

Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

"It's easy enough to be pleasant, When life flows along like a song; But the man worth while is the one who will smile When everything goes dead wrong; For the test of the heart is trouble, And it always comes with the years, But the smile that is worth the praise of earth Is the smile that comes through tears."

For several months, this column has reminded Timmins and district women that when they are on holiday, they should arrange for a friend to replace them in Red Cross work. . . . This reminder is still urgent, and in keeping with it, Miss Dorothy Prattura will replace "Ann" during a two weeks' holiday. . . . to-day's column is taken over by "Dot". . . . and to the many kind people who help to make this column possible, please help Dorothy just as you have helped "Ann."

Congratulations and best wishes to the young couple who were united in marriage Friday afternoon at St. Matthew's Church, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Reed. . . . Mrs. Reed is the former Miss "Pat" Holland. . . . the bride's veil was novel being gathered in a large bow. . . . the couple are now spending a honeymoon at North Bay and Toronto. . . . but they will reside in Timmins.

The people of Timmins were greatly surprised when they heard the fire truck making the rounds of the streets campaigning for the Tag Day. . . . the International Fire Fighters Union should be congratulated on their fine work in helping their brother fire fighters in Britain who are carrying out their duty despite the troubled conditions overseas. . . . and Timmins residents are to be complimented on their fine response.

Miss Ann Honkala, known throughout Timmins by her many friends and readers of "The Advance" as "Ann" of "Dropped Between Stitches" will become the bride of "Henry Kelneck" this afternoon at 4 o'clock. . . . Ann is very popular among the younger (as well as the older) set of this town. . . . to Ann and Henry go best wishes for happiness and success in the future. . . . Henry, as you all know, is the "King of Swing" whose orchestra plays at the Riverside Pavilion as well as many other dances throughout the district.

"Red, blue, and white, and green and gold And at their touch the dew returned, And all the bloom a thousand fold So red, so ripe, the roses burned." Speaking of roses, "Dot" hopes that you didn't miss the Rose Show held at the Masonic Hall on Friday. . . . the flowers were too beautiful for words. . . . and the aroma was so alluring that passersby stopped in to see the displays.

Straw hats . . . overalls . . . brightly coloured shirts . . . a barnyard setting . . . all combined they spell "Kinsmen Barn Dance" which took place at the Goldridge Stock Farm on Friday evening. . . . it was a lot of fun and if you were among the two hundred couples who attended you will be telling your friends all about it. . . .

And once again best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Stan Kremyr who were united in marriage on Sunday at the United Church Manse. . . . the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kremyr. . . . the bride is the former Miss Mary Moroz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Moroz. . . . the young couple left for a motor trip to points south. . . . on their return they will reside in Timmins.

Charming Wedding at St. Matthew's Anglican Church

Miss Patricia Maude Holland and Mr. Edgar Beaumont Reed Married.

St. Matthew's Anglican Church was the scene of a charming wedding on Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock when Miss Patricia Holland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Holland, of 88 Sixth Avenue, became the bride of Mr. Edgar Beaumont Reed, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Reed, of North Bay. The Rev. Canon R. S. Cushing officiated at the ceremony.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a white chiffon, over taffeta. Fashioned with fitted waistline, and long fitted sleeves tapering to points over the wrists, the gown featured a V-neckline, softly gathered bodice, and slightly flared skirt. It was buttoned at the back from neckline to waist with tiny self buttons, and the bride wore a shoulder-length veil of white net gathered in a large bow-effect. Her only other adornment was a gold locket and chain, and she wore a corsage of lilies-of-the-valley and roses.

Mrs. Ronald Pond, cousin of the bride was bridesmaid. She wore a gown of pink net over organdy trimmed with pot-of-blue ribbons, and a blue moiré cap with streamers. Her corsage was made up of yellow roses.

Mr. E. W. Reed, of Welland, Ontario, brother of the groom was groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Holland, and the groom's mother receiving the guests. Mrs. Holland wore a mauve and white silk print with white accessories, and Mrs. Reed chose an ensemble of green taffeta with a white hat and a corsage of pink gladioli.

Later the bride and groom motored to North Bay and Toronto, the bride wearing a navy blue crepe suit trimmed with red and white, and white accessories. Upon their return the couple will take up residence at 59 Fourth avenue.

