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Summer heat and summer sports demand a hair style that can "take it." A short, easy to manage cut that looks well after a few strokes with your comb is the answer. Have your hair cut and styled by our experts.

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ANGLO RUSTICO W. I.

On Tuesday evening, June 12th, the Anglo Rustico W. I. met at the home of the Sec'y, Mrs. James L. LePage, with an attendance of twelve members and two visitors.

The president, presided, and opened the meeting in the usual manner.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Roll call was answered by each member paying a fine, due to lack of co-operation with chosen roll call.

Corresponence was read and discussed. Plans for District Convention at Mayfield on July seventeenth were arranged. Mrs. Noel Hooper and Mrs. Read Stevenson were appointed to obtain and pack "Soldier's box."

Two Red Cross quitls were passed in and the monthly quilting will be at Mrs. Rollings'.

Reports of committees were heard. Mrs. Read Stevenson reported for school, one eraser being needed, which on motion was ordered bought. Mrs. Rollings reported for the sick. Four calls being made.

New committees were then appointed Sick,' Mrs. Buntain, and Mrs. Wyand School, Mrs. Cyril Toombs. Programme, Mrs. Hooper and Amy Toombs.

Mrs. Charles Houston kindly invited the July meeting to her home. Roll call to be answered with "A fact about July 1st."

An unanimous response is expected.

The meeting closed with God Save The King. Mrs. W. Buntain was organist. Two interesting contests were put on by Mrs. Toombs and Mrs. Rollings, and a social hour was pleasantly spent while the hostess served refreshments.

MONTAGUE W. M. S.

The May meeting of the Montague United Church W.M.S. met at the home of Mrs. (Dr.) L. A. Johnstone Tuesday evening, the 19th. The presient, Mrs. Ethan Stewart presided.

The devotional period was conducted in a capable manner by Mrs. D. R. Fraser assisted by several members. Mrs. Fraser chose as her theme, "The Crusade for Christ and His Kingdom." A circle of Prayer and the singing of the hymn, "Break Thou The Bread of Life," brought this part of the meeting to a close.

The minutes of last meeting were read by the secretary. Roll call was responded to by asking questions from the Book of Luke.

The corresponding secretary, Mrs. P. Hamilton reported having sent cards to sick and bereavsd families. Sixteen sick and hospital calls were reported. The treasurer, Mrs. L. A. Johnstone gave a very satisfactory financial report.

The story of "The Church in Burma" taken from the Study Book was brought out very impressively by Mrs. George Preece.

The June meeting is to be held at the summer home of Mrs. Ethan Stewart, Mrs. Lester McLeod will have charge of the devotional period. The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer in unison.

During the social hour lunch was served by the hostess and committee, at this time the members enjoyed a duet entitled, "The Morning Prayer" beautifully sung by Master Louie Don and Douglas Johnstone, young son of Dr. and Mrs. Johnstone.

MAYFIELD W. I.

The June meeting of the Mayfield Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Blair Andrew with seven members and one visitor present. The president opened the meeting by singing the Ode and repeating the Creed in unison. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Correspondence was read by President and Mrs. Blair Andrew. Delegates appointed to attend the annual convention were Mrs. Miller Orr and Mrs. Blair Andrew. The school and sick committees gave their report and new ones appointed. School, Mrs. Edyard Coles, and Mrs. Willard Nicholson. Sick, Mrs. Blair Andrew and Mrs. Miller Orr. Lunch, Mrs. George Smith. It was moved, seconded and carried that a bill of 25c be paid to Mrs. Willard Nicholson. It was decided to send a box to one boy in the armed forces, Mrs. Miller Orr and Mrs. Blair Andrew to take charge.

Next meeting to be held at Mrs. Andrew's, roll call, each member handing in an article not more than the value of 25c. A contest was then put on and a dainty lunch served. Meeting closed by singing "The King."

CANADIAN LIFE INSURANCE IN CANADA

TORONTO, June 25 — Sales of "ordinary" life insurance in Canada and Newfoundland during April and May totalled $109,679,000 according to figures compiled by the Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau and announced by the Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association.

