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The woman or girl who swings her golf clubs during the morning hours, or tramps down some shaded lane, will like the freedom of the sports "ensemble" pictured here. The sleeveless pullover has a V neck and is finished with an elastic casing at the waist. The knickers are made smooth-fitting at the back by darts, and the fullness at the knees is gathered into a band buttoning at the sides. Worn with this costume is a tailored blouse with high or turn-back collar, and long sleeves fastening with link cuffs. The Pullover and Knickers, No. 1105, are in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material, or 3⅛ yards 32-inch. The Blouse, No. 1193, is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price 20c each pattern.

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The Worker

You said that I must do this, and this,
And not what I love, if I must have bread,
But I have said that my soul shall have bread,
I will never consent to live and be dead.

You said, "We need but a common clod,"
But I heeded you not and appealed unto God.
Oh, do not fear, I shall give you your due,
But not what is God's shall I render to you.

—Emily Busby.

ISSUE No. 26—'28

Canada Is Ahead Of Vermont State In Maple Products

St. Alban's, Vt.—Vermont's claim to leadership in the production of maple products is being challenged by Canada, the monthly statement of the Vermont Customs District shows. More than half the $58,821 in revenue collected at Newport during April came from duties paid on maple sugar products crossing the border from Canada. Nearly 1,500,000 pounds was imported.

Automobile travel showed a marked increase. A total of 28,916 cars with 82,418 passengers crossed the line during May.

World Kiwanis Sounds Battlecry in War on Vice

Friendly Relations Between Canada and United States Lauded

Seattle, Wash.—"Never will vice permanently prevail over virtue so long as we have minds to reason and souls to aspire," John H. Moss of Molwaukee, Wis., past-president of Kiwanis International, said at the twelfth annual convention here this week.

"There must be, however," he declared, "a continued combat with crime and vice and excessive excitements. The criminals, the vicious and the constant pleasure-seekers are never habitual duty-doers. The conditions which challenge our earnest efforts for correction are of such a character as to demand the thoughtful attention of the serious-minded portion of our people. Kiwanis is one of those forces which is thoughtfully waging the combat for the suppression of vice and the supremacy of virtue. One of its cardinal objects as expressed in its constitution is: "To give primacy to the human and spiritual rather than to the material values of life.'"

At Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C., where the Harding International Good Will Memorial is located, delegates and visitors to the convention heard Henry C. Heinz of Atlanta, Ga., president of Kiwanis International, tell of the friendly relations existing between Canada and the United States.

"The State of Washington and the Province of British Columbia are of different colors on the maps," he said, "but the waters on each side of the line are just as blue, the trees are of the same shade of green, the sun, the sky and the air are common to all, for ours is one continent and we are one people in idealism."

More than 1,700 Kiwanis clubs are now engaged in giving a greater personal service to under-privileged children, J. Hayden Oliver, of Scranton, Pa., chairman of the committee on under-privileged children, told the delegates.

It is estimated that 5,000 Kiwanians from the United States and Canada are attending the convention. Dr. Thomas Arkle Clark, dean of men, University of Illinois; Dr. John MacKay, Manitoba College, Winnipeg, and United States Senator C. C. Dill, of Washington, are expected to speak during the week.

Sea Port and Air Port

London.—If weather conditions permit, Montreal will have the privilege of being the destination of the first voyage of the new British airship R-100, which is nearing completion at Howden, according to a statement to the British United Press by Commander Burney, the designer.

A large party of members of Parliament will travel to Howden by special train early in July to inspect the airship, and keen interest in the undertaking is being maintained here.

It is understood that every berth has already been booked, at very high prices, for the inaugural flight, which will probably be made in August.

Although there has been much condemnation of airships, because of the assertion of experts that the margin of safety is too low in bad weather, Commander Burney's faith in them is still great.

The possibilities of regular airship service between Britain and Canada is being widely discussed, but nothing will actually be done until the R-100 has successfully completed her maiden voyage.

A reliable antiseptic—Minard's.