Among the out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. Reed, of North Bay, parents of the groom, Miss Owen, of North Bay, Mr. Edward Reed of Welland, Mr. and Mrs. H. Reed and daughter, Kathleen, of Iroquois Falls.

Son of Chas. Brocklebank Dies in Action in the East

Mr. Charles Brocklebank, now foreman of The Northern News, but for some time previously on the staff of The Advance, received a cable last week at Kirkland Lake, announcing that his son, Flying Officer Cyril S. Brocklebank, had been killed in action in the East. Flying Officer Brocklebank left Canada at the age of 20, with a friend, to join the Royal Air Force. He trained in England, and was transferred to Egypt and later to North Africa.

Kinsmen's Barn Dance Happy Event at Golden City

About Two Hundred Couples Enjoy Occasion.

About two hundred couples attended the Kinsmen's Barn Dance at the Goldridge Stock Farm at Golden City on Friday evening, to make the event a great success.

The programme was made up of a variety of dances such as Paul Jones, square and round dances, and novelty numbers. Refreshments were served at the specially-constructed booths. Red, white and blue were used in decorating the band stand where the members of Henry Kelneck's orchestra presided, wearing brightly coloured shirts and large straw hats.

The dance was a gala event and straw bonnets, handed out to all who entered, slacks, jackets and sports shirts made a popular apparel for the evening.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stock (president of the Kinsmen Club), Mr. and Mrs. S. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Baderski, Madeline Berube and Henry Charlesbols, Mr. and Mrs. Wes Tomkins, Marianne Walworth and Don Hogarth, Mr. and Mrs. Les Marshall, Florence Blackwell and Louis Baderski, Mary Budzack and Willis Barkwell, Miss Mary Stock and Bruce Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ostrosner, Miss Rita Prout and Bob Hammond, Phyllis Moore and Ross Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dalton, Jr., Miss "Bunny" Burke and Bill Doran, Margaret Burke and Andy Blair, Ruby Simpson and Seaborn Albright, Jean Gulka and Albert Souler, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ansara, Amelia Chapp and "Buck" Crippio, Evelyn Lucas and Tom Brackenbury, "Tinky" Sharp and Lloyd Durkin, Ann Belbeck and Sam Harris, Barbara Barry and Bill Minthorn, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barkwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. "Fritz" Woodbury, Betty Galagher and Jack Gauthier, Jean Laidlaw and Bruce Pritchard, Phyllis McCoy and Bill Cripps, Pat Bilprough and Peter Ostrosner, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hudson, Winnie Jackson and Russ Brown, Elizabeth Sandul and Courtney Drew, Marie Morris and Sydney Fields, Ann Belbeck and Sam Harris.

CHAPTER XVIII CHANGED IDENTITY

Olive Glyde was thirty, tall, with a slim, strong figure and features that were handsome rather than pretty. Her skin was so dark that Peggy felt sure she was not all English, her hair was intensely black; she had large but well-shaped hands and high-arched insteps.

When they met, by Mrs. Ashe's contriving, Peggy took to her at once and soon they were talking freely.

"I agree with Mrs. Ashe," Miss Glyde said presently. "Your best chance will be to change not only your name but your appearance. But all the same it's a pity. You're much too pretty a girl for tricks of that sort."

"Never mind that, Miss Glyde," Peggy answered. "What do you recommend?"

"Dyeing that nice hair of yours, altering your eyebrows and touching up your face and lips. But leave it to me. Come upstairs with me and I'll operate at once."

For the next hour she was busy and when she had finished told Peggy to look at herself in the glass.

Peggy looked—and gasped.

"Know yourself?" asked Miss Glyde. "Scarcely. I could not have believed it. You are a witch."

"My trade, my dear. Lots of stage folk come to me for advice. Well, so much for my new face. What about your new name?"

"I might take my mother's name—Fletcher."

"Good enough—Fletcher—What will you do with it? You want a one syllable name. How about Ruth?"

"Ruth Fletcher. That will do nicely," Peggy declared. "But I shall never remember it."

"Keep on saying it over to yourself, especially just before you go to sleep. And think of yourself as Ruth Fletcher."

"I'll try," said Peggy. "Now tell me what I owe you for all this."

"If your conscience demands it, you shall stand me a dinner one evening, and afterwards I'll take you to a little club where we dance."

"Indeed I'll stand you a dinner," said Peggy warmly. "And now I'll go to bed and try to get accustomed to my new self."

