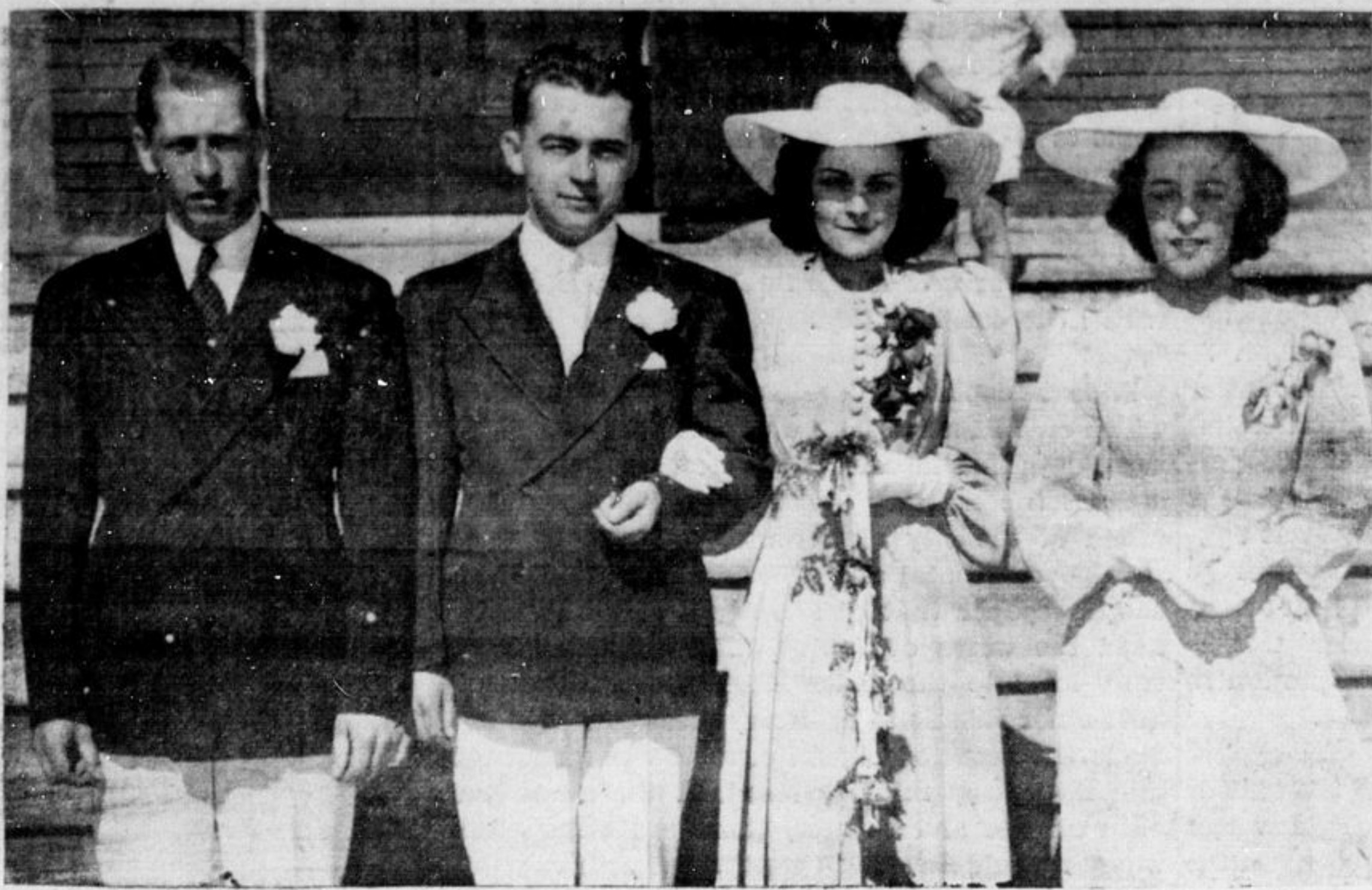


MR. AND MRS. NEIL O'CONNOR AND ATTENDANTS



Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

The finest thing in all the world  
Is not the sun's warm light,  
Nor the day's soft splendor,  
Nor the witchery of night;  
Tis neither wealth nor fame,  
Nor the glamour these can lend,  
Tis but the joy of having  
An understanding friend.

