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distern Daylight Saving Time) Tickets and Information at W. EL LONG - Phone 89

GRAY COACH LINES

Local Council of Women Entertained at Home of Mrs. M. H. Moyer

The closing meeting of the Local Council of Women was held on the beautiful lawns at the home of Mrs. M. H. Moyer, on Priday afternoon, June 19th Mrs. C. Hayes, the president opened the meeting with silent prayer. The minutes were read and

approved. The corresponding secretary read a letter of thanks from Mrs. Etheringtor, Ottawa, for the \$50 Victory Bond which was sent to the General Pund. It was also decided to carry on the collection of soap and linens for hospitals. Beveral accounts were passed. It was decided to make all necessary repairs to the wading pool, with

Mrs. A. H. Peller as convenor. Five dollars was voted to the local Red Cross

Miss Anne Staunton very kindly

invited the Local Council to have a meeting at her home in August, and give the proceeds to the Boldiers' First Communion For Comforts Fund. This was greatly appreciated and Miss Hettle Lawson and Mrs. R. Paul were appointed a committee to look after the arrangements. Our guret speaker, the Provincial P. Miller, Hamilton, was then intro- Parish, Acton, and Holy Cross Parish, wrapped in her cape. "We've got brought a very complete report of the Communion Bunday at the 9 o'clock Provincial and National Council con- mass. convention will be the both anniver- sitar were most beautifully decorated stopped it, two nien came charging can't understand. A dreadful thing." thanks to Mrs. Millar for coming to canditors with lighted candies,

interesting talk Staunton poured tea, and Miss Hettie sented a picture long to be remember-Lawson and Mrs. Paul served, assist- ed by all present. entertaining the Council.

Large Red Cross

The following large ahipment of the church. knitted goods, quilts and British civilian garments on the last sewing quota of the Georgetown Red Cross. has gone forward to the warehouse in Toronto this week

Army and Air Force Comforts

80 pr. socks 3 pr. two-way mitts 3 Maries 3 pullovers

2 MATTE Seaman's Comforts 8 pr. scaman's long socks 10 pr. sea boots

42 pr. scaman's Locks

12 turtle neck sweaters

30 pr. plain mitta 18 sero cape 3 SCRIVER, 48"

British Civilian Clothing On quota, 10 units No. 8 consisting of 1 coat, 1 skirt, 1 blouse, 1 pr. knickers, 1 sweater

50 dispers

25 sanitary pads 50 girls' dresses and panties, size 4 79 pr. boys' pyjamas, sine 6

1 pr. boys' pyjamas, sise 12 2 pr. boys' pants, size 5 1 sweater, sine 6 l cleeveless sweeter, sim 6

scarf 1 handkerchief

27 quits 1 small aighan

4 baby's knitted outfits, consisting of cost, bonnet, bootees 3 girls' tams knitted

2 beby outfits, consisting of coat

poorture girl's outfit, size 6, consisting of shirt, sweater, tam, cullotte, blouse, bloomers

Catholic Children

President of the Local Council, Mrs. ant day in the history of Bt. Joseph's Evans with her dreadful burden duced by Mrs Hayes. Mrs. Millar Georgetown, as it was Piret Hoty

The main altar and Blessed Virgin car in sight." the meeting and giving such an in- for each boy and girl receiving his or the arms of one of them. "You'll much-" Pirst Holy Communion, were placed have to go with them, Evans," she Tee was served by the hostess, Miss along the communion railing, and pre-

ed by the Misses Mary Moyer, Lots The little girls were dressed in Nellsen and Barbara Param. Mrs. white and wore wreaths and veils-Hayes expressed the appreciation of while the boys wore ribbon bows on the Local Council to Mrs. Moyer for their arms and a nower in the lane of their coat. Nineteen children received their Pirst Holy Communionwhile ten made the solemn or renewal of their Pirat Holy Communion.

to capacity. The children under the the veterinary had said that in a direction of Marie Clayton and Mary Papillon marched from the hall to

After Mass the pastor, Rev. V. J. Morgan, enrolled the Pirst Communicants in the brown scapular, and a ing. certificate of Pirst Communion was presented to each child.

made their Pirat Holy Communion:-Michael McCustall. Leo Marchment, help him and she brought a square, Basil Pucini, Helen Keelan, Denise Coles, Delaine Oibbons, Marie Mc-Custall, Joan McOrea. Adele Chew. Shella O'Rourke, Bridget Ann Mc-Laughlin, Helen Koakowski, Biglinda Vandergrinten, Margaret Milton, Barbara Boyle, Dorsen Hornby and Pauline Trem



agonized whimpering. How she glass. opened the trap she never knew. but she did open it, and made a bandage from her blouse which she you. Mother is going to ride with tore from her shoulders regardless of the cold. And after what seemed Sunday, June 21st, was an import- to be ages, she staggered back to to get him to a veterinary. Run down to the road and set if there's a