Peggy slept better that night. Next morning Mrs. Ashe brought her a letter.

"Someone knows your address, Miss Peggy," she remarked.

"It's Mr. Meakin," Peggy told her, but she waited till the other was gone before opening the letter. And that was just as well, for when Peggy read of John Arkwright's accident she nearly collapsed. The letter went on:

"There is no need for anxiety, Peggy. Luckily for John, his skull seems to be nearly as hard as the rock he bumped into. He has slight concussion and a broken collar bone, but Cray says that he won't be more than a week in bed. Gerald is with him, and he could not have a better nurse. If you think fit you might write to him. Of course you need not give him your address unless you feel you can change your mind. Now another matter. Through a client of mine I hear that Mrs. Reeves-Fareham wants a chauffeur-companion. She's the woman who made a trip to the source of the Rio Negro, and wrote a book about it. Now she is married and lives at Hound Court, King's Langley. She has plenty of money and should pay a good salary."

Peggy sat down at once and wrote a grateful letter to the old solicitor. Then she took another sheet and began a letter to John. At first her pen flew over the paper. She covered a sheet, stopped and read what she had written. She shook her head.

"This won't do, Peggy," she said to herself. "It isn't fair." Indeed it was a love letter she had been penning. She tore it up and began again.

"Dear John—Mr. Meakin has told me of your accident. I am terribly sorry that you have been hurt, and most grateful if it is no worse. I am in comfortable quarters and have every prospect of getting good employment. But I have changed my name, and the Peggy you knew has ceased to exist, so I beg you not to waste time looking for her. Yet the old Peggy sends her love to the man she will never forget."

"Even that isn't too good," she said. "I ought not to have put in that last

CHAPTER XVIII CHANGED IDENTITY

bit." She hastily brushed away a tear which threatened to fall on the sheet, folded her letter, put it in an envelope, addressed it, went out, took a bus and posted it in the Strand.

That evening she had a note from her sister. "I was sorry to run off like that," Isobel wrote, "but you see for yourself I couldn't help it. I couldn't introduce you to Mr. Mason. I see in the paper that you refused to take the two hundred a year Mrs. Trelawney left you. I think you're crazy. How are you going to live? No one will give you a job. After this I think the less we see of one another the better." Peggy had seldom been so angry. She took a sheet of paper and wrote on it:

"I quite agree," and signed it with her initials. She was addressing this when Olive Glyde came into the room.

"What's the matter, Ruth?" she asked. Peggy handed her Isobel's letter. Olive read it.

"Funny how two sisters can be so different," she said. "You're well rid of her. I came in to suggest that we might have that dinner tomorrow night. A little outing won't do you any harm."

Peggy was not feeling in any mood for merriment, but Olive Glyde had been so kind that she agreed at once. Most of the following day she spent in altering an evening frock. Camouflage, Olive called it, and laughingly said that Peggy might have spared herself the trouble. Who was going to recognize her by a frock?

They dined at a little restaurant called the Delaine in Soho, where the food was simple but quite good and the bill most moderate. Peggy appreciated Olive's thoughtfulness in taking her to such a place. She knew she had done it to spare her purse. After that they went to a film, where Olive insisted on paying for the seats. A little before eleven they took a taxi, and Olive told the man to drive to the Green Lantern.

"It's a funny little place," Olive told her, "but quite decorous. I mean that a man can take his wife or sister there. Introductions are not needed. Any man can ask any girl to dance with him, but takes no offence if refused. I have my regular partners. One boy, Alan Ensworth, dances well, and I'll introduce him."

The taxi stopped opposite a building in Lower Regent street, and Peggy, who had never before been to a resort of this kind, was startled when she found herself in a lift dropping down into the basement. The manager, a tall, well-dressed but rather hard-faced young man, made Peggy sign her name in a book, and if Olive had not nudged her, she would certainly have written Margaret Garland instead of "Ruth Fletcher."

They went into a long, low-ceilinged room, where a small orchestra was playing and about a dozen couples dancing.

"It doesn't fill up for another hour," Olive said. "Ah, here's Alan. Alan, this is Ruth Fletcher. It's her very first visit to a dance club."

In spite of her dyed hair Peggy remained a very pretty girl, and Alan at once asked her to dance. Peggy was a natural dancer, and Alan, who was really good, was delighted and complimented her. He was very gay and amusing, and, in spite of her troubles, Peggy enjoyed the turn.