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Hope Ranger, daughter of Loring Ranger, disappears after lunching at the Plaza with her friend, Lucia Thorne. A hundred-thousand-dollar reward is offered by Hope's father for the return of his daughter.

Eustice Higby, attorney and friend of Ranger, assists in the search. Juarez Charlie, adventurer and life-long friend of Loring, comes with a message from Hope's abductors. It is sent to Charlie with instructions to tell his friend to buy a hat for Hope and leave it at a specified place.

Charlie tells Loring that his daughter is in the hands of a group of criminals called the Combine. Frank Bryan is Ranger's private secretary. George Kelsey is detained at a private sanitarium.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

It was disappointing for Kelsey to find that he had only a stray sheet of a Sunday supplement two or three weeks old, entirely taken up with the disappearance of a girl called Hope Ranger and illustrated with pictures of her reproduction from photographs, paintings and sketches.

The sense of some one being near him rather than the perception of an actual presence roused him finally from his brown study.

A girl was standing a few feet away from him, regarding him steadily, her hands clasped before her.

The involuntary smile of recognition died on his lips as he stood up. He had thought at first—a resemblance only, but to whom? Where had he seen—recently? He grasped it. One of the nurses, Miss Copely. He had talked to her the day before.

But her had now a swift impression of grace and charm, of a distinction which the nurse did not possess.

"Good morning," he broke the silence which was becoming awkward. "For a moment I though you were Miss Copley."

"Did you?" she asked vaguely. Her voice confirmed the impression of charm. It was farm, faintly vibrating.

"Miss Copley is a nurse here," he explained. "She resembles you very much. I thought she might be your sister."

She came nearer him and sat down on the bench, motioning him to resume his seat.

"Are you a patient here, too?"

Kelsey had an uncertain temper which he had taught himself to control; but at her question a flare of anger swept over his face, which slowly congealed to an icy repression.

"Am I a patient?" He had turned in his seat, and she saw that the flame still lingered in his hot blue eyes. There were white dents about the corners of his mouth; his voice was rough; the inflections were satirical. "Well, that is as you look at it. I was house physician here for a few weeks. I resigned—for reasons. My resignation was accepted, and I packed my things and prepared to leave. I needed a car to take me to the station, as it was some distance. There were polite excuses—all the cars were in use. I started to walk, hoping I'd get a lift on the road; the gates were locked. I attempted to throw my bags over the wall and scramble after them. Two men closed in on me. I lost my head and struck out, but they were too much for me. Our superintendent had grown so fond of me, you see, that he couldn't bare to part. So he elevated me to the rank of patient. I am still here—for the present."

"That means—you intend to get away?" she leaned nearer him to whisper.

"I'm talking nonsense," he began stiffly; but she touched him lightly on the arm.

"Dr. Bristow is coming," she murmured. "Give me a pencil quick, and wait here. I will come back—if I can."

Wondering alike at the quick change in her manner and at the purpose of her request, he gave her the pencil, and she moved away, to stand listlessly turning it in her hands and looking vacantly before her.

The superintendent of the institution came striding across the lawn toward them.

As always, he was fastidiously dressed—a gray morning suit and a gray soft hat. The lustre of a splendid black pearl shone in his mauve necktie.

"Well, Miss Copley"—he stopped before the girl and spoke in the sympathetic, slightly bantering tone of a physician to a convalescent patient—"this is better than moping over rejected manuscripts, don't you think?"

She still stared before her.

"He gave me this pencil," she said; "but he wouldn't give me any paper." She moved on droopingly toward the house.

"Good morning, Kelsey." Dr. Bristow's voice was low. It was said that he had never been heard to raise it above that modulated pitch. To do so was unnecessary it was sufficiently authoritative without emphasis. "You have been making friends with Miss Copley, I see."

The remark was casual, but Kelsey divined undercurrents.

"Is that her name?" he asked uninterestedly. "I thought it might be. Sisters?"

The doctor's eyes were on him.

"Yes—a sad case. Hopeless, I fear. She wanted to be a writer. I have seen some of her manuscripts. Pretty bad. There was one fair story, though, of a little seamstress who fell in love with an actor's picture. He played Mercutio. That was one of your favorite parts, I believe."

