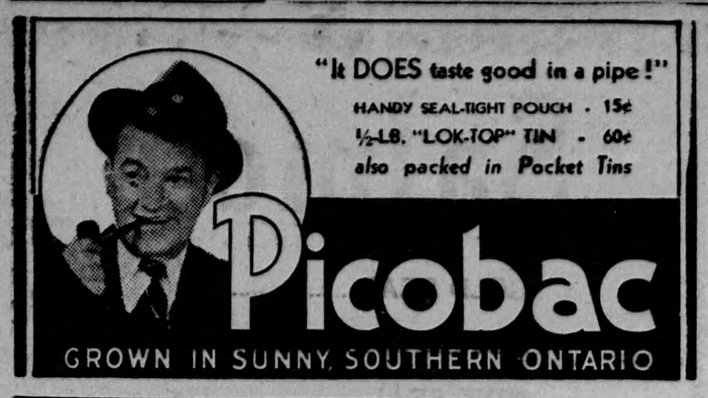

SYNOPSIS

Before the fire in the grate, Mr. Chipping, "Chips" as he was affectionately known by the boys at Brookfield School, now 84, and retired 15 years before as a master at the school, falls into a muse, recalling his first appearance as an instructor at Brookfield in 1870, 58 years before. They had ragged and bedevilled him so and raised such a racket, hurling missiles at each other, pretending all the while to be defending the new master, that Dr. Weatherby, the Headmaster, had come in demanding to know what was going on.

CHAPTER III

The Cricket Match

The boys, shame-faced and appalled, retreated to their desks. Chipping, bewildered, battered, breathless, stared at Dr. Weatherby. He passed a trembling hand across his face.

"Im sorry, sir," he said in a shaking voice. "I'm afraid I . . ." His voice trailed off into silence.

Dr. Weatherby, his black, spade-beard trembling with the anger that consumed him, addressed the pupils in a terrible voice.

"It is 18 years ago this term since I had occasion to cane the entire Lower School. The young gentlemen of that day came honestly by their punishment. I think I can say the same for you. You will present yourselves at my study tomorrow afternoon, in alphabetical order, at intervals of three minutes, starting at three o'clock. I believe I can promise you I have lost none of my vigor."

The silence that met the Headmaster's words could be felt. He looked briefly, almost expressionlessly, at the distraught new master.

"I think, Mr. Chipping, you had better come to see me—after Prayers."

Character and Courage

"Y-yes, sir," said Chipping.

The Headmaster's words, uttered to Chipping at the close of their interview long remained in the new master's memory, for there was real emotion, perturbation even, in Weatherby's voice: "Our profession is not an easy one, Mr. Chipping. It calls for something more than a University degree. Our business is to mould men. It demands character and courage."

That caning of a whole class did not endear Chipping to the pupils, although they were aware that their own outrageous ragging of the new master had brought it upon themselves. It was but a few weeks later that another incident occurred which further estranged the boys and the new master.

Dr. Weatherby was addressing the boys in the big dining hall:

"Before we leave, I want to wish our cricket eleven the best of luck against Sedbury this afternoon. We have now won the match three years in succession. This year Sedbury claims to be sending us the finest team that ever came out of a very fine school. Well, we shall give them a hearty welcome. We shall give them a big tea, but I venture to predict we will not give them—the Cup."

Instead of the expected applause, the hundreds of boys sat in silence, eyes obstinately fixed upon their plates.

Dr. Weatherby was astonished. "What does this silence mean?" he asked of the masters grouped around his table. "Something has happened! What is it?"

"Well, sir, it's really no business of mine—" began the master he addressed, but Chipping interrupted.

"I think perhaps, sir, I can explain. I'm keeping my class in this afternoon."

The Cricket Match

"But that means Colley!" said Shane, the master who coached the team. "He's our best man."

"Please, Mr. Shane," said Dr. Weatherby, "leave this to me. Mr. Chipping, if I may say so, you have scarcely chosen a very happy occasion for the exercise of disciplinary measures."

"As a matter of fact, sir, I had entirely forgotten about the cricket match, and my attention was drawn to the fact by the class in such an insolent manner, I thought it inadvisable to go back on my decision."

"You observe the effect on the entire school."

"I do indeed, sir. It is most regrettable."

"Surely, sir, in the circumstances," suggested Bingham, "you might exercise your personal authority—"

"Mr. Bingham, you forget that the traditions of this school are inexorable. However, hasty and ill-advised be the judgment of one of my preceptors, he must at all costs be supported by myself."

"I-er-thank you sir," said Chipping feebly.

"We need not assume, gentlemen, that the game is lost before it is played. In any event, I do not consider a victory in the playing field worthy the sacrifice of a principle."

The long windows of Chipping's classroom were open and the boys, sullen looks bent on their tasks, heard applause and shouts from the cricket field.

"School! School! Well played. School!" came the cry of their excited mates watching the game.

Amid resounding applause from the onlookers came sudden cries distinguishable in the classroom. "What a swipe!" "Good old Wiggs!" "Run, sir, run!"