There were not many seats, but Alan found two chairs, and began to point out various people and tell her about them.

More people kept on arriving, and suddenly Peggy heard a voice which she knew only too well. Right in front of her stood Mrs. Jardine wearing a brilliant yellow dress trimmed with black lace. With her were not more than three paces from young Ensworth and herself.

"What's the matter, Miss Fletcher?" Alan asked in sudden anxiety.

But Peggy could not speak or move. She sat as if frozen.

CHAPTER XIX PEGGY SEEKS A JOB

Mrs. Jardine and Edgar had been dancing. They had stopped for a moment and stood facing one another, talking. Neither of them had yet set eyes on Peggy. Each instant she expected one or the other to see and recognize her in spite of her changed appearance.

Another couple came swinging past. The girl was tall and fair, her partner shorter, rather stout, and no dancer. As they came opposite to Mrs. Jardine and Edgar the stout man bumped into Edgar, lost his balance, and stumbled in a grotesque way, attracting everyone's attention.

"Clumsy ass!" Peggy heard Edgar exclaim.

That broke the spell. Peggy sprang up. She muttered an excuse to the mystified Alan, and hurried across the room to where Olive was standing against the wall.

"What is the matter?" Olive asked in a low voice.

"I'm scared. Edgar Trelawney is

CHAPTER XIX PEGGY SEEKS A JOB

here with Mrs. Jardine. They were quite close to me." She shivered, but Olive laughed.

"My dear, aren't you frightening yourself for nothing? They'd never recognize you."

"Edgar might not," Peggy answered, "but that woman would. She's evil, Olive, and she hates me."

"Point her out," Olive whispered.

"There—in yellow and black. She's just coming past us." Olive watched Mrs. Jardine a moment and her face took on an oddly grave expression.

She took Peggy's arm. "Come into the other room."

The tiny glass of brandy which she insisted on Peggy taking did something to restore her confidence, but Olive decided that it would be best to put an end to the evening.

"Is he going to marry this Jardine woman?" she asked when they were driving back.

"He will if she wants him to," said Peggy with conviction. "I should think it depends on how much money he has left."

"I don't envy him if he does," said Olive. "Well, she's not likely to cross your path again and that's something to be thankful for."

"I wish I could think so," Peggy said gravely. "I have an odd feeling that I haven't done with her yet."

Next morning Peggy had a letter from Mrs. Reeves-Fareham, asking her to call at Hound Court on the following Tuesday afternoon. The note-paper was of the most costly, the writing was a scrawl, and no exact hour was specified. Peggy smiled. Evidently she was a casual person, but that need not make her a bad employer.

Tuesday was a full day, but Peggy had an umbrella, and decided to walk the mile from the station to the house. It proved to be a bigger house than Coombe Royal, and much more modern. The grounds were really magnificent, with an artificial pond almost large enough to be called a lake.

A very stout, red-cheeked butler told Peggy that Mrs. Reeves-Fareham was busy, but soon she was ushered into a great bare room full of packing cases, among which a very large lady was desperately at work, aided by a small brown man. Mrs. Fareham was nearly six feet, and plump. Her hair was all over the place, her face was shiny, and she wore a shapeless brown holland overall. Yet Peggy liked the look of her. She gazed at Peggy in a vague way, then suddenly strode forward.

"You must be Miss Fletcher. I ought to have sent you a wire. Dear me—I am sorry." She spoke to the brown man.

"Dass, get on with the packing and label the large cases for Nairobi. Come with me, Miss Fletcher, and I'll explain." She took Peggy into a library and made her sit down.

"Miss Fletcher, I owe you a thousand apologies. The very day after I wrote to you my husband was asked to join a safari in East Africa. I decided to go with him. We leave next Friday, so you may imagine the rush. Of course, I ought to have written to explain, but—she shrugged—"I clean forgot." Peggy's heart sank.

"You mean you won't be wanting a companion?" she asked in a voice a little unsteady.

"I shan't. We're shutting up the house for six months. I'm terribly sorry to have dragged you out here for nothing, especially as I feel sure you would have been just right for me." Peggy smiled.

"It's nice of you to say that, Mrs. Reeves-Fareham." She rose.

