CHURCHES TOMORROW

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL
ANGLICAN
Rochford Square

Rev. Canon E. M. Malone, M.A., L.Th.

SERVICES

SUNDAY—
8.00 Holy Communion
10.00 Matins
11.00 Holy Eucharist, Choral, and sermon.
2.30 Sunday School.
7.00: Evensong and Sermon.
WEEK DAY—
Holy Communion
7.45 Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday
8.15 Monday and Friday.
9.30 Wednesday.

Evensong
7.30 Friday.
The week day services are held in All Souls Chapel. All seats are free and unappropriated. Visitors are welcomed and the incumbent is glad to see them after any service.

EVERYBODY WELCOME

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
Rev. James T. Ibbott, Rector
Miss Lillian Earle, Organist
Mr. Walter MacNutt, A.T.C.M., Choir Director

8.30 Holy Communion.
9:45 Confirmation School.
11:00 Holy Communion and Sermon.
2:30 Sunday School.
7:00 Evening Prayer. A. Y. P. A. Installation of Officers.
Wednesday, Dec. 6th: Advent Service, St. Paul's Chapel, 7:30. During the Advent Season the Rector will give a series of Advent Addresses on the general theme: "The Efficacy of Prayer."

PRESBYTERIAN

THE KIRK OF ST. JAMES
Minister
The Rev. T. H. Bussell Somers, M.A., S.T.M.
Organist
Miss E. Lillian McKenzie, Mus. Bac.

11 A. M.: THE SACRAMENT OF HOLY COMMUNION.
Anthem: "Bread of the World, in Mercy Broken."
2:30 P. M.: THE CHURCH SCHOOL.
7 P. M.: THE SERVICE OF SOLEMN THANKSGIVING.
8:30 P. M.: "AN HOUR OF MUSIC."
(Anthems, Mixed Quartet, Duet, Vocal and Organ Solos).
The Minister will conduct the Services and deliver the Sermons.

ZION PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Prince and Grafton Street
Minister
REV. G. CARLYLE WEBSTER
Mrs. Edwin Johnstone, Organist and Choir Director

MORNING WORSHIP—
11:00 A. M. Theme: "The Consistent Christian."
Hymns: 67, 766, 186, 474.
Solo, Selected: Mrs. Arthur Roper.
3:00 P. M.: The Sabbath School and Bible Classes.
EVENING WORSHIP—
7:00 P. M. Theme: "Learning From the World."
Hymns: 506, 437, 481.
Anthem: "Seek Ye The Lord." Roberts.
Solo Part: Writer Barrie Bugden.
"O how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee."
You are cordially invited to worship with us.

CLERICAL COURTESY

At the last moment, a Protestant missionary, returning by air to China, found his baggage was under the minimum, and offered to carry a six-pound package to Catholic Sisters in China. The convent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, in New York, promptly packed medical supplies for treatment of malaria, intestinal parasites and sprue. The missionary took off with a package that weighed five and three-quarter pounds.

CHANGES IN BANKING STAFF

SAINT JOHN, N.B., Nov. 30 — (CP)—H.L. Inman, Saint John, assistant general manager of the Eastern District, Bank of Nova Scotia, has been appointed an assistant general manager at the bank's general office in Toronto.

UNITED CHURCH of CANADA

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
Rev. T. E. McLennan
Minister
Miss Marie McDougall, Deaconess
A. Roy Kendall, A.C.C.O. L.R.A.M.
Organist

11.00 a.m. Public Worship.
Sermon: "World Gospel" — Rev. T. E. McLennan.
Anthem: "Just As I Am" — E. L. Bowles.
7.00 p.m. Public Worship.
Sermon: "Divine Change"— Rev. T. E. McLennan.
Anthem: "O Come To My Heart, Lord Jesus—Ambrose.
Soloist: Mr. Harvey McPherson.
CHURCH SCHOOL
10:00 a. m. Junior, Intermediate, Senior, Young People's and Adult Classes.
11:00 a. m. Primary and Beginner's Departments.
Visitors Cordially Welcome

BAPTIST

THE BAPTIST CHURCH
Corner of Prince and Fitzroy Streets
Minister
Rev. I. Judson Levy, B.D.

