

DEC. 10, 1918

THE CARLETON PLACE HELL

7

Lachesis

By R. RAY BAKER

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Things happen just by accident, sometimes. But does the accident happen by accident? Not while Lachesis is holding down that destiny job on Mount Olympus.

Lachesis, you know, is one of the three Moerae who meddle in the affairs of mortals from the time they are born until they pass into other realms. Three Moerae, or Fates, have a room all to themselves in the big office building of the gods, and they run things with a high hand.

One would think that, in these days of progress, Clotho would get something to take the place of that old spinning wheel on which she spins the thread of life, and that Atropos could find an instrument less unwieldy than that long pair of dull shears she has been using to cut the thread when she decides it's long enough. However, they seem to have got along so far without modern improvements and they ought to know their business by this time.

Anyway, this story concerns Lachesis, who works without instruments. She simply stands near the spinning wheel and dabs weal and woe on that thread and twists it about her fingers and ties knots in it, to suit her own pleasure. It has been said that Clotho and Lachesis and Atropos are old and ugly. Of course, as mortals reckon, these fates are old; but years don't count on Olympus. And as to ugliness—well, I'm willing to allow that Atropos has a hideous face, and it's possible Clotho is not beautiful, because her back must be lame and her eyes faded and her forehead wrinkled from bending over the spinning wheel; but Lachesis—there's no reason why she should be ugly, because her job furnishes lots of variety. Moreover, she's one of the heroines in this story, so she has just got to be beautiful.

The hero is Jack Watson, a mere mortal who defied Lachesis. She had decided, soon after Clotho began to spin the thread, that he should be married before he became twenty-eight years old, and she had picked for his bride a girl named Esther Richards. They were born in the same little town in Ohio and had one of those "school kid" romances; and then, when Jack was only eleven and Esther eight, it ended.

Jack moved with his parents to Columbus, where they resided three years. Jack and Esther wrote occasionally, as children sometimes carry on a correspondence, but they were too young to understand about affluence and such things, and gradually they forgot about each other.

When Jack was fifteen his mother died and he moved with his father to New York. The boy obtained a job as office boy with a broker and held it two years. Then he was promoted, and about that time pneumonia claimed Mr. Watson.

When Esther was ten she went with her parents to Vancouver, British Columbia, and there they remained until she was twenty-two.

Lachesis stood in the workroom of the Moerae one day, holding Jack Watson's thread of life in one hand and Esther Richards' in the other. "My, how far apart they have drifted," she murmured. "This will never do. I have decided differently."

Jack was leaning back in his swivel chair with his feet on his desk, in his own real estate office in Melbourne, Australia. Was he thinking about Esther? Decidedly not. His mind was full of business, of how to travel still farther on the path of prosperity, which he already had found.

Esther was reclining on a lounge in her home in Vancouver, reading a Red Cross magazine. Did Jack hold any place in her thoughts? No, not even a small corner. They had forgotten about each other, as I have said.

That evening Jack went to the Melbourne Business club for dinner with three other prosperous young business men, all of them married. When the meal was finished the conversation turned to matrimony.

"How comes it you never got married, Jack?" asked George Clifford as he passed cigars. "You're old enough and have enough coin to make some girl comfortable and happy."

Jack laughed as he lighted the weed. "Not me," he said as he puffed placidly. "I'll never get married. I'm going to be a hermit. Do you know, fellows, it's a fact that I've never been interested a bit in the fair sex? I'm all for business. I'm sincerely opposed to marriage—for myself, at least."

Clifford, who was five years older, looked over the rims of his glasses with a slight grimace and inquired: "Don't you believe in love? Don't you believe that every one was made for some one?"

Another laugh, this time louder and longer, from Jack.

"I should say not!" he retorted. "There's no such thing as love. Marriage is a matter of business. When a fellow hasn't enough sense to save his money, he needs a woman to help him; and if he gets the right kind he's all right, and if he doesn't he's all wrong. I tell you I'm not interested in girls and I'll die a bachelor, as sure as the sun rises and sets."

Lachesis frowned. Such defiance! She was puzzled, but she was very re-

sourceful. For days at a time she would stand and hold those two threads, one in each hand. But when she attempted to bring them together her arms would stiffen.

