

JAN. 9, 1917

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7

A TALE OF RED ROSES

By
GEORGE
RANDOLPH
CHESTER

Copyright, 1914, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"But love is different," she replied, arguing more to herself than to him. "Nix!" he denied. "It's the strongest thing there is."

"Love cries," Molly mused, remembering Jessie.

"It hurts," he agreed. "It used to sound like a joke to me—till I got it. Now I want to break chains with my chest. Molly, when I think of you I could holler. I don't dare touch you. It makes me weak. You don't want to go back and marry Bert, do you?"

His voice had in it a trembling plea, so un-Sledge-like that she would have pitied him had she not been so absorbed in her startling attitude toward the question he had asked her. Nothing seemed more remote and absurd than that she should go back and marry Bert.

"No!" she bluntly confessed.

Sledge opened the front window.

"Hurry up!" he admonished Billy, and Molly laughed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Molly Feels Sense of Relief.

OMEGHOW she felt a sense of vast relief, of freedom, of exhilaration in her release from Bert. It would have been wicked to have entered into a lifelong marriage with him, and now she seemed always to have had an undercurrent of that feeling which she had hidden from herself. A little trace of resentment rose in her that girls were taught to look so lightly upon the marriage relation that it might be entered into so thoughtlessly; that a girl might select her life partner because he was a good dancer.

"I don't mind confessing that I would in all likelihood have broken the engagement, even had you not come," she told Sledge, deciding suddenly to have it all out, to be perfectly frank, and for the first time to look her own self squarely in the face. "I had realized just at the last moment," she went on, "that Bert's attitude toward our marriage was not what I should want. That does not necessarily mean, however, that I am willing to marry you. That's one thing you can't make me do, Mr. Sledge," and she looked him quietly in the eye.

He studied her a long time and felt foolish.

"I guess not," he humbly confessed. "I thought I could, but I got to let you be the boss."

She could not know how much that admission hurt him, but she vaguely guessed at it, and something like pity stirred within her.

"In that I must be," she asserted. "I thought we were going to your home," she added, pummeling over the out of the way route.

"Now, yours?"

"Mine?" she returned.

"It was to be," he corrected, "the governor's house. I bought it, furniture and all. I sent Waver to Paris."

"You're a continuous shock," she laughed. "You do such big things."

"That's nothing," he sheepishly denied. "Waver's tickled stiff. I got him a big job. He didn't want to sell, though."

Molly laughed for Fern.

"I thought the governor was going to Switzerland," she observed, wondering how things fell so conveniently to Sledge's hand.

"Now, Judge Lansdale's going there," he told her, looking moodily ahead at the road. "You'll take me out to the house before you go back, won't you, Molly?"

"Who's there?" she inquired.

"Mike and the servants. They went with the furniture."

Sledge seemed to feel no need of a Mother Grunsky, and she realized, with a trace of approbation, that there was a fitness in him which made decency a matter of principle rather than of circumstance.

"I don't mind the ride," she laughed, feeling suddenly triumphant. After all, she had won her battle with Sledge and had reduced him to the pulpy consistency all men should be in their loves. The conquest was a tremendous one, she smilingly thought as she looked at him and remembered his reputation for high handed ruthlessness. Somehow, however, she had not quite the glow in her victory to which she was entitled.

He was so obviously downcast that she wanted to cheer him up, but she could think of nothing to say which would lighten the heavy gloom now settling upon him. That failure in itself made her feel rather mean, and she was not at all satisfied with herself when they finally drew up to the porch of the magnificent Waver mansion.

Sledge alighted immediately and held out his hand.

"You fooled me before," he charged, "but that's off."

"It's off," she assured him in his own language. His big hand was warm

and a solid, substantial thing to hold to. She was glad that he liked her so well. It was safe and comfortable to know that.

"Good words!" he approved. "Molly, you're a lady." He still held her hand. He looked at it foolishly. He squared his shoulders with sudden defiance. He kissed it! "Back to Marley's, Billy!" he directed and closed the door of the limousine.

Billy pulled away from the porch. She waved her hand at Sledge as they made the turn. There was a new droop to his shoulders as he stood there on the stately big porch all alone in his black Prince Albert, with a red rose in his buttonhole, and his silk hat in his hand. He seemed so forlorn, so lonely, that Molly felt as if she were leaving him on a desert island.

Around the corner of the house there painfully limped a once white bull terrier, with one eye gone and both ears chewed to ribbons and scars crisscrossed in every direction. Slowly, tortuously, but with steady determination, he wobbled jerkily along the path and up the steps and rubbed his battered old head against Sledge's leg; then lay down with his chin on Sledge's foot.

Molly tapped half hysterically on the window in front of her and fumbled frantically to get it open.

