

All That Glitters

By Frances Parkinson Keys

While she continued to stand trembling in the shadows, the figures on the lawn began to move slowly and separately across it.

She crept back into bed, still shivering and terrified by strange sounds. Above the chirping of the crickets and the croaking of the frogs she was conscious of a thudding noise, such as the hoofs of galloping horses might make.

Suddenly Helen was aware that Ronnie had seen her. There had not been time for her to retreat before Ronnie's gaze was raised to the window where Helen's own figure was clearly silhouetted against the shutters.

Ronnie came into the room calmly. The delay was partially explained by the fact that she had taken time to undress. She had only a negligee on now, over a sheer nightdress, and soft heelless slippers, and she was carrying an old-fashioned French vigil lamp.

Ronnie took off her dressing gown and got into the big bed, lying down on her back with her arms underneath her head and her hands clasped behind it.

"No, I must have been asleep when they left. I went to sleep right away. But I woke again. I was a little chilly, and so I got up to close the west window. I thought the wind was coming from that direction."

"And when you got up, you saw me coming across the lawn, and thought I was a ghost? No wonder you're trembling!"

Ronnie laughed comfortably. "Why, I ought to have sold you. Dabney always comes from Sycamore Forest on horseback. Gallant Lady is Dabney's favorite mare. She has her own stall over here, in the back barn's stable. He puts her in there when he gets here, and my boys bed her down; then when he's ready to go home he gets her out himself. He has his own key to the stable. Only tonight he forgot it. He stood out on the lawn feeling for it in all his pockets until I went out to see what on earth had happened. We were still on the terrace—we'd gone out there for a last breath of air before we went up to bed. So we saw him. Of course, then I had to get my own keys and go out to the stables with Dabney. But I didn't mind! It was such a beautiful night. In fact it was so beautiful we just stood and stared at it for a few minutes. We couldn't help it."

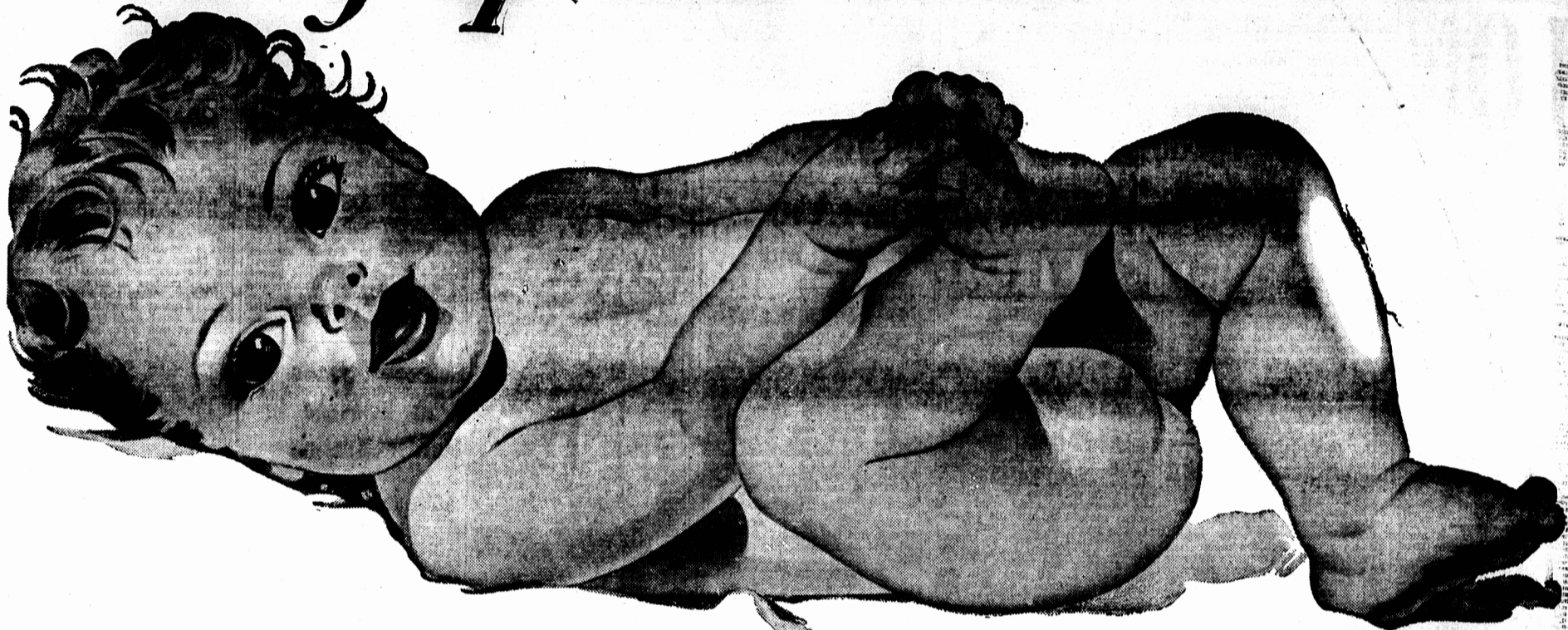
Involuntarily, Helen drew a deep breath. She stifled it as quickly as she could. But Ronnie heard it. "Why, Sweetness! Why Helen! You didn't by any chance go to the window more than once, did you? You didn't forget to put it down the first time because you were upset?"