"You're in one of your inventive moods to-day," Kelsey said insolently.

"Have you entirely forgotten the hit you made in that part?" Bristow was now, as Kelsey expressed it to himself, baiting him for fair. "Can't you recall the duel scene where you stagger back into the arms of your supporters, the house still? 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. A plague o' both your houses!' Then the thunders of applause."

Kelsey was a little pale from his effort at self-control, his mouth was rigid.

"Who that had ever lived through such an inspiring experience could forget it?" he murmured with exaggerated enthusiasm.

"Good!" Bristow's tone was gratifield. "You are coming along nicely, my dear boy."

With a pleasant nod, he turned away and stepped back to the drive where his car was waiting.

Kelsey's face was black as he looked after him. Lost in his resentment and sense of injury, he had forgotten the girl. It was with a start that he realized that she had come back and was seating herself beside him.

"Give me some paper," she said imperatively.

Studying her, curious to see what she would say or do next, Kelsey took a note-book from his pocket and, tearing out a few sheets, handed them to her.

She began to write—words, half-words, dots, dashes, anything. Her head was bent over the paper. Any

She sat down on the bench, motioning him to resume his seat.

one watching her would have thought her absorbed in her task. But, while she wrote, she talked in a rapid undertone.

"You are an actor," she said accusingly. "I overheard some of the things he said to you. Perhaps you were only acting when you spoke of him to me?"

"I never was an actor," he interrupted harshly. "That's Bristow's little game. I am what I told you, George Kelsey, a physician who has specialized in mental diseases. But who are you? That's more to the point just now. I made a snap diagnosis of you, when I saw you first, as a drug-addict—your pallor, your eyes. But they don't admit them here. Amnesia, then? That means your memory of past events is blotted out. Yet I don't believe, for all you say, that yours is even touched."

CHAPTER VIII.

An attendant making his leisurely rounds paused near the rustic bench on which Kelsey and the girl were sitting, and speculatively measured the distance between them and the wall with his eyes.

Kelsey recognized him as one of the men who had hindered his egress when he tossed hic luggage over the gate and attempted to climb after it; and meeting that heavy suspicious glance, lifted his brows and drooped his mouth simulating a bored and weary resignation which was further borne out by his inert, lounging attitude.

The attendant, remembering a painful bruise or so sustained in their brief but animated encounter, twinkled his small eyes, grinned and walked on, deriving a malicious pleasure from ignoring what he took to be Kelsey's S.O.S. call for relief.

The girl paid no attention to either of them. Her head bent over the notebook, she covered its pages with a racing pencil, apparently oblivious to everything about her.

"He's gone," murmured Kelsey when the guard had moved out of earshot. "Now tell me."

"It's all rather confusing to me," she said at last, evidently hesitating to commit herself; "why I am at this place, I mean, and the reason for keeping me here, and all. And I would like to get things clear. Perhaps it would help, if you would tell me first what you are doing here?"

"Very well," he smiled quizzically; "since you prefer it that way. But if I stop short at any time, you'll understand that it's because some one is about.

"I won't go into my first meeting with Bristow and all that." He talked rapidly and in short sentences, moving his lips as little as possible. "I came here as an assistant physician, and liked it. The place is splendidly run and up to date. An invaluable experience for me, for a little while anyway. Then one day—no need going into details now—I overheard a conversation between Bristow and a visitor. I didn't listen intentionally of course, but I was in such a position that I couldn't help it. This visitor was describing the theft of a lot of valuable jewels, and consulting Bristow about the best method of disposing of them. And Bristow made no bones about giving his assistance—on a fifty-fifty basis. He laid out a whole scheme, told the fellow just what to do, giving the names of persons and places."

He paused, as if expecting her to question his statement.

"It doesn't surprise me a bit," she said, drawing in her breath sharply.

"Bristow discovered me, of course. He ended the conversation short, and sent the man away. He never turned a hair, I'll say that for him; he's great in an emergency. But his eyes, they went through me like a diamond drill."

