And when millions like it better it must be so.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

518

"THE FOOL"

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Clare Jewett, in love with the Rev. Daniel Gilchrist, marries Jerry Goodkind for his money. Daniel is dismissed from the fashionable Church of the Nativity in New York because of his radical sermons.

"Overcoat Hall," a refuge for the unemployed, is established by Gilchrist. Clare comes in and says she has left Jerry and Daniel sends her back to him.

Joe Hennig and his gang break in and assault Gilchrist. Mary Margaret, a little cripple, repeats the Lord's Prayer. She rises from her knees and walks to Gilchrist, cured of her lameness. The gang believes it a sign from above.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd)

"I wish I could," Daniel earnestly rejoined.

Mary Margaret turned to go. Goodkind halted her.

"You seem to walk all right," he said.

"Oh, yes," she answered cheerfully.

"Had a doctor look her over?" he asked of Gilchrist.

"Three of them," he replied.

"Any opinions?"

"Three opinions," he answered smiling.

"They say he didn't do it," spoke up Mary Margaret. "You seen him."

Daniel held a warning finger toward her.

"They all say she suffered from hysterical paraplegia," he said. "Hysterical paralysis. One says she was cured by shock—you know, the riot. Another says it was suggestion—believing—which is another way of saying faith, isn't it? The important thing is that she's cured."

"God did it," the girl said, firmly. "God and Mr. Gilchrist."

He halted her again, then sent her on her way with an armload of packages. The two men paused, each waiting for the other to speak. It was Goodkind who broke the silence.

"How are things with you?" Goodkind asked at length.

"Fine!" came the answer, with more than a mere emphasis of enthusiasm.

"Happy?" asked Goodkind, as though feeling his way.

"Yes." The reply bore assurance. "And you?"

"No," said Goodkind, gravely. "Everything's all wrong," he confessed. "My boy's very ill. Clare's wonderful to him. I can't explain it. She's like a different woman. And she seems happy. But Jerry's had to give up work, and there's more trouble in Black River—that's what brought me."

"You don't want my advice," said Daniel quietly.

"I want you," said Goodkind—"as general manager. These strikes are such utter d—d waste. We had a working compromise on your agreement, and everything was all right, but we beagn figuring we could make more money—and the men walked out and flooded the mines. I'd like you to take charge, Daniel."

Gilchrist did not hesitate.

"I can't," he said simply.

"You're not going to turn down $100,000 a year?"

"What can I buy with it that I haven't got?" Gilchrist smiled faintly.

"What can you buy with $100,000?" Goodkind blustered, bewildered.

"What have you bought?" Gilchrist challenged.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUCCESS AND PEACE.

Goodkind, master of millions, was taken aback by the bland query. Outside there waited for him a motor car with more upholstery than this whole room contained. He had just driven from one of New York's residential show places. He owned mines that went deep into the ground and skyscrapers that towered into the air. With one flourish he could write a cheque in seven figures. And this man had asked him what wealth had bought for him!

"I've one of the finest houses in New York," he said at last.

"Is it any more comfortable than this?" aniel challenged.

"I've got half a dozen cars," went on Goodkind.

"I've two legs, and I walk, and keep well," returned Daniel.

"I've 20 servants—"

"Don't tell me you enjoy that!"

"And, what's most important of all,' said Goodkind emphatically, "I'm a success."

Daniel fixed penetrating eyes upon him.

"Are you?" he asked earnestly.

Goodkind's answer was a scornful mutter.

"Are you?" Daniel queried again. "What is success? Money! Yes, that is what our civilization tells us. Money! But where has that brought us? Only to the elevation of the unfit—the merely shrewd and predatory. All around us we see men of wealth who have nothing else—neither health, nor happiness, nor love, nor respect. Men who can get no joy out of books, or pictures, or music, or even themselves. Tired, worried men who are afraid to quit because they have no resource except to make money—money with which to buy vulgar excitement for their own debased souls."

He paused for a moment.

