

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Port Haney, have purchased the home of Mr. George Findlay, corner of Esquimalt and Eighteenth. Mrs. Fraser is a qualified kindergarten teacher and intends to open a kindergarten in her new home.

Mrs. Stevenson, Nineteenth and Bellevue, has left for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, Twenty-fourth and Kings, have moved into their new house at Twenty-fourth and Lawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Twentieth Street, have moved to North Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Currie, of Saskatoon, have arrived in West Vancouver and are staying with their son, Mr. G. E. Currie, of the Marine Woodyard. It is their intention to spend the winter here, as they did last year.

It is reported that two hunters from Vancouver shot a deer on Hollyburn Ridge at the beginning of the week.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday evening, October 18th, at Christ Church, when Victoria Corona, second daughter of Mrs. Ernest Whipple of Sheffield, England, became the bride of Mr. Reginald Francis Petty. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. K. G. Whipple. Mr. and Mrs. Petty will make their home in this city.

Mr. Bert Gisbee of the West Vancouver Auto Service, who had his right eye injured by a drop of acid from a storage battery of a car dropping into it, has now fully recovered from the accident.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson and family of Perdue, Saskatchewan, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. G. E. Currie of Twenty-fifth and Marine Drive. They came all the way from Perdue by auto, over the mountains by way of Spokane and Everett, the trip taking nine days.

Mr. L. H. Beamish has returned from a business trip of several days' duration in the Okanagan.

Mrs. M. Partington, Seventeenth and Waterfront, has returned from the Vancouver General Hospital, where she underwent an operation.

Hereafter the West Vancouver Ratepayers' Association will meet the first Tuesday in every month at Ambleside Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Holden and family have moved into Mr. Vaughan's house at Twenty-first and Bellevue.

Mr. Horden, Twenty-fourth and Hayward, is leaving here shortly to take up his residence in California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hedley, who have been visiting Mrs. Rex Macdonald at Caulfeild, have returned to Victoria.

Mr. Eugene F. Tite will shortly open a varnish, paint and wallpaper store next that of his father, Mr. Fred Tite, at Ambleside.

The roof of the United Church is being reshingled.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, West Bay, have moved to the city.

Mr. King of West Bay has returned to Vancouver.

Mrs. Davey has rented Mrs. J. Hastings' cottage on Haywood Avenue.

Contractor Appleton has made rapid progress with the handsome five-suite apartment he is erecting at the corner of Seventeenth and Fulton, and a good idea can now be obtained of what the building will look like when completed.

The Royal Bank expects to be moving into the new building next Monday.

The Hollyburn Theatre is open on Fridays and Saturdays only until further notice.

The kindergarten school on Clyde Street between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, conducted by Mrs. Morris, entertained the pupils and a number of other children at a Hallowe'en party this morning.

Mrs. J. B. Leyland is very active in promoting efforts to establish the Home Economics chair at the U. B. C.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

"SHOWING OFF" by Dorothy Bibbs

"When I was a little girl, we lived in London, England," began Mrs. Darling, her arm around the small son on her lap, and Myrah, her daughter, sitting near, eyes wide with expectation.

"It is a crowded city, London, and there is never quite enough work to go around. Many men cannot earn enough money to buy bread for their families and have to depend on the odd pence they can collect from passersby, through selling shoe laces in the streets.

"Those poor men," said Mrs. Darling, bending her head low and looking at Tim, "would be glad of those lovely crusts you always want to leave!"

"They can have 'em!" came the eager reply, in Tim's high, clear tones.

Mrs. Darling laughed.

"I mean, dear, you should not waste them," she explained.

"Do beggars always sell shoe laces?" asked Myrah.

"Mostly," replied her mother. "Not because they are the best selling article in London, by any means, but simply because begging is not allowed, and the men must have something with them to offer for sale, or else the police would run them in. Shoe laces are a cheap stock-in-trade.

"One day, as I came out of school, I saw a most miserable-looking beggar-man standing by the curb just outside our school-gate, a few laces dangling from his gaunt, lean fingers. There was a very hopeless air about him, as if he felt it was quite useless making the effort to get any pennies; and he looked very hungry.

"Feeling sorry for him, I dived at once into my pocket for a copper which I thought was there. He saw the move-

ment and watched me eagerly. Imagine my feelings, however, when I found the penny gone.

"Never mind," I said, as cheerfully as I could, 'You come home. My mother will give you something.'

"So off we started. He was very lame, and it was quite a long way, but 'worth his while,' as I thought. He trudged at the back, while I walked in front with my friends. Every now and then I would glance over my shoulder to see if he were still there.

"It was a lovely feeling, doing good like that! I thought I should like to play 'Lady Bountiful' every day of my life!

"My little school friends were left, on the way, at their various homes, and the last portion of the walk found me almost treading on air, and tripping along so gaily I had to take care not to out-distance the beggar altogether.

"As we neared home, I noticed the door was shut, with a scrap of white paper stuck in the crack. The house looked as if my mother were out!

"Running ahead, those last few steps, I hastily fumbled in our hiding place for the key, and alas! found it. Hurriedly I unlocked the door, slipped inside, and bolted it!

"With throbbing heart and knees shaking, I stood in the hall. After a few moments I peeped through the curtains, and saw my poor beggar-man standing at the gate.

"After ages had gone by, it seemed, he slowly walked up the path, and knocked on the securely bolted door.

"By this time I was crying my eyes almost out, and feeling a very wretched child, indeed.

"A second time he knocked.

"Then a third.

"At last he turned away, looking more hopeless than ever. Sadly I watched his bent figure disappear up the road, and as he passed out of sight I tumbled on the sofa and gave myself up to tears.

"He—he thought I played a joke on him! I sobbed in my mother's arms that evening.

"I felt terrible about it for a long while.

"It would not have been so bad if I had not walked so smartly ahead of him all the way home. It all seemed so unkind!"

"Did you ever see him again, mother?" asked Myrah.

"I wouldn't go to that school any more for fear of meeting him," owned Mrs. Darling.

"One thing I learned, though,

from that little experience—it doesn't pay to show off!"

"Do you remember the tale of Solomon-bin-doad, in the 'Just So Stories'?" asked Myrah, "and how he showed off?"

"To be sure he did!" laughed Mrs. Darling.

"Poor Solomon! He thought he would feed all the fish of the sea, and after great shiploads of food had been collected a monster rose out of the ocean and gulped down the whole lot, asking,

'When will dinner be ready?'

"When he learned that was all the food for all the fishes in the sea, he looked at Solomon out of the corner of his eye, and said,

'I, and my brothers, eat twice as much as that between meals.'

"And Solomon fell flat on the sands, and promised never to show off, never no more," finished Tim.

"Well, I fell flat, too, there on the sofa crying," replied Mrs. Darling, "and I made the same promise to myself!"

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