> one up the bank. Jane gave the dog into it was because you love him so said and wrapped herself more closely in her cape. "There are several doctors at Rockville. You'd better ask the stationmaster about the

It was late when Evans came to Cartle Manor with his dog in his arms. Rusty was comfortable and he had wagged a grateful tail. The The church was more than filled pain had gone out of his eyes and few days the wound would heal. There were no vital parts affectedand he would give some medicine which would prevent further suffer-

Mary was in the kitchen, singing. The following were the children who She stopped her song as Evans solled down her cheeks. come through. He asked her to Michael Korchowiec, Leo McOilloway, deep basket and made Rusty a bed. "You-all jes' put him heah by the figh, and I'll look atter him."

Evans shook his head. "I want him in my room. I'll take care of him in the night."

He carried the dog upstairs with him, knelt beside him, drew hard deep breaths as the little fellow licked his hand. "What kind of a man am 1?" Ev-

ons said sharply in the silence. "God, what kind of a man?" Through the still house came old Mary's thin and piping song:

"Stay in the flel". Stay in the fiel', oh, wah-yah-Stay in the fiel' Till the wah is ended."

Evans got up and shut the door.

the rising sun. found herself sitting up in bed in of them." the deep darkness-slim and white He shook his head. "All that hero

phantom of the night. She came to it gradually. The ing." strange events of yesterday. Evans.

Her own share in his future. Her own share in Evans' future? that he might get back-she had pledged youth, hope and constancy to his cause. And she had promised before she had seen that stumbling figure in the snow!

In the matters of romance, Jane's for each day?" thoughts had always ventured. She had dreamed of a gallant lover, a composite hero, one who should combine the reckless courage of a Robin Hood with the high moralities of a Galahad. With such a lover one might gallop through life to a piping tune. Or if the Galahad predominated in her hero, to an inspiring processional!

And here was Evans, gray and gaunt, shaken by tremors, fitting himself into the background of her future. And she didn't want him there. Oh, not us he had been out there in the snow!

Yet she was sorry for him with a sympathy that wrung her heart. She couldn't hurt him. She wouldn't. Was there no way out of it?

Her hands went up to her face. She had a simple and childlike faith. "Oh, God," she prayed, "make us all-happy-" Her checks were wet as she lay back on her pillows. And a cer-

tain serenity followed her little prayer. Things would work together in some way for good. . . . She would let it rest at that. When at last the rooster crowed,

Jane cast off the covers and went to the windows, drawing back the curtains. There was a faint whiteness in the eastern sky-amethyst and pearl, aquamarine, the day had dawned!

Well, after all, wasn't every day a new world? And this day of all days. One must think about the thankful things!

Baldy wanted to hear from Edith Towne so much that he did not go to church lest he miss her call. But Jane went, and sat in the Barnes' pew, and was thankful, as she had said, for love and warmth and light. Evans, with his mother in the pew, looked straight shead of him. He

it was a cruel thing to face. There | seemed worn and weary-a dark was blood and that little trembling shadow set against the brightness body. The cry reduced now to an of those comrades on the glowing

After church, he waited in the

sisle for Jane. "I'll walk down with Dr. Hallam." They walked a little way in allence, then he said, "Rusty is com-

fortable this morning." "Your mother told me over the telephone."

He limbed along at aer side. "Jane, I didn't sleep last nightthinking about it. It is a thing I "I understand. You love Rusty. have to always worship at a dis-

"But to let a woman do it. Jana. do you remember-years ago? The mud dog!"

She did remember. Evans had killed it in the road to save a child. It had been a horrible experience, but not for a moment had he hesi-

"I wasn't afraid then, Janey." "This was different. You couldn't see the thing you loved hurt. It wusn't fear. It was affection."

"Oh, don't gloss it over. I know what you felt. I saw it in your eyes." "Sow what?"

"Contempt." She turned on him. "You didn't. Perhaps, just at first. I didn't un-Mrs. Follette was out, and old derstand . " She fought for selfcontrol, but in spite of it, the tears

> "Don't, Janey, Don't." He was in an agony of remorse. "I've made you cry."

> She blinked away the tears. wasn't contempt, Evans." "Well, it should have been. Why not? No man who calls himself a man would have let you do it."

> They had come to the path under the pines, and were alone in that still world. Jane tucked her hand in the crook of Evans' arm. "Dear boy, stop thinking about it." "I shall never stop."