Several of the pupils sprang to their feet, among them Colley. One went to the open window; others quickly followed. They stared out at the game, and gesticulated wildly.

"It's Wiggs!"

"Only six to win!" cried another pupil. "Go on, run it out!" he yelled to the distant player.

"No! No! Get back, you ass!" shouted another boy at the window.

Friendship Lost

His cry was repeated by others. There followed a sharp crash of wickets, with the shouting of many distant voices: "How's that?"

"Out!" The voice of the umpire came to them clear and sharp like the crack of a whip. The boys at the window turned to face the class.

"We've lost!" muttered one of them. They returned slowly to their seats. One of them, Morgan, spoke over his shoulder to Colley.

"Tough luck, Colley."

"Morgan!" came the low voice of Chipping.

Morgan swung about to face the master, his features twitching. He spoke rapidly almost incoherently: "Oh, all right, sir! Sedbury's beaten us. We've lost the cup! It's not just us—it's the whole school. We know you don't care how the fellows feel! Perhaps you don't want to be liked. Perhaps you don't mind being hated—"

Chipping stood, white-faced, his hands gripping the side of his desk, giving no sign that he had even heard Morgan's outburst.

"You may hand in your papers." He paused, and then as though forcing himself to make the effort, said: "I should like to tell you that when I imposed your detention this afternoon, I had forgotten our game with Sedbury, but the manner in which you drew this to my attention left me no alternative but the course I followed. I would like you ot know, too, that my judgment in the first place was—hasty and ill-advised, and that no one regrets more than Dr. Weatherby the fact that my authority had to be upheld. . . . . You must understand that. If—if I have lost your friendship, I have little left that I value, and I say this from the bototm of my heart." The silence continued. "Has anyone anything to say?"

No one spoke.

"You may go," said Chipping in a dead voice.

Chipping, despite his good intention, his earnest desire to be the friend of his pupils, had got off on the wrong foot. He was probably the most disliked of all the masters, not only for that, his first year at Brookfield, but for the nineteen years that followed. Dr. Weatherby died in 1888 and his bust now stood with that of the other headmasters about the Quadrangle.

The boys were going home for the summer holidays. A youngster, running past Chipping, going down the school steps, stopped to pull up his stockings. Chipping placed a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Have a good holiday, Matthews."

"Thanks awfully," said the boy ill at ease. Looking about he spied a fellow, shouted: "Hi, Johnson, wait for me," and was off at a run.

That was the way all of the boys felt about Chipping. Would he ever be able to change their attitude? A man fell in step at his side.

"Mr. Chipping, do you remember me? Hargreaves."

"Of course, I remember you. But you've grown, you know!"

"Remember the first day we met in the train and I nearly drowned you in my tears?"

"It was my first term as well. If you hadn't started first, I should have done the crying myself."

"I heard a few years ago you were leaving Brookfield."

"Yes—er—I was going to leave. It just didn't happen, though . . . Perhaps I shouldn't mention it, but I rather expect to be Housemaster here next term. Woodward is leaving."

"That's splendid. Congratulations. Well, I suppose I'm keeping you from packing. Goodbye, Mr. Chipping."

Even Hargreaves, after 19 years, seemed in haste to leave him, thought Chipping, as he murmured: "Goodbye. Glad to have seen you."

(To Be Continued)

For forty-five years without a break, seven women in Green Bay, Wisconsin, have played bridge weekly. They all crossed the Atlantic from Brussels in 1881.

7 OUT OF 8
CANADIAN HOUSEWIVES
WHO USE
DRY YEAST—
USE ROYAL

BECAUSE
IT'S ALWAYS
DEPENDABLE

Christian Science Thanksgiving Day

Christian Science churches the world over hold Thanksgiving Day services, and the one held in First Church of Christ, Scientist, Toronto, is typical of them all.

The service opened with the congregation singing the hymn "This is the day the Lord hath made."

The Thanksgiving Proclamation by the Governor-General of Canada was then read by Mr. John Carleton, the First Reader.

The Scriptural selection was from Psalms and was read by the First Reader. After the Spiritual selection the congregation united in silent prayer which was followed by the audible repetition of the Lord's Prayer with its spiritual interpretation from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy.

The Lesson-Sermon for Thanksgiving Day given in the Christian Science Quarterly and read in all Christian Science churches in Canada and many other parts of the world followed the second hymn. The subject of this Lesson-Sermon was "Thanksgiving" and had for the Golden Text: "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." (1 Thessalonians 5: 16-18).

Golden Game

In New York the world's most valuable indoor game is for sale—a chess board with pieces. The squares are gold and silver, the pieces bejewelled. The set is valued at $200,000.

Becoming Cotton House-Dress

By ANNE ADAMS

If you would look as bright and fresh as you keep your home, make this quickly-stitched Anne Adams house frock, Pattern 4253. Choose a gingham or percale fabric that will take many washings in its stride—a neat fruit or flower print would be cheery. See the effective button-and-tuck trim surrounding the round, high neck. Make the sleeves in puffs or comfortable flares, and tie a colorful grosgrain ribbon sash about your slim waist.