By provinces, the sales were as follows:

	April	May
B. C.	$ 4,074,000	$ 3,625,000
Alta.	3,432,000	3,112,000
Sask.	2,356,000	2,232,000
Manitoba	2,901,000	2,755,000
Ontario	25,114,000	21,678,000
Quebec	15,142,000	13,623,000
New Brunswick	1,550,000	1,409,000
Nova Scotia	2,170,000	2,250,000
P. E. Island	382,000	371,000
Newfoundland	810,000	693,000
	$57,931,000	$51,748,000

These figures are based on reports which represent 87 per cent of the new ordinary life insurance written in Canada and Newfoundland. They designate only the ordinary insurance just brought into force, and do not include dividend additions, reinsurance acquired, pension bonds without insurance, annuities, group or wholesale business.

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Smoke-filled rooms cleared like "magic"! Keep the regular size or big new ECONOMY-size air-wick, featuring permanent wick-adjuster, in the room. Quickly, easily, all objectionable tobacco odors disappear ... air-wick makes indoor air country-fresh.

Economical air-wick refills now available. Keep your empty bottle for refilling! Easy ... saves money!

air-wick is sold at drug, grocery, variety, hardware, chain and department stores.

Regular Size 89c. — Economy Size $2.25 — (Re-fill $1.75)

Only household air-freshener containing "activated" chlorophyll

SHORTHORN FIELD DAY

All Shorthorn Breeders and others interested are invited to attend the Field Day to be held on the farm of Athol Roberts, Winsloe on Thursday, July 5th.

An educational program consisting of Judging classes and short snappy talks will be conducted during the afternoon.

Mr. H. R. White, Secretary of the Canadian Shorthorn Association will be in attendance and will place and discuss with the breeders present the different classes of animals.

The program will begin promptly at 1:30 P.M. and at the conclusion of the program, supper will be served by the West Royalty Women's Institute.

Plan to attend and make this Field Day an outstanding success.

S. C. WRIGHT, Secretary — J. W. CROSBY, President.

6-23-26-30-7-3

This Army

"Betcha we don't move today, 'cause it aint rainin', it aint Sunday, and the ole man has a hangover."

SORE THROAT For 5 Days Means DANGER

Who is there that is wise enough to predict when a bad cold will end. After a few days, if it grows worse it possibly might develop into Pneumonia, Pleurisy or Bronchitis. If wise, you will help to protect yourself with **Polson's Cough Syrup;** its soothing medication is very grateful to the inflamed membranes of the chest, nose and throat. Those raw surfaces that keep you coughing will receive specialized medication. With the Cold subdued, feverish headache should naturally clear up — burning dryness in the throat will be eased. If your cold or cough is stubborn, help yourself with **Polson's Cough Syrup;** it is a tonic as well as a cough remedy. With every spoonful you get the double effect. Gain in physical fitness —gain in ability to resist cold-infection! Use **Polson's Cough Syrup.** Sold by all Druggists in 35c bottles.

POLSON'S COUGH SYRUP

The Wild Bird

By Elizabeth Vernon

(Continued from Page 2)

ing. "I came up in such a hurry I hadn't time to pack evening kit. Will a film and supper do?"

"I should like it very much," she answered. And her heart beat so heavily that anyone, she thought — Etienne—might have heard it.

"Good." Kit Stone smiled. "I am due for a litle relaxation. I'm up here on unpleasant business. Do you remember my mother's pearls?"

It seemed to Ginnie that there was utter silence—no orchestra, no murmur of talk, not a sound. Only, in the whole world her own voice speaking; "Do you mean the black lovely ones?" she asked.

"Yes," said Kit. "They have been stolen."

CHAPTER XI

"There is no doubt at all," said Kit Stone. "The pearls have been stolen."

"It is certainly unpleasant," came Etienne's grave and courteous voice. "They were of great value?"

