



The Sweeping Tides

by H.M. EGBERT



Mark Darrell, young American lumberman, is boss of a lumber camp near St. Victor, Canada. He and his assistant, Nat Page, almost lose their lives when their boat strikes a rock. They clamber ashore and are met by the lighthouse keeper, Andre Galpeant. When the old man discovers their identity, he immediately becomes hostile. With him is a young and pretty woman, Madeleine Kinross, a widow. She owns the timberland that Mark and his backers have leased. She, too, shows her dislike for the two Americans, but is coyly polite and provides them food and lodging. Mark and Nat are puzzled by this reception, but are too tired to wonder much.

from behind, knife in hand. Next instant this assailant found his knife-hand held in a firm grasp, and his head under Mark's arm, while Mark's other fist pummeled the imprisoned face until its owner yelled for mercy.

Mark flung him away. The two were completely ringed now, and a sudden silence had fallen, ominous because it was evident that St. Victor's blood was up, and that it was nursing itself for something more murderous than before.

Then suddenly Madeleine Kinross' clear, high voice rose above the crowd, and, turning, Mark saw her standing a little distance away. She was wearing a sweater and skirt, high boots, a little cap over her dark hair, and it was clear that she had discovered Mark's and Nat's absence, and followed them into the village.

"Leave those two men alone!" she cried. "Ah, Louis Larousse," she cried to the big man who had held the knife, as he stumbled past her, his hands to his discoloring face, "you got just what you deserved! Are you not ashamed, all of you, to set upon these two strangers, who were shipwrecked on the



"Some day he will return. I know it, I feel it."

point last night, and owe their lives to a miracle of God?"

Down the street in her wake came the portly figure of the cure, who had just received news of the trouble. It seemed to add point to the girl's outcry. The muttering crowd drew back and was silent.

"Are you not ashamed of yourselves, I say?" Madeleine Kinross continued. "They are not spies nor detectives. I do not know who spread this stupid story among you. I have told you that they are not, but you will not believe me."

Broussac Becomes A 'Friendly Enemy'

"No, Monsieur Mark Darrell has leased three thousand arpents of my lands, and the mill, with which, as you know, Monsieur Broussac tried to make some money for me. Monsieur Broussac leased these lands with my approval, before I became of age, because—you know, you know that otherwise all my husband's signiory would have gone to the Government for taxes.

"But since then, Monsieur Broussac has made a fortunate speculation for me, and so Monsieur Darrell will of course release me from the agreement.

"You know—you know," she went on passionately, while the crowd listened in utter silence, "I have never believed my husband, the seigneur, died on that ice-floe in the fog. If he had died, I should know it. I should feel it here." She struck her hand upon her breast. "Perhaps he became insane, and is being detained somewhere by those who are ignorant of his identity.

"Some day he will return. I know it, I feel it. And it is my duty, as his wife, to preserve the timber rights on his property. Come, am I not speaking rightly? You, Monsieur Lacombe"—she turned to the cure—"am I not right? Do you believe my husband is dead?"

The portly cure remained as silent as the crowd.

"I have watched you all. When I say that the seigneur is not dead, you look at me as if I were crazy. But I am not crazy. He will return, and I must protect his rights. Therefore"—she turned to Mark—"you will, of course, rescind that agreement that you made with Monsieur Broussac last fall."

"I'm sorry," said Mark, "but I have two other persons to consider besides myself. It is a matter of business investment, and will have to go through."

"You—you mean to say you will not? That you will stay here in defiance of the wishes of everybody, and try to run that mill?"

"Yes," answered Mark, still boiling over at the thought of his reception. "I will neither be intimi-

dated nor appealed to. Yes," he added, glancing at the gaping faces, and speaking in French, "I shall remain here."

Suddenly cries arose from the direction of the wharf. A man came striding along it, a man in a spruce blue suit, with a fur coat with black lamb collar. A man of about forty years, with a trim black moustache, an intelligent face, a lounging, studied carelessness in his walk—Horace Broussac.

Still that silence persisted, until Broussac came up to where Mark confronted Madeleine Kinross. He raised his black lamb cap, and offered Mark his hand. Mark saw no reason to refuse to take it.

