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Canadian and United States shipping tonnage passing through the Sault Ste. Marie canal each year is twice that of the Panama and Suez canals.

STILL ROOM

Not counting the less habitable parts of Canada there are less than seven persons to the square mile: in Holland and Belgium there are 700 persons to the square mile.

Murchison-Coffin

The marriage of Alice Evelyn Coffin, daughter of Mrs. Coffin, Morell, and the late Kimball H. Coffin, to Clarence Grant Murchison York Point,son of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Murchison, took place Saturday morning, October 22, in Trinity United Church, Charlottetow. Reverent H.E.D. Ashford, Pastor of the Church, officiated at the Ceremony.

The bride wore a dress of thistle-rose crepe fashioned with fitted bodice and tiered skirt

She wore a hat of dark brown and carried Talisman Roses.

The bride and groom were unattended . After the cermony the couple left by motor for a trip through the Maritimes, the bride wearing a cocoa brown velour coat with platinum foxx collar and dark brown accessories.

Harmony in COLOUR FOR EVERY ROOM

Living Room

HERE'S the perfect "extra" radio for every room in your home. And you get that "extra" enjoyment for so little cost. These eye-appealing table radios are now available in six beautiful colours, specially designed to harmonize with your décor. Add a sparkle of colour to the living room, bedroom, kitchen, workshop, den or recreation room with Admiral's perfect "extra" set. An extremely handsome radio . cheerful companion to ease the monotony of routine household chores. It's the value leader in table radios. Price-wise, style-wise, colour-wise—Admiral is your best bet—*all ways*. See and hear these brilliantly styled 5-tube AC-DC radios at your nearest Admiral dealer today!

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Lonely Parade

By
Fannie Hurst

Partaking of that scene, yet scarcely adding to it agreeable patter, something heavy lay upon Sierra. So it was to this end! It was for the mess of pottage that the Charlottenburg, at the drop of the Haff hat, a pompous derby that sat rather ridiculously at a angle to the shining bald pate, was eager to trade the yield of her years.

The heavy laughter of the Charlottenburg, who was regaling the colonel with an imitation of her recent interview with a Tammany politician on the subject of licensing the child actor, boomed across the table. "'By Jove,' I said to him, 'you fellows better not take any walks arund the monkey cage at the zoo. They'll think you've escaped.'"

"You're a card, Miss Ames. You've just got to let me bring my girl, Mary, around to one of these Sunday shindigs. She's the one I keep telling you about. Gives imitations of Mary Mannering. Rose Stahl, Julia Marlow. You can't tell it from the real thing, not that I know anything about it, but that's what those who do know tell me."

"We'll look her over," said the Charlottenburg, digging a spoonful of cheese out of its jar and leaning to place it on the plate of Colonel Haff. "Try that with a swallow of port, Haff. It hits the spot."

"She takes after her mother who had talent thataway. You'll see for yourself when I bring her around. Next Sunday suit you?"

Miss Mullane tilted her small, short-haired head. "We'll all dying to meet the family, Colonel. That seems next in order."

Unplumbed by the dark look flashed by Charlottenburg down the length of the table to Kitty, the colonel washed down his cheese. "I've got six pieces of progeny to show, Miss Kitty. Not one of them is chipped or damaged. All fine as fine can be."

"The Charlottenburg is a perfectionist, Colonel."

"That, my dear Miss Hellion Mullane, will be about enough out of you," said the Charlottenburg, serving the colonel sugar out of the bowl which she held poised. "There's no home in New York, Haff, where you'll get colored crystals instead of tombstones for your coffee. That's because —"

"That's because, in case you don't already know it," cried Kitty in the tone of la-dee-dee, "you're in the home of the most original woman in town, la Charlottenburg!"