"Oh, Ronnie, please forgive me! I really did think—" "Well, Sweetness, lots of other people think the same thing. But after all, it doesn't matter because it isn't true. You see, Dabney's known how I feel from the beginning. And he thought I'd need someone to stand by. I haven't ever even argued with him about it. I know he doesn't mind! It was such a beautiful night. In fact it was so beautiful we just stood and stared at it for a few minutes. We couldn't help it."

"Something terrible! Something marvelous! The miracle he always said would happen! He doesn't know it yet himself and I don't know how to tell you this time. But Welby has moved!"

(To Be Continued)

Hurry up that better world



...for him...for yourself!

IT ISN'T LONG BETWEEN ECSTATIC BABYHOOD and eager, striving, hope-filled manhood.

You know yourself how often you've said: "It seems only yesterday he was a tiny wee chap. Look at him now. He's grown up!"

Yes, all the tens of thousands of cute little fellows kicking joyfully in their baby beds now will be grown people in the twinkling of an eye.

Grown to live in what sort of a world? Just how far can we build from war's desolation to a happy, brilliant world in that short span?

Probably a long way!

But the "How far?" has a companion question: "How soon?"

How soon will Victory come? What day, what hour, will the flaming news leap round the world that the enemy surrenders unconditionally?

Pursue that question right down to its very end and you'll get the answer. It depends on how earnestly each one of us works and saves and lends. In the final analysis it depends on all of us — on our willingness to stretch to the utmost our abilities to buy Victory Bonds.

So buy again—and again—for our future and for the future of the little fellows who will be men in the twinkling of an eye. Make sure it will be unconditional surrender—that we will win the peace as well as the war—that life in the future will be life in security, freedom and abundance.

HOW TO BUY. Give your order to the Victory Loan salesman who calls on you or place it with any branch bank or trust company. You can also buy Bonds through your employer for cash or on the Payroll Savings Plan. Or send your order to your local Victory Loan Headquarters. Any one of these agencies will be glad to give you every assistance in completing your application. Bonds may be bought in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and larger.

VICTORY LOAN HEADQUARTERS

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Speed the Victory Buy VICTORY BONDS

The WEEK at S. D. U.

Quarterly examinations began this morning and will conclude on Tuesday.

The whereabouts of last year's graduates is as follows: P. A. Brennan, valedictorian of the class of '43 and the college mirth-maker for a number of years has been a patient in the Provincial Sanatorium since June.

Sister Mary Ida has joined the teaching staff of the High School Dept.

Frank O'Neil is following several courses in the science dept., and also is doing part-time duty as a member of the teaching staff of the High School Dept.

Allan Callaghan and David McTague have begun the study of theology at Holy Heart Seminary Halifax.

Lionel Lafrance and Raymond Cyr, are at Grand Seminary, Quebec City.

Gerard Forbes is studying medicine at Laval University, Quebec.

Olester McGuigan is taking a pre-dental course at St. Francis Xavier.

German Lafontaine and Marc Thibault have begun the study of medicine, the former at McGill and the latter at the University of Montreal.

Ronan MacDonald is a lieutenant with the R.C.A. and is stationed at Petawawa.

Football: The Saints defeated the R.A.F. 8-0 on Wednesday afternoon in the opening game of the Senior Rugby League. Last Saturday, the High School team, coached by Father Cass, defeated the intermediate armen 9-3 in an exhibition game. At the beginning of the week the Intramural Football League got underway. Four teams "Notre Dame," "Yale," "Cornell" and "Harvard" have entered the league. The keen interest already shown in the league points to a successful football season.

The following is the line up for "Notre Dame" which is coached by Paul K. Landrigan: J. MacInnis, R. Gallant, F. Burge, G. Smith, H. Shea, I. Farmer, F. Chateaufort, E. Gillis, D. McGuigan, R. Lamontague, E. Gallant and the "Four Horsemen," J. J. MacDonald, F. O'Shea, R. Phalen and R. D. Dunphy.

Public Speaking: In the regular Thursday morning meeting of the Senior-Junior group, interesting

talks were given by P. Sharkey, A. J. MacAdam, G. P. Murphy, J. P. Steele, V. G. Murnaghan, F. T. Burge and J. A. MacIsaac.

In the sophomore group "Resolved that Public Utilities should be state controlled" was the subject of debate. Speakers for the affirmative, F. O'Keefe and E. Laughlin successfully defended the resolution. A five minute speech by Paul Landrigan occupied that rest of the meeting.

The Freshman group debated on the resolution "That liquor is a

greater evil than war" J. Cairns and P. Beaton successfully opposed the resolution against A. MacAulay and C. Holland who upheld the affirmative side. Joseph P. McKenna was critic for the debate.

WESTMORELAND W. I.

The Westmoreland Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Harold Oakes; Social Program, Mrs. Robert Mayhew, Mrs. Heber Canfield; Lunch, Mrs. Enoch Newson, Mrs. James Moore,

the president the vice-president presided and opened the meeting by repeating the Institute Ode followed by Creed in unison. Collection amounted to 60 cents. Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted. Committees gave their reports and new ones were appointed. School, Mrs. Verner Moore, Mrs. Fred Fall, Sick, Mrs. Lewellyn Gambia, Ed. Program, Mrs. James Moore, Mrs. Harold Oakes; Social Program, Mrs. Robert Mