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Jack Eyfe did not happen in again for nearly two weeks and then only to pay a brief call, but he stole an opportunity, when Katy John was not looking, to whisper in Stella's ear:

"Have you been thinking about that hangout of ours?"

She shook her head, and he went out quietly without another word. He neither pleaded nor urged, and perhaps



That Was Only One of a Dozen Brutal Incidents.

that was wisest, for in spite of herself Stella thought of him continually. He loomed always before her, a persistent, compelling factor.

She knew at last, beyond any gain-saying, that the venture tempted, large as it was, was not a mere gamble, but an element of the unknown. To get away from this soul-dwelling round meant much. She felt herself reasoning desperately that the frying pan could not be worse than the fire and held at least the merit of greater dignity and freedom from the twin evils of poverty and thankless domestic slavery.

While she considered this, pro and con, shrinking from such a step on hour, considering it soberly the next the days dragged past in wearisome sequence. The great depth of snow endured, was added to by spasmodic furies. The frosts held. The camp seethed with the restlessness of the men. In default of the daily work that consumed their superfluous energy the loggers argued and fought, drank and gambled, made "rough house" in their sleeping quarters till sometimes Stella's cheeks blanched and she expected murder to be done. Twice the Chickamin came back from Roaring Springs with whiskey aboard, and a protracted debauch ensued. Once a drunken logger shouldered his way into the kitchen to leer unpleasantly at Stella and, himself inflamed by liquor and the affront, Charlie Benton beat the man until his face was a mass of bloody bruises. That was only one of a dozen brutal incidents. All the routine discipline of the woods seemed to have slipped out of Benton's hands. When the second whisky consignment struck the camp Stella stayed in her room, refusing to cook until order reigned again. Benton grumblingly took up the burden himself. With Katy's help and that of sundry loggers he fed the roistering crew, but for his sister it was a two day period of protesting disgust.

That mood, like so many of her moods, relapsed into dogged endurance. She took up the work again when Charlie promised that no more whisky should be allowed in the camp. "Though it's 10 to 1 I won't have a corporal's guard left when I want to start work again," he grumbled. "I'm well within my rights if I put my foot down hard on any jinks when there's work, but I have no license to set myself up as guardian of a logger's morals and pocketbook when I have nothing for him to do. These fellows are paying their board. So long as they don't make themselves obnoxious to you I don't see that it's our funeral whether they're drunk or sober. They'd tell me so quick enough."

To this pronouncement of expediency Stella made no rejoinder. She no longer expected anything much of Charlie in the way of consideration. So far as she could see, she, his sister, was little more to him than one of his loggers; a little less important than, say, his donkey engineer. In so far as she conducted to the well being of the camp and effected a saving to his credit in the matter of preparing food, he valued her and was willing to concede a minor point to satisfy her. Beyond that Stella felt that he did not go. Five years in totally different environments had dug a great gulf between them. He felt an arbitrary sense of duty toward her, she knew, but in its manifestations it never lapped over the bounds of his own immediate self interest.

Stella looked out along the shores piled high with broken ice and snow, through a misty air to distant mountains that lifted themselves imperiously aloft, white spires against the sky—over a forest all draped in winter robes; shore, mountains and forest alike were chill and hushed and desolate. The lake spread its forty odd miles in a boomerang curve from Roaring Springs to Fort Douglas, a cold, lifeless gray. She sat a long time looking at that, and a dead weight seemed to settle upon her heart.

She did not hear Jack Eyfe come in. She did not dream he was there until she felt his hand gently on her shoulder and looked up. And so deep was her despondency, so keen the unassuaged craving for some human sympathy, some measure of understanding, that she made no effort to remove his hand. She was in too deep a spiritual quagmire to refuse any sort of aid, too deeply moved to indulge in analytical self fathoming. She had a dim sense of being oddly comforted by his presence, as if she, afloat on uncharted seas, saw suddenly near at hand a safe anchorage and welcoming hands. Afterward she recalled that. As it was, she looked up at Eyfe and hid her tear stained face in her hands. He stood silent a few seconds. When he did speak there was a peculiar hesitation in his voice.

"What is it?" he said softly. "What's the trouble now?"

Briefly she told him, the barriers of her habitual reserve swept aside before the essentially human need to share a burden that has grown too great to bear alone.

"Oh, thunder!" Eyfe grunted when she had finished. "This isn't any place for you at all."

He slid his arm across her shoulders and tilted her face with his other hand so that her eyes met his. And she felt no desire to draw away or any of that old instinct to be on her guard against him.

"Will you marry me, Stella?" he asked evenly. "I can free you from this sort of thing forever."

"How can I?" she returned. "I don't want to marry anybody. I don't love you. I'm not even sure I like you. I'm too miserable to think, even I'm afraid to take a step like that. I should think you would be too."

He shook his head. "I've thought a lot about it lately," he said. "It hasn't occurred to me to be afraid of how it may turn out. Why borrow trouble when there's plenty at hand?"

"Yes," she said. "I've thought a lot about it lately," he said. "It hasn't occurred to me to be afraid of how it may turn out. Why borrow trouble when there's plenty at hand?"