MORNING WORSHIP 11 a.m.
This service will be conducted and the sermon preached by the Rev. Waldo C. Machum, Secretary of the United Baptist Convention.
Anthem: "Bread of the World" (Thompson).
The Communion of the Lord's Supper will be observed at close of morning service.
The Church School 2.30 p.m. — Classes for all ages and needs welcome your participation.
EVENING WORSHIP 7 p.m.
This service, with sermon, will be conducted by the Rev. Waldo C. Machum.
Anthem: "Prayer" from Haensel and Gretel (Humperdinck-Manny).
Mrs. G. Elliott Full, organist and choir director.
You are invited to worship with THE BAPTIST CHURCH

CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Kent Street
Dr. M. E. Genge, Supply Minister
Organist, Miss Marionne Saunders

11 A. M.: Morning Worship.
Sermon Subject: "The Last Apostolic Charge."
Anthem: "When We Stand Before The King"—Shelley.
2:30 P. M.: Sunday School.
7 P. M.: Evening Worship.
Sermon Subject: "The Preacher Takes Over in a Storm."
Solo: "Open The Gates Of The Temple."—Mr. Preston Beath.
Everybody Welcome

FULL GOSPEL PENTECOSTAL CHURCH
Elm Avenue
2 p.m. Sunday School.
3.00 p.m. Worship Service.
8 P. M.: Evangelistic Service.
You are cordially invited to these services.

Pastors:
B. E. STEEVES
E. L. PROSSER

NOT SO TOUGH LEATHER

Warm, dry, air takes the life of more than your potted plants. It is lingering death for any prized leather possessions, from Great Uncle Henry's leather topped desk to the youngest's ski boots. Leather needs a preservative treatment every so often to keep it in good health. Saddle soap is one of the best known of these. Remember once it is allowed to get really shabby leather cannot be made to look like new . . . but it's looks can be improved. A good way to clean suede is to rub it with hot bran and a special brush for the job. Skeptical? Try it and see.

He will be succeeded here by C.S. Frost, supervisor of branches at the general office and formerly a branch manager here.

BUYING SMELTS DAILY
AT REAR OF PATRIOT OFFICE
LLOYD INMAN

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for Photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

JUST ARRIVED — Wool and Alpine Jumpers at The Fashion Shoppe, Gt. George St.
11-29-4i.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH — The service of morning worship at 11 A.M. will be conducted by the Rev. Waldo C. Machum, Secretary of the United Baptist Convention, who will preach the sermon. The anthem of the morning is "Bread of the World" (Thompson). The Church School at 2.30 P.M. invites you to participate in this Bible Study period. Evening worship will be conducted at 7 P.M. with sermon by the Rev. Waldo C Machum. The anthem, "Prayer" from Hansel and Gretel ((Humperdinck-Manny). Mrs. G. Elliott Full, organist and director of choir will be in charge of the music of the day.

FUNERAL OF ISLANDER. — Funeral services for Dr. Arthur Wallace Bagnall, well known Vancouver physician, who died Wednesday, November 22, were held in Nunn and Thompson's Chapel, at 1 p.m. Burial in the family plot, Mountain View cemetery, Rev. Dr. E. W. Braden officiated. Born in Prince Edward Island 63 years ago, Dr. Bagnall lived here for 34 years His home was 2225 Barclay. He is survived by one son, Maj Arthur Bagnall, serving with the Canadian General Hospital Unit in Italy, his mother, three brothers, two sisters and four stepchildren.— Vancouver Province.

JUST ARRIVED — Wool and Alpine Jumpers at The Fashion Shoppe, Gt. George St.
11-29-4i.

EVANS - AGNEW.— A pretty wedding was solemnized in the Anglican Pro Catherdal, Calgary, when Edith Owen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs W E. Agnew, Cardigan, P E I. became the bride of L.-Cpl. David Peckham Evans, son of Mr. David Evans and the late Mrs. Evans, Victoria, B C The Very Reverend Frank H. Sinye, Dean of Calgary officiated Given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. John Agnew, the petite bride was winsome in a rose wool ensemble with brown accessories and a corsage of gardenias The bridesmaid, Miss Daisy Agnew, sister of the bride looked lovely in poudre blue with navy accessories and a corsage of Talisman roses. L.-Cpl. Norman Foot, of Victoria, was groomsman. The wedding music was played by Miss Dulcie Bishop. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the Palliser hotel where Mrs. F A Skelhorne and Miss Muriel Morton, aunts of the bride assisted the bride party in receiving the guests L.-Cpl. and Mrs. Evans are spending their honeymoon in Victoria, B C.