"Why, Mr. Goodkind, I have an income that you wouldn't suggest to your bookkeeper. But I have peace, and health, and friends, and time to read, and think, and dream, and help. Which of us is the rich man?"

"But if everybody lived your way," Goodkind protested feebly, "what would become of the world's work?"

"Living that way is my contribution to the world's work," said Daniel. "Another man might be selling shoes, or writing plays, or digging ditches. Doing his job doesn't prevent any man from doing his bit. 'From every man according to his ability, to every man according to his needs.' And every man who gives his best must find his happiness."

"I'm afraid there wouldn't be much progress—living your way," said the other, unconvinced.

Daniel turned on him.

"That's the second time you've spoken of my way. It isn't my way. It's the sum total of all that has been learned and taught. You and Jerry and the others have called me eccentric, and a fool, because I'm trying to walk a path trod hard by countless feet."

He rose and drew closer.

"Was Christ eccentric? Was Confucius a fool? And how about Buddha and Mohammed? What of St. Bernard, and St. Teresa, and St. Francis of Assisi—of Plato, and Zeno, and Lincoln, and Emerson, and Florence Nightingale, and Father Damien, and

"Is that the star of Bethlehem?"

Octavia Hill, and all the saints and scientists, and poets and philosophers, who have lived and died in complete forgetfulness of self? Were they fools, or were they wise men and women who had found the way to peace and happiness? Were they failures, or were they the great successes of all Time and Eternity?"

"God knows!" said Goodkind, perplexed.

The door opened. Slowly a bent figure made its way into the room. One might have found it hard to recognize Jerry in the man. Death's slow approach was written in his deeply-lined face. He dragged his legs with difficulty. But his eyes still bore a certain cruel alertness.

"You've been the devil of a time," he said petulantly, turning to his father. "What's been keeping you?"

"Mr. Gilchrist," explained the elder Goodkind.

"Hello, Gilchrist," Jerry said crisply to the figure that came toward him.

"How are you, Jerry?" responded Gilchrist cheerily.

"Not so damned well," said the other, cringing a bit. "But I'll be all right in the spring. Clare's looking after me. Clare's a good sport. What I need now's a run down to Palm Beach." He looked around the room patronizingly. "So you're reduced to this, are you?"

"Yes," said Daniel, smiling.

"Going to take my job?"

"No," said Gilchrist.

"Why not?"

"Your father understands," said Gilchrist.

"Yes—so do I," Jerry sneered. "Didn't I always say you were a nut. That's it, a nut." And his derisive laughter turned into a paroxysm of coughing that almost toppled him.

"Come, Jerry," said his father, starting for the door. It opened before he reached it and Mary Margaret came in. Jerry scrutinized her closely with a leer.

"Who's the girl?" he asked of Gilchrist.

"Your father's waiting," said Daniel, evading the question.

"All right," said Jerry, good-naturedly enough. He hobbled toward the door, but not without turning for a final fling. "Some failure you've made out of life," he said contemptuously. He lifted an unsteady hand, described a circle or two about his head. "Wheels—by God. Wheels!"

Goodkind looked sadly at Gilchrist.

"I wonder whether you're the failure, after all," he said softly, as he took Daniel's hand. Then he followed his son through the door.

Gilchrist took his pipe from his pocket, filled it leisurely, and the flash of a match revealed his clear-cut face in the darkening shadows. From far away in a church spire pointing heavenward there came the sound of chimes. Daniel walked to the window and threw it open. He looked up at the sky. Mary Margaret watched him wonderingly. She huddled and drew her new furs tightly about her, as though taking refuge in them.

Gilchrist's gaze fell to the great, jagged skyline silhouetted before him. Chimneys poured no murky smoke into the world now. All was quiet, all was calm, all was peace. Was the day coming when men's souls would be as quiet, as calm, as peaceful as this dus—this eve of shepherds, a manger, a child.

The girl came toward him slowly. She found his arm akimbo, and she tucked her head beneath it and nestled to him. Her eyes looked above the skyline to a gleam of sheer light in the blue.

"Mr. Gilchrist," she said softly. "Is that the star of Bethlehem?"

