

THAT'S *the word I want to hear*

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Brisk LIPTON'S TEA

ESCAPE
 By
 Royal Brown

To him it seemed a fairly complete, comprehensive explanation of all that Bing could not understand, or perhaps refused to understand.

"There isn't a word of truth in all that," Bing told Sam, looking at the message Sam still held. "She didn't know I had a nickel when I married her. I'd gamble my life on that. I can't guess how she found out. It must have been after I left her, to get the word."

He went on talking feverishly, determined to prove the point. Sam listened patiently. But when Bing had finally exhausted himself, Sam still believed he held a better explanation for the bride's departure in his hands.

He thought a minute before speaking. "You want to find her, I take it," he remarked.

"Want to?" cried Bing desperately. "Of course I do. And besides, I must. She's only got twenty-five dollars in the world—less now, I suppose. She—why, she may be starving."

Sam felt that was doubtful and this time he spoke his mind. He knew something of the incredibly small margins many people live on. He tried to make Bing accept that idea, but Bing just shook his head wretchedly.

"Well then, are you asking me to help you find her?" Sam demanded.

"Do you think we could?"

Sam had already considered that. "There are ways that almost anybody can be found sooner or later," he told Bing. "What did you say the name of that Inn was?"

Bing supplied it.

"That's what you might call lead number one," commented Sam. He reached for his phone without further explanation, put a station to adding, "I'll hold open" to the Inn.

He sat with the receiver to his ear and his little office was silent. Twice he said, "Waiting" and then Bing's ears quickened as the one-sided conversation began.

"Piquasset Inn?" Have you a girl named Ellen Jones in your employ? Well, have you any forwarding address that will reach her? This is important, I'm speaking—

Sam winked at Bing—"for Read, Bingham and Read, and we are desirous of reaching Well, how did she come to you first? Through an employment agency, you say? Just a minute, please, while I write that address down."

He did so, added, "Thanks," and hung up the phone.

"That's what I mean by a lead," he informed Bing.

"We've got the name of the agency in Boston through which she landed the job in Maine. The agency must have her Boston address—where she lives—and must know where she worked."

The employment agency was down toward the North Station. There was a rule against divulging the information Bing wanted and the girl at the desk told him so.

But scenting romance as any truly feminine nose always will, she put two and two together and found the result intriguing.

"What I could help you," she said with unusual sincerity.

Bing glanced at her, "I'd be glad to make it worth your while," he offered with some trepidation.

Sam, discovering he was nearly broke, had dug up a hundred dollars for him. Bing took from the first bill his fingers found—a twenty—and offered it to her tentatively. She eyed it hungrily, but shook her head.

"Don't tempt me," she begged.

"It would be as much as my job is worth and these are hard times. I'd have a fat chance of landing another in a hurry."

"That's why I'm so anxious to get the address," Bing blurted out. "She hasn't any job. She got laid off from the Inn, you see."

She wanted awfully to console him. She cast a swift glance behind and saw that there was nobody in authority near enough to hear her.

"Oh, well, I'll give you the address anyway," she said quickly, and retreated to a side.

She returned presently. She was plain, nearly thirty, but to Bing she seemed beautiful then, as perhaps she almost was. And she refused steadfastly to take the twenty-dollar bill.

"No, I don't want it. Please, I'd rather not," she said.

"And me wondering where the price of my new fall hat is coming from!" she thought, surprised at herself. Yet she wasn't sorry even then. It was a bit of vicarious romance to give a nest to life. She certainly hoped she had helped him.

Actually both addresses proved dead alleys. Bing, returning to Sam, so reported.

The woman who answered the door-bell ran the house. She had been garrulous and not unsympathetic, but she was a heavily built slattern with untidy hair.

"There was that light when she came in and I told her a police-

man had been asking about her," she had told Bing. "He was one of those cops that do listing and he wanted me to get the birthplace and age and things like that from everybody in the house—as if I had nothing else to do! The minute I said the word policeman she went just as white as milk and keeled right over. There was always something queer about her. She never got a single letter all the time she was here. She didn't even have a boy friend, although now and then a big Wop brought her home in a lim-o-zen."

"A big Wop?" echoed Bing incredulously.