Ginnie listening, remembered how a few days ago Etienne had shown her "The Green Book" whose manuscript pages were kept in code by him. The name of Kit's mother had appeared on one page "Stone. Lady Mary. Present life holder of the Stone Pearls." She remembered too Jerry's confident words, "The loss won't be discovered for months—perhaps for years." Desperately, hurriedly, she tried to plan her own part in this drama. She would, she thought, be unfriendly and unpleasing to Kit when she was alone with him. Then he would like her no longer. She would see him no more, and neither Etienne nor Uncle Dick nor Aunt Lou nor even Jerry would know why. It would seem natural enough that a man such as Kit Stone would tire of a young girl. And perhaps, she thought, it would have happened anyway.

"Yes," Kit was answering Etienne. "They were of considerable value. And they were an heirloom."

"Ah,' said Etienne. "That is indeed a pity. But if you have discovered the theft at once—'

"I don't know that we have." Kit drank the cocktail which Etienne had ordered. "My mother was in Paris. Shes always a bit careless about her jewels. Sometimes she locked them in an ordinary drawer. The French police say that the pearls would have a certain fame among jewel thieves and that whoever took them must have been on the lookout for them. He substituted artificial pearls. If my mother hadn't happened to take them to Cartier's for revaluation, she mightn't have discovered the loss for some time."

Ginnie knew that she must speak now. It was important that she should play her parte well and naturally. It was a matter of life and death. And never again for one second would she forget that. "Is Lady Mary very unhappy?" she asked.

Kit nodded. She looked on the pearls as mine, you see. I must say, I should like to lay my hands on the thief."

Ginnie, smiling, felt as if each word were a stone that struck her. "Have the police any clue?" she asked.

"Not yet. Unless one may call it a clue that a well-known jewel thief was in Paris at the time and has since disappeared."

"The French police are clever," said Etienne. "You may get back your pearls."

"Yes. If they were stolen in France," Kit replied.

The orchestra had ceased to play. Kit glanced at his watch. "Well Ginnie," he said, "I think if we're going to a film I'd better lead you away."

The two men said good-bye and Kit led her away."

Walking behind her through the lounge, crossing the hall with her, entering a taxi. Kit was occupied with his own sensations. They were concerned with her and with Etienne d'Alain. She was dressed, under her fur coat, in flame-colored thin soft wool; not real flame, he observed, but smething softer, the color of certain flowers. A plain narrow black ribbon ran through her hair. Her profile was turned to him, and how serious it was! Suddenly he knew how much he longed to put his arm behind her shoulders, to turn her face to his—

"You were rather abrupt with me," he said, "when I rang you up the other day."

"Really? I didn't mean to be—particularly," came the most indifferent voice.

"Oh, I think you did." Kit smiled coolly. "I think you have your moods." He watched her almost painful flush. "But I don't think," he said, "that they should be encouraged. Do you display them to Captain d'Alain, for instance?"

She turned her head to look at him. Her eyes, so deep, and clear, rested on his. His pulses gave a leap. It was as if in that moment he had launched himself on a wild river.

The taxi turned into Piccadilly Circus. A light shone full in her face. And with what an unexpected twist of pain he saw that she didn't look at all well, that her face was too thin. How much he wished for the power to send her now, tonight, to the country. Yes, she ought to be under a kindly discipline, with someone who could see that she ate enough slept enough and led a wholesome life. She ought in fact to be with his mother. And he would drop in, say, once a month on that simple life and keep an eye on her. An absurd dream. How absurd he was to learn a second later when, suddenly, he found himself saying, "I think you must come and stay again at Wanderslay. "Thank you very Wanderslay."

"Thank you very much. But I am happy in London," she replied, with no more attempt at civility than that.

He was amazed. He felt more than astonishment. Little idiot—to try these tricks with one who was not an inexperienced boy. "So you've changed your mind about living the country?" he said.

"Yes. I think I have."

"I see.' He returned her brilliant little smile with a dry one of his own. "Well, Ginnie, I intend to find out later why you are uncivil to me today, and why you are untruthful."

