

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK

by R. J. SCOTT

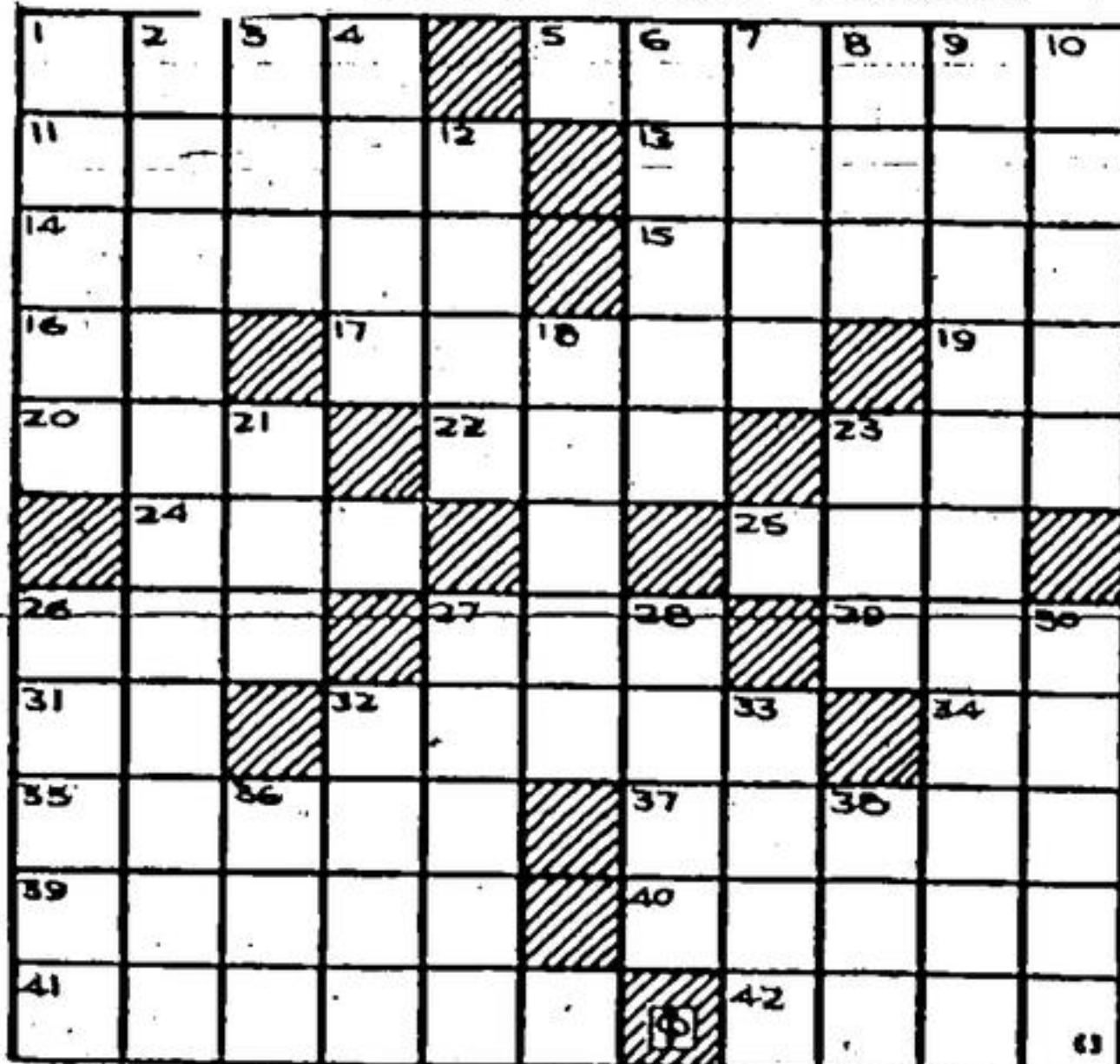


MINER'S HEAR WORDS OF GRATITUDE



"You men are wonderful," said Mrs. Herman Magill as she turned to the rescue workers digging frantically to extricate her husband, H. R. Magill, Toronto, and Dr. D. E. Robertson and Alfred Scadding, after contact 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 narrow tube and the mine was reported flooding. Mrs. Magill can be seen as she talks with a begrimmed worker at the shaft-head. Dr. Robertson and Scadding were rescued.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



- ACROSS: 1-Brief extent of time, 2-A river in Livonia, 3-Greater than 90 degrees, 4-A number, 5-Ascended, 6-Citizen of Rome, 7-Inactive, 8-A neuter pronoun, 9-A character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", 10-A state of the U. S. (abbr.), 11-A nut, 12-Obscure, 13-Ofen, 14-Obtained, 15-A hiccup, 16-Twisted, 17-A letter of the English alphabet, 18-Down: 1-Well, 2-Science of light on sens., 3-Five bodies, 4-A weapon, 5-Tidy, 6-Broken, 7-Music, 8-Small, 9-Employ, 10-Beneficial, 11-In the direction toward, 12-Mourning, 13-A body (anat.), 14-God of love, 15-Become exhausted, 16-A plaything, 17-A receptacle for coal, 18-Sitting, 19-Insects, 20-A kind of lily, 21-Discover, 22-Mourning, 23-Garb, 24-Pan name of "Charles Lamb", 25-One (Gr.), 26-Ever (contr.)