"But you're not going until you've had tea?" cried the other. "There are plenty of trains. And, in any case, I must make you some compensation for my carelessness and your wasted time."

Peggy smiled again.

"Please, Mrs. Reeves-Fareham, I don't want any compensation. But I'd love a cup of tea."

At that moment the butler appeared to announce a visitor in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Fareham shed her overall and guided Peggy over to the drawing-room.

The visitor, Miss Rivers, was fair and blue-eyed, tall as her hostess, but younger and more slim. She came across with both hands outstretched and kissed Mrs. Fareham.

"I know you are up to your eyes, Gertrude," she said, "but I had to come and say good-bye. I even drove myself, and you know how I hate driving. Robins has sprained his wrist, and it will be ages before he can drive again. Such a nuisance!" "I'm very glad you came, Althea," the other answered. "This is Miss Fletcher. Miss Fletcher, Miss Althea Rivers." Miss Rivers gave Peggy a large white hand covered with rings, smiled pleasantly, then went on talking to Mrs. Fareham.

Peggy had a feeling that the face of this tall young woman was somehow familiar, and all of a sudden it flashed upon her that this was the very girl who had fallen on the dancing floor at The Green Lantern. The discovery gave her a shock, but she told herself that, but for that little mishap, she would never have remembered the

IT HAPPENED TWICE



T.C. Bridges

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

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.

CHAPTER XVIII CHANGED IDENTITY

Olive Glyde was thirty, tall, with a slim, strong figure and features that were handsome rather than pretty. Her skin was so dark that Peggy felt sure she was not all English, her hair was intensely black; she had large but well-shaped hands and high-arched insteps.

When they met, by Mrs. Ashe's contriving, Peggy took to her at once and soon they were talking freely.

"I agree with Mrs. Ashe," Miss Glyde said presently. "Your best chance will be to change not only your name but your appearance. But all the same it's a pity. You're much too pretty a girl for tricks of that sort."

"Never mind that, Miss Glyde," Peggy answered. "What do you recommend?"

"Dyeing that nice hair of yours, altering your eyebrows and touching up your face and lips. But leave it to me. Come upstairs with me and I'll operate at once."

For the next hour she was busy and when she had finished told Peggy to look at herself in the glass.

Peggy looked—and gasped.

"Know yourself?" asked Miss Glyde. "Scarcely. I could not have believed it. You are a witch."

"My trade, my dear. Lots of stage folk come to me for advice. Well, so much for my new face. What about your new name?"

"I might take my mother's name—Fletcher."

"Good enough—Fletcher—What will you do with it? You want a one syllable name. How about Ruth?"

"Ruth Fletcher. That will do nicely," Peggy declared. "But I shall never remember it."

"Keep on saying it over to yourself, especially just before you go to sleep. And think of yourself as Ruth Fletcher."

"I'll try," said Peggy. "Now tell me what I owe you for all this."

"If your conscience demands it, you shall stand me a dinner one evening, and afterwards I'll take you to a little club where we dance."

"Indeed I'll stand you a dinner," said Peggy warmly. "And now I'll go to bed and try to get accustomed to my new self."

Peggy slept better that night. Next morning Mrs. Ashe brought her a letter.

"Someone knows your address, Miss Peggy," she remarked.

"It's Mr. Meakin," Peggy told her, but she waited till the other was gone before opening the letter. And that was just as well, for when Peggy read of John Arkwright's accident she nearly collapsed. The letter went on:

"There is no need for anxiety, Peggy. Luckily for John, his skull seems to be nearly as hard as the rock he bumped into. He has slight concussion and a broken collar bone, but Cray says that he won't be more than a week in bed. Gerald is with him, and he could not have a better nurse. If you think fit you might write to him. Of course you need not give him your address unless you feel you can change your mind. Now another matter. Through a client of mine I hear that Mrs. Reeves-Fareham wants a chauffeur-companion. She's the woman who made a trip to the source of the Rio Negro, and wrote a book about it. Now she is married and lives at Hound Court, King's Langley. She has plenty of money and should pay a good salary."

Peggy sat down at once and wrote a grateful letter to the old solicitor. Then she took another sheet and began a letter to John. At first her pen flew over the paper. She covered a sheet, stopped and read what she had written. She shook her head.

"This won't do, Peggy," she said to herself. "It isn't fair." Indeed it was a love letter she had been penning. She tore it up and began again.

