Without Benefit. Finally Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Englewood, Ill. — "While going through the Change of Life I suffered with headaches, nervousness, flashes of heat, and I suffered so much I did not know what I was doing at times. I spent \$1900 on doctors and not one did me any good. One day a lady called at my house and said she had been as sick as I was at one time, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking my medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the insane hospital." — Mrs. E. SHELDON, 6667 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, battled with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Second Quarter, For June 17, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John xx, 1-18. Memory Verses, 15, 16—Golden Text, 1 Cor. xv, 20—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

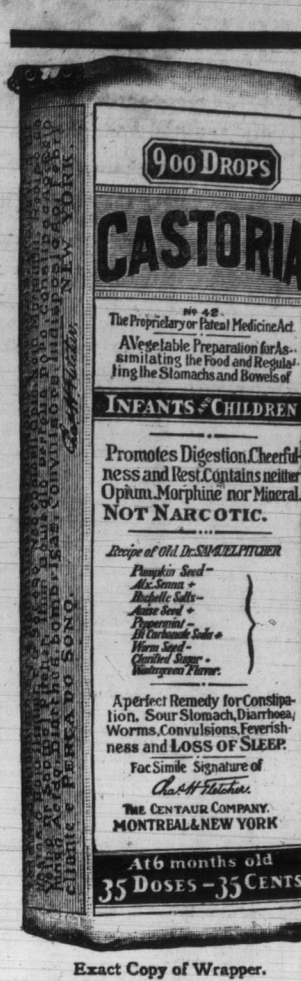
As the next lesson will be the quarterly review, we must endeavor to summarize the last two chapters in this lesson. It may be a little difficult to arrange all the events of the resurrection day and of the forty days before His ascension in their correct order, but that is a grand and comprehensive saying in Acts i, 3, "He shewed Himself alive by many infallible proofs." Then in John xx, 31, the reason of John's gospel, "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." In His great prayer He said to His Father, "This is Life Eternal that they might know thee, the only True God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent" (John xvii, 3). He is alive forevermore, has the keys of hades and of death and has all power in heaven and on earth (Rev. i, 18; Matt. xxviii, 18), and it is for us to show these facts in our lives that others may know Him too. It does seem an amazing thing that even Peter and John had not received any of His sayings that He would rise from the dead on the third day (verse 9), though he had again and again so plainly said so (Matt. xvi, 21; xvii, 23; xx, 18, 19). Neither had Mary Magdalene nor the other women received these truths, with the one exception of Mary of Bethany.

How wonderful that He should appear first to Mary Magdalene and call her by name! (Mark xvi, 9; John xx, 16). His reason for not allowing her to touch Him is so clearly and simply stated in xx, 17, that we cannot but wonder that it does not satisfy every one. The other women met Him a little later and held Him by the feet and worshiped Him (Matt. xxviii, 9, 10), so that between these two appearances He must have been to His Father and returned. Between His death and resurrection He was surely with the Father, according to Luke xxiii, 43, 46, but He was on His way to His Father in His resurrection body when He appeared to Mary and called her by name. Some time that day He had a special interview with Peter, then the walk to Emmaus with the two, and in the evening He appeared in the midst of those who were gathered in the upper room, with the doors shut for fear of the Jews. He showed them His hands and His side and twice said, "Peace be unto you." He also commissioned them to go in His name and proclaim the forgiveness of sins. See also Acts xiii, 38, 39. It was on that evening that He said, "A Spirit hath no flesh and bones, as ye see Me have; handle Me and see that it is I Myself," and He ate a piece of broiled fish and honeycomb before them (Luke xxiv, 38-43).

Thomas missed a whole week of peace because he was not with the others that evening. But a week later Jesus came again and with the same "Peace be unto you" and asked Thomas to do just what he had said to the others he would need to do before he could believe that Jesus was risen from the dead. He saw and believed and exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." Jesus said, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed" (xx, 24-29). We should walk by faith, not by sight, for it is as we believe that we see (John xi, 40; II Cor. v, 7). In chapter xxi we have the record of the seven who went fishing, led into it by Simon Peter, perhaps because they were hungry, had no money and, it may be, had not seen the Lord for some time. Well, their toil was fruitless, for they caught nothing. So it is always without Him—nothing. In the morning some one called from the shore, "Have ye any meat?" and they had to answer, "No." At his bidding they cast the net on the right side of the ship and caught 153 great fishes without breaking the net. Then John recognized the Lord.

When they came ashore, before they brought the fish that they had caught, they found that their need had been anticipated, and they saw a fire of coals with fish laid thereon and bread. And Jesus said, "Come and break your fast." Greater faith in Him might have saved them the night of fruitless toil, for the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and toll addeth nothing thereto. (Prov. x, 22; R. V.). It was at that time Jesus three times asked Simon Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" perhaps because of his threefold denial, and gave him the thrice repeated command, "Feed My sheep and My lambs." He also told Peter by what manner of death he should glorify God, reminding us of Paul's determination that Christ should be magnified in his body either by life or death (xxi, 18, 19; Phil. i, 20). As Peter inquired what His plan for John was, Jesus replied: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me" (xxi, 21, 22).

The following verse makes it plain that Jesus never meant death when He spoke of His coming. Many are too much concerned about others instead of following Jesus fully themselves. Note that whether it was weeping Mary, or the fearful disciples, or doubting Thomas, or the disappointed fishermen, the cure for all was the revelation of Jesus Himself.



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Two Days in One.

Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the few habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just on the line of the demarcation between dates. There at 12 noon on Sunday Sunday ceases and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it—London Globe.

Painting Overhead.

When it is necessary to paint a window or any object overhead the paint or liquid usually runs off the handle of the brush and then over the workman's hands. If you will take two pieces of tin soldered at the ends, says G. H. Thomas in the Popular Science Monthly and tack them on either side of the brush below the bristles, you will have a little cup which catches this overflow paint. Each time the brush is dipped into the paint can the shield is automatically emptied.

Sure.

Mrs. Smiley—Here we've been married ten years, and my husband still says I'm an angel. Her Friend—But does he really mean it, my dear? Mrs. S.—Perhaps not. But don't you think I'm lucky to have a husband who pretends to mean it?

Architecture.

A distinguished philosopher spoke of architecture as frozen music, and his assertion caused many to shake their heads. We believe this really beautiful idea could not be better reintroduced than by calling architecture silent music.—Goethe.



## These Bad Results

follow a lazy liver:—Constipation; Disordered Stomach; Headache; Biliousness, and other evil, painful, dangerous things.

## This Good Old Remedy

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Take two or three pills at bedtime—once. After that, one each night; two, now and then, if necessary.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. Genuine bears Signature *Carter*

Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood. Carter's Iron Pills will help this condition.

Unreasonable Woman. Mrs. Pickleton (with newspaper)—Here's a writer who figures out that in fifty years we wred for bed over 18,000 times. Pickleton—And yet you kick if I break the monotony once in awhile by going to bed with my clothes on.

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