(To be continued.)

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Trinity College Has Outstanding Year

Five Trinity Students Obtain Highest Awards in Whole University of Toronto Courses

Wins Rhodes Scholarship

Friends of Trinity College have been interested to not the high standing secured by students of the College in the annual examinations of the University of Toronto which have just been announced.

Five students of the college obtained the highest standing in the whole University in their honor courses. Mr. Robert Turnbull, who headed the list in Mathematics and Physics of the Fourth Year and was awarded the James Loudon Gold Medal in Physics is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tait Turnbull of Niagara Falls, New York, and was prepared for the University at Ridley College. Mr. R. S. Jacques, who was first in the First Class in Philosophy, is a son of Mr. R. H. Jaques of Toronto. The same record was made by Mr. C. F. Farwell in the Philosophy course of the Third Year, Mr. H. R. S. Ryan in the Classics course of the Second Year and Mr. H. A. Rapsey in Commerce and Finance in the First Year. Mr. Farwell comes from Upper Canada College, Mr. Ryan from Port Hope High School, and Mr. Rapsey from Ridley College, St. Catharines.

First class honors in their respective courses were also secured by Mr. D. G. Guest, a son of the headmaster of Appleby School, Oakville; Mr. A. H. Sellers, who came to Trinity from the North Toronto High School; Miss C. E. R. Massie, a daughter of Mr. T. P. Crosthwaite, who, like Mr. Ryan, was prepared at the Port Hope School; Mr. Gerald L. M. Smith of Toronto, who formerly attended the University of Toronto Schools; Miss Mary E. Simpson, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Simpson of Bowmanville, a former pupil of St Mildred's College, Toronto; Mr. D. M. Heddle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Heddle of Oakville, who attended Appleby School before entering Trinity College; Miss Anna D. D. Brereton, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brereton of Brantford; Miss Erica Mundy, who came to Trinity from Glen Mawr; Miss Evelyn Kelley, who matriculated from the Bishop Strachan School and was the winner last year of the First Edward Black Scholarship in Modern Languages; Mr. C. A. Johnson, son of the Rev. G. I. B. and Mrs. Johnson of Toronto, who matriculated from Malvern Collegiate Institute, and Margaret Bonis, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs Harry Bonis of St. Mary's, and matriculated from the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Lyndon Smith, M.A., was awarded a Rhodes Scholarship for Ontario, and goes to Oxford this autumn. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Sandwich. This is the second consecutive year in which a Rhodes Scholarship has come to Trinity.

The John H. Moss Scholarship, which last year was awarded to Mr. Lyndon Smith, was this year awarded to Miss Helen Oliver, B.A., also a student of Trinity College.

The standing of Trinity students this academic year indicates that the college is taking a leading part in the University of Toronto, with which it is federated.

The removal of the college to the Queen's Park and the erection there of the new and very beautiful academic buildings has made it possible for Trinity students to take full advantage of their association with the Provincial University of Toronto, while retaining their membership in a residential college where the classes are strictly limited in size

The staff of Trinity College has been greatly strengthened by the addition of Professor R. K. Hicks, formerly of Queen's University, Kingston, and Dr. F. T. H. Fletcher of Birmingham in the department of French, and by the appointment of Professor G. M. A. Grube, M.A. of Swansea, Wales, in the department of Classics. Professor Hicks and Professor Grube are graduates of the University of Cambridge, England.

For Rheumatism Minard's Liniment.

The British Pilgrims

Springfield Republican: (A party of British Congregationalists numbering 1,250 are on a "mission of peace and good will" to the United States.) In Boston and its suburbs and in Plymouth the English visitors were on the soil of the pioneers and in the places where the relics of their sojourn are most numerous. They will visit New York City, but unfortunately their stay in this country is to be so short that they will have no opportunity for a broadly comprehensive experience of the country, of its hospitality and of the working of the leaven which has made all America in large measure the spiritual heir of the little group of fugitive Englishmen whose memory they are honoring. But they may well take the part that they have seen for the whole, as America will take their visit and their utterances as representative of the great people of which they are a part.

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