Friday started them . . . those week-end weddings . . . and so, to-day, Dropped Between Stitches extends congratulations and best wishes to seven couples who said "I do" during the week-end . . . Mr. and Mrs. Art Muter . . . Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Beare . . . Mr. and Mrs. Neil O'Connor . . . Dr. and Mrs. P. D. Brunet . . . Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Raycroft . . . Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson Cooke . . . and Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Wilson.

Four o'clock Friday afternoon was the time chosen by Grace Little and Arthur G. Muter for their wedding, which took place at the manse of the Timmins United Church . . . and was followed soon after by the wedding at 6:30 o'clock in the church of Elsie Shier and Lorne Beare . . . Lorne, by the way, is very popular in sporting circles, having been on the McIntyre hockey team for some years.

At 8:30 o'clock on Saturday morning at the Church of Nativity, Lena Lavoie and Neil O'Connor became "Mr. and Mrs." . . . and were followed closely by Irene Millette and Dr. Brunet who chose St. Anthony's Cathedral at 9 o'clock as the scene of their wedding . . . at the reception which followed the ceremony, Dr. and Mrs. Brunet were "treated" to an extra pleasure, which is reputed to bring good luck . . . Miss Francoise Brunet, sister of the groom, brought along with her a piece of wedding cake that was twenty years old . . . it had been sent to the

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wedding by Mr. John Dallyn, of Toronto, so that the bride and groom, after tasting this delicacy, might live "happily ever after" . . . the bride was a popular member of St. Charles separate school staff.

Once again, the United Church was the setting for a lovely wedding event, when at 11 o'clock Miss Mary Ramsay, popular public school teacher, became Mrs. Maynard Raycroft . . . the bride carried an unusual and beautiful bouquet . . . a real specialty . . . at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Irene Bass and Ferguson Cooke became "Mr. and Mrs.", also at the United Church . . . you'll remember a groom better as "Fergie" Cooke . . . and at 8 o'clock in the evening, at the Notre Dames des Lourdes Church, Helen Burns became the bride of Mr. Lyle Wilson . . . the groom is on the staff of the Imperial Bank, and the bride worked in an office "right next door."

Friends and more friends in this district are sorry that Mrs. Fred Charbonneau is leaving Timmins to take up residence in Arnprior . . . but they are wishing her the best of luck and happiness in her new home, and "keeping their fingers crossed" that she will soon come back to this district, even if only for a visit . . . Mrs. Charbonneau is one of those people that could be called "an understanding friend" . . . she has been entertained at numerous functions during the past week, one of which was a farewell party at the home of Mrs. Walter Wilkinson, attended by members of her card club and other friends.

To members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion . . . remember the parade to-morrow, July 1st . . . members are asked to meet at the Legion hall at 9:45 a.m. for the parade, and it is hoped that there will be a large turnout of members . . . and to women who are working for the Red Cross . . . please remember that Red Cross rooms will remain open during the summer months, and that work must be carried on

finger, left hand of the lovely blonde daughter-in-law-to-be Velma Elmes . . . oh, the gentleman in the story is Herbert Hutton, of the R.C.A.F. now stationed in Calgary, Alberta, and as he could not come here to put the ring on that important finger, his mother took his place . . . a quaint and charming idea, isn't it . . . and best wishes to you, Herbie and Velma . . . the wedding, by the way, will take place at Calgary about August 23rd, and the couple will honeymoon at Banff.

Farewell Party for Mrs. F. Charbonneau by Timmins W.M.S.