"I never saw him close to, he never came in, but that's what he looked like, an Eyetalian. He wasn't the sort I'd care to have any daughter of mine running around with. I think he was a big racketeer or something like that. If you ask me, all covered with diamonds, I kind of figured he was and she was mixed up with him and probably that was why she was so scared of a cop."

Bing simply could not bring himself to repeat any of this to Sam. He knew that if he did Sam would take it as proof that what Jonesey had said in her note was all true. He himself refused to believe it, but he didn't know what to believe.

Rustico Forms Rural Youth Community Club

A rural Youth Community Club has been recently organized in the parish of Rustico. The club was formed for the purpose of coordinating all junior activities under one head and with a view to the enrollment of all the youth, both boys and girls of 15 years and over, in study and community development programs. The study clubs already organized will continue to function but under the aegis of the Community Club. This Community Club plans to establish agricultural and home economics project clubs in collaboration with the Department of Agriculture and thereby to develop a voluntary local leadership system as a means of rendering project club work more efficient and effective.

The poultry club already in existence in the parish and from which two members, Misses Marie Doucette and Elsonore Blanchard, will compete in the national contest sponsored by the Canadian Boys and Girls Club Work in Toronto, will continue to function on a regular organized basis. Voluntary local leaders were named as follows: Messrs Francis Doucette, Everett Gallant, Jovite Doucette and Frank Doucette. These persons have agreed to become local leaders for their respective school districts. They will be expected to lead the poultry club in their districts in the study of poultry problems, to attend demonstrations given from time to time with the members and to eventually become proficient to teach future members in poultry judging. This plan of operation will be followed in other project clubs to be added in future.

SUNDAY MEETING

A first meeting was held on Sunday afternoon when such discussion took place. The following evening, the organization meeting took place. A nomination committee, chosen from the audience, selected the officers for the club. These in turn elected Reverend Father Pitre, their pastor, as chairman. Two adult leaders are Mrs. Felix Pineau and Mr. Francis Doucette; two young girl leaders are Misses Marie Doucette and Elsonore Blanchard and two young men leaders are Eugene Gallant and Jean H. Dolron, the latter being secretary of the Community Club.


A debating committee, also chosen from the audience are: Messrs Amos Gallant, Ernest Gallant, Cornelio Doucette and Miss Georgina Dolron. Their task consists in choosing subjects for debates which are to begin soon, and also in selecting speakers.

Mrs. Wilfred Doucette, Mr. Aylre Pineau and Jean H. Dolron were elected to look after the publicity work.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. Edmond F. Pineau, an illustrious son of Rustico, who has shown himself worthy of the task set before him. The audience showed their gratitude by presenting him with an unanimous vote of thanks. After working in New Brunswick for a good number of years, he has now become associate chief, production service, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

In his speech, he stated that he is endeavouring to promote the establishment of a model Community Club in each of the Canadian provinces. They are now established in all other provinces and Rustico is to lead Prince Edward Island. It is up to the people of this

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district to see that they do not fall short of the goal set before them. Also addressing the meeting was Mr. MacIsaac, a member of the Extension staff of Saint Dunstan's University; Mr. E. Arsenault of the Prince Edward Island Department of Agriculture who did much towards the establishment of our poultry club, and Mr. W. J. Arsenault, professor at P.W.C., Charlottetown.

The people of Rustico are proud to undertake this task, and plan to make a success of it.

CASE OF ETIQUETTE

Declaring that Etiquette is a part of mental health practice, and rounds out the picture of a healthy mind in a healthy body, the Department of National Health and Welfare, issues a good word for good manners. "Manners in addition to making the Man, makes the healthy and happy man," says a departmental bulletin. This statement is based on the assertion that the mannerly person, being usually more acceptable, is correspondingly happier, and, hence healthier.

BREADALBANE W. I.

The October meeting of the Breadalbane Women's Institute was held on Monday, Oct. 14, at the home of Mrs. Wm. Graham.

utes of last meeting were read, approved and signed by the vice-president.

Mrs. Woodside reported that Mrs. Davidson had donated a contribution for liquid soap for the school, and plans were made to have it made ready for use.

The sick and school committees gave their reports and Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Doull were re-appointed on the school committee.

An invitation was received from Mrs. Harvey Bernard for the annual meeting.

Meeting closed by singing the National Anthem, after which lunch was served and a social time enjoyed.

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