"If there's one thing I admire more than another," said the colonel, hitching his heavy body about on his frail chair until the rungs pulled, "It's a smart woman. What say, Miss Ames, if you and me take this afternon off to try out that Willys Knight two-seater of mine? I've got a lot of ideas I'd like to talk out with a smart woman like you, if Miss Mullane and Miss Baldwin don't mind."

Stirring her colored sugar into her demitasse, Sierra's inner depression sank to a new low.

CHAPTER XVII

The Charlottenburg's season-around hat bore little relationship to her head. Of good quality black felt, with a slightly rolling brim, it sat incongruously upon her round head, as unrelated as a plate to a sphere. Yet, placing it there while Haff awaited her in the lower hall, the Charlottenburg found herself actually turning to the mirror as she jabbed in the hatpins, something so unwonted that she turned away sharply two spots of color liked red paper circles on her cheeks.

Haff's matter-of-factness was a source of pleasure to the Charottenburg. After all, the two of them, spinning along in his bright Willys, with its spotty windshield the shape of an immense pair of spectacles, were in middle life and knew their way about. The open car sped along the Hudson River.

The colonel reached forward for a pocket in the blond upholstery. "Here's goggles for you, Miss Charlotte. You'll get something in those sharp eyes of yours and we can't have that."

"Don't pamper me with goggles, Colonel. I don't need them any more than you do."

A stoutish lady and a stoutish gentleman, riding smoothly in their mutual state of quiet satisfactions. Few if any illusions, but a quiet courage to face realities. Maturity had its compensations! In spite of her hand carefully on the throttle of her emotions, something as high as great expectations began to surge through the Charlottenburg, flushing her face, lighting her eye and paradoxically endowing her with an unwonted resraint.

Could Haff, in his wildest dreams, conceive that the offer of marriage she was about to receive was her first? Not even Kitty, with whom, to a far greater degree than in the case of Sierra, she exchanged intimate confidences, knew that! She doubted whether Sierra would have been interested. Certainly not in the way Kitty was.

"It's certainly a privilege, Miss Ames, to be thrown in the company of ladies like you. A smart woman outsmarts a smart man every time."

"But not so he can notice it," she observed dryly.

"What say?"

Haff was going to be comfortable like that. You could count on his density. "I'm not much concerned with outsmarting, Colonel, unless the cards happen to fall that way. I find it's a good enough world, if you don't try to take out of it any more than you put into it."

"You said it. My wife, God rest her soul, lived on that principle and raised her children on it. 'Do unto others,' was her way."

She liked that reference to his wife. Here was a man who would practice being a husband as he practiced his churchliness, his politics, his social behavior. With conformity. Mediocre to tears, but of the stuff that made life secure. Unexciting, perhaps, but also unharassed by the temperaments of those who had grown simply great, instead of great simply.

To be continued

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A tiny, concealed pin swings out to lock both rings in perfect harmony.

York and Vicinity

Rev. John Douglas was welcomed into the York charge on Sunday, Oct. 23rd.

The congregation of York, presented Rev. Mr. MacCallum with a purse on the evening before his departure for Glace Bay, N.S. where he has accepted a charge there.

Mr. Charlie Thistle, St. Peters, spent the week-end in York, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mobbs.

Master Joie Caswell has returned to his home in Pleasant Grove after spending the week-end in York, the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. Dolph Murray.

CITY OF TEMPLES

Bhuvaneshwar, second in importance to Benares as a place of pilgrimage in India, has 400 temples, built from the ninth century to the thirteenth century.

VANCOUVER, Oct. 26 — (CP) — A spotless white-and-grey hull pulled into port the other day with a salt-encrusted figure of a maiden lashed to her prow — marking the revival of a dying seafaring art.

The handsomely-carved bronze Filipino girl is in the tradition of the old sailing ships. While the rest of the motor-ship Bataan, a Norwegian vessel, is kept spick and span, the figurehead on the bow-sprit gathers proud tarnish—a testimony to the storms and heavy seas through which she has led her ship.

The streamlined ships of the Olsen line are the first to revive the tradition.

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