"Drive back!" she called. "I want to see Bob!"

Bob looked up at her with a distinct grin as she alighted, and when she stooped swiftly down and put her arm about his neck he laid his head against her knee and whined.

"He's crazy about you," said Sledge, looking down at them both with hungry affection. "I got a big kennel out here for him, but he's lonesome. There's a place for Smash too."

"Oh, they'd fight," she quickly protested.

"Not now," he returned mournfully. "Bob's been licked."

"Then it will be safe for me to take Bob home with me when I win him," Molly mischievously suggested.

"Plumb safe," Sledge bravely agreed.

"You want to take him back today?"

"Not right now, I think," she quickly replied, with a pang of regret that she had given him this needless hurt.

Governor Waver's former butler, a gray haired Englishman of torturing dignity, came out on the porch.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to Sledge.

Sledge turned and looked him over with disfavor.

"Well?" he grunted.

"Mr. Reeler is telephoning, sir. He wishes to know if Miss Marley is here."

"Come on, Molly," invited Sledge. "We'll tell him. Do you like that butler?" he asked as they went in the library.

"He is a very efficient one, I believe," she granted.

"All right; I'll keep him," he decided. "I did think I'd fire him and get a wooden one. Honest, Molly, that guy ain't humbly."

He picked up the telephone.

"Hello, Tommy! Yes, you bet she's here. No, nothin' doin'." Molly winced. Sure! Here, Molly.

Molly took the telephone, but instead of the full voice of Tommy she heard the eager one of Fern.

"Are you married yet, Molly?" Fern wanted to know.

"Not yet," laughed Molly.

"I didn't think you would until Tommy and I got out there," she chattered.

"Oh, Molly, isn't it just great?"

"Just what do you mean is so great?" inquired Molly.

"Oh, everything. Wait a minute." There was a pause, and then there was a great change in the voice of Fern. "Tell me it isn't so, Molly! Tommy says you're not going to marry Sledge."

"Did you really expect me to?" asked Molly curiously.

"Why, of course I did!" declared Fern. "You're crazy in love with him! You always have been. Now, haven't you?"

"Have I?" wondered Molly, dazed and thinking it over.

"Of course you have," insisted Fern. "You've been dippy about him ever since he sent out that first wagon load of red roses, only you're too stubborn to say so. I'm so disappointed I can't see, Molly!"

"Why?"

"It was so romantic. Tommy's been telling me all about it. Tommy's already got the county clerk by phone at his home, and he's gone over to the courthouse to get a blank marriage license. He's probably on the way out there now, to have you fill it in at the house, and Judge Blake is with him to perform the ceremony. I was going to bring out your father in my blue car and make Tommy run your red one."

"Have him bring Jessie," begged Molly.

"I don't think she'll come," regretted Fern. "Her folks won't let her."

"Dicky will," Molly assured her.

"Invite Dicky too. Tell him I want him. Have him bring Smash. He likes Dicky. And bring all my red roses!"

"Anybody else?" asked Fern, quivering with eagerness. "You can't have Bert, you know. He's gone. He's hustled down to the police station to have Sledge arrested."

Both the girls laughed hilariously at that absurd idea, while Sledge stood by in a dumb trance.

"We'll hide him," giggled Molly. "If we can find any place big enough. I don't want Judge Blake, Fern. Has Dr. Templeton gone?"

"Yes, but we can get him again," shrieked Fern, whose voice had been gradually rising in pitch as she became more and more excited. "He'll do anything for me. Say, Molly, Jessie's here yet, and she just tells me that she's afraid she won't dare come. Sledge, you know."

"You tell Jessie it's all right," directed Molly. "Mr. Sledge is going to take father's company into the consolidation, and that will make everybody's stock worth a hundred dollars a share tomorrow morning, and the West End bank can pay out its deposits, and Bert Glider can sell out his stock and his amusement park property at a profit and go back east and be a social leader." She turned from the telephone a minute. "Say, Benny," she addressed Sledge mischievously, sliding her disengaged hand affectionately up on his shoulder, "would you object to have Dr. Templeton marry us?"

"That preacher that soaked me in the neck?" queried Sledge. "Lord, no!"

THE END.

The Tibetans.

The Tibetans are not beautiful. How could they be when by their own confession the national ancestry runs back to the king of the monkeys and a hobgoblin?

Bonvalot says of them, "The very bears are better looking." The type is midway between the Eskimo and the Chinese. Broad, flat noses, without visible bridge; no eyebrows, wide mouths, full lips, oily skins, hair as coarse and straight as horsehair and short, square, ungainly figures—these are the elements of the unpleasant picture.

Real, Nevertheless.

"What is the political difference," inquired the man from back home, "between the citizen who is about to vote and the citizen who has already voted?"

