She turned swiftly from the door and

entered the church. She wanted to

proper, and walked swiftly down the

abile toward the quaintly pretty little

altar, with its embroidered cloth and its

vase of garden flowers. As she went

church's heart.

were steadfast and tender.

Amy answered honestly, if a triffe im-

patiently, "I wasn't even thinking about

your music," she said. "I came in here

to get out of the shower, not to be en-

"Or inspired?" asked the min softly.

answered. "No. I didn't came in to be

place, "you mustn't be out of temper,

even so. Showers will come, you know,

ing the remarks of this strangely in-

formal young man. "I was on my way

despite our desire for sunshine."

to keep an uppointment." she said.

be radiant."

they are needed!"

all the rest of it. Are you married?"

way. Don't you think so, yourself?"

With a hotness growing on her cheeks,

Amy was answering, very much on the

defensive. "No, I don't think so," she

sald. "People get married for all sorts

of tilly rebsons nowadays-to prove a

of spite, sometimes," he said, with his

eyes, grown even graver, on Amy's face.

inspired," she told him impatiently.

like my musici"



MINER'S HEAR WORDS OF GRATITUDE



"You men are wonderful," sald Mrs. Herman Magill as she turned to the rescue workers digging frantically to extricate her husband, II. R. Magill, Toronto, and Dr. D. E. Robertson and Alfred Scadding, after conact with the entombed men had been made through a diamond drill. The Toronto trio were reported alive and well; later the rescue workers were shocked when the news of Magill's death was shouted up the narow-tube-and the mine was reported flooding. Mrs. Magill can be seen as she talks with a begrimed worker at the shaft-head. Dr. Robertson and Scadding were rescued.

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ACROSS

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18-Become ex-Charles Laml 18-One (Ger.) 21-A plaything 38-Ever (contr.) WRECK GAPED YIMID

ASCOAFISH CIDES The Free Press' Short Story

GOD SENDS A SHOWER

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

- T was an April shower coming up | er. An old proverb went flashing through suddenly out of a gray sky that her mind as she surveyed the heavy drove Amy Thurston into the clouds: "Happy is the bride that the little old church for shelter. She needed sun shines on." The thought troubled shelter for her hat was new, her trim her. ... bouche suit was new, and her shiny little

oumps were pristing in their freshness .--The church was dim, faintly sweet get away from the weather, from amelling, and peaceful; but as Amy thoughts of her descried parents, and dashed through its sheltering entrance, also from those other thoughts o the was not particularly awars of the Kenyon Winwood. The idea fostered church's pleasant charm or of its smeet- by her mother, persisted. Maybe, after ness. She was aware only of a slight all, he was not the sort to tie to, not for feeling of annoyance with the weather. life. So Amy went into the church "Hang April weather," she muttered.

From somewhere inside the church an organ was playing softly. The missic was light, springlike, and wistfully appealing, and it held a note of reverence. the music from the organ lost, which At another time Amy might have en- was just back of the altar, almost seemed Joyed it, but just now it added to fer to sweep down to meet her. Yet, as she sense of personal injury. "It is as if approached the music -changed the organ's laughing at me," she said gentle, wandering, pattering April music to herself angrily. With a sudden bit-"Of all it were aware of her, as if it were keepthings, to be waiting in a church just ing time to her aimless feet. Somehow now," she said to herself. "If it were only two hours later-"

Amy was on her way to keep an appointment, and it was an appointment with a young man. The appointment was to begin in the young man's office, but it was resumably to end in a shoulder, watching her. some personage, county clerk's office, or city hall. Amy was cloping-cloping as with sandy hair, a face with a wide as she was wont to do everything. She was eloping, not because she was madly in love, but because she had quarreled with her parents.

Her elopment was to be her way of showing her people that the was of age, and completely mistress of her own destinks. The fact that her parents rather disapproved of the young man whom Amy was going to mook made her defiance seem even more marked ..

The trouble had started a couple of days before when Amy's mother had spoken very frankly in regard to the younger set in the town in which they lived, a younger set that was just a little too gay, a little too frivolous, a little, perhaps, too thoughtless of appearances and ideals. Amy, who received invitations, and sometimes accepted them. from this younger set, had spoken hotly in defense of them.

"Why," she told her mother, "Ken Winwood-" (Kenyon Winwood was the the did not know why she was answer. rich young leader of the set in question) "wants to marry me, and I like him lots,

too. For two cents, I would marry Ken." Her mother had answered wearly and nervously. "When you marry, Amy," she with one sandy eyebrow raised. "Anjone had said, "I want you to marry a man to look at you," he said, "would think of Amy's costume, evidently, "than this as steady and honest and reliable as your you were on your way to keep an apown dear father, the cort of man who pointment to be married, or something. will grow in strength. I don't want you Only brides look as newly turned out - as," his tone was swiftly serious, "many to marry anyone like this Ken. Oh," sarterially-as you look." her mother made the admission hastly. "oh, Y don't want to criticize the crowd too harshly, but I can't understand the type of young people who feel that life man who played the organ-went on. is just made up of lighter moments."

concerned," she sakl, "there can't be too that. You'd look huppler if you were many lighter moments. Your attitude," or, your way to married. Girls do. I changed. It had become light and even us she spoke she knew that she was know; I've played the wedding march for bantering again. "Suppose," he said, being unfair and cruel, "is making me many a blushing bride. Girls don't "that you tell me your name." feel that I should marry Ken if only to hurry off impatiently to meet the man justify his existence."

Her mother said no more at the time, but that night the conveniation was repeated in the presence of Amy's father the crowd she had so hotly defended and he added his word to her mother's. Just a matter, really, of hours ago, would is Robert Linden," he said. "As you've way to keep.