THE KIRK OF ST. JAMES— The Sacrament of Holy Communion will be celebrated in The Kirk tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock. All Christians, without distinction regarding creed or denomination may receive the Sacrament. The Minister, the Reverend T. H. Bussell Somers, M.A., S.T.M., will be the celebrant and the Church organist, Miss E. Lillian McKenzie, Mus. Bac., will direct the choir in the Communion Anthem, "Bread of the World, In Mercy Broken". In the evening a service of solemn thanksgiving for the Sacrament will be conducted by the Minister who will also preach the sermon. The Church School will meet at 2.30 p.m. At 8.30 the choir and Church organist will provide "An Hour of Music" consisting of anthems, mixed quartette, duet, vocal and organ solos to which the general public is cordially invited. The Midweek Worship on Wednesday evening at 7.30 will include the study of "Abraham and Sodom" and "The Miracle at Cana".

Now Ease COLD...SORE THROAT PAIN!

Aspirin Relieves Pain Almost Immediately!

Drop an Aspirin Tablet in a glass of water. See it start to dissolve almost *instantly*. Within two seconds it begins to disintegrate, and this same speed is duplicated in your stomach. Thus, you get relief almost at once!

Aspirin is so fast, so effective—above all, so dependable, that millions of Canadians have come to swear by it. Get Aspirin today.

Follow these simple directions:

For pain due to:

SORE THROAT: Crush 3 tablets in ½ glass of water, gargle deeply.
COLDS . . . HEADACHES: Take two Aspirin tablets with full glass of water.
NEURALGIA . . . NEURITIS: Take two tablets with glass of water.

NEW REDUCED PRICES
Pocket Box of 12.....now 18c
Economy Bottle of 24.....now 29c
Family size of 100.....now 79c

BAYER ASPIRIN

The Bayer cross on each tablet is your guarantee that it's Aspirin

This Army

"Any suggestions, Herbie?"

DOUBLE - TALK

KAY - BUSHKAS ASCARFS

Be smart and match or harmonize Kayser's head-squares with a vestee and scarf combined. Grand for senior girls and business women.

Kay-Bushkas $2.00
Ascarfs $2.00

KAYSER

Christmas Suggestion—Here's a gift any girl would like. Match a Kayser Ascarf with a pair of Kayser fabric gloves. Sew three rows of brightly contrasting braid on the cuffs of the gloves and the ends of the Ascarf ties. Novel, eh?

Moore & McLeod Limited

Prize Winners at Notre Dame High Tea

The annual High Tea of Notre Dame Academy which was highly successful, closed on Thursday night with another large attendance. Drawings for the various prizes was one of the highlights and resulted in the following winners:

Oil painting—Mrs. Olive Vessey, 23 Prince Street.
Afghan—Miss Carrie Craig, 16 Granville Street.
Doll and Carriage—Miss Audrey Howard, Lot Seven.
Chicken Dinner — Mrs. Harold Hennessey 175 Great George St.
Box of Chocolates — Miss Jean Macdonald, 93 Weymouth Street.

Card Of Thanks

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Newson wish to thank their many kind neighbors and friends who worked so untiringly to save their buildings. Also the Fire Department from the Charlottetown Airport, who so willingly assisted, in their recent fire. 12-2-1i

Card of Thanks

The Sisters of Notre Dame Academy wish to extend sincere thanks to all those who helped in any way to make the High Tea such a splendid success. 12-2-1i

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear sister, Mrs. Francis Murray, who passed away Dec. 3, 1943.
We who loved her, sadly miss her,
As it dawns another year
Loved, remembered, longed for always,
Thoughts of her are always dear.
Brothers and Sisters.
12-2-1i

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of a dear husband and father, Cyrus B. Jay, who departed this life Dec. 3, 1941.
To-day is a day of remembrance
With many sad regrets,
A day we shall always remember
When the rest of the world forgets.
Inserted by wife and family.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

THE CHRISTIAN CHARTER

Tune 1010, 1010

Awaken, O Church of God, the night is passed;
A day now dawns that prophets have forecast;
A day when freedom shall extend to all,
And from men's wrists the ancient fetters fall.

Not silent is the voice that stilled of yore
The stormy sea and led men safe to shore;
Nor empty are the Hands that on a cross
Redeemed mankind from sin and utter loss.

The voice divine, that twelve disciples heard,
Now speaks to all the world the living word;
The Hands that children blest, and fed the poor,
Now open to mankind fair freedom's door.

Awake, O Church, Thy Lord to follow fast;
Shake off thy chains and proud restraining past;
O follow fast, for Christ the world must win
From want and war, from ignorance and sin.

—Taken from The Baptist Times.

