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"Well, I don't know. S'pose you might ring up Peter Shattuck and ask him. He's pretty particular about his horses, though, and I callate he—"

"All right. I'll ring him up. Pete ought to get over some of his particularness to oblige me. I've helped him once or twice."

"Excuse me, sir," said the lawyer. "Did I understand you to say you were going to South Denboro?"

"Yes, I am if the powers and Pete Shattuck 'll let me."

"You were going to drive over? May I go with you? I'm very anxious to get to South Denboro tonight. I have some very important business there, and I want to complete it and get away

together. This he followed with two sharp tinkles. Then came a series of shouted "Hello's" and at last fragments of one-half of a dialogue.

"That you, Shattuck? Know who this is, don't you? Yes, that's right. Say, how many folks listen every time a bell rings on this line? I've heard no less'n eight receivers come down so far. Two of 'em went up then. Did you hear 'em? Sartin'. I want to hire a team to go over home with. Tonight—sartin'. I don't care. Yes, you will too. Yes, you will. Send my man back with it tomorrow. I don't care what it is, so it's got four legs and wheels."

And so on for at least five minutes. Then the captain hung up the receiver and came back to the waiting room.

"Bargain's made, Mr. Graves," he announced. "Pete'll have some sort of a turnout alongside soon's he can get it harnessed. If you've got any extra storm duds in that satchel of yours I'd advise you to put 'em on. We're going to have a rough passage."

Just how rough it was likely to be, Graves realized when he emerged from the station to board the Shattuck buggy. Pete himself had driven the equipage over from the livery stable.

"I wouldn't do this for anybody but you, cap'n," he vouchsafed in what might be called a reproachful shout.

"Wouldn't do what?" replied the captain, looking first at the ancient horse and then at the battered buggy.

"Let this horse out a night like this."

"Humph! I should think night would be the only time you would let him out. There, there! Never mind. Get aboard, Mr. Graves. Put your satchel on the floor between your feet. Here, let me 'list that boot for you."

The "boot" was a rubber curtain buttoned across the front of the buggy, extending from the dashboard to just below the level of the driver's eyes. The lawyer clambered in behind it, the captain followed, the end of the reins was passed through a slit in the boot, Mr. Shattuck, after inquiring if they were "all taut," gave the command, "Gid-dap!" and horse and buggy moved around the corner of the station out into darkness.

The view ahead, over the boot, was blackness, bordered by spidery trees and branches whipping in the wind. Occasionally they passed houses sitting well back from the road, a lighted window gleaming cozily. And ever, as they moved, the storm seemed to gather force.

"It is blowing worse than ever, isn't it?" yelled the nervous Graves.

"Hey? No; just about the same. It's dead as a doornail, and we're getting out of the woods, that's all. Up on those bare hills we catch the full force of it right off the sound. Be there pretty soon now if this Old Hundred of a horse would quit walkin' in his sleep and really move. Them lights ahead are South Denboro."

The lights were clustered at the foot of a long and rather steep hill. Down the declivity bounced and rocked the buggy. The horse's hoofs sounded hollow on the planks of a bridge. The road narrowed and became a village street, bordered and arched by tall trees which groaned and thrashed in the hurricane. The rain, as it beat in over the boot, had, so the lawyer fancied, a salty taste.

The captain bent down. "Say, mister," he shouted, "where was it you wanted to stop? Who is it you're lookin' for?"

"What?"

"I say—Heavens to Betsy—how that wind does screech! I say, where 'bouts shall I land you? This is South Denboro. Whose house do you want to go to?"

"I'm looking for one of your leading citizens, Elisha Warren is his name."

"What?"

"Elisha Warren. I—"

He was interrupted. There was a sharp crack overhead, followed by a tremendous rattle and crash. Then down upon the buggy descended what to Graves appeared to be an avalanche of scratching, tearing twigs and branches. They ripped away the boot and laprobe and jammed him back against the seat, their sharp points against his breast. The buggy was jerked forward a few feet and stopped short.

He heard the clatter of hoofs and shouts of "Whoa!" and "Stand still!" He tried to rise, but the tangle of twigs before him seemed impenetrable, so he gave it up and remained where he was. Then after an interval came a hail from the darkness:

"Hif there! Mr. Graves, ahoy! Hurt, be you?"