He looked up at it.

"I wonder," he said.

But he didn't. He knew.

(The End.)

Department of Health

The marvel of Ontario's power development and the application of electricity to illumination and transportation systems of the city, to the machinery of industry, to lighting and cooking in the home, has a parallel even more marvellous in the development of the services now available to the people of Ontario through the Department of Health.

COMMUNITY HEALTH.

Any community, large or small, is free to ask for help under any item of municipal health administration, viz.: control of communicable diseases, the establishment, maintenance or extension of water supply and sewage disposal, garbage collection, milk supply, public health nursing, child health or dental service programs, together with routine or emergency laboratory service.

HEALTH IN INDUSTRY.

Industry has its own health problems and special service is proffered by the Department to further the health of the worker in industry. Any industrial management may request help to meet the health needs of its plant, because the Department realizes that health plays just as important a part in plant operation as the horsepower which makes the wheels go round.

HEALTH IN THE HOME.

In the home the real fight for health is staged, and into the home the Department sends knowledge of every new discovery after it has been carefully tried and tested. The home is using this knowledge in every-day life just as it pushes the electric button to light the floor lamp or heat the electric iron. It is because the mothers of Ontario have used this health knowledge that Ontario's infants are not dying from diseases due to incorrect feeding in such large numbers as formerly; it is due to the splendid cooperation of Ontario parents that 40,000 children were protected against diphtheria last year, and it will be through the efforts made in our homes that preventable disease—diabetes, tuberculosis and cancer as well as the acute infectious diseases—will be reduced in this Province. Personal health means community health, national health, and personal health depends in the home.

DIVISIONAL ORGANIZATION.

The Department is organized into a series of Divisions, each responsible for its own job:

Division of Sanitary Engineering.
Division of Preventable Diseases.
Division of Child Hygiene.
Division of Laboratories.
Division of Industrial Hygiene.
Division of Dental Services.
Division of Vital Statistics.
Division of Nurse Registration.
Division of Public Health Education.

Write for copy of the Health Almanac for 1929. Dept. of Health of Ontario, Parliament Blgs., Toronto, Ont

Minard's Liniment for Grippe and Flu.

The St. Lawrence Waterway

London Advertiser (Lib.): Mr. Ferguson and other politicians who talk of an all-Canadian channel into the stretch of the St. Lawrence between Ontario and New York State assume that the Canadian people are ignorant of the fact that the United States built and even today maintain deep channels on the Canadian side of the line.

Let the peace talk continue; its better than war talk, anyway.

Just Right for This Weather

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Made by The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd

Trade With Newfoundland

Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph (Ind.): (Newfoundland buys goods worth $12,000,000 from Canada each year, while Canada buys from the Ancient Colony goods worth $500,000. Sir Richard Squires has been visiting the Dominion for the purpose of negotiating a treaty that will ensure a better trade balance.) The chief difficulty is found in the fact that Canada produces pretty much what Newfoundland exports, and so there is little demand in this country for our neighbor's principle products. . . . . Canada cannot be expected to accept pay for her exports in codfish instead of cash, since we already have all the fish we need in our own waters. With the most friendly feeling toward Newfoundland and with a natural desire to accommodate our trade arrangements to suit so good a customer, it will be difficult to discover means by which the trade account may be more nearly balanced.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs, Colds.

"Freedom of the Seas"

Saint John Times-Globe (Ind.): The United States has a way of changing its interpretations of the "freedom of the seas" according to whether somebody is in its way or it wants to stand in the way of another.

Just as the traffic officer had given the signal for the cars to move, a pretty girl made a dash across the street. She would have been knocked down by a swiftly moving car had not the driver jammed on his brakes. "Women and donkeys are always in the way," he exclaimed furiously. "Glad to see you've the manenre to put yourself last," retorted the girl cooly.

FARMERS

Requiring British help—Single men, women or families, to assist with farm work, should write Rev. Alex. MacGregor, 43 Victoria St., Toronto. These people will be arriving after March 15.

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