"Dear John—Mr. Meakin has told me of your accident. I am terribly sorry that you have been hurt, and most grateful if it is no worse. I am in comfortable quarters and have every prospect of getting good employment. But I have changed my name, and the Peggy you knew has ceased to exist, so I beg you not to waste time looking for her. Yet the old Peggy sends her love to the man she will never forget."

"Even that isn't too good," she said. "I ought not to have put in that last

CHAPTER XIX PEGGY SEEKS A JOB

Mrs. Jardine and Edgar had been dancing. They had stopped for a moment and stood facing one another, talking. Neither of them had yet set eyes on Peggy. Each instant she expected one or the other to see and recognize her in spite of her changed appearance.

Another couple came swinging past. The girl was tall and fair, her partner shorter, rather stout, and no dancer. As they came opposite to Mrs. Jardine and Edgar the stout man bumped into Edgar, lost his balance, and stumbled in a grotesque way, attracting everyone's attention.

"Clumsy ass!" Peggy heard Edgar exclaim.

That broke the spell. Peggy sprang up. She muttered an excuse to the mystified Alan, and hurried across the room to where Olive was standing against the wall.

"What is the matter?" Olive asked in a low voice.

"I'm scared. Edgar Trelawney is

CHAPTER XIX PEGGY SEEKS A JOB

here with Mrs. Jardine. They were quite close to me." She shivered, but Olive laughed.

"My dear, aren't you frightening yourself for nothing? They'd never recognize you."

"Edgar might not," Peggy answered, "but that woman would. She's evil, Olive, and she hates me."

"Point her out," Olive whispered.

"There—in yellow and black. She's just coming past us." Olive watched Mrs. Jardine a moment and her face took on an oddly grave expression.

She took Peggy's arm. "Come into the other room."

The tiny glass of brandy which she insisted on Peggy taking did something to restore her confidence, but Olive decided that it would be best to put an end to the evening.

"Is he going to marry this Jardine woman?" she asked when they were driving back.

"He will if she wants him to," said Peggy with conviction. "I should think it depends on how much money he has left."

"I don't envy him if he does," said Olive. "Well, she's not likely to cross your path again and that's something to be thankful for."

"I wish I could think so," Peggy said gravely. "I have an odd feeling that I haven't done with her yet."

Next morning Peggy had a letter from Mrs. Reeves-Fareham, asking her to call at Hound Court on the following Tuesday afternoon. The note-paper was of the most costly, the writing was a scrawl, and no exact hour was specified. Peggy smiled. Evidently she was a casual person, but that need not make her a bad employer.

Tuesday was a full day, but Peggy had an umbrella, and decided to walk the mile from the station to the house. It proved to be a bigger house than Coombe Royal, and much more modern. The grounds were really magnificent, with an artificial pond almost large enough to be called a lake.

A very stout, red-cheeked butler told Peggy that Mrs. Reeves-Fareham was busy, but soon she was ushered into a great bare room full of packing cases, among which a very large lady was desperately at work, aided by a small brown man. Mrs. Fareham was nearly six feet, and plump. Her hair was all over the place, her face was shiny, and she wore a shapeless brown holland overall. Yet Peggy liked the look of her. She gazed at Peggy in a vague way, then suddenly strode forward.

"You must be Miss Fletcher. I ought to have sent you a wire. Dear me—I am sorry." She spoke to the brown man.

"Dass, get on with the packing and label the large cases for Nairobi. Come with me, Miss Fletcher, and I'll explain." She took Peggy into a library and made her sit down.

"Miss Fletcher, I owe you a thousand apologies. The very day after I wrote to you my husband was asked to join a safari in East Africa. I decided to go with him. We leave next Friday, so you may imagine the rush. Of course, I ought to have written to explain, but—she shrugged—"I clean forgot." Peggy's heart sank.

"You mean you won't be wanting a companion?" she asked in a voice a little unsteady.

"I shan't. We're shutting up the house for six months. I'm terribly sorry to have dragged you out here for nothing, especially as I feel sure you would have been just right for me." Peggy smiled.

"It's nice of you to say that, Mrs. Reeves-Fareham." She rose.

"But you're not going until you've had tea?" cried the other. "There are plenty of trains. And, in any case, I must make you some compensation for my carelessness and your wasted time."

Peggy smiled again.