"No." The lawyer's tone was doubtful. "No-o, I-I guess not. That you, captain?"

"Yes, it's me. Stand still, you fool-head! Quit your hoppin' up and down!" These commands were evidently addressed to the horse. "Glad you ain't hurt. Better get out, hadn't you?"

"I—I'm not sure that I can get out. What on earth has happened?"

"Tree limb carried away. Lucky for us we got the brush end 'stead of the butt. Scooch down and see if you can't wriggle out underneath. I did."

Mr. Graves obediently "scooched." After a struggle he managed to slide under the tangle of branches and at length stood on his feet in the road beside the buggy.

Graves found his companion standing at the horse's head, holding the frightened animal by the bridle. The rain was descending in a flood.

"Well," gasped the agitated New Yorker, "I'll be hanged if this isn't—"

"Ain't it? But say, Mr. Graves, who did you say you was comin' to see?"

"Oh, a person named Elisha Warren! He lives in this forsaken hole somewhere, I believe. If I had known



"I—I'm not sure that I can get out." what an experience I must go through to reach him I'd have seen him at the devil."

From the bulky figure at the horse's head came a chuckle.

"Humph! Well, Mr. Graves, if the butt of that limb had fetched us instead of 'tother end I don't know but you might have seen him there. I'm Elisha Warren, and that's my house over yonder where the lights are."

#### CHAPTER II. The Will of Abijah.

"THIS is your room, Mr. Graves," said Miss Abigail Baker, placing the lighted lamp on the bureau. "And here's a pair of socks and some slippers. They belong to Elisha—Cap'n Warren, that is—but he's got more. Cold water and towels and soap are on the washstand over yonder, but I guess you've had enough cold water for one night. There's plenty hot in the bathroom at the end of the hall. You needn't hurry. Supper's waited an hour and a half as 'tis. 'Twon't hurt it to wait a spell longer."

She went away, closing the door after her. The bewildered, wet and shivering New Yorker stared about the room, which, to his surprise, was warm and cozy. Radiators and a bathroom! These were modern luxuries he would have taken for granted had Elisha Warren been the sort of man he expected to find—the country magnate, the leading citizen, fitting brother to the late A. Rodgers Warren of Fifth avenue and Wall street.

But the Captain Warren who had driven him to South Denboro in the rain was not that kind of man at all. His manner and his language were as far removed from those of the late A. Rodgers as the latter's brownstone residence was from this big, rambling house, with its deep stairs and narrow halls, its antiquated pictures and hideous, old fashioned wall paper; as far removed as Miss Baker, whom the captain had hurriedly introduced as "my second cousin keepin' house for me," was from the dignified butler at the mansion on Fifth avenue. Certainly this particular Warren was not fitted to be elder brother to the New York broker who had been Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves's client.

It could not be; it could not. There must be some mistake. In country towns there were likely to be several of the same name. There must be another Elisha Warren.

Meanwhile Miss Abigail had descended the stairs to the sitting room. Before a driftwood fire in a big brick fireplace sat Captain Warren in his shirt sleeves, a pair of mammoth carpet slippers on his feet and the said feet stretched luxuriously out toward the blaze.

"Abbie," observed the captain, "this is solid comfort. Every time I go away from home I get into trouble, don't I? Last trip I took to Boston I lost \$30, and—"

"Lost it!" interrupted Miss Baker tartly. "If lendin' Tim Foster ain't givin' it away, then I miss my guess."

(To be Continued.)

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## KILL ROADSIDE WEEDS

### Cultivation Stores Water in Soil for Crops.

Grasshoppers Cheaply and Quickly Destroyed by Treating With the Poisoned Bran Mixture.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

"A STITCH in time saves nine." This is especially true in the case of weeds. When one considers that a single specimen of many kinds of weeds may produce over 10,000 seeds, and that many of such seeds may be blown far and wide by the wind, one begins to realize just what a source of contamination is a weedy roadside, a fence corner or a waste place.