"Listen," he said in characteristically blunt fashion. "You want to get away from here. There is no sense in our fussing or hesitating about what we're going to do, is there?"

"No, I suppose not," she agreed. "I'll send the Panther down to the Springs for Lefty Howe's wife," he outlined his plans unhesitatingly. "She will get up here this evening. Tomorrow we will go down and take the train to Vancouver and be married. You have plenty of good clothes, good enough for Vancouver. I know—with a whimsical smile—"because you had when you came last summer, and you've had no chance to wear them out. Then we'll go somewhere—California, Florida, and come back to Roaring Lake in the spring. You'll have all the bad taste of this out of your mouth by that time."

Stella nodded acquiescence. Better to make the plunge boldly, since she had elected to make it.

"All right. I'm going to tell Benton," Eyfe said. "Goodbye till tomorrow."

She stood up. He looked at her a long time earnestly, searchingly, one of her hands imprisoned tight between his two big palms. Then, before she was quite aware of his intention, he kissed her gently on the mouth and was gone.

(To be Continued)

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hand? I don't care whether you love me or not, right now. You couldn't possibly be any worse off as my wife, could you?"

"No," she admitted. "I don't see how I could."

"Take a chance then," he urged. "I'll make a fair bargain with you. I'll make life as pleasant for you as I can. You'll live pretty much as you've been brought up to live, so far as money goes. The rest we'll have to work out for ourselves. I won't ask you to pretend anything you don't feel. You'll play fair because that's the way you're made—unless I've sized you up wrong. It'll simply be a case of our adjusting ourselves, just as mating couples have been doing since the year one. You've everything to gain and nothing to lose."

"In some ways," she murmured. "Every way," he insisted. "You are not handicapped by caring for any other man."

"How do you know?" she asked. "Just a hunch," Eyfe smiled. "If you did he'd have beaten me to the rescue long ago—if he were the sort of man you could care for."

"No," she admitted, "there isn't any other man, but there might be. Think how terrible it would be if it happened—afterward."

Eyfe shrugged his shoulders. "Sufficient unto the day," he said. "There is no string on either of us just now. We start even. That's good enough. Will you?"

"You have me at a disadvantage," she whispered. "You offer me a lot that I want, everything but a feeling I've somehow always believed ought to exist, ought to be mutual. Part of me

Before She Was Quite Aware of His Intention He Kissed Her.

wants to shut my eyes and jump. Part of me—hang back. I can't stand this thing I've got into and see no way of getting out of it. Yet I dread starting a new train of wretchedness. I'm afraid—whichever way I turn."

Eyfe considered this a moment. "Well," he said finally, "that's a rather unfortunate attitude. But I'm going into it with my eyes open. I know what I want. You'll be making a sort of experiment. Still, I advise you to make it. I think you'll be the better for making it. Come on. Say yes."

Stella looked up at him, then out over the banked snow, and all the dreary discomforts, the mean drudgery, the sor-did shifts she had been put to for months rose up in disheartening phalanx. For that moment Jack Eyfe loomed like a tower of refuge. She trusted him now. She had a feeling that even if she grew to dislike him she would still trust him. He would play fair. If he said he would do this or that she could bank on it absolutely.

She turned and looked at him searchingly a long half minute, wondering what really lay behind the blue eyes that met her own so steadfastly. He stood waiting patiently, outwardly impassive. But she could feel through the thin stuff of her dress a quiver in the fingers that rested on her shoulder and that repressed sign of the man's pent-up feeling gave her an odd thrill, moved her strangely, swung the pendulum of her impulse.

"Yes," she said. Eyfe bent a little lower. "Listen," he said in characteristically blunt fashion. "You want to get away from here. There is no sense in our fussing or hesitating about what we're going to do, is there?"

"No, I suppose not," she agreed. "I'll send the Panther down to the Springs for Lefty Howe's wife," he outlined his plans unhesitatingly. "She will get up here this evening. Tomorrow we will go down and take the train to Vancouver and be married. You have plenty of good clothes, good enough for Vancouver. I know—with a whimsical smile—"because you had when you came last summer, and you've had no chance to wear them out. Then we'll go somewhere—California, Florida, and come back to Roaring Lake in the spring. You'll have all the bad taste of this out of your mouth by that time."

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(To be Continued)

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PAPER

MAKING OF ICE CREAM

Food Control Board Permits But 10 Per Cent. Fat.

A Recipe That Has Proven Successful—Stake Vines and Trim Leaves to Grow High-Colored Tomatoes.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

A GREAT many inquiries have recently come to the Dairy Department of the Ontario Agricultural College regarding the new regulation from the Canada Food Board with reference to the manufacture of ice-cream, and also, as to methods of testing ice-cream for fat.

Order No. 34, section 8, issued by the Canada Food Board reads: "On and after May 1st, 1918, no person in Canada shall use in the manufacture of ice-cream more than 10 per centum of fats, whether of animal or vegetable origin; or more than six pounds of cane sugar, to eight gallons of ice-cream."