The Free Press Short Story

GOD SENDS A SHOWER

MARGARET E. SANOSTER

It was an April shower coming up suddenly out of a gray sky that drove Amy Thurston into the little old church for shelter. She needed shelter for her hat was new, her trim boucho suit was new, and her shiny little pumps were pristine in their freshness. The church was dim, faintly sweet smelling, and peaceful; but as Amy dashed through its sheltering entrance, she was not particularly aware of the church's pleasant charm or of its smothering. She was aware only of a slight feeling of annoyance with the weather. "Hang April weather," she muttered.

From somewhere inside the church an organ was playing softly. The music was light, springlike, and wistfully appealing, and it held a note of reverence. At another time Amy might have enjoyed it, but just now it added to her sense of personal injury. "It is as if the organ's laughing at me," she said to herself angrily. With a sudden bitterness she laughed aloud. "Of all things, to be waiting in a church just now," she said to herself. "If it were only two hours later..."

Amy was on her way to keep an appointment with a young man. The appointment was to begin in the young man's office, but it was presumably to end in some parlour, county clerk's office, or city hall. Amy was eloping—aloping as she was wont to do everything. She was eloping, not because she was madly in love, but because she had quarrelled with her parents. Her elopement was to be her way of showing her people that she was of age, and completely mistress of her own destinies. The fact that her parents rather disapproved of the young man whom Amy was going to meet, 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 way, a little too frivolous, a little, perhaps, too thoughtless of appearance 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 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 wearily and nervously. "When you marry, Amy," she had said, "I want you to marry a man as steady and honest and reliable as your own dear father, the sort of man who will grow in strength. I don't want you to marry anyone like this Ken. Oh, her mother made the admission readily, "oh, I don't want to criticize the crowd too harshly, but I can't understand the type of young people who feel that life is just made up of lighter moments." Amy answered crossly. "As far as I'm concerned," she said, "there can't be too many lighter moments. Your attitude," even as she spoke she knew that she was being unfair and cruel, "is making me feel that I should marry Ken if only to justify his existence."

Her mother said no more at the time, but that night the conversation was repeated in the presence of Amy's father and he added his word to her mother's. The result was that Amy had flounced off to bed in a temper and had telephoned Kenyon the next day and made the appointment which she was on her way to keep.

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HER HUSBAND SAFE



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

"Against her own volition Amy felt an absurd desire to confide in this man. From the very first moment he had wielded a curious power over her. 'I don't know that it's any of your business,' she said slowly; 'I don't know that you've any right to ask me questions, but you guessed right in the beginning. I am on my way to be married. Incidentally, I'm getting married not because I'm madly in love with the man in question, but because I want to prove to my elders that I know my own mind. So there!'"

"Perhaps Amy had expected reproof from the sandy-haired young man, but she did not get it. The young man, oddly enough, was laughing. "That," he said, "is the most childish thing I've ever heard a grown-up girl say. When we know each other better," he was leaning forward, "I'll remind you of how childish it sounded."

"You won't ever get to know me better," Amy told him pettishly, and realized suddenly that she was quarrelling 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 situation?"

The organist answered. "As I analyze it," he told her, "I don't think the situation is crazy at all; I think it's very 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 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 shoes are more important—" his appraising glance had taken in every detail of Amy's costume, evidently, "than this marriage you were contemplating, you rush into a church to gain shelter! Just as," his tone was swiftly serious, "many another person has gone into a church to gain shelter from a storm of one sort or another. And in the church, still directed, I firmly believe, by the hand of God, you found me. That may sound like a conceited statement, but it isn't. I think you'll live to know that it isn't!"

He paused, and then his tone had changed. "It had become light and bantering again. "Suppose," he said, "that you tell me your name." Amy was staring at the man, wide-eyed. Before she knew it she was again answering a direct question. "I'm Amy Thurston," she said. "Who are you?" The young man laughed. "My name is Robert Linden," he said. "As you've perhaps guessed, I'm the organist here. Other times I have a building law office. I know your father. He's the salt of the earth, your father. That's probably why you looked so familiar to me when you came in. You see, I was in your father's office only last week, and I saw your picture on his desk. He told me how he and your mother think the sun rises and sets in you. Why, Miss Thurston," for Amy was crying.

"Now," she sobbed to the young man, "you've spoiled everything just by bringing my mother and father into it! Of course, you're right!" The tears were rolling unheeded, down her cheeks. "They're the salt of the earth, those parents of mine, and I'm just a little idiot. And because I haven't any sense," her voice broke on a wail, "I'd do something to hurt them bitterly and to—" the simple words contained Kenyon Winwood's complete dismissal, "ruin my own life, as well!"

The young man was interrupting Amy. He was also correcting her, gently. "Not haven't any sense—hadn't!" he said. "And all this stuff about hurting them and ruining your life, that's out. I take it, there was no shade of mirth now in his tone, "that your appointment is cancelled. So suppose I escort you home. You see," he smiled, and his freckled face was suddenly beautiful, "I have an umbrella!"

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