"You gave me a fine chase, young man," said the lawyer. "Lucky I had a friend who was willing to lend me his yacht. And I hear you nearly got drowned last night into the bargain."

"He says he will not go," said Madeleine, wringing her hands. "How much money does he need to go, Cousin Horace?"

"Which is precisely the point," said Broussac, speaking in English now, which Mark could see nobody, not even Madeleine or the cure, understood. He motioned Mark a foot or two away. He shook his finger in kindly reproach.

"Legally nobody can deny your right to the lease I signed with you on behalf of my ward last fall," he said. "Madame Kinross is now of age. That does not cancel the lease. But she feels so strongly against the intrusion of outsiders into St. Victor, against the alienation of her late husband's lands, that I am forced to ask you for a cancellation.

"Since the lease was signed, her fortunes have improved through a wise speculation. In brief, Monsieur, if you had written me, instead of rushing up here, and nearly losing your life, I should have offered you five thousand dollars for the cancellation of that lease."

Mark wondered what other prospective lessee Broussac had got, and how much more he was willing to pay, that he should be willing to make that offer.

"I'm sorry—no," he replied. "The contract stands."

Broussac's face grew red. "Understand, Mr. Darrell, I am not to be bargained with," he cried. "If you are holding out for six, I might pay six. Not a cent more. Come, you have lost nothing. What do you say?"

"The lease stands," answered Mark. "That's all."

"That's your last word?"

"It is."

"And how do you think you are going to run the mill at a profit in this fishing and sealing country, when even I failed? How are you going to operate in the face of the universal opposition of these people? They don't want outsiders. They won't work for you. You'll lose everything."

"That's your last word?" asked Mark. "Then listen to me. I'll run that mill, and if I encounter any opposition from you, or any more violence, such as has occurred this morning, I shall hold you personally responsible, Monsieur Broussac. I shall likewise take it up with the Bar Association. My backers are not without influence at Quebec. Now it's up to you."

Broussac's face was a study in mottled red and white. He began breathing hard, like a man who has run a race. He watched Mark's face closely.

"Very well," he answered. "Try to run the mill. There shall be no opposition from me, no violence. But try—only try!" He raised his voice in French. "Monsieur Darrell has come here to work the mill, and to ship lumber," he shouted. "If any man here annoys him in any way, I promise him six months in the Quebec jail. Voilà! I trust," he continued suavely, "that we shall be friendly enemies, Mr. Darrell!"

St. Victor Changes Its Attitude

"I'm satisfied," said Mark. Unconsciously he had turned his eyes upon Madeleine's face. The consternation and anger that he saw there seemed unaccountable for by the situation. Broussac, of course, had been responsible for her change of mind—but what game was the shrewd lawyer playing, and what better offer had he had than the customary stomp fee that Mark had agreed to in the contract?

The attitude of St. Victor had completely changed. Monsieur Hector Mackintosh, the landlord of the hotel, had suddenly remembered Mark, and his hotel was not full after all—in fact, it was empty. He was all suavity when Mark and Nat took up their quarters there late the same afternoon, without returning to the lighthouse.

Alphonse Vitard, the storekeeper opposite the hotel, a tall, lean man, who had formerly followed the sea, like nearly all St. Victor, was the mayor. He was most affable. His spring shipment, he regretted to say, had not yet arrived, but he had shirts, beautiful shirts from Montreal, mackinaws, underwear, shoes—in fact, all the essentials of a gentleman's toilet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for February 2

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JESUS THE GIVER OF LIFE

LESSON TEXT—John 4:46-51; 5:2-9; 11:1-13.

MEMORY SELECTION—I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—John 11:25.

The miracles of God, through his servants and the Lord Jesus Christ, are not mere marvels or wonders. They are not for the advancement of the cause of any man or for personal glory. They are the mighty signs of an omnipotent God wrought for the good of men, for their spiritual enlightenment and as a testimony to the one true God. Jesus is the giver of life; first and most important, of spiritual life, but also of physical life and health. Leaving Samaria after his blessed work there, our Lord went up into Galilee, where he met many simple-hearted folk who were ready to believe. Here he was able to work miracles of healing and of grace.