As a result of recent investigations made in the Dairy Department of the O. A. College, by Messrs. McMillan, Parfitt, and Miss Miller, of the Dairy Staff, we can recommend the following formula or recipe, for a batch or mix which will produce about eight gallons of plain ice-cream of good quality and which will come within the regulations as laid down by the Food Board:

44½ lbs. (4½ gallons) cream testing 13% fat.

1½ lbs. skim milk powder.

6 lbs. cane sugar—1½ lbs. sugar may be replaced with 2 lbs. corn syrup.

4 ounces vanilla extract.

8 ounces gelatin dissolved in 6 lbs. (½ gallon) skim milk.

The cost of the ingredients in this formula will range from 53 to 67 cents buying in small quantities. If bought wholesale, the cost would be less.

If whole milk and cream are used, mixing equal quantities of these will produce an ice-cream testing not over ten per cent. fat, assuming that the milk and cream are of average fat content—3.5 and 18 to 20% fat respectively.

Three Methods of Testing Ice-Cream

It is necessary for the ice-cream maker to test his ice-cream occasionally, and the following methods will give satisfactory results if carefully carried out:

1.—The Glacial Acetic and Hydrochloric Acid Test.

A representative sample of the ice-cream is taken and melted and thoroughly mixed; a 9-gramme sample is weighed into an 18-gramme Babcock cream test bottle. A mixture is prepared using equal parts of glacial acetic acid and concentrated hydrochloric acid. Twenty cubic centimeters of this acid mixture is added to the 9-gramme sample of ice-cream in the test bottle, and is then all well shaken. The bottle is placed in a water bath of 120 to 130 deg. F., and shaken until a uniform brown color appears. It is then placed in the Babcock centrifuge and the test completed in the same way as for testing cream and the reading multiplied by two.

2.—The Sulphuric Acid Test.

To make the test with sulphuric acid, a 9-gramme sample is weighed into an 18-gramme test bottle. About 9 cubic centimeters of lukewarm water is then added to dilute the sample. In order to have about 18 cubic centimeters of mixture in the bottle. The sulphuric acid is then added slowly, a little at a time, at minute intervals, shaking well after each addition until a chocolate brown color appears in the ice-cream. A little cold water may be added to check the action of the acid. The bottle is then placed in the centrifuge and the test completed in the usual way. The reading is multiplied by two.

3.—Acetic and Sulphuric Acids.

Weigh a 9-gramme sample of ice-cream that has been thoroughly mixed. About 9 cubic centimeters of water is then added to dilute the sample. Add 5 cubic centimeters of acetic acid and then add carefully 5 to 8 cubic centimeters sulphuric acid. Centrifuge, and then add water the same as in other tests. If using an 18-gramme bottle multiply the reading by two, to obtain the per cent. fat in the ice-cream. A 9-gramme bottle which is graduated to give the percentage of fat directly needs no correction when reading.

—Prof. H. H. Dean, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

TO GROW TOMATOES MOST SUCCESSFULLY.

If you are growing tomatoes to a single stem, be sure to remove all side shoots before they become of any size. All the extra food which is used in their growth is wasted and the breaking off of large shoots injures the plants. When August 15th comes it is well to nip off all growing ends so that the fruit will finish ripening, also open out the plant, if very thick, to allow the sunlight.

When first fruits begin to ripen, apply nitrate of soda, a teaspoonful in a watering can, full of water, to the plants twice a week to make a liquid manure and use it instead. These are more especially valuable after the growth has been stopped. Keep a dust mulch around the plants. If the weather is very dry, soak the ground around them thoroughly in the evening, then make a new mulch in the morning.

When the first fruits in staked tomatoes are beginning to color, remove one-half of each leaf. This will hasten the ripening. Sunlight is necessary for rapid ripening.

Leave only growth enough on your plants to carry what fruit will ripen before frost. There is no use in allowing more to set than will be of use to you and the fruits you leave will be larger. —A. H. MacLennan, Ontario Vegetable Specialist.

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MAY ADOPT DECIMAL SYSTEM

England Seriously Considering Abandoning Its Antiquated Currency in Favor of Simplicity.

England may adopt the decimal system for its currency. The agitation for this reform appears to be gaining favor with the British people, and among the important agencies behind the movement is the Associated Chamber of Commerce of the United Kingdom. For generations schoolboys have been learning this: Four farthings make one penny, twelve pence make one shilling, twenty shillings make one pound, twenty-one shillings sterling make one guinea, twenty shillings sterling make one sovereign.

Then there were the symbols to learn—the capital "L" with a short line across the shank of the letter for the Latin "libra," or pound; the little "s" for shilling; the "d" for denarius, or penny, and the "qr" for quadrans, or quarter of a penny, standing for farthing, though latterly "far" came to stand generally for farthing. All American schoolboys have studied the table of English money in that part of their arithmetic dealing with "reduction," which is "the changing of numbers, either simple or compound, from one denomination to another without altering their values." Many men will probably remember that as boys they worked and labored over two kinds of "reduction," which were called "reduction descending and reduction ascending."

The decimalizing of English money is, of course, in the line of simplification. Some of the financial powers and papers are urging that parliament take the matter under consideration, and it is likely to come up for official treatment and discussion at any time.

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