"IT'S OVER"

From London Calling

"A thrill of excitement," the historians say "stirred the hearts of Britons assembled on these high bold shores to resist the landing of Julius Caesar."

These cliffs of Dover, these "high shores," have resisted many an invader during the two thousand years which lie between the time of Caesar and of Hitler; but, on September 30, 1944, the thrill of excitement had reached full peak.

We were en fete, dancing, singing, waving flags—for Dover's four years of stoic resistance to shelling bombing, machine-gunning and dive-bombing was over. The big guns of Calais and Cap Gris Nez were silenced. At 10 o'clock, the long awaited message was given out by loud spikers: "The Mayor has received official information that all the long-range guns on the other side of the Channel have now been captured."

The dancing, the singing in the streets, the gaily decorated shops and cinemas and houses, and flag-waving babies in their perambulators were not to be wondered at, and yet not all Dover's citizens reacted instantly to joy. Many took some time to realize that the long years of agony were really ended. It was hours before they could join in the joyful chant, "It's over, it's over."

A Letter To One Of Our Soldiers Overseas

The following are excerpts from a letter by Rev. Henry Francis Brown to Corporal Walter Metras, somewhere overseas with the armed forces. It appears that the Corporal took exception to an address by Mr. Brown:

"Dear Corporal:

"First, let me assure you that I am no long-haired, emotional, puritanical crackpot. I am an American citizen, born here. I love every part of the United States. My son is a bomber pilot and will be in the South Seas helping in this battle when you get this letter. My only other child has a husband in the South Seas as a Seabee. He will be working at your side. I volunteered as a chaplain in the army. They refused me because I was a year too old. I volunteered in the navy with the same result. I was the first one to give a pint of blood in the Red Cross drive in my home town and have given several pints since, and shall continue to give my blood until the war is over.

What's Goin On In Liquor Joints

"Your letter states that you want to come back and find the United States as you left it. That is precisely what I am endeavoring to preseve. You do not want to come back to the United States — the kind that you will find if this liquor evil continues. For instance: The Detroit Free Press of December 30th gives the picture of thousands of Detroiters between the ages of 21 and 25 standing out in freezing weather in order to get a liquor identification card. The reporter stated this: "There were ten boys to one girl standing in line asking the great State of Michigan for permission to get drunk." The writer talked to a few of the girls in the long line. One said, 'I hope they have a carpet on the floor in this joint the boys are taking us. I hate to sleep on wooden floors.' Another said, 'We would have a heck of a time if we couldn't drink at the New Year's party.' Another girl answered her, 'I'll say; I can't talk at a party until I get well oiled.'

"Imagine—you boys dying on the battle front—many of the girls here having nothing to talk about at a party until they are drunk and can wallow around on the floors! The reporter asked the girls, 'Couldn't you have fun without liquor?' 'No,' they said in unison, 'Parties without liquor are stiff.' The reporter adds, "From these brief conversations emerged this picture of modern young America."

No Drinking In Russia

"Over in Russia, if a woman offers a soldier liquor, she has to serve six months in prison. If she gives it to him, she is shot. There is no drinking in Russia while the war is on. While you American men are dying for your country, the liquor men at home are boasting of a 'gala performance in 1943.'

The American Issue

And lest anyone be beguiled by the feeble contention that the rising demand for drink in Canada is a consequence of the restriction it made necessary, let us look across to our Southern neighbour, where such restrictions were not imposed.

Dublin — (CP) — F.W. Bond, chief engineer of the Dublin port and docks board, said there now seems little doubt that a national merchant navy will be established in Eire as soon as suitable ships can be bought.

Change in Train Services Announced

MONCTON, N.B., Dec. 1— Between Dec. 2nd and Dec. 31st, both dates inclusive, the Maritime Express east and westbound will operate daily instead of daily except Sunday to take care of the usual anticipated heavy increase in traffic between those dates, according to an announcement from the regional headquarters of the Canadian National Railways here. There will be no changes in train times, the Maritime Express eastbound leaving Montreal for Halifax at 12 noon and the Maritime Express westbound leaving Halifax for Montreal at 3.10 p.m.