I. A Sick Boy Made Well (John 4:46-51).
A nobleman's son was sick. Ah, yes, affliction and sorrow come to the home of the rich as well as the poor. Death comes to the young as well as the old. In fact, the first grave-dug in this world was for a young man.

But it is also true that affliction may be, in God's hand, a means of blessing. This son's sickness sent his father to Jesus, and resulted ultimately in the salvation of the entire household (v. 53). There is another helpful lesson here—our Lord's Word is as good as his presence. The man asked Jesus to come, but he sent his word instead. It was accepted, believed, and completely effective.

How blessed for us who may not have the physical presence of the Lord to recall the potency of his Word. When he says it, believe it!
II. A Lame Man Made Whole (John 5:2-9).

Back in Jerusalem at the Feast of Purim, a time of joy and gift giving, our Lord found his way to the pool of Bethesda where there were misery and disease. His compassionate heart sent him there to help and to bless.

"Impotent folk"—the words well describe not only those who lay helpless about the pool of Bethesda, but they fit us as well. Oh, yes, we are strong, capable, fearless, but only until we meet some great elemental problem. Then we see that we are indeed "a great multitude of impotent folk." The silent fog can paralyze a nation. Death, sickness—who can stay their hand?

Long familiarity with his weakness had bred in the man with the infirmity a sense of despair. Such an attitude invites defeat. It is unbecoming to a Christian. Let us not forget in the darkest hour to "keep looking up."

Jesus told the man to "rise and walk"—the very thing he could not do for his 38 years of life. But when the Son of God speaks to us he gives the power to respond to his command.

III. A Dead Friend Made Alive (John 11:1-13).

The fact that Jesus is our Friend and our Saviour does not exempt us from human sorrow, but it does assure us of the needed grace to bear the trial and to trust him even in life's darkest hour.

Lazarus, the friend of Jesus, was sick. The home in which Jesus had found rest and fellowship was in deep trouble. Jesus was no longer in Judea. In haste, word is sent to him of his friend's illness. But he did not come.

Why does he delay? Such is the heart cry of thousands today who call on him in their hour of trouble. The purposes of God are beyond our ability fully to understand. We need only to trust him and abide his time.

Notice that his failure to respond at once to the message of Lazarus' sisters did not mean that he had deserted them (11:4-6). Nor did it mean that he had denied them his help (v. 7). Lazarus may have been dead before the word reached him. He may also have delayed in order that there might be no question about the resurrection miracle. And he may have tarried in order that their faith might be strengthened.

Above all, do not fail to notice that he came. He always does. Jesus has never failed any child of his. The time and the manner of his answer to our prayers may not conform to our opinion of what should have been done, but let us remember that we know only in part. He knows all. Let us trust him. In his darkest hour Job said: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him" (Job 13:15).

He called Lazarus forth from the sleep of death. Even so he calls sinners forth from their spiritual death into glorious eternal life! The life-giver, our Lord and Saviour, is here now ready to give life to everyone who will call on his name. Will you?



THE SAGA OF MAN

1—Caveman digs a good cave. (Unassisted.)

2—He builds a stout club of bone and stones without clock or calendar. The "jungle-to-jungle" phase.

3—He takes up the battle for existence with one thought: survival and some occasional raw meat.

4—He makes himself the equivalent of a pair of shoes and is quite happy.

5—The perils of an uncivilized world make it tough. He sees a man about a stouter club.

6—Man progresses to a point where he is safe from annihilation by wild beasts. He thanks the ancient gods.

7—He turns shepherd and watches flocks by night, without any demand for overtime.

8—He spends a few generations evenly divided between toiling and fighting. He expresses thanks there is not more fighting. He discovers there are moments when he does NOT sweat. He sees a doctor.

9—He hears of Magna Carta and falls to his knees in gratitude.

10—He migrates on a frail bark and lands on a stern and rockbound coast. He thanks God.

11—He survives a tough winter by hard work, dauntless courage and extreme sacrifice. He sees a need for Thanksgiving.

12—He clears the fields of rocks, hacks down the trees and builds his cabin with his own hands, fighting bears and Indians on the side. He works from sunrise to sunset. He sees Injun chiefs about better peace treaties.

13—He fights every known adversity, even on Saturdays and Sundays.