Pattern 4253 is available in misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 40. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 35 inch fabric.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams Pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adame, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

NERVOUS, WEAK

THOUSANDS of tired, weak, nervous women have helped themselves gain strength and energy by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, developed by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who made women's troubles his special study. This tonic aids the nutrition and thus it helps to build up and brace the entire body, overcoming nervousness and sleeplessness. Mrs. E. Surgent of 1 Arthur Street, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I was feeling so out-of-sorts and nervous and lacked strength. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription helped my digestion and strengthened me just wonderfully. I wasn't so nervous and felt better in every way." Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist today.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A CHEESE CHAT

As cooler days arrive there is something homey and appetizing about cheese dishes. Then, too, cheese is one of the high protein foods and should hold an important part in weekly menus. There are two forms of cheese—the soft and hard. Cheese made from skim milk is the hard; the soft type is made from milk and cream. The composition of cheese is one-third protein, one-third fat and one-third water. A gentle heat melts cheese and makes it easier to digest. Intense heat makes cheese tough and difficult of digestion. A little soda is sometimes added to milk and water used in cooking the cheese, which renders it more soluble and easier of digestion. Whilst cheese is very nutritious, it is wise not to feed it to children. It is best kept in a cool place and not tightly covered. Wrapping in waxed paper or cellophane it will keep several days. If it becomes hard and dry, grate and keep covered until ready for use. It may be added to soups (sprinkling on top before serving) or added to any of the starchy foods. A soft crumbly cheese is always best for cooking. I hope these recipes of old favorites will help simplify your menu problems.

WELSH RAREBIT

½ lb. cheese (grated)
½ or 1 teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon salt
Cayenne
2 teaspoons butter
¼ cup milk
1 egg
Dry Toast

Place cheese in double boiler or chafing dish, sprinkle over mixed seasonings. Add butter in pieces, then add the milk. When cheese is melted, stir in well-beaten egg, cook for a moment. Serve on toast or on salt wafers.

COTTAGE CHEESE

Heat sour milk or buttermilk until the whey is quite clear; drain in a cheese cloth and let drip about five hours without squeezing. Place curd in a bowl; break with a wooden spoon. Season with salt and mix into a paste with a little cream. Mold and set in cool place.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Cayenne
½ cup milk
3 eggs

Cook first five ingredients as white sauce for two minutes. Remove from heat and add well-beaten yolks of eggs and cheese. Set away to cool. When cool, fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff, turn into buttered baking dish. Bake in slow oven for 30 minutes.

CHEESE FONDUE

1 cup scalded milk
1 cup soft stale bread crumbs
¼ lb. mild cheese (cut in small pieces)
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon salt
Yolks 3 eggs
Whites 3 eggs

Mix milk, breadcrumbs, cheese, butter and salt. Add yolks of eggs which have been beaten until creamy. Fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Pour in a buttered baking dish and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fail? Then write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Sadie B. Chambers, care of this paper, and she will endeavour to solve your problems.

WOW! BIG NEWS!

Coleman
Now Makes a New NON-PRESSURE LAMP

Now you can get genuine, brilliant Coleman light in this new non-pressure lamp. It burns coal oil—94% air, 6% fuel. Has wide variety of shades. Coleman refill mantle, usable with similar-type lamps, retails for only 30c — a big saving.

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A FLASHING SMILE

. . . teeth kept bright and attractive with the help of WRIGLEY'S GUM.

GET SOME TODAY!

Sarnia Schoolgirls Wearing Uniforms

A group of Sarnia, Ont., mothers, rebelling against use of silk stockings and dresses for collegiate girls during wartime, announced that from Oct. 16 their daughters are wearing newly-adopted navy blue skirts and jackets and lisle stockings.

Mrs. E. O. Lott, chairman of the mothers committee, said it was not expected the plan would be adopted by all collegiate girls this year as many previously had purchased their school outfits.

TAKES OFF GRIME WITHOUT SCOURING

NO need for hard rubbing and scrubbing when you use a solution of Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. It cuts right through grease, clears clogged drains, keeps outhouses sanitary and odorless, scours pots and pans, takes the hard work out of heavy cleaning. Keep a tin always handy.

FREE BOOKLET — The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells how this powerful cleanser clears clogged drains . . . keeps outhouses clean and odorless by destroying the contents of the closet . . . how it performs dozens of tasks. Send for a free copy to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

HELP ARREST DISTRESSING HEAD COLDS

Nose running . . . eyes streaming . . . head aching . . . miserable! There's no sense in such suffering! *TRY MENTHOLATUM for RELIEF*—at once! Its soothing vapours penetrate infected nasal areas—help ease inflamed membranes—help to halt mucus gathering. Treat that head cold NOW—with Mentholatum—*guaranteed to bring relief or money back.*

At all druggists—jars or tubes 30c.

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