Wednesday evening there was a farewell party in the basement of the United Church for Mrs. Fred Charbonneau who is leaving to take up residence in the South. A large number of the members of the Women's Missionary Society gathered to wish Mrs. Charbonneau the best of luck in her new home. An informal sing-song, led by Mrs. P. H. Carson, who also sang a delightful solo, was thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. A. B. Ramsay, with musical accompaniment by Miss Grace Ramsay read a very touching poem to the guest of the evening, Mrs. S. Monck gave a farewell message on behalf of the members, dwelling on the contribution Mrs. Charbonneau has made to the life and work of the church, particularly the W. M. S. Mrs. A. G. Carson then presented the guest of honour with a W. M. S. life membership pin and a lovely personal gift as well. The tea table looked charming with a large bouquet of peonies. Mrs. H. L. Travers poured tea and a dainty lunch was enjoyed by all. The many friends of Mrs. Charbonneau wish her every happiness in her new home.

Marriage Event at the United Church on Friday

At a quiet ceremony in the manse of the Timmins United Church on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the Rev. W. M. Mustard united in marriage Miss Grace Little, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Little, of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, and Mr. Arthur Graham Muter, son of Mrs. Muter, of Hamilton, and the late Mr. Milton Muter.

The charming bride was daintily attired in a street-length frock of navy blue tulle, with touches of white. She wore a white picture hat edged in navy blue and white accessories with a corsage of pink roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Catherine Thomson, was attractively attired in printed turquoise and white Bemberg silk, with white picture hat and white accessories and a corsage of iris.

The groom, "Slim" Summerhill acted as groomsman. Following the ceremony, the bride and groom were honoured at a reception at the home of Miss Dorothy Smith Mountjoy street south, where Miss Smith received the guests in a becoming frock of beige and brown crepe. She was assisted by Miss F. Greenaway, who chose an afternoon dress of printed silk.

The bride and groom left later on a wedding trip to points south, the bride travelling in a beige and black ensemble, with black accessories. They will reside at 110 Maple street south.

Church of Nativity Scene of Charming Wedding Saturday

Miss Lena Marie Lavoie and Mr. Neil B. O'Connor Married.

Mixed summer flowers adorned the Church of Nativity on Saturday morning at 8:30 o'clock, when Miss Lena Marie Lavoie, daughter of Mr. John Lavoie, of Cache Bay, and the late Mrs. Lavoie, was united in marriage to Mr. Neil Bernard O'Connor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Connor, of Arrowsmith, Ontario. The Rev. F. Roney officiated, with Miss Olive Lafrenier at the organ, and selections by Misses Jean Murtagh, Harriet Harkness, Eileen Chenette, Kapie Lang, and Therese Belec.

The petite, brunette bride was lovely in a street-length redingote ensemble of dusky rose crepe, fashioned on softly-gathered fitted lines, with long balloon sleeves. She wore a white picture hat, white gloves and shoes, and a corsage of red roses, and carried a white satin prayer book with white satin streamers adorned with small sweetheart roses.

Miss Blanche Lavoie was her sister's maid-of-honour, attractively attired in powder blue and white chiffon redingote ensemble, with heart-shaped hat in white, matching gloves and shoes. Her corsage was made up of pink roses.

Mr. Louis Doiron acted as groomsman. Following the ceremony, the bride and groom were honoured at a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lavolette, 70 Fifth avenue, where Mrs. Lavolette received the guests in a becoming afternoon dress. Later, the bride and groom left by motor for points south, the bride travelling in a suit of beige crepe, with matching accessories.

Upon their return, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor will take up residence at 60 Maple street south. Prior to her marriage, the popular bride-to-be was guest of honour at several shower events.

Toronto Telegram: Ho hum! Brains mustn't be so important after all inasmuch as so many men apparently never use any.



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PEOPLE IN THE STORY:

PEGGY GARLAND—Capable, good-looking companion to MRS. TRELAWNEY—Rich, elderly widow with a country house in Devonshire, which Peggy runs very efficiently.  
EDGAR TRELAWNEY—Weak-willed son of the widow, who dissipates his mother's money in London and only comes home for more.  
PHILIP CHESHAM—Edgar's unscrupulous gambling partner.  
DR. JOHN ARKWRIGHT—Recently settled in a practice which gives him Mrs. Trelawney as a patient. His bachelor prejudices include a dislike of professional companions.  
MRS. JARDINE—A new neighbour of Mrs. Trelawney.