Six months before it was time for him to celebrate his twenty-eighth anniversary something put into Jack's head the idea of touring the States. As he had accumulated a comfortable pile of the metal so much desired on this globe, and as he had taken in a partner who was capable of conducting the business alone, there was no reason why he should not carry the idea into effect.

It was on the outskirts of Chicago that the accident occurred. The train hit a broken rail or something and the parlor car left the track. Only one person was severely injured, and that was Jack Watson, whose arm was broken.

He was taken to a Chicago hospital, where the arm was set. His condition, physically and financially, warranted a nurse being assigned to special duty on the case.

This was the first opportunity he had had to study woman at close range, and it proved decidedly interesting. The nurse was in constant attendance during the day and ready to answer his call at any time during the night. She was continually putting thermometers into his mouth and taking them out again, feeling his pulse, feeding him ice cream and other delicacies, and smiling. And she had a pretty face, always shining with good cheer, and a lot of other nice ways about her.

"That's funny," Jack told himself frequently. "I never knew a woman could be so useful in this busy world." And he got to wishing that his arm wouldn't be in any hurry about getting mended, and his mind began thinking strange thoughts; that is, strange for him.

Of course, you know the nurse was Esther Richards. But he did not. A lot of changes take place in a person between the ages of eight and twenty-five; and there was no more reason why he should associate this Miss Richards with the one of his school days in Ohio than that she should recognize her childhood sweetheart in this Mr. Watson who was her patient.

Had Jack been less reticent about himself their former acquaintanceship would have leaked out in the "small talk" that usually develops between a nurse and a convalescing patient; but as he was one who took things for granted and never displayed curiosity, especially concerning the affairs of women, he had not even asked the customary "Where is your home?" Naturally her professional reserve, acquired during nearly three years of training, precluded the possibility of her taking the initiative in such personal matters; so the fact that they had not been schoolmates and "puppy-love" sweethearts remained unrevealed.

He fought against the peculiar feeling that was creeping over him, but it was a losing fight. He gave up the struggle and confessed, first to himself and later to her, that he was in love with her. He told her all about it on the day he was to leave the hospital.

"Do you believe in love?" she inquired, as she stood beside the bed and retained that professional demeanor sufficiently to keep him from seizing her hand. "These days, people are beginning to have the idea that marriage is only a business contract."

Jack laughed and forgot all about Melbourne and real estate, business club dinners and hermits' lives.

"Love!" he echoed. "Surely, I believe in love. Every one was made for some one, and I was made for you. I've felt that ever since I first saw you standing by this bed and counting my heartbeats. Haven't you felt the same way?"

She forgot about "being professional" and her hand found its way into his.

"Perhaps," she confessed, "that's what we always read in books; and there may be something to it. Really, I feel as if I had known you always."

Lachesis smiled a smile of triumph. She drew the two threads together and held them side by side in one hand. With the other hand she reached into the happiness box and dabbed some of the contents on the threads. Then she carefully and methodically knotted them together.

You can't defy Lachesis and get away with it.

British Honduras.

British Honduras is in the tropics, but its climate is only sub-tropical. The maximum shade temperature is 98 degrees Fahrenheit, while the minimum is 50 degrees. Cholera, yellow fever and other tropical diseases occur from time to time, but on the whole the country is not unhealthy in comparison with the West Indies or the Central American countries. The dry season lasts from the middle of February to the middle of May. Rain occurs at intervals during the other months, and almost continuously during October, November and December. The annual rainfall averages about 81½ inches, but rises to some parts of the country to 150 inches or more. Easterly sea winds prevail during the greater part of the year.

The Humming Birds.

The smallest and most brilliant in color of all the feathered creatures are the humming birds, and of the 400 species none is to be found elsewhere than in this western hemisphere. It is noticed that humming birds once numerous in summer in Indiana have greatly diminished in number. An explanation is given that many thousands have been sacrificed in the millinery trade.

CANNOT MATCH THE BIBLE

Great Men Can Find No Other Book That Combines Its Literary or Historical Merits.

The bulk of the people—business men, lawyers, doctors and others—don't read the Bible, but writers universally recognize it as the greatest book. Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale university said in a recent address:

"Being a serious book, it is weak in humor," Professor Phelps said. "But I think Job intended a grim joke when he said, 'Would that mine adversary had written a book!'"