"Please, Mrs. Reeves-Fareham, I don't want any compensation. But I'd love a cup of tea."

At that moment the butler appeared to announce a visitor in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Fareham shed her overall and guided Peggy over to the drawing-room.

The visitor, Miss Rivers, was fair and blue-eyed, tall as her hostess, but younger and more slim. She came across with both hands outstretched and kissed Mrs. Fareham.

"I know you are up to your eyes, Gertrude," she said, "but I had to come and say good-bye. I even drove myself, and you know how I hate driving. Robins has sprained his wrist, and it will be ages before he can drive again. Such a nuisance!" "I'm very glad you came, Althea," the other answered. "This is Miss Fletcher. Miss Fletcher, Miss Althea Rivers." Miss Rivers gave Peggy a large white hand covered with rings, smiled pleasantly, then went on talking to Mrs. Fareham.

Peggy had a feeling that the face of this tall young woman was somehow familiar, and all of a sudden it flashed upon her that this was the very girl who had fallen on the dancing floor at The Green Lantern. The discovery gave her a shock, but she told herself that, but for that little mishap, she would never have remembered the

woman, and she would have been utterly unaware of the coincidence which now disturbed her. It was highly unlikely that Miss Rivers had noticed her, and anyhow, the girl had no connection with Edgar or Mrs. Jardine.

Miss Rivers and Mrs. Fareham had much to say to one another, and Peggy, a little tired with her walk, leaned back in her comfortable chair and watched them until tea came, a great dish of buttered toast, stout sandwiches, and a big currant cake. In spite of her disappointment Peggy enjoyed her tea. She had plenty of leisure to do so for her hostess and Miss Rivers talked hard to one another, occasionally putting in a remark for Peggy's benefit.

The more she saw of the big lady the better Peggy liked her, and the more she felt that she had missed this chance of employment. It might be very difficult to find another job. Companions were not much in demand. Still, she had scarcely begun her quest, and there was other work to which she might turn.

"You pass the station, Althea," said Mrs. Fareham, when the time came to leave. "Do you mind dropping Miss Fletcher? It's just six, and there's a train back to London at the half hour."

"Of course I will," Miss Rivers answered readily as she put on her fur and picked up her gloves and bag.

Mrs. Reeves-Fareham came with them to the front door. When it was opened Miss Rivers stopped short with a look of dismay.

"Fog!" she exclaimed. "Whatever shall I do?" "I can't drive in this, Gertrude, I shall have to ring up for a taxi."

(To be continued)

CHAPTER XIX PEGGY SEEKS A JOB

Early Friday morning a man entered the Ideal Cafe at Swastika and asked for a cup of coffee. He tendered a quarter in payment, and as George Wing, of the cafe, was ringing up the sale on the cash register the customer went behind the counter, and sticking a gun into George's ribs, told him to hand over his money. Going through George's pockets he got \$45.00 in bills, and then beat a hasty retreat. George Wing at once notified the police, giving a good description of the robber. This description has been wired all over the North and the police are on the lookout for all suspicious characters answering the description.

American Writer Addresses Letter to His Countryman

(From Orilla Packet Times)

One of the first voices to be heard in the United States in favour of American support for Great Britain was that of Mr. Lawrence Hunt, a young New York lawyer. It will be recalled that a letter which Mr. Hunt published in the New York Times more than a year ago created something of a sensation, and was widely reprinted, both in the States and in Canada. Mr. Hunt has now followed up his first letter to the American People, which this time takes the form of a book of some 130 pages in which he roundly denounces the pacifists, the isolationists, the "intellectuals," and the "Pontius Pilates" of the United States, the last being those who would wash their hands of Europe's troubles. The book is about as vigorous a piece of writing as the war has produced. His language lacks nothing in strength; in fact, occasionally if it were not so strong it might be more effective. Aside from its immediate effect, Mr. Hunt's book will do much to overcome American ideas that Britain has been autocratic in her dealings with the States, and that she is a less democratic country. One feature of Mr. Hunt's appeal to his countrymen to get into the war and play a manly and courageous part in the defence of freedom, is that he bases it on moral grounds, rather than on the plea of self interest. We are a little tired of hearing that the States, or any country, should be guided entirely by its own interests—even when it is argued that these require a British victory. It will be a poor world if self-interest is to be the sole motive power for either individual or national action. While his letter is addressed to his own countrymen, Canadians will find Mr. Hunt's book both entertaining and instructive.