Commencing Monday, Dec. 18th, and continuing until Tuesday, Jan. 2nd, both dates inclusive, there will be a double train service to and from Prince Edward Island daily except Sunday as follows: Leave Moncton for Charlottetown and other points on Prince Edward Island at 11.15 a.m. and 4.10 p.m., arriving Charlottetown 6.30 p.m. and 10.45 p.m. respectively, and leaving Charlottetown for mainland at 5.45 a.m. and and 10.20 a.m. On the afternoon trip from Moncton to Charlottetown passengers will leave via the Ocean Limited at 4.10 p.m., making connection at 5.45 p.m. The 10.20 a.m. train from Charlottetown will make connection at Sackville with trains east and west bound, arriving there at 4.10 p.m.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from page 2)

though it was already time to prepare the dinner. Judy was not interested in the papers but sought comfort in a mail-order catalogue. Once she broke the stillness to inquire: "If someone wanted to give you a Christmas present, Mrs. Ellen, what would you like best of all?" I paused in my reading to consider her question: What would I like? It really took no thought: That someone would fix the spring of the old clock so that its tick and the pleasant sound of its telling the hours would once more be with me as I went about my indoor-work. But, naturally Judy was thinking only of her own wishes and needs. I left her at it for at her age planning and dreaming can be a pleasant pastime. Until this morning, I hadn't noticed that Christmas was so near.

In the afternoon, Judy began to scrub the kitchen-floor, not with a mop but down on all fours with a scrubbing-brush and pail. I went to the pantry to bake a cake. It's easier, I suppose,—but only sometimes. I would make a chocolate-cake. There had been none for a whole month. But then it was no use making a dark cake alone. Better make two, egg-whites for the light cake, the "yellows for the dark one, saving one egg white to be beaten lightly with a bit of brown sugar for the frosting. The same on each? Well, what difference so long as it is a finish and as Pat says: "swate." Judy was busy at her scrubbing — about half-way across the floor. I was creaming the sugar and shortening first in one bowl, then in the other. I heard Judy at the sink. Then she was beside me mixing vigorously at the dark-cake. She did it very thoroughly, counting the number of beats and then had both cake-tins lined before I had finished mixing the white cake. Presently she emptied the contents of her mixing-bowl, almost all of it into one cake-tin. Some of it remained in the bowl as a tid-bit. I followed the same procedure with mine and later with the bowl that held the icing. The scrubbing waited. Its a long time since a bowl was "licked" at Alderlea. Once, when Jamie was here. Long ago there was Bill and he, of course, long and ever ago there were "mine."

We had a real Saturday-night supper, beans and brown-bread very good and satisfying in the cold and chill of this evening. There were very tempting ice-box cookies Jeanie sent across the lane and Judy cut very small pieces of the new cakes. Then James went visiting following a now well-established custom of his on Saturday evenings. To the corner I suppose. Judy and I finished odds and ends of work. There were socks and stockings to be mended, and I heard Judy say as she commenced doing a different sort of work in preparation for the Sabbath, she "wished she had a thousand bobby-pins." We listened to a local radio-program and also matched our wits against those on a once coast to-coast program.

There were russets on the table, from the old tree in the orchard and in all quietness following the wireless programs there was wind about the house-corners. Doors moved by invisible but mighty fingers made jarring noises. The car went down the drive-way, for a second lighting up the rose-trellis and the dead phlox in the border, then darkness closed in again. And there is cold and blackness without but indoors there is warmth and light. A geranium is bright against the dark of the window pane. The kettle sings happily on the old range. The tabby-cat is curled in a round sleepy ball in James vacant old arm-chair. I've knit almost to the end of the second of Jamie's small mittens. I may not finish them before I first try them on a tiny plump hand. I've put them by and I shall presently follow Judy's example and catch a beauty sleep. James will return presently and tomorrow, well, again the Sabbath comes, the day given "as a sign between Me and them"—a day for church services in city and town and in quiet country places.

Until Monday — Diary — Goodnight.

FREE

A Full Gospel Pentecostal Paper advocating a "Back to Pentecost" revival. A special feature in the December issue all Pentecostal people should read is "What is the Bible Standard for the Pentecostal Ministry?" write to "The Pentecostal Standard" 414 Aikins St., Winnipeg, Man., for free copy.

Tomorrow is Forever
by Gwen Bristow

"That's the real horror of fascism. We are sick at what they are doing today, but this is such a little part of it. Their awful crime is what they are doing tomorrow. We don't know what they've already destroyed—a cure for cancer, a new philosophical system, a rocket to the moon. Margaret got out, but the others who didn't get out—my God, the books that will never be written, the work that will never be done. They're destroying tomorrow, and tomorrow is forever."

For a moment nobody answered him. They were looking at what he showed them, and it left them stricken. At last Dick spoke, slowly, as though to himself.

"Tomorrow is forever," he repeated. "I guess that's right. We'll never know what we might have had but for them. Nobody will ever know."