She gave a nervous smile, away from him. There was silence after that while the taxi drew up at the cinema, while Kit paid the driver, while he bought the tickets and while they seated themselves in the dark music-filled auditorium.

Ginnie was grateful for the darkness. She knew that she had angered him as she had intended, and that she had cut away happiness with her own hands. To visit Wanderslay again would have been, she thought, like heaven. And anyway it was all spoilt. There was something frightful at the thought of taking Wanderslay the taint and muck of Uncle Dick and Aunt Lou. And she would be sick with fear all the time, as she was now. Most of all, it struck her, she was afraid of the man beside her whose cool and amused glance seemed as if it laid bare her thoughts. Every little friendly movement with him was stolen, really. And she would have no more of them.

She fixed her eyes on the screen. The figures there seemed to her who had passed through such tense scenes, very unreal. She looked at the dim heads of the audience and wondered what they would do if they knew she had to live in fear of death? and it came to her, with the precocious wisdom of the hunted, that they would do nothing. It would upset their ideas of life and. they wouldn't believe it. That sort of thing, they would feel, is confined to the thrillers and to the films.

She looked again at the film of which, so far, she had understood nothing. The great organ filled the auditorium with sound. The heroine of the film stood in a wind-blown garden, her hair ruffled. The garden was somewhere in the tropics. One could tell that from the palms and from the great unnatural flowers. It was surrounded by an immense wall on which sentries paced.

The scene changed and, on a great road, there marched, brokenly, a file of men. Armed guards surrounded them. The men walked, sweating in chains. There was the impresion of dust, heat, exhaustion. A man lurched, swinging sideways from the stumbling dusty rank. A guard stepped forward, striking him with a heavy whip. A kind of sickness seized on Ginnie as she heard the shouts, watched the violence and saw the man fall against his neighbor in the rank.

Again the scene changed. Here once more was the garden, empty except for a boy of about twenty—too young to be the hero. He was slight. He had a sad, only outwardly, merry face. He was not at all like Jerry. But at something in his quick movements or, Ginnie thought with a pang, at a glint of fear in his glance, she saw her brother. With a sense of suffocation she saw also that the boy was clothed in the drab convict dress. He slipped along the wall where, it seemed, he had no right to be. From the shade of a great twisted tree a man, invisible, was watching. The man wore the uniform of the wardere. He was powerfully built and in his hand he swung gently a heavy baton. The boy came so lightly toward him Ginnie, staring at the screen, felt as if her throat were constricted. To her the boy had become Jerry, skirting such danger, running toward the trap. The boy glanced round him. The darkness of the tree kept its secret. Lightly he sped across the path—

The guard stepped out into the blinding light of the sun. His great hand shot out. He caught the boy by the front of his shirt, twisting him round; and in a flash the young, quick half-smiling face was a blank and hidious mask of terror such as Ginnie had once seen.

It was as if she were no longer in that garden nor in the cinema, but at Wanderslay. Everything that she knew, all that she had to bear and hide, hung over her mind, blackening it. And through the roaring in her ears Etienne's words sounded.

"What is it, Ginnie?" Kit's voice came to her.

"I can't —breathe. I can't—"

The roaring died away. She stood up. The darkness rushed at her. She fell forward and Kit caught her on his arm.

(To Be Continued)

A MESSAGE TO ALL NEWLY DISCHARGED SERVICEMEN

CIVIL life has its booby traps too. Be careful. Be on your guard against plausible strangers with plans for spending *your* hard earned gratuity, *your* Victory Bonds, *your* savings. Be on your guard against "friendly" tips on sure things, and schemes to double your money. And if you decide to embark on some new enterprise of your own get *all* the facts and weigh them—in advance.

Talk your plans over with someone you trust and whose business judgment you respect. If you think we can help, call on the manager of any branch. He will feel privileged to help you in any way he can.

The manager of every branch of The Royal Bank of Canada has been informed of this invitation and joins in extending it to you.

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