The music in the church was growing in lightness and buoyancy. It was the with finality. "Why," he was looking vour picture on his desk. He told m happiness, real happiness, although as actually on your way to a wedding, to risks and sets in you. Why, Miss Thursshe stood in the doorway Amy did not your own wedding, I'd say that it was a ton," for Amy was crying. realize the fact. Her whole attention lucky thing that the shower happened." was fixed upon the sky overhead as she He suddenly turned serious. "God has "you've spoiled everything just by bringpeered out through the door of that a way of sending interruptions when ing my mother and father into it! Of little church. The sky was not lighter certainly; in fact, it was growing dark-



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HER HUSBAND SAFE



Mrs. Alfred Scadding of Toronto. assured that her husband was safe in the caved-in Moose River mine, prepared to leave immediately for the rescue scene. Illness of her baby daughter had prevented her from travelling earlier.

direct question, "now would you?" Against her own volition Amy felt an From the very first moment he had to a more decided rhythm. It was as if wielded a curious power over her. " don't know that it's any of your bustness," she said slowly: "I don't know that it drew her, willy-nilly, toward the you've any right to ask me questions, but you guessed right in the beginning. I It was not until she stood close enough am on my way to be married. Incident-

to smell the perfume of the flowers in ally. I'm getting married not because the altar vase that she was aware of a I'm madly in love with the man in humorous young face turned back over question, but because I want to prove to my elders that I know my own mind. It was a thin, freckled face, topped So there!"

Perhaps Amy had expected reproof ridiculously, petulently and suddenly laughing mouth, and with blue eyes that from the landy-haired young man, but she did not get it. The young man, Only when Amy's eyes, upraised, met oddly enough, was laughing. "That," he the eyes of the player, did the music said, "is the most childish thing I've stop and the organist speak. "I hope," ever heard a grown-up girl say. When said a voice that somehow mutched the we know each other better," he was tender, plain, humorous face, "that you leaning forward, "Y'll remind you of how childish it scunded."

> "You won't ever get to know me better." Amy told him pettishily, and realized suddenly that she was quarreling with a complete stranger, and in church! "Isn't this the most amazing conversation in the world?" she said blankly. "Isn't it the most utterly crazy Amy almost snapped at him when she situation?"

The organist answered. "As I analyze

it," he told her, "I don't think the The organist was getting down from situation is crazy at all; I think it's very his loft. "Well," he said, as he left his sensible. Here you-pardon me for saying it-were on your way to make an unwise marriage. I don't know the details of it, but I know it must have Amy answered. For the life of her been unwise from the very expression in your eyes and from the hard set of your mouth. And just as you were on your way, the good Lord sends a shower, and because your new suit and hat and The organist eyed her quizzically, shoes are more important-" his appraising glance had taken in every detail marriage you were contemplating, you ruch into a church to gain shelter! Just another person has gone into a church To her unnoyance, Amy left herself to gain shelter from a storm of one sort flushing, but she did not make an an- or another. And in the church, still swer this time. After a moment the directed, I firmly believe, by the hand "I of God, you found me. That may sound guess, though," he said softly, "that you like a conceited statement, but it isn't. Amy answered crossly. "As far as I'm are not on your way to a wedding, at I think you'll live to know that it isn't!" He paused, and then his tone had

> Amy was staring at the man, widethat they love; they walk in radiance." eyed. Before she knew it she was again Amy wanted to say, "Is that so?" in a answering a direct question. "I'm Amy surcastic voice. Any other member of Thurston," the sold. "Who are you?" The young man laughed. 'My name

The result was that Amy had flounced have speken in that manner. She could perhaps guessed, I'm the organist here. off to bed in a temper and had teld- not help feeling, in her toul, however, Other times I have a budding law office. phoned Kenyon the next day and made that the organist was right. "I sup- I know your father. He's the calt of the appointment which she was on her pose," she said, "that there are some the earth, your father. That's probably exceptions to every rule. All brides can't why you looked so familiar to me when you came in. You uce, I was in your "They should be," said the organist father's office only last week, and I saw sort or music that Is the keynote to at her keenly, "If you were-no joking- how he and your mother think the sun

"Now" she sobbed to the young min, course, you're right!" The toars were Amy got down abruptly in one of the rolling unheeded down her cheeks. front pews. This man was interesting; "They're the salt of the earth, those he was almost more interesting than parents of mine, and I'm just a little any other young man she had ever met. Idiot. And because I haven't any sense," Also, he took her breath away. "You her voice broke on a wall, "I'd do someseem to be something of an authority," thing to hurt them bitterly and to-" she said. "on brides and weddings and the simple words contained Kenyon Winwood's complete dismissal, "ruin my The organist seated himself in the pow own life, as well!"

beside Amy. They might have known The young man was interrupting Amy. each other forever, there was something He was also correcting her, gently. "Not so intimate in his smile. "As a matter haven't any sense-hadn't!" he said. of record," he told her, "I'm not married. "And all this stuff about hurting them But I will be, some day, when the right and rulning your life, that's out. I take girl walks into my life. Sometime," he it," there was no shade of mirth now in chuckled, but his eyes were grave, "she'll his tone, "that your appointment is walk down an aisle, just as you have, cancelled. So suppose I escort you toward me, and our glances will meet home. You see," he smiled, and his and we'll both know. It happens that freckled face was suddenly beautiful, "I

A REAL EXCUSE

Jimmle: "I can't go to school to-day, point, they do it sometimes. Or just out mother. I don't feel well." Mother: "Where is it you don't feel The organist interrupted. "Just out well?"

"But then the marriage isn't a marriage. You, for instance, wouldn't get married If wisdom were to perish from the for any reason, but the leveliest port of earth, nobody would think himself one, I'm sure-" he was again asking a ignorant.

Jimmle: "In school."

is delicious

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