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7

# A TALE of RED ROSES

By  
**GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER**

Her most immediate reply to that was another half hysterical outburst. "I'm not quite sure," she giggled. "Fern and I have just been trying to recall it all, but we can only remember the funniest things."

"You've made a fool of him and of me!" charged Bert hotly. "We don't deserve any credit for that," snickered Molly. "It's so easy."

"The man has taken too much for granted," went on Bert, unsoftened by all this hilarity and, indeed, made only more indignant by it. "From what your father says, Sledge seems to believe that our engagement is off and that he has been practically accepted."

Molly put her hand over her mouth to suppress a shriek and, running out into the hall, called Fern. The girls met halfway up the stairway, where Molly explained the glad news, and Bert, stalking stolidly out there, found them holding to the balustrade in order that their enjoyment of Sledge's obtuse understanding might not tumble them down the steps. He strode back

firmly of joy as Molly joined her at the door, through the hangings of which the girls now peered out in frantic impatience.

"I wonder what brings them here?" speculated Molly, dreading the worst. "I don't care!" returned Fern. "That blue car's mine, and I know it. Molly, do you really suppose it could be a present?"

"Certainly not," decided Molly promptly. "Oh, but aren't they exquisite?"

"Exquisite? They're the dearest, sweetest, darlings little things I ever saw!" cried Fern. "The only thing that's missing is that there should be a hand leading them. Say, Molly, and here she sank her voice to a giggling whisper, 'I'll bet you that Sledge'—"

"Certainly not!" interrupted Molly, almost fiercely, and then she, too, giggled, and the two girls scattered away from the door as the chauffeur of the red car who was the gentlemanly salesman in disguise, dismounted and came slowly up to the door.

They waited in the library with the frowning and bewildered Bert while the thin butler with the tall brow answered the bell, and they distinctly heard the chauffeur ask for Miss Marley and Miss Burbank. They waited in half frightened decorum while the thin butler solemnly brought that message, and then, with no more trace of excitement than if they had been dragged away from a tiresome French lesson, they walked sedately into the hall.

"Miss Marley?" observed that person, nodding to the right girl. "I have the pleasure of bringing out a very beautiful little gift to yourself and Miss Burbank," and here he nodded to the other young lady, who was holding her toes to the floor by gripping them. "The red lined one is for Miss Marley and the blue one for Miss Burbank."

"I said the blue one was mine!" half shrieked Fern, unable to contain herself any longer. "I want to ride in it now!"

Molly looked longingly past the person's shoulder out at the red curtained car, and she felt that sick, sick sensation of self abnegation clamoring within.

"Who sent them?" she asked faintly. "Your father," replied the conscienceless salesman, looking her more clearly in the eye than any honest man could have done. "If you have the time we shall be pleased to give you a lesson in running them."

Fern was halfway upstairs. "Do you want your gray coat or your fur?" she called as she went. "Something light," replied Molly, equally excited, running out to inspect the car, with the gentlemanly salesman right at her elbow and highly pleased with his job. The chauffeur in the blue car waited with bright eyes.

Fern, followed by Mina and another maid, both of them too slow to be of any service, came clattering on the porch with two afternoon coats and two bonnets selected with less discrimination than she had ever used and tossed away of them to Molly. "I'll bet it was Sledge," she whispered as she ran and popped into the blue car.

Her coupe was the first to whirl down the driveway, but the red one followed in close order. Bert stood on the edge of the porch, with his hands rammed in his pockets, and watched the end of the world. Being a young man of keen thought, however, after fifteen minutes of numbness he curled his mustache, took up the telephone and called Frank Marley.

"Did you make a present of two automobiles to the girls?" he inquired. "Did I what?" gasped Marley out of the midst of his plans for making the proposed street car consolidation worth twenty points' advance on his stock to the up state syndicate.

"I thought not," returned Bert, with a very near approach to profanity. "I didn't think you'd weaken our capital by a \$5,000 extravagance of that sort." "I don't understand you," puzzled Marley.