Still Failing to Arrange Unemployment Insurance

Mr. D. Rymor, Inspector for this part of the North for the Unemployment Insurance plan, says that the response so far to his call for a complete registration of all firms and individuals coming under the Act has been very good, but that there are still some who have failed to live up to the law. Among these are cafes and boarding houses with more than four guests. These are liable under the Act and as the penalties are rather costly for failure to comply with the Act, Mr. Rymor hopes that all liable will register at once. Mr. Rymor is at the Employment Bureau, Fourth avenue, and will be pleased to give any information or help desired in the matter. He points out that all the employer has to do is to write immediately to the Unemployment Insurance Commission Bureau at North Bay, sending name and addresses of employer, nature of business, number of employees, and the North Bay office will then send all the books and necessary instructions in regard to participation in the plan. It should be remembered by all that the plan is compulsory for all with any employees who are insurable under the Act, and it is the employer's duty to register, and if he fails to do so he places himself in an unfortunate position.

Still Failing to Arrange Unemployment Insurance

Mr. D. Rymor, Inspector for this part of the North for the Unemployment Insurance plan, says that the response so far to his call for a complete registration of all firms and individuals coming under the Act has been very good, but that there are still some who have failed to live up to the law. Among these are cafes and boarding houses with more than four guests. These are liable under the Act and as the penalties are rather costly for failure to comply with the Act, Mr. Rymor hopes that all liable will register at once. Mr. Rymor is at the Employment Bureau, Fourth avenue, and will be pleased to give any information or help desired in the matter. He points out that all the employer has to do is to write immediately to the Unemployment Insurance Commission Bureau at North Bay, sending name and addresses of employer, nature of business, number of employees, and the North Bay office will then send all the books and necessary instructions in regard to participation in the plan. It should be remembered by all that the plan is compulsory for all with any employees who are insurable under the Act, and it is the employer's duty to register, and if he fails to do so he places himself in an unfortunate position.

Still Failing to Arrange Unemployment Insurance

Mr. D. Rymor, Inspector for this part of the North for the Unemployment Insurance plan, says that the response so far to his call for a complete registration of all firms and individuals coming under the Act has been very good, but that there are still some who have failed to live up to the law. Among these are cafes and boarding houses with more than four guests. These are liable under the Act and as the penalties are rather costly for failure to comply with the Act, Mr. Rymor hopes that all liable will register at once. Mr. Rymor is at the Employment Bureau, Fourth avenue, and will be pleased to give any information or help desired in the matter. He points out that all the employer has to do is to write immediately to the Unemployment Insurance Commission Bureau at North Bay, sending name and addresses of employer, nature of business, number of employees, and the North Bay office will then send all the books and necessary instructions in regard to participation in the plan. It should be remembered by all that the plan is compulsory for all with any employees who are insurable under the Act, and it is the employer's duty to register, and if he fails to do so he places himself in an unfortunate position.

EASIEST TERMS

B.F. GOODRICH TIRES

BATTERIES

CAR RADIOS

BICYCLES

SEAT COVERS

FOG LIGHTS

FELDMAN TIRE SALES

5 BIRCH ST. N. PHONE 3170

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway

The Nipissing Central Railway Company

WILL OPERATE

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1941

TO

Pembroke Jct., Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec

via North Bay and Canadian National Railways

Excursion travel will be handled on Train No. 46, connecting at North Bay with C.N.R. No. 2

On the RETURN journey, tickets will be valid for travel on C.N.R. Train No. 1 from Montreal 8.20 p.m., Monday, July 21, 1941.

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1941

TO

Points in the Maritimes

via North Bay and Canadian National Railways

Tickets will be valid to leave destination points Wednesday, July 23, 1941

Bargain Coach Excursion tickets not valid for travel on the "NORTHLAND" Trains 49 and 50.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO LOCAL AGENT

Wedding at United Church Yesterday

Miss Mary Moroz and Mr. Stanley Kreymr Married.

United Church Manse was the scene of a quiet wedding Sunday morning when Mary Moroz, daughter of Mrs. G. Moroz and the late Mr. Moroz, became the bride of Stanley Kreymr, son of Mrs. J. Kreymr and the late Mr. Kreymr. The Rev. Mr. Mustard officiated.

The bride wore an afternoon frock