"No narrative writers can match the style of the Bible's Old Testament stories—Hume, Gibbon, Rose—they are all inferior. This is the day of the short story writer, Kipling, De Maupassant, O. Henry, but their best efforts fall short of the stories of the Bible. So it is with its poetry in the Psalms. Its wisdom of the Proverbs is just as up to date as the morning paper, and there is no political economy equal to the Book of Gospels."

"It is possible to overestimate the Bible's influence on English literature. Bunyan wrote a great book because he was saturated with the Bible, and it trickled out when he wrote."

"Lincoln knew only two books—the Bible and Shakespeare—and yet he was a splendidly educated man. To know the Bible is to be educated. One of the finest metaphors in Keats' 'Ode to a Nightingale' is taken directly from the Bible; 'Nearer My God to Thee' is simply a paraphrase of the Bible."

WARM WELCOME FOR TWINS

Their Arrival in an English Home Meant Two Extra Sugar Rations for Family.

Capt. Norman Thwaites of the British intelligence department said the other day:

"The sugar shortage is felt keenly over the water. It's odd how you miss your sugar over there. You long for it as you'd long for tobacco."

"A Bayswater special constable hurried home from his beat at the Marble Arch the other evening to be present on a very interesting occasion, and, as he sat in his library in the small hours, the nurse came to him and said:

"It's all right, sir."

"The Bayswater man swallowed; he moistened his dry lips; then he asked: 'Is it a boy?'"

"The nurse smiled soothingly."

"And of 'em's a boy, sir," she said. "And the Bayswater man, instead of turning pale or smothering an oath, as he'd probably done in peace time, uttered a glad cry of joy."

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, "that gives us two extra sugar rations."

Water Brooks.

There was a pool by which we stopped one day to look at a great dragon fly in golden mail lighting on a lily pad. I suppose that he did not live the season through, but his race has not lost a scintilla of his radiance, and there is a curious comfort in thinking that even in days like these, when mankind seems to have gone mad, and "when but to think is to be full of sorrow," we have only to go to the same pool to see a creature as beautiful, lighting on a lily pad as green, floating on water as pure. Nor is this mere sentimentality. To become aware of the fleeting permanency of all these bright short-lived things, their incessant change with essential changelessness, their passing beauties but persistent, beauty, brings health to the spirit of man. After his wars and revolutions he always returns to the brooks, and is surprised but happy to find them still dancing and singing.—Robert M. Gay in the Atlantic Monthly.

Love and a Canalboat.
Why is love like a canalboat? Because it is an internal transport.—Louis.

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.

A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

KEEP STABLE

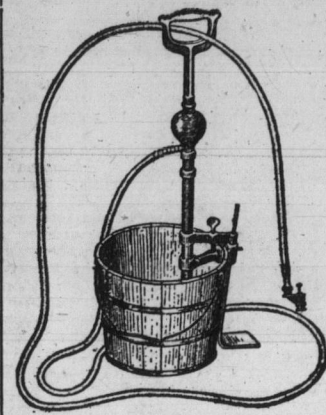
PRACTICAL HINTS REGARDING WORK OF DISINFECTATION.

Thoroughness in the Performance of the Operation Is Necessary If Good Results Are to be Secured—Various Surfaces Should Be Kept Clean and All Refuse Matter Removed.

In the practical work of disinfection there are three essentials:

1. A preparation of the building that will facilitate reaching organisms of disease.
2. A disinfectant which upon contact can be depended upon to destroy such organisms.
3. A method of applying the disinfectant that will assure the most thorough contact with the bacteria.

Before beginning the use of disinfectant it is essential that certain preliminary work be done in and about the stable that is to be treated.



Hand Spraying Pump Suitable for Disinfecting Small Stables.

The various surfaces, such as ceilings, walls, partitions, floors, etc., should be swept until free from cobwebs and dust. Any accumulation of filth should be removed by scraping and scrubbing, using for this purpose a wire or other stiff brush and warm water with a liberal quantity of washing soda. In some cases the woodwork may have become softened and so porous as to be a good medium for the absorption of disease germs.