"A mere distinction of terms," responded Congressman Hummelfut. "The one who is about to vote is a good fellow, while he whose ballot already has been cast is a good thing."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Quite a Distinction.

"Politician, isn't he?"

"Oh, no, he's a statesman."

"Well, what's the difference?"

Always the Unknown.

Permit me to introduce myself. You have been on intimate terms with me for some time.

And yet you do not know me. You have talked with me on long walks and in the still watches of the night. You have flattered me and calmed me and pleaded with me and condoned me. And yet you do not know me.

The worst of this is that you will never know me. You will always go on believing that you do. This is your fate.

I am the unknown. I am the one you live with and of whom you are destined, so long as you live, to be in absolute ignorance.

I am the one you think you are!

Preparedness.

"What was the date of Columbus' discovery of America?" an examiner asked.

"Fourteen ninety-two," the bright boy replied instantly.

"Right," said the examiner. "And why was that date important for you to remember?"

"Because I knew you would be sure to ask it," the bright boy said.

"A statesman, my dear chap, is one who is in politics because he has money. A politician, on the other hand, is one who has money because he is in politics."—Boston Transcript.

Setting Him Right.

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher pompously, "is only the pursuit of something, not the catching of it."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" answered the plain citizen. "Have you ever chased the last car on a rainy day?"—Dallas News.

Seems So.

Redd—I hear that palms live under favorable conditions for 250 years. Greene—Oh, the itching variety must be older than that!—Yonkers Statesman.

The Army of Constipation

is Gaining Immense Army Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Mil. From our them for Billions.

Small, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, Small Pits, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—First Quarter, For Jan. 14, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John 1, 19-34 Memory Verses, 32, 33—Golden Text John 1, 29—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

When John the Baptist was questioned as to who he was he said that he was not the Christ, nor Elijah, nor the expected prophet, but simply a voice crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the way of the Lord" (verses 19-28). His commission is found in Isa. xl, 3-5, where it is said that he was to prepare the way of the Lord and make straight in the desert a highway for our God and to cry, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; . . . the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever." The Spirit through Malachi said of him, as well as of the real Elijah, yet to come, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord" (Mal. iv, 5, 6). The angel Gabriel said of him to his father Zacharias, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, . . . and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb; he shall go before the Lord in the spirit and power of Elijah . . . to make ready a people prepared for the Lord." His father Zacharias, being filled with the Holy Spirit, said of him, "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways" (Luke 1, 15-17, 67-79). The Lord Jesus said of him, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist" (Matt. xi, 11).

When questioned farther by the Pharisees as to why he baptised if he was not some great one, he said that there was one standing among them whom they knew not, the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose, and that while he (John) baptised with water the unknown one would baptise with the Holy Ghost (verses 24-27, 33). He is ever the same Jesus. Trust Him to baptise you with the Holy Spirit now and hear Him say, "Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt; 'Whoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them' (Mark xi, 24). The cry of John the next day as he saw Jesus coming unto him, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," was one of the greatest cries that one mortal could make to another.

"It would be worth while to go into all lands with that one cry and its associated truths. It takes us not only to the foundation of the world, but before that (Rev. xiii, 8; I Pet. i, 19, 20), for as the Lamb of God He was foreordained before the foundation of the world. It takes us to Gen. iii, 21, where we see Him with His own hand, by the shedding of blood, providing redemption clothing for Adam and Eve. It takes us to Ex. xlii and all that is said of the Passover Lamb; also to the lamb of the daily morning and evening sacrifice; to Isa. liii and to passages without number concerning His being a sacrifice for our sins; then on to the Revelation, where He is called the Lamb just twenty-eight times, redeeming by His precious blood, enabling us to overcome by the same, conquering all His enemies and ours and finally associated with the Father on the throne (Rev. v, 9, 10; vi, 14; xlii, 1; xlii, 14; xlii, 1, 6).

As His redeemed ones we are lambs in the midst of wolves, and when we think of all He has borne for us as the Lamb of God and all the glory that awaits us as His associates we might well be willing to be killed all the day long for His sake, if only He can be glorified in us. John says that it was his commission to manifest Christ to Israel, and it is our commission to manifest Him to the world, that the world may know Him through us. Always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh (John xvii, 21, 23; II Cor. iv, 10, 11). It would seem that John did not know Him personally until the day of the baptism at Jordan, but he had been told, "Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on Him the same is He who baptiseth with the Holy Ghost." John bare record saying, "I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like . . . and it abode upon Him, and I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God" (verses 31-34).