"Two small inclosed cars came out here about fifteen minutes ago, and the man in charge of them said that you sent them. Personally I think Sledge has been getting freed Marley, feeling a dangerous indignation rising within him. "Leave that to me, Bert. As Molly's father it is my affair. I'll investigate it at once."

Palpitating with all a righteous father's jealous care, Frank Marley kept the telephone busy until he located Sledge.

"I say, Sledge," he blurted. "Did you send out a couple of automobiles to my house?" "Naw, Marley," chuckled Sledge. "They're toys. You sent 'em. Do they like 'em?"

"I haven't inquired," returned Marley, still standing by his father's dignity. "Really, Mr. Sledge, you know I can't allow my daughter to receive extravagant presents of that sort from any one other than myself."

"Aw, cut it," advised Sledge. "I get you. If they don't like 'em, I'm the

gont. If they do, close your trap. You sent 'em."

"Well, but—" "I say you sent 'em," insisted Sledge, with a gruff loss of his cordiality, which had been apparent in his former tones, and Marley heard the click of disconnection.

Nearly an hour later two shining little colonial coupes, the red, curtained one in front, drove up to the Marley porch, where Bert Gilder gloomed in the doorway. They were driven by a happy girl each and had no other occupants.

"Come and take a ride with me, Bert," hailed Molly, so full of delight that she had absolutely forgotten her quarrel with him, which was a blow indeed. "You can't drive, though."

Fern had emerged from her car. "I'm going to have my dinner here," she laughingly announced. "I think I shall go to the theater tonight in mine. Jump in Molly's car, Bert, and try it. It rides like a rocking chair."

"No, thank you!" returned Bert coldly. "Those cars are going back to the salesroom. I felt sure that your father had not given them to you, after our business arrangement of this morning. They are a present from Sledge."

"Oh, please, no!" pleaded Molly, with a heartick glance at her red curtained car. She had loved it at sight, but now, since she had learned to know it, she adored it. "How do you know that they are from Sledge?"

"I suspected it from the beginning," he sternly informed her. "So I called up your father."

"I said they were from Sledge!" cried Fern. "Molly, it was awfully crude of him, but I love him for it—don't you?" "What did father say?" demanded Molly.

"He is investigating."

Molly marched straight to the telephone and called up her father. He talked to her kindly, wisely and with deliberation, also like a man who had given himself plenty of time for thought. Bert stood at her elbow, listening to one side of the conversation and placing out the other with painfully knotted intellect. Molly turned to him with calm satisfaction.

"Father says that I am to consider the cars as a gift from him," she proudly announced.

Fern executed the full figures of a minute and sang a merry tra-la-la all the way through. Molly helped her sing and dance the last figure. "Three cheers!" she exclaimed. "Now we may keep our cars."

"I never intended to give mine up," Fern affirmed.

Bert walked Molly back into her father's den.

"I have nothing to say about what Fern does," he firmly announced, "but I have something to say about your conduct. You can't shut your eyes to the fact that Sledge has given you this car, and he has no right to do so."

"My father says that I am to consider the car as a gift from him," repeated Molly primly, but with a snap in her eyes.

"That is only an evasion," Bert insisted. "You have willfully misled Sledge into the belief that you intend to put yourself in the position of receiving presents from him, and either this thing must be stopped or there will be unpleasantness between you and me."

"There is one way we can head that off," Molly quietly assured him. "We can break our engagement."

"Impossible!" immediately declared Bert, frightened. "I didn't mean anything like that, Molly," and he attempted to take her hands and perform a little of the lovemaking which he had rather neglected.

"I mean it, though," she insisted drawing her hands away from him. "Our engagement has only brought trouble to everybody concerned and has subjected me to more than one insult which I had no right to expect. If we declare it off both you and father can go right back to where you were in a business way."