Such woodwork should be removed, burned, and replaced with new material. All refuse, manure, etc., from stable and barnyard should be removed to a place inaccessible to live stock and, if possible, be burned or thoroughly mixed with a solution of chloride of lime in the proportion of six ounces to one gallon of water. If the floor is of earth, it will doubtless have become stained with urine and contaminated to a depth of several inches. In such cases four inches or more of the surface soil should be removed and treated as suggested above for refuse and manure.

Having made ready the field operation, the next consideration should be the selection and preparation of the disinfectant. The fact must not be overlooked that many agents used for the destruction of bacteria are likewise poisonous to animals and man. In fact, some drugs, although powerful as germicides, are so poisonous as to preclude their general use. In the work of disinfection, among such, as previously stated, is bichloride of mercury, which possesses the power of destroying not only bacteria, but spores as well. It is therefore essential in deciding upon an agent to select one having a known germicidal strength, properties of solubility, and at the same time possessing a reasonable degree of safety to animals and man.

The efficiency and economy of the work will depend in a great measure upon the method of applying the disinfectant. Economy requires that the disinfecting solution be applied rapidly; efficiency requires that it be not only spread in such manner as to cover the entire surface requiring disinfection, but that sufficient quantity and force be used to drive the solution into all cracks and crevices.

Where a very limited surface is to be treated, as, for example, one stall, it may be possible to apply the disinfectant in a satisfactory manner by means of a whitewash brush. In all cases, however, the best method of applying the disinfectant and the lime wash is by means of a strong spray pump.

The entire interior of the stable should be saturated with the disinfectant. Special attention should be given to the feeding troughs and drains. After the disinfectant has dried, the surface may be sprayed with lime wash, provided this has not been combined with the disinfectant as previously described. When the work has been completed it will be advisable to open all doors and windows of the building for the admission of air and light.

Less Than 150,000,000 Bushels.
The Manitoba Free Press estimates this year's wheat crop for the three western provinces at 149,844,000 bushels, oats 183,000,000, barley 41,957,000, flax 5,056,000 and rye 724,000.

Of the total wheat crop Saskatchewan is credited with 92,220,000, an average of ten bushels per acre; Manitoba with 47,124,000, an average of 18, and Alberta with 10,500,000 bushels.

Organization.

Farmers' organization is class organization, pure and simple, but it is necessary that all classes become organized before a proper union of all forces can be accomplished. This done, the various branches of our national life can arrive at an understanding that will make democracy possible and ensure a reign of equity and justice.—Farmers' Advocate.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR DECEMBER 15

JOSEPH FORGIVES HIS BRETHREN.

LESSON TEXT—Genesis 45:1-15.
GOLDEN TEXT—If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father will also forgive you.—Matthew 6:14.
DEVOTIONAL READING—Genesis 44:18-24.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Genesis 45:1-4; Ephesians 4:31, 32.

I. Joseph Discloses His Identity to His Brethren (vv. 1-3).

He treated his brethren harshly at first, his purpose being to ascertain as to whether they were the same cruel, heartless men as before, and to produce penitence in their hearts. They keenly felt their guilt and heartily repented of their folly. Judah's pathetic appeal overcame his apparent harshness, causing him to disclose his identity. Being unable to restrain his pent-up emotions he orders every one from his presence. This act on the part of Joseph troubled them; it ought to have made them glad. Their sins prevented it being a time of joy for them. This most beautifully illustrates Christ's dealing with his brethren, the Jews. Just as they who had rejected him and sold him were compelled to come to him for aid, so when the great tribulation comes, Christ's brethren, the Jews, will cry unto him for aid (Daniel 9:27; 12:1; Matthew 24:21; Zechariah 12:10-14). Joseph dealt severely with his brethren to test them and bring them to repentance. So Christ will do with the Jews (Hosea 5:15; Ezekiel 22:19-22). As Joseph's love was behind his harsh exactings, so back of Christ's treatment of the Jews will be his great love for them.