EDGAR TRELAWNEY, after a gambling session with his friend PHILIP CHESHAM, is faced by Chesham's demand for £817 to settle card debts, and a threat to send the I O U's to Trelawney's mother. Finally, he forces the weak-willed Edgar to approach his alderman, and insists upon accompanying him to Coombe Royal, the Devonshire home of Mrs. Trelawney.

On the evening of their arrival, PEGGY GARLAND overhears, in the garden, a conversation which suggests that the two are planning to steal Mrs. Trelawney's jewels, which are not very valuable and are kept insecurely. Peggy's first impulse is to tell the police, but the fact that Edgar is involved would cause a scandal that might have fatal effects on his mother, who is ill with heart trouble. Instead, she takes the jewels away from the house and carries them some distance to an old Druid's circle, where she hides them under the altar stone.

Meantime, Chesham has become aware that Peggy has learned of the plot. He has set off, followed by Edgar, in pursuit of her. In the darkness, Chesham stumbles into a pool, which, though seemingly shallow, has quick-sands of immense depth. Rescue is impossible. Chesham drowns. Later, the jewels are replaced in the house.

Concerned chiefly to spare Mrs. Trelawney, Peggy devises a scheme whereby Edgar, impersonating Chesham, is to catch the mail train that night, booked to London. He is to get out at the next stop, where Peggy will be waiting with a car to motor him back to Coombe Royal. Mrs. Trelawney can then be told that Chesham had been recalled to London urgently.

The ruse goes according to plan, but as they are nearing Coombe Royal, they collide with another car. Their own car is only slightly damaged, but the other suffers seriously.

On examination, they find in the car a woman, unconscious. After a little attention she revives, and they drive her to her home. Later, Peggy discovers that the woman is Mrs. JARDINE, the new tenant of one of the adjacent properties belonging to Mrs. Trelawney. Peggy is surprised to find that Edgar appears to know the new tenant rather well.

(Now Read On)

CHAPTER X

OUT OF THE TEMPEST, LOVE

Peggy was a little breathless but quite composed when Arkwright set her down at the top of the slope. "I'm not a cripple," she remarked with gentle sarcasm. "In fact I can probably run as fast as you."

The journey back was something Peggy never forgot. The centre of the storm passed right over them and Peggy had never seen such lightning or heard such thunder. Twice flash and crash came practically at the same moment, and the second stroke was so close it felt as if a bomb had burst immediately above their heads.

"That hit something," said Arkwright as he lifted a dripping branch for Peggy to get past. "Here we are at the gate. Can't say I'm sorry. This is the worst I've seen since I was on the West Coast of Africa." He opened the gate and they went through. The storm was passing as swiftly as it had come and, though it was still raining hard, they could see the house. Peggy stopped short.

"Oh, look!" The great cedar of Lebanon under which she had been sitting on the night of Chesham's death had been riven to fragments which were scattered all over the upper lawn. Nothing was left but a shattered spike of the trunk which was actually smouldering in spite of the rain. Arkwright slackened his pace.

But Peggy was running hard. "Hurry!" she urged. "Mrs. Trelawney will be scared to death by this." Water was pouring off both of them in rills as they entered the house, but Peggy ran straight upstairs. Rose met her at the door of Mrs. Trelawney's room. Her face was white and frightened.

"She's fainted, miss!" the girl said. "The doctor is here." Peggy told her and, as she spoke, Arkwright came up. He went straight in, to find Mrs. Trelawney fully dressed, lying on her bed. Her eyes were closed, and she was unconscious.

"Give me the nitrite, Peggy," he said, and it was not until afterwards that Peggy remembered that this was the first time he had called her by her Christian name.