There must have been a knowing of Him in some sense before the baptism, for when He came to John to be baptised that day John said to Him, "I have need to be baptised of thee, and comest thou to me." So there must have been some increased revelation of Him to John after the baptism, when the heavens were opened, the Spirit descended like a dove and lighted upon Him, and the Father said in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii, 13-17). What a contrast between John who bare record "This is the Son of God," and the devil who said so soon afterward "If thou be the Son of God" (Matt. iii, 17; iv, 3). When we are well pleased with Him in whom the Father is well pleased then the Father is pleased with us, but if we do not receive Him as Son of God we cannot be saved.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

The Proprietary Food Medicine Act.

Allegable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Design of Child in-SHAPED BOTTLE

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of

Castor

THE CASTOR COMPANY, MONTREAL-NEW YORK

At 6 months old

35 DROPS - 35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Castor

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CASTOR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVALS

The Bard of Avon Honored by Our Ancestors.

A brief account of jubilees or festivals at Stratford-on-Avon in early times may be of interest. The first of which there is any record took place in 1769, organized by David Garrick, and for this occasion an octagonal amphitheatre, capable of holding over 1,000 persons, was erected near the River Avon. It lasted for three days, and opened with Dr. Arne's oratorio, "Judith," given under his direction in the church. The band comprised the whole of Drury Lane orchestra. Garrick wrote a little comedy, entitled "Garrick's Vagary," which was published at London in 1769. The opening scene takes place in the Bedford Coffee House. Nettle, Fanciful, and Lurcher, three playhouse frequenters, are engaged in conversation. Nettle asks: "What was there for an oratorio?" which Fanciful replies: "Because, I suppose, performance would be allowed in the church." Lurcher asks: "Well, then, if absolutely necessary, why was a choice made of 'Judith'?" Nettle remarks: "Aye, that is what I should like to know." Fanciful then explains that as there is no oratorio called "William," and as Shakespeare had no sons, approximation was made by complimenting the poet through his daughter Judith!

On the second day portions of Garrick's Ode, set to music by Arne, were performed. The recitative parts were spoken by Garrick. In 1827 a festival was given by the Shakespearean club. It consisted largely of processions, bands playing in the streets. The only music mentioned is first a setting for voices, by Charles Dignum of the epitaph supposed to have been written by Shakespeare. Dignum died about a month before the festival. A second musical event was a grand miscellaneous concert, which, says a local chronicler, "was attended by 200 persons of the highest respectability."

There was a third festival in 1835 under the auspices of the now Royal Shakespearean Club. An ode was performed, written by Isaac Cowan, and set to music by his nephew, the well-known Charles Salomon, then only 16 years of age. He lived until June, 1901. A member of the club wrote an account of a grand miscellaneous concert at which the young composer took part in a Hummel pianoforte trio. The program included two overtures—Mozart's "Magic Flute" and Beethoven's "Prometheus." The writer winds up his notice by saying that "this rational and elegant entertainment ended with 'God Save the King.'"

A performance was given of Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and for the fourth and last day Shakespeare's "Richard III." was announced.—Musical Record.

Crocodiles and Alligators.

The true crocodiles are distinct from the alligators. Among the points of distinction the following are the most noticeable: In the crocodiles the so called canine tooth, the fourth counting from the front, fits into a notch in the side of the upper jaw and is therefore visible when the mouth is closed, while in the alligator it is received in a pit in the upper jaw and is therefore invisible or nearly so. Again, in the crocodile the hind legs have a fringe of fattened scales which is wanting in the alligators, whose legs are round.—London Saturday Review.

An Unimportant Detail.

"The teacher says I will soon speak French as well as I speak English," said the enthusiastic girl.

"But you mispronounce so many words."

"Oh, that's nothing! I mispronounce a lot of English words too."—Washington Star.

THE SUN LIFE

Canada's Leading Assurance Company

And if not already a Policy Holder it will pay you to interview the Local Agent.

W. M. ALLEN

Carleton Place.

Total assurance in force 1916—

\$207,404,100.00

Assets..... \$74,326,428.00

JOHN R. & W. L. REID

Managers Eastern Ontario, Sun Life Building, OTTAWA.

INSURANCE

Fire, Accident, Sickness, Plate Glass Guarantee and Liability Insurance.

All Old Established Companies.

W. H. ALLEN.

Reliable Agents WANTED

In every good town and district in Ontario, where we are not represented.

Territory reserved for the right man. Highest commissions paid. Attractive advertising matter.

Splendid List of New Specialities for Season, 1916-1917 including the new Everbearing Raspberry, St. Regis.

STONE & WELLINGTON

The Fonthill Nurseries

(Established 1837.)

TORONTO, - ONTARIO

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY

Have you an Insurance on your Dwelling, and have you protection from fire upon your Personal Effects?

A number of Standard Fire Insurance Companies are represented by

W. H. ALLEN

Will be pleased to quote you rates at any time.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR ADVISER, which will be sent free. MARION & MARION, MONTREAL.