In Ontario it is too common a sight in the fall of the year to see a farmer busy with his fall cultivation, attempting to clean his field and preparing a good seed bed for next year's crop. At the same time on the roadside near the field or in the fence corners or some waste place near it such weeds as Perennial Sow Thistle, Canada Thistle, Milkweed and Wild Lettuce are maturing seeds by the thousands, to be blown on to his well tilled field and reseed it with enough filth to markedly lessen his crop and increase his labor next year. When labor is so scarce and when the maximum quantity of grain should be produced from every acre under cultivation, no man can afford to allow weeds to seed anywhere in the neighborhood of his farm. A few hours spent now and again during the summer cutting weeds on roadsides, in waste places and fence corners is a good investment for the future, which will pay handsome dividends in labor saved and increased crop.—Prof. J. E. Howitt, Ontario Agricultural College.

#### Conserve the Soil Moisture.

Moisture is the most important soil property. Without it a crop is absolutely impossible, no matter how much fertility may be present. With the proper amount large crops are obtained, while on the other hand if moisture is excessive or deficient the yield is diminished according as the excess or deficiency increases. If all the water necessary for the production of a full crop could be collected on the surface of the ground at one time, it would be from 18 inches to 24 inches deep, depending on the crop and the season! During the growing season only 10 or 12 inches of rain falls in Ontario, and this is only half the amount required by the crops. Hence it becomes necessary to store up in the soil as much of the winter and spring rains as possible, while at the same time guarding against excess.

The amount of water a soil may contain depends on the pore space in the soil. Sands have least pore space, loams and mucks most and clay is intermediate. The porosity of a coarse sand is about 35 per cent., of a loam or muck about 50 per cent., and of a heavy clay about 45 per cent. From these figures it will be seen that a soil may contain nearly as much water as soil grains. Since the plant roots require air it is not desirable to have all the soil pores filled with water; some free air space must be left, hence drainage becomes necessary.

There are three ways that water may be lost; first by run-off, secondly by drainage, and thirdly by evaporation. Of these three the greatest is evaporation. It may amount to half the total rainfall. As long as the soil is wet in the spring we want all these at work, but as soon as the soil is dry enough for cultivation we want the losses cut off. And cultivation is the only direct means by which this can be done in summer. Cultivation should begin just as early as the soil is dry enough. To delay one week may cause the loss of as much as 1½ inches of water, and this is as much as falls in the month of April, a very serious matter when the needs are so great and the supply so limited. In the fall of the year cultivation should be deep to increase absorption and retention of water; in the spring shallow, in order to produce a dry layer of soil on the surface to cut off evaporation.—Prof. W. H. Day, Ontario Agricultural College.

#### A Cheap and Efficient Method of Controlling Grasshoppers.

Grasshoppers may be easily and cheaply controlled by poisoning with the bran mixture, which is made as follows: 20 lbs. bran, 1 lb. Paris green, ½ gal. molasses, 2 gals. water, 2 or 3 kerosene.

The bran and Paris green should be mixed thoroughly together when dry. This should be done the night before using. In the morning squeeze the juice of the lemons into the water, run the pulp and rind through a meat chopper and add this and the molasses to the water. Stir well and then pour the liquid on the poisoned bran and mix so thoroughly that every part is moist and will fall size sawdust through the fingers. The mash should be applied early in the morning between five and seven o'clock, by scattering thinly over the infested field, in the fence corners and on roadsides where the insects have been observed. The above amount will suffice for four or five acres. It will be well to make an inspection three or four days later, and if there are many survivors to make a second application.

It is important to attend to this matter as early in the season as the young grasshoppers are noticed, and not to wait till they grow big and have caused a considerable amount of damage.

The same means may be employed for the control of cutworms, making the application wherever the worms are observed just before dark in the evening.—L. Caesar, B.S.A., Provincial Entomologist.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

### LESSON FOR JULY 6

#### CHURCH: ITS LIFE AND WORK.

LESSON TEXTS—Acts 2:1-4, 37-47; 1 Thess. 5:11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it.—Eph. 5:25.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—1 Cor. 12:4-31; Eph. 1:15-23; 4:11-16; 5:25-27; Rev. 1:10-20.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Our Father's House.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Why We Should Love the Church.

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—What the Church Does for Us and What We Should Do for the Church.

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—The Spirit and Mission of the Church.