Back at his home, and changed, Arkwright sat down to a very late lunch. Like some men who live much alone he had acquired a habit of talking to himself and presently he spoke.

"Tell you what, John, you're falling for that girl," he muttered, and helped himself to junket, but instead of eating, it stared vaguely out of the window.

Peggy, too, was eating a solitary lunch, for Edgar was playing golf with Mrs. Jardine. Mr. Meakin had gone to Taverton, and Mrs. Trelawney was safely tucked up in bed. But Peggy was much happier than John Arkwright. She knew her own mind, had known it for some time past. Now she realized that her man was beginning to know his.

The two gardeners were busy cleaning up the debris of the storm. Vincent was driving Mr. Meakin, so Rose volunteered to cycle to Nethercombe and get Mrs. Trelawney's medicine from Perkins, the young chemist. Peggy saw her start, and thought how smart she looked.

"Poor Perkins will be quite overcome," thought Peggy with a smile. She and all the staff at Coombe Royal knew that the chemist cherished a passion for pretty Rose Weller, but was too shy to declare it.

Rose knew it, too, but at the same time she was very conscious of being a farm labourer's daughter and, to her mind, Charles Perkins belonged to a quite different class. It flattered her greatly that he should take notice of her.

Nethercombe was a typical Devonshire village with one broad street, two public houses and half a dozen shops. Rose got off at the door of Perkins' shop, propped her machine against the wall and went in. The place was small, but beautifully neat.

Hearing the bell Charles Perkins came out from behind the screen. He was a tall, narrow-chested young man who stooped slightly. Spectacles concealed his large and rather nice grey eyes; his black hair was carefully parted and his dark suit had been made by a Plymouth tailor. At sight of Rose he stopped short and reddened.

"G-good afternoon, Miss Weller," he stammered. He thrust out his hand, then drew it back again.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Perkins," replied Rose demurely. She put out her hand and Perkins grasped it as if it had been a life line and held on to it. "You—you are quite well, I hope Miss Weller," he asked.

"Quite well, thank you," Rose answered primly. She knew perfectly what was passing in the young man's mind and wished devoutly that he was not so shy. Yet to her this was part of his charm. It was such a pleasing contrast to the rough endearments of the young farm men. Their only idea of making themselves pleasant was to grab a girl round the waist and try to kiss her.

Rose saw sadly that there was no hope of an invitation to tea, and decided to get on with the job. She took the prescription from her bag.

"Miss Garland wants this made up for Mrs. Trelawney," Perkins studied it.

"It—it will take a minute or two," he said. "P-please sit down, Miss Weller." He came round the counter and set a chair for her. He stood over her, gazing down at her. His face was working oddly and Rose felt a delicious thrill. She believed he was going to kiss her. At this critical moment the door opened and a boy came thumping in.

"Mother wants two pen-worth of they salts, Mr. Perkins," he said.

CHAPTER XI

ROUSED AT DAWN

Perkins said a word under his breath. Disappointed as she was, Rose felt distinctly cheered.

Perkins wrapped up the salts and gave them to the boy, who banged out. But the magic moment was past. Too shy to attempt to recover it, Perkins went behind the counter. Rose noticed how his hand shook as he picked up the prescription, and again his agitation pleased her. He disappeared behind the screen, and some minutes passed before he came back with a small parcel neatly wrapped and sealed. As he shook hands, Rose paused a moment, hoping he might say something else. He wanted to—she saw that—but shyness overcame him. With a tiny sigh she turned and went.

Edgar reached home in time to dress for dinner. He asked after his mother and Peggy told him what the doctor had said. Then he went to his mother's room.

When Peggy came down Mr. Meakin was already in the drawing room, and Edgar was soon with them.

He turned to Peggy. "Mother looks bad."

"I hope he is right," said Edgar with such unusual gravity that Peggy gave him a quick look. The change in him was so great that she found it difficult to understand.

Edgar was very silent during dinner, but Peggy and Mr. Meakin chatted away. Peggy was a favourite with the old solicitor and she, for her part, liked him greatly.