"It's too late for that," he assured her, sitting down to reason it out with her on the commercial plane since she seemed to insist upon it. "I could never regain the political friendship which is necessary to my style of business. My commercial career in this city is at an end, and my social standing would be also. Knowing this, I have been in correspondence with my people in Baltimore. They have a magnificent business opening there for me, but it takes \$100,000 to obtain control of it. I laid the matter before your father, and he investigated it. Our conclusion is this—if we can close up our business satisfactorily here and he can sell this place we shall have in the neighborhood of \$150,000 clear between us. You and I are to marry, go to Maryland with your father, enter into business and take up the social position to which we are entitled. When I take you there as my bride Molly, everybody's going to be very proud of you, and I am quite sure that you will like the social atmosphere there much better than here. I've dwelt on this so often to you that it must seem like an old story, and yet this is the first time that it has seemed very near to us."

Molly felt herself wondering why this glittering promise failed to thrill her as it had used to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Do as Mr. Gard**

Mr. Anson A. Gard, the well known Literary of Ottawa, called the Wandering Yankee, says in an unsolicited testimonial for ZUTOO Tablets:

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## SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 10, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Rev. ii, 1-17—Memory Verse, 7—Golden Text, Rev. ii, 10. Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Although three of the seven epistles are included in this lesson, we must try to consider somewhat the whole seven, for they are the last messages from the risen and ascended Saviour to His church on earth, perhaps some sixty years, as we count time, after He ascended, and contain His heart messages concerning that which He approves or disapproves. These seven churches represented all the churches of that time and now and between then and now, and as individual believers we must lay to heart the lessons, the warnings, admonitions and encouragements for our personal use in our daily life.

I have found it helpful, and many others also, to write down these love letters in seven parallel, vertical columns on a large sheet of paper, placing opposite to each, horizontally, like matter in each epistle, beginning each column with the greeting to the church; then His titles, which are different in each; at the foot of each column the promise to the overcomer, which is also different in each, and then the admonition. "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches," which in the first three comes before the overcoming promise and in the last four follows it. The words of comfort and encouragement and warning and admonition come in between these first two and last two items. Let us pray to know Him more intimately as He reveals Himself to each church according to their need. He holdeth the messengers to each church in His right hand and walks in the midst of the churches (chapters i, 13, 20; ii, 1).

This helps me personally, for I am glad to be in His hand and for His pleasure, and I am always reminding my own people and the Bible classes that He is in our midst, according to Matt. xviii, 20, and we must sing and pray and meditate and worship with an offering, as if we really saw Him in our midst. To Smyrna He was the first and last, who was dead, but now alive (chapters i, 17, 18; ii, 8). This was what they specially needed, for they were being persecuted unto death (ii, 10), and their overcoming promise was that the second death, which is the lake of fire, would never touch them (ii, 11; xx, 14). To Pergamos He was the one who had the sharp sword with two edges (i, 16; ii, 12), and because of evil teachers tolerated there this was as they needed to know Him. He encouraged the Ephesians to think of the tree of life in paradise, and He would have these to eat real manna now, true bread from heaven, and think of the hidden manna, the white stone, and the new name reserved for them (ii, 17).

To Thyatira He was the Son of God, with eyes like unto a flame of fire, and His feet like fine brass (i, 14, 15; ii, 18). They, too, had false teachers, and much of the world, and knew something of the depths of Satan, but their encouragement to be overcomers was most wonderful and unthinkable if He had not said it—power over the nations, such as the Father had given Him, and Himself as the morning star (ii, 26-28; Ps. ii, 8, 9; cxlix, 6-9; Rev. xxii, 16). What glorious things to win us wholly to Himself during this little while of temptation! To Sardis He was the one who had the seven Spirits of God and the seven stars (i, 4, 16; ii, 1), for they had dead ones there who had only a name to live and needed the quickening of the Spirit. Their promise was that of white raiment, named in the book of life and confessed before God and the angels if they should prove themselves overcomers (ii, 5).