"I want you to promise me that you'll try. Evans, you know we are going to fight it out together

His eyes did not meet hers. "Do you think I'd let you? Well, you think wrong." He began to walk rapidly, so that it was hard to keep pace with him. "I'm not worth it." And now quite as suddenly as she had cried, she laughed, and the June was waked usually by the laugh had a break in it. "You're hoarse crow of an audacious little worth everything that America has rooster, who sent his challenge to to give you." She told him of the things she had thought of in church. But on Thunksgiving morning, she 'You are as much of a hero as any

and shivering-oppressed by some stuff is dead and gone, my dear. We idealize the dead, but not the liv-

It was true and she knew it. But she did not want to admit it. "Evans," she said, and laid her cheek Had she really linked her life with for a moment against the rough his? She had promised to pray sleeve of his coat, "don't make me unhappy. Let me help."

"You don't know what you are usking. You'd grow tired of it. Any woman would." "Why look ahead? Can't we live

She had lighted a flame of hope in him. "If I might-" eagerly. "Why not? Begin right now. What

are you thankful for, Evans?" "Not much," uneasily. "Well, I'll tell you three things.

Books and your mother and me. Say that over-out loud." He tried to enter into her mood. "Books and my mother and Jane." She caught at another thought. "It almost rhymes with Stevenson's books and food and summer rain,

doesn't it?" "Yes. What a man he was-cheerful in the face of death. Jane, I believe I could face death more

cheerfully than life-" "Don't say such things"-they had come to the little house on the terrace, "don't say such things. Don't think them."

"As a man thinks-Do you believe

"I believe some of it." "We'll talk about it tonight. No, I can't come in. Dinner is at seven.' He lingered a moment longer. "Do you know what a darling you are, Jane?"

She stood watching him as he limped away. Once he turned and waved. She waved back and her eyes were blurred with tears. In Jane's next letter to Judy she told about the dinner.

"We had a delicious dinner. It seems to me, Judy, that my mind dwells a great deal on things to eat. But, after all, why shouldn't I? Housekeeping is my job.

"Mrs. Foliette doesn't attempt to do anything that she can't do well, and it was all so simple and satisfying. In the center of the table was some of the fruit that Mr. Towns sent in a sliver epergne, and there were four Sheffield candlesticks with white candles.

"Mrs. Foliette carved the turkey. Evans can't do things like thatshe wore her perennial black lace and pearls, and in spite of everything, Judy, I can't help liking her, though she is such a beggar on borseback. They haven't a cent, except what she makes from the milk. but she looks absolutely the lady of

the menor. "The cousing are very fashionsble. One of them, Muriel Foliette. knows Edith Towne intimately. She told us all about the wedding, and how people are blaming Edith for running away and are feeling terribly sorry for Mr. Towne. Of course they didn't know that Baldy and I had ever laid eyes on either of them. But you should have seen Baldy's eyes, when Muriel said things about Edith. I was scared stiff for fear he'd say something. You know how his temper flares.

"Well Muriel said some catty things. That everybody is sure that Delafield Simms is in love with someone else, and that they are saying Edith might have known it if she hadn't always looked upon herself as the center of the universe. And they feel that if her heart is broken, the decent thing would be to mourn in the bosom of her family. Of course I'm not quoting her exact words, but you'll get the idea.

"And Baldy thinks his queen can do no wrong, and was almost bursting. Judy, he walks in a dream. I don't know what good it is going to do him to feel like that. He will tance like Dante. Or was it Abelard? I always get those grande passions mixed.

"Anyhow, there you have it. Edith Towns rode in Baldy's flivver, and he has hitched that little wagon to a stort

"Well, after dinner, we set the victrols going and Baldy had to dance with Muriel. She dances extremely well, and I know he enjoyed it, though he wouldn't admit it. And Muriel enjoyed it. There's no denying that Baldy has a way with him.

"After they had danced a while everybody played bridge, except Evans and me. You know how I hate it, and it makes Evans nervous. So we went in the library and talked. Evans is dreadfully discouraged about himself. I wish that you were here and that we could talk it over. But it is hard to do it at long distance. There ought to be some way to help him. Sometimes it seems that I can't stand it when I remember what he used to be."

- 1.ha -Evans had carried Jane off to the library high-handedly. "I want you," was all the reason he vouchsafed as they came into the shabby room with its leaping flames in the fireplace, its book-lined walls, its imposing portrait above the mantel.

The portrait showed Evans' grandfather, and beneath it was a photograph of Evans himself. The likeness between the two men was striking-there was the same square



the library.

set of the shoulders, the same bright, waved hair, the same air of youth and high spirits. The grandfather in the portrait wore a blue uniform, the grandson was in khaki, but they were, without a question, two of a kind.

(Continued next week)

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