Afterwards Peggy went up to relieve Rose, who had been sitting with Mrs. Trelawney, now revived and by no means pleased to hear from Peggy that the doctor had ordered a milk diet. Peggy herself made her a cup of patent food. Presently Edgar knocked and came in and his mother began to complain of being starved.

"May she have a glass of her wine?" Edgar asked Peggy and Peggy answered that she thought the doctor wouldn't mind. The wine was a Chablis of which Mrs. Trelawney was very fond, and there was a decanter in the room.

As it happened, it was empty and Edgar, instead of ringing, said that he would refill it himself. He went down and came back in a few minutes with the decanter refilled. He himself poured out a glass and gave it to his mother.

She asked him what he had been doing and he told her that he had taken Mrs. Jardine for a drive and had tea with her at her house. Again Peggy was struck by Edgar's kindness and consideration for his mother. Yet for the life of her she could not like him any better. The night of Chesham's death stuck in her memory. It seemed to her flatly impossible that a man who had shown such brutal selfishness as Edgar had then displayed could possibly reform.

Presently he went down and Peggy made the invalid comfortable for the night. Then she opened the bottle of medicine, carefully measured out the dose and added the water.

"A new prescription," she told the old lady. "Dr. Arkwright thinks it will do you good and help you to sleep." She gave the glass to Mrs. Trelawney, who took the medicine obediently.

"It's nasty," she said with a little shiver as she dropped back on her pillows.

Peggy recocked the bottle and put it on the bedside table next to the decanter. She washed out the medicine glass, then turned out the lights, leaving only the nightlight burning. After that she sat down in an easy chair. Mrs. Trelawney spoke.

"There is no need for you to wait, Peggy. I am quite comfortable." Such consideration was unusual and Peggy felt a little glow of gratitude.

"I'll just stay till you are asleep," she said quietly, "then I will go down and talk of Mr. Meakin."

Mrs. Trelawney was soon asleep and Peggy went down and had a chat with the lawyer. He told her he had drawn up the will and that it was properly signed and witnessed, and congratulated her on her legacy.

"The only snag is this, Peggy," he said, "that you have to stay with Mrs. Trelawney while she lives. That's a hard condition. A girl like you ought to marry and have a family." She raised her head.

"It's only natural that Mrs. Trelawney should wish me to stay with her, Mr. Meakin. It would be difficult for her to train anyone else to run the house. But frankly, I shall be very glad to have this money." Mr. Meakin nodded.

"I take it you've saved something, Peggy. You have not much opportunity to spend money here."

"Very little," Peggy confessed. "I have to help my sister. She was left badly off."

"Surely she got compensation for the death of her husband?"

"She got three thousand pounds, but that is only about £120 a year."

"It was a lump sum. She could have started in business of some sort," Peggy shook her head.

"Isobel is no good at anything of that kind. I'm glad to be able to help her."

The lawyer remained silent. He knew much more about Isobel Cayley than he had admitted. He clasped her as a selfish, pleasure-loving person of the same type as Edgar but would not say so for fear of hurting Peggy. He was really fond of Peggy and had already made up his mind that she was just the wife for John Arkwright. He had known of him for a long time past, for Arkwright was a particular friend of his own son, Gerald, a doctor-barrister who was already well known as a Home Office expert.

Presently Peggy got up and said good night.

Before she retired, Peggy went into Mrs. Trelawney's room. She was sound asleep as Peggy went peacefully to bed. Tired from her long day, she slept at once and did not move until roused by someone shaking her awake. Rose was bending over her and Rose's face was white and frightened.

"The mistress, Miss Peggy! She looks terrible. I'm afraid she's very ill."

(To be Continued)

ANNOUNCEMENT

On and after Wed., July 2nd, the price of Albert's Bakery Bread will be

Increased 1c Per Loaf

This increase is due to the fact that flour and other ingredients used in High Quality Bakery Products have been raised considerably time after time for the past two years,—so that now in order to maintain our original quality, it has been necessary to increase the price of bread to OUR customers.

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