To Philadelphia He was the Holy and True One, having the key of David, opening and shutting at pleasure, and the encouragement to overcome was that of being a pillar in the temple of God, with the name of God, and the city of God, the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God, and His own new name (ii, 7, 12). There is a special promise here concerning being kept from the hour of temptation which shall try all that dwell on the earth (ii, 10), which may include our being taken away before the great tribulation. That we shall be taken before that awful time is sure.

To Laodicea He was the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God, and to this worst phase of church life, or lack of life, the promise to the overcomer was the greatest of all, to sit with Him in His throne (ii, 14, 21). It looks as if the greater the need and the lower their condition the greater was His desire to lift them out of it. Only in this epistle do we find Him asking for an open door to our hearts that He may enter in and sup with us (ii, 20). He and the devil are both looking for open doors (John xiii, 2, 27). Whom will you have?

Notice in the Golden Text that there is no mention of eternal life which cannot in any way be worked for, or earned, or bought, but can only be obtained as a free gift (Rom. vi, 23). But the crown of life there mentioned is a special reward for all saved ones who patiently endure. See also Jas. i, 12. These are the only two places.

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An interesting experiment that proves what a good sounding box the human skull is can be performed by any one who has a disk phonograph, says Electrical Engineering.

Stop up both of your ears with cotton as tightly as possible, so that no sound will be heard from the outside. Now place an ordinary darning needle between your teeth by biting on it hard, taking care that the tongue or lips do not touch the needle. The latter is important, because if either lip or tongue touches the needle the sound will be decreased considerably.

For the best results the needle itself should project not more than one or one and a half inches from the mouth. For that reason the darning needle should be broken off about one and one-half inches from its sharp point. It goes without saying that the sharp point should project out of the mouth, while the broken off end should be inside the mouth.

Now start an ordinary disk phonograph and carefully press down upon the record with the needle's point held at the same angle as the reproducer's needle is held ordinarily. As soon as the needle touches the record with sufficient pressure the inside of the head will be filled immediately with music exceedingly loud and clear.

## Brigoli in a Temper.

On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brigoli, the famous singer, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked. "Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"

Alexander in Mesopotamia. The marshes of Mesopotamia were famous in the time of Alexander the Great. One of the last acts of his life, within a few weeks of his death, was a voyage down the Euphrates to the great dike of Palkapous, about ninety miles below Babylon. This sluice has been constructed by the ancient Assyrian kings to let off the water of the river when it became excessive into the marshes. It was reported not to be working well, and Alexander proposed to construct another sluice lower down. He sailed on into the marshes, steering his vessel himself, with his diadem on his head, to explore them and the tombs of the kings, and so extensive were the lakes and swamps that Alexander's feet lost its way among them.

An Old Bachelor. "I'm going to be married soon." "How old are you?" "Eighteen." "You'll surprise people." "Yes, I guess so. I don't know what my bachelor chums will say."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Royal Aliment. Achilles complained of his heel. "Never mind," we assured him. "Folks will take it for the fashionable golfer's foot."—New York Sun.

## Mungo Park.

The pioneer white man in Africa, was Mungo Park. He began his travels through the dark continent as early as 1795, nearly twenty years before Livingstone was born. Park's first trip to Africa occupied two years and resulted in the very first definite knowledge of Africa in modern times. During his second trip he was killed by the natives near Broussa, on the Niger.

Vengeance on the Caddie. "What! Buying more golf clubs? I thought you had a pretty complete outfit before."

"I have, but that caddie of mine had the nerve to snigger when I topped my drive yesterday, and I'm going to make him carry double weight."—Fall Mail Gazette.

## Enjoy it Now.

As to whether the nebular theory applies to this earth or not doesn't matter much now. The main thing is to enjoy it while we're living on it.—Florida Times-Union.

Nature has placed nothing so high that virtue cannot reach it.—Quintus Curtius Rufus.

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

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