

A happy beginning



It's never too late to start saving money regularly — but it's never too early either.

Many substantial bank accounts, and not a few larger personal fortunes, owe their existence to habits of thrift acquired early in life.

Such stories always have happy endings. When a special need arises for ready money to meet an emergency or to take advantage of a business opportunity it's a warm and happy feeling to know that the money will be there when you need it.

There is no better time to start saving than right now!

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

Gertrude had her own money—enough of it probably — which gave her an advantage over her former relatives-in-law.

At this point in her reflections Cicily suddenly remembered the lateness of the hour and said to Albert: "Oh, dear, I should telephone Vesta."

Sunk in the armchair, his eyes on the fire, he only said idly "Why don't you do it now."

So she left the room and crossed the hall and entered the pantry to find the telephone. The neat little maid was mixing Manhattans without Gertrude's supervision, Cicily smiled at her and took down the receiver.

"Oh, Baines," she heard a voice say, "you make me tired. Of course you can get him if you hurry."

It was Gertrude, speaking on the telephone upstairs.

Cicily hung up the receiver, not at all troubled by the fact that she had overheard this snatch of conversation. Indeed rather amused by it, thinking she talks just like a wife to him — irritated and demanding. What a funny relationship! She waited a moment for the line to be free. Then she gave her own number and was glad when she answered, so she needn't speak to Vesta.

Gertrude came into the pantry, saying briskly as she entered, "There'll be two more, Hannah. Everything ready?" Then she saw Cicily.

"I was calling up Sis to tell her we'd be late." For Gertrude's expression was curiously stony. It seemed to ask an explanation of Cicily's presence at the telephone.

"Oh! Did you get her?"

Cicily nodded and the stony expression perceptibly relaxed, though Gertrude made no comment, but picked up a plate of sandwiches. "I'll take these, Hannah. You bring the tray."

Albert relinquished his armchair as they entered the living room, but Gertrude waved him back into it and perched herself on the fender with her back to the fire. Slim and erect in her trim tan riding coat, with her back legs crossed in her neat-fitting breeches, she commanded a definite out-of-door charm. She said to Hannah, "Put everything there."

Gertrude leaned forward to fill the glasses from the shaker. She said, addressing Albert: "It was so warm today that I took the three-year-old out for a quiet hack. As soon as the frost is out of the ground I want to begin schooling him. He'll make a fine hunter if I can give him the time. But will you tell me why I bought him? I can't use four horses. I can't even keep them exercised."

From the depths of the sofa Cicily inquired, "Haven't you a groom?"

"Of course. But he can't do anything. I need another, but I can't afford it. I'm still economizing after my last trip abroad. I was there eighteen months, mostly with Maisie Caldwell. Maisie was envious — she was getting her millions in search of diversion. I went to her wedding when she married her frog, Philippe-Auguste, le Comte de Villefort. My dears, he was priceless. You never would have dreamed that she'd once been Mrs. Avery Caldwell of Lakewood, Illinois or that her father had made his pile in that laundry soap company. I gave Avery an earful when I came home. He was simply fascinated. Well — this puts Avery back in circulation. Legitimate circulation. His attentions have always been counterfeit before. I think I'll set my cap for him. He's rather a dear."

The doorbell sounded. So — Gertrude had not been lying. Those "one or two people" were really going to come.

Hannah opened the door, and "Gert?" said a man's voice, raised from the hall on a questioning accent. Baines Sewall appeared on the threshold. He added in an inflection half humorous, half grudging, perhaps only meant to be comic, "Well here we are."

Gertrude was not looking at him or at Avery Caldwell either, as at Baines's elbow the Comtesse de Villefort's retic entered the room. Her eyes at that moment were fixed on Cicily and Cicily was aware of it. Both men shook hands with Gertrude, greeted Cicily af-

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FIREFIGHTERS COSTS UP

VICTORIA, B. C. — (CP) — Cost of fighting forest fires has increased.

At the beginning of July the cost of this season's firefighting was \$21, 324, \$2,000 above the figure for the same period of 1947.

Only 343 fires were reported to date, against last year's equivalent figure of 412.

AX UNDER PILLOW

VANCOUVER, — (CP) — A landlady called police when she found an ax under the pillow of one of her roomers. He told police he was a logger and would be in town for the next three months. The ax was just part of his equipment.

In Memoriam

GEORGE C. MORRISON  
George C. Morrison, 74, of 94 Ekn avenue, Wollaston died this morning at his home after a long illness. Born in Prince Edward Island, he had lived in Wollaston for three years formerly residing in Scituate. He was retired.  
Surviving is his sister, Mrs. Christine Gates of the home address, a brother, Kenneth Morrison of Prince Edward Island and two nieces and one nephew.  
Funeral services Friday afternoon from the Deware Brothers memorial chapel, 576 Hancock street, Wollaston. Burial will be in Mt. Auburn cemetery, Cambridge. — Quincy (Mass.) Patriot-Ledger — July 14th.

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten



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