After he had spoken none of them said anything else for what seemed a long time. Elizabeth looked up at the bright Christmas tree. Cherry moved restlessly, stirring the branches, the ornaments tinkled and glittered as though laughing at the world's pain. Margaret came in.

"Mrs. Stackworth is making some tea for you," she announced.

They all looked at her, without answering; she was suddenly a rare and precious symbol left standing above a vast destruction. Margaret continued.

"She's making some sandwiches too, and she says tell you they'll be ready in a minute." Margaret looked up at Cherry. "What are you sitting up there for? Isn't the tree done? Why don't you come down?"

"I—I guess I forgot about it," Cherry returned lamely. "We were—we were talking."

"What were you talking about?" Elizabeth got up and went over to Margaret. She bent down and took Margaret's hand in hers.

"We were talking about what a dear girl you were, and how glad we are you came to this country to be with us. We hope you're going to have a wonderful Christmas."

Margaret smiled at her, shyly. "You're sort of like my mother," she said. She hesitated a moment and then conquering her diffidence, she put her arms around Elizabeth's neck and kissed her.

Several days after the turn of the New Year, Kessler received a letter from Dick:

Dear Mr. Kessler,

I guess there is no use trying to tell you how shocked I was at what you said the other day. My sister felt the same way I did. I do not write very well and it is hard to say what I mean. But this is what I am getting at. I know you are a very busy man but if there is a day, maybe a Sunday, when you have some time to spare would you let me come over and see you? I did not want to bother you until after Christmas, but there are some things I have been thinking about and I would like to talk to you anyway. You seem to understand our family very well and I know they like you and would not mind anything I said to you. Let me know if this would be convenient.

Sincerely Yours,
Richard Spratt Herlong Jr.

After he had read Dick's letter, Kessler sat for some time thinking, his forehead resting on his big thick hand. These months in Beverly Hills had been more difficult than he had thought they were going to be. Most things were, when you came down to them.

In the beginning Elizabeth had frightened him when she said he looked familiar. But she had not mentioned it again for some time, and by the time she did bring up the subject, the evening after Margaret's swimming party, he had discovered that she needed him. Elizabeth thought she understood disaster. Looking back on what he had learned, Kessler knew she had only a small conception of it. As for Spratt, keenwitted, successful, humorous, devoted Spratt, he had none at all. But Kessler knew what it took to keep going in this world. He had a great deal to give them, and he intended to stay here and do it. By this time Elizabeth appeared to have given up the idea of having seen him before; if she said anything about it again, there was nothing for him to do but convince her she was wrong. But as long as she needed him as she did now he was going to stay. She and her children were asking more of him than they knew. Even if he had wanted to, it would be hard to explain to [illegible] vital persons the strain they were placing on his emotional physical powers. But wearing out it did not [illegible] much, except for Margaret, he would take care of her somehow. What did matter was that he could be of use now to Elizabeth and the people she loved.

When he came to Beverly Hills, it had not occurred to Kessler that she would have any need for him. He had wanted to see her secure. He had not realized that she would not be secure.

Odd, he reflected, that when you thought of persons you had not met for a long time, you thought of them as being still like what you remembered. You never grasp beforehand that time had affected them as it had affected yourself. It was not merely that you were surprised to find them older—though you usually were, absurdly enough— but you were surprised to find that they lived, not in the world where you had left them, but in the world of today.

At first Elizabeth had seemed to be all he had wanted to find her—poised, serene, beloved, mother of children who had no faults except the over-assurance of young ignorance. He had been so absorbed in watching the outer manifestations of their fulness of living that he had not at first realized that it covered what he should have known it did cover, the trembling uncertainty of the age Elizabeth lived in. Every thing she had was a potential source of danger. Perhaps, he thought wearily, it might have been just as well if he had come back from the last war [illegible] and let her wear herself out taking care of him. Then at least, today she would have nothing to lose.

(To be continued)

"that's a fine home you're building!"

YES, I think I'm going to like it.

I wish I had a home of my own.

Well, why not?

My wife has the idea that it would be a great worry if anything happened to me.

Nothing to it, my boy. The arrangements I've made with the SUN LIFE OF CANADA will clear the mortgage in the event of my untimely death.

I never thought of that. What about the cost?

Insignificant! In fact, it adds very little to the carrying charge of the mortgage.

IF you are a home-owner, make your investment safe for posterity. A SUN LIFE man will be glad to talk it over with you.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.
HAL BOHAKER

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