Twenty-Four Hour Leave

BY RENEE SHANN

Author of "Student Nurse", "War Wife", "Air Force Girl".

Simon stared at the ring. Then at Cherry. "You went to these Delroy people andmade sure of this?

"I went to that address in London and found the shop had been blitzed. It was by the merest Chance that I discovered that the stocks and the books had been moved down to Dorking. There's a shop of the same name almost next door to this hotel. "That's why I wanted to come to Dorking. Oh, darling. It's terrible to have one's happiness built on the proof of another's death, but we had to know. You were right the first time. We could never have been happy together until we did know. Poor Denise."

"Oh, my God!" The tone of his voice told her his feelings. They just sat there looking at each other across the table. After all their doubts and fears.....

The waitress removed their plates and asked, a trifle tartly, what sweet they would be taking. There was rice pudding and stewed apricots or boiled jam roll. Cherry shook her head. "I'm sure it's very nice, but nothing, thank you."

"And you, sir?"

"I won't have any, either. I'll have my bill please. And I want to send a telegram."

"Very good, sir. I'll send the hall porter to you."

"Who to, Simon?" asked Cherry.

"Mrs. Greene, darling. I thought we'd go straight down there. That is, if it's what you would like to do?"

Cherry smiled. She put her hand in his. "Oh, yes it is! I was hoping you'd suggest it."

Cherry and Simon got there first. The head waiter came forward to greet them. He knew them both. It was one of their favorite restaurants. "I want a table for four please" said Simon.

"Yes sir." He showed them to one in a far corner. He drew a chair out for Cherry.

She sat down and loosened her coat. "This was a good idea of yours Simon. I think one should celebrate after a wedding. Lane looked lovley, didn't she?"

"All brides look lovely, surely?"

'Ah yes, but not as lovely as Lane. We always call her our glamour girl. And she's always so sweet it's quite impossible to be catty about her. We think it's most unfair!"

Simon laughed. He looked at Cherry. "Happy?"

"Terribly."

"So am I. Hello, here come the other two."

Simon rose to his feet as he spoke. Cherry turned to find John and Deirdre Harrap threading their way through the tables toward them. "Sorry we're a bit behind you," said John. "We lost our way getting here. Can you beat that!"

"We were so busy talking." said Dirdre. "John was telling me what he did to the fourth Messerschmitt.

"I wasn't. I was telling you what the fourth Messerschmitt did to me."

The waiter put cocktails before them. They toasted one another. They toasted Lane. They toasted John's miraculous escape: There had been a telephone message for Cherry the day they had lunched at Dorking and gone on down to the cottage. Mrs. Greene had come to them as they were sitting in the garden after dinner. "It's one of your young ladies, m'm, on the telephone. She saidshe thought you might be here, and she wants particularly to speak to you."

It had been Valerie who wanted her, with the news that John was safe. He had been picked up by a trawler that had only that moment put into port. The news had been teleponed to the airdrome. And now the Lindons and the Harraps were dining together.

Deirdre was saying, "Tell Simon and Cherry what happened, John."

John made a deprecating gesture. "It was nothing."

'Rubbish,that's just your modesty. If you don't tell them, I shall."

Actually Simon and Cherry knew already. But Cherry knew that Deirdre was longing for the story to be repeated. But at that moment there was an interruption. "I thought that was you, Deirdre. Mind if I just butt in a moment and congratulate your husband?" said Roger Collins. John was on his feet instantly. The two men shook hands. "Good show," said Roger. "Twas darned glad to hear you got back alive." He stood chatting to them all for a few moments, then he went back to his table.

"How on earth did he hear about that?" asked John.

Deirdre smiled at him in the way a woman does smile when she loves her husband. "Because, my darling, I rang him up and told him."

John chuckled. So did Cherry inwardly.

Is that the fellow who got the D. S. O. the other day?" said Simon.

"That's right," said John warmly. "What that chap did to little old Hitler's navy! Why, he....."

Deirdre made a restraining gesture. "We all know what Roger did, darling. We read about it in the papers and we heard about it on the wireless. It wasn't anything compared with what you did to little old Hitler's Luftwaffe."

Cherry set down her glass. It suddenly struck her that neither John Harrap nor Roger Collins was the only hero.

"Simon's joined up, you know. He's going into the tanks. And what he's going to do to little old Hitler's army is going to make what John Harrap and Roger Collins did look like....." she hesitated and then smiled at John" look like winning an egg and spoon race at a preparatory school. I just sort of know that he's going to be a hero.

THE END

NEW GLASGOW W.M.S.

On Thursday evening, May 11, members of the New Glasgow W. M.S. met at the home of Mrs. George Smith. Mrs. Melvin MacLeod conducted the devotional period and all joined in singing, "From All That Dwell Below the Skies." The Scripture lesson, which was read responsively, was taken from the 90th Psalm and the theme "All the World and All of Life for Christ," found in the Missionary Monthly, was carried out.

Following the Missionary prayer by Mrs. Chalmers Laird, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed" was sung, after which the secretary read her report of the last meeting and called the roll. Miss Elsie Laird read a letter from the Temperance Secretary and the committees for June were appointed.

Devotional Leader, Mrs. S. D. Parkman; Organist, Mrs. Foster Sellar; Heralds, Miss Ella Semple and Mrs. Melvin MacLeod; refreshments, Mrs. Blair Andrew and Mrs. George Smith.

Mrs. R.W. Stevenson invited the members to her home for the June meeting when the roll call is to be answered with a verse of Scripture containing the word "way".

Mrs. W.J. MacLeod read a very interesting story "The Missionary Lillies," and "The Road of Enduring Peace" was read by Miss Anna Stevenson. The Temperance Secretary, Miss Elsie Laird read an article taken from the April Monthly called "British Youth."

Following the singing of hymn 148, the persident, Mrs. W.B. Bulman, closed the meeting as all repeated the Lord's Prayer and the Mispah Benediction in unison. A dainty lunch was then served by the hostess and the ladies on the committee.—G

FIND SHIP CAPSIZED

LIVERPOOL —(OP)— The mystery of the 200-ton steamship Speke which vanished last September has been cleared up in a court judgment which found the vessel capsized due to bad stowage of her cargo. Bodies of seven of her men were recovered on the shore.

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BROODER HOUSE POLICY

Poultry raisers who have purchased brooder stoves and wish to apply for the bonus paid by the Provincial Department of Agriculture under the Brooder House Policy, must make application to the Department of Agriculture on a form supplied by the Department, not later than Saturday, June 17th. Every application must be accompanied by a receipt covering the cost of the brooder stove. Any applications received after this date will not be recognized. On account of shortage of gas and other conditions, only one trip will be made into any community for inspection purposes.

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