II. Joseph's Efforts to Assuage the Grief of His Brethren (vv. 4-8).

When Joseph revealed himself to his brethren, the remembrance of their sins pierced them through. Joseph's first question was about his father. This shows that his desire was to put their thoughts far away from their crime. He invited them to come near unto him, and assured them God had overruled their crime in sending him for their salvation. They meant it for evil, but it was part of God's plan for good. This does not excuse them from the guilt of the sin. In some future time Christ will become reconciled to his brethren, the Jews, and be their Savior and benefactor (Isaiah 11:10-16). Peter, on the day of Pentecost, showed that the Jews' treatment of Christ was such, and that God's overruling providence had turned it out for good. Just as Egypt was obliged to come to Joseph for sustenance and become servants for Pharaoh through him (Genesis 47:13-20), so will all the world yet come to Christ for his blessing, and be reconciled to God through him (Isaiah 2:2-4; 11:10; Psalms 72:1-7; Zechariah 14:16).

III. Joseph Sent His Brethren With Good News to His Father (vv. 9-15).

As soon as Joseph's brethren knew him and were reconciled to him, they were sent with the glad tidings to their father. He assured them that he would nourish them and that they should be near him. They were directed to tell of his glory. Jacob would not have mourned the death of Joseph had he known of his glory. He now gave them the kiss of reconciliation and they were permitted to talk with him. Reconciliation precedes communion.

Faith Must Show Itself.

If the church is salt, then the church must be different from the world around it. If the church is light, then the church must be unlike those who have not committed themselves to the leadership of Christ. When Christians say the same things which unbelievers say, and do the same things which scoffers do, they cease to be a leavening force in society. If faith in Christ is to have any meaning, it must show itself in the creation of a new type of man. A Christian should have something in him not to be found in any other human being. Unless he is more in disposition, aim and conduct than those around him, he is not giving the world the impulse or guidance which humanity is in need of.—Broadway Tabernacle Tidings.

Relief Not Burden.

A yoke is not an instrument of torture; it is an instrument of mercy. It is not a malleable contrivance for making work hard; it is a gentle device to make hard labor light. And yet men speak of the yoke of Christ as if it were a slavery, and look upon those who wear it as objects of compassion.

God's Demands.

It is not from severity that God demands much from men in order to obtain knowledge of himself; it is of his kindness that he wills the soul by effort to grow capacious of receiving much that he may give much.—Meister Eckhart.

Abiding in God's Will.

The peace, freedom, and blessedness of all souls consists in their abiding in God's will. Towards this union with God for which it is created the soul strives perpetually.—Meister Eckhart.

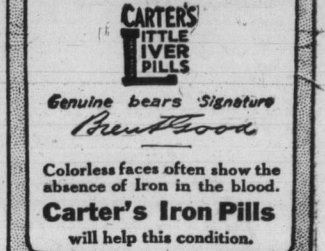


Nature's Way Is Best

Nature's laxative is bile. If your liver is sending the bile on its way as it should, you'll never be constipated.

Keep the liver tuned right up to its work.

Take one pill regularly (more only if necessary) until your bowels act regularly, freely, naturally.



"NO SHADOW ON HER FACE"

Writer Tells of English Woman Who Has Given All She Had to the Country.

We English do not read our casualty lists any more. Many of us dare not. When we meet, we do not even speak of those who have gone away. A very touching thing was told me by one of my neighbors. He was the last of twenty-four officers in one of the Gordon regiments. He said that the places were just filled up as soon as they were emptied, and they never spoke of those who had fallen. That brings the reality of the thing to you. In my own little country—Scotland—you will find many, many villages from which the Highland regiments have been recruited. There are no boys left to come back. They are all dead.

Not many weeks before I came to this country I was up in the Gordon country, and on a Sunday night I was speaking in a church on the spiritual side of the war. At the close a woman came to me, a little, simple, country woman, dressed in the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders, holding a yellow missive, which I, alas, knew too well. "The war office department regrets to inform—that—was killed in action." She laid this little missive beside one of the portraits, and said, "That came yesterday. That's mine. He's the last of the three." "Hear you are going to America. Will you tell American mothers I have given all my lads? I had only three and I would give six, if I had them, for the same cause." Another friend of mine has given all her five sons. She is a widow and she has none left; but she is working in one of the canyons with no shadow on her face.—Mrs. A. Burnett-Smith in the Atlantic Monthly.

Land of the "Great Unwashed."
Alaska has been called the land of the "great unwashed," and it is said that in some parts of the country water retails at \$1 a bucket. In still other sections clothes are washed in the rivers, and women have been seen "treading blankets" when the water was so cold as to turn their feet and ankles beet red.

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