14—He blazes a trail through a wilderness and across the mountains by covered wagon. He sees a man about a better gun.

15—He throws off the foreign yoke and rejoices in a chance to be free and independent.

16—He builds a nation with no thoughts of the long hours or the vacation period. The border-to-border phase.

17—He gets the 12-hour day and is glad to walk five miles to the shop if the job is steady.

18—The horse car comes in and he sees a man about getting it routed within a mile of the factory.

19—He gets the 10-hour day. The trolley car is invented. He sees a man about getting the car line to pass within 10 blocks of the factory. He succeeds. He is grateful.

20—He gets the eight-hour day and goes to work in his own silver. He sees a man about getting a limousine.

21—He works the 40-hour week and goes to and from work in his imperial eight. He discovers there are moments when he DOES sweat. He sees an organizer.

22—He discovers he has to leave the car at the gate. The portal-to-portal phase. His feet ache. He sees a chiropractor.

23—He sees his lawyer.

24—He sues for portal-to-portal pay.

Railroad Tickets Out of Slot Machines

The Pennsylvania railroad is installing an automatic ticket vending machine. You drop in your money and out comes your transportation, like gum, peanuts or cigarettes.

This brings to the weary railroad traveler a sigh of relief unheard of since the wood-burning locomotive days. At last it is demonstrated that it is possible for a traveler to get a railroad ticket without any manifestations of boredom, indifference or slow motion.

No long waits in line while a ticket window attendant stages his "Jim the Penman" tableau! No delays while he goes through those complex and mysterious operations with something that looks like a cross between a bandage, a set of naturalization papers and an income tax report!

A fellow who is getting unusual acclaim for foresight just now is the husband who told his wife he would buy her a fur coat on her birthday, knowing it fell after July 1, 1947.

The Army-Notre Dame games, after the 1947 one, will not be held for several years, but already we got a call from a man who wants to know "how's chances for two tickets for 1950?"

CAN YOU REMEMBER—

Away back when there were parts of the world that were known as quiet sectors?

Away back when you had to wait to see how much money you would make in a year instead of just consulting an economist?

Anthony Eden is in America. This gives us a chance to study close-up one man who seems to look like a man of distinction without a high ball in either hand.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Flattering All-Occasion Frocks

Make Bib Apron From One Yard



1589
32-46

1586
14-44

Practical Bib Apron

YOU'LL need very little fabric for this pretty and oh so practical bib apron. It requires just one yard of colorful material in the smaller sizes. Three rows of bright braid finish the bodice top and nice sized pocket.

Pattern No. 1586 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16, one yard of 35 or 39-inch; 6 yards binding.

Send an additional twenty-five cents with your pattern order for the Spring issue of FASHION. It contains 22 new styles, color, easy-to-make patterns; fashions by low-high designers; free hat patterns printed inside the book.

Send your order to:

Graceful Daytimer

A VERY graceful and flattering daytime dress for the more mature figure. The diagonal scalloped closing is edged in narrow ruffling, and see how the gathers soften the slim skirt. Pattern provides short or three-quarter sleeves. Add two flower shaped buttons for trim.

Pattern No. 1589 comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34, 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch fabric; 1 1/2 yards purchased ruffling.

Household Hints

If you like the warm gleam of copper, you'll be glad to know that glowing copper molds, pans and kettles are again being shown in the stores. For kitchen decoration nothing is as fitting and charming as the friendly warmth of shining copper. Picture an arrangement of molds over your gas range or a grandmother kettle on your shelf.

Potatoes boiled in their jackets hold twice as much vitamin C and three times as much vitamin B1 as baked potatoes contain.

Throw an old potato sack or two in the car trunk. Excellent to place under the rear wheels when stuck on an icy spot.

If wax paper sticks together put it in the refrigerator for a few minutes and it will loosen.

A south-facing window cuts winter's heating costs to greater degree than an east-facing one and is easier to shade in summer. In one winter season, a modern house with 100 square feet of south-facing window area will save as much as a full ton of high grade anthracite coal.

WALCK CHICKS

Free range flocks Blood mixed and rightly called, White Rocks, Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes, Gamecocks, White Giants, White Leghorns, Rock-Red & Wyandotte Crosses, O.P., sized flocks.

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