#### I. The Origin of the Church (Acts 2:1-4).

Fifty days after the passover, while the 120 men and women were "with one accord in one place" the Holy Spirit came upon them and baptized them into one body (1 Cor. 12:13). Thus was begun the body called the church. The church had its beginning at Pentecost. The believers were united around the resurrected Christ as head.

#### II. Conditions of Entrance into the Church (Acts 2:37-41).

After the coming of the Spirit at Pentecost, Peter witnessed to the death and resurrection of Christ. Through this testimony the Spirit convicted these Jews of their sins. In their desperate need they cried out: "What shall we do?" Peter's reply indicated the steps into the church.

(1) Belief in Jesus Christ as Savior. His argument proved that Jesus whom they had crucified was the Messiah.

(2) Repentance. Every one entering the church should repent; should change his mind and attitude toward Jesus Christ.

(3) Be baptized. The divinely appointed method for the public confession of Jesus Christ is baptism. Those who have believed in Jesus Christ should receive this tangible ordinance, which symbolizes our identification with Christ in his death, burial and resurrection.

(4) Receive remission of sins. Those who have been united to Jesus Christ have all their sins removed; there is an entire cancellation of guilt. They have a standing before God which is absolutely perfect.

(5) Receive the Holy Spirit. The gift of the Holy Spirit is the birthright of every regenerated soul who is obedient to Christ.

#### III. A Portrait of the Primitive Church (Acts 2:42-47).

1. They continued in the apostles' doctrine (v. 42). Instead of being taught by the scribes they are now taught by the apostles. They have turned away from their blind guides and are following new ones.

2. They continued in fellowship around Christ as the head (v. 42). The breaking of bread illustrated the oneness of believers in Christ. As all partook of one loaf, so all believers are one in Christ.

3. They continued in prayer (v. 42). The ideal church is a praying church.

4. They had a community of goods (vv. 43-45). They had all things in common. Those that had possessions sold them and distribution was made to every one as he had need.

5. They were filled with praise (v. 46). All those who have had the experience of the life of God being poured into them are filled with praise, and gratitude must express itself.

#### IV. The Mutual Duties of Officers and Members of the Church (1 Thess. 5:11-15).

1. Mutual intercourse for comfort and edification (v. 11). There is no caste in the church of Jesus Christ; it is a brotherhood.

2. Proper recognition should be given to those who are engaged in spiritual service (v. 12). Only as the grace of God abounds do men and women turn from their secular to spiritual interests. Those who thus respond to the call of God should have popular recognition.

3. Proper respect should be given to church officials (v. 13).

While we should not give worship to those who are leaders in the church of Christ we should give them proper respect. One of the signs of the degeneracy of the age is a lack of respect shown Christian ministers.

4. Live in peace (v. 13). Although there is in the church a diversity of interests and personalities the love of Christ should so fill us that there be no strife in his body.

5. Warn the disorderly (v. 14). As Christ chose twelve and one was a devil, so in the church there will be those who are disorderly. All such should be lovingly warned.

6. Be not retaliative (v. 15). Although others wrong us we should not retaliate.

#### Growth.

Violent efforts to growth are right in earnestness, but wholly wrong in principle. There is but one principle of growth both for the natural and spiritual, for body and soul. And the principle of growing in grace is once more this: "Consider the lilies how they grow."

#### Take Second Look.

I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look.—H. Vincent.

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**New Light on Term "O. K."**

President Wilson has his own way of doing things, and he also has a very good reason for doing them his own way. Not only does that apply to matters of world-wide importance but to trivial things as well.

In signing unofficial documents—on official documents he formally writes "Approved"—the president of the United States precedes his signature with the word "Okech."

One of his secretaries, suddenly realizing the significance of the word, asked the president why he did not write "O. K."

"Because that's wrong," said Wilson.

"Wrong?" echoed the secretary. "Isn't it derived from Andrew Jackson's 'Oli Kreech'?"

"No," said Wilson. "O. K.' is often erroneously used for 'Okeh,' which in the Choctaw language means, 'It is so.'"

#### The Armed Motortruck.

In the old days of the overland stages there sat up in front alongside the driver the express messenger, carrying on his knees always ready for instant use a sawed-off shotgun.

In these later days, on another sort of vehicle, and for protection against another sort of highwaymen, both men on the box are armed. The vehicle is the big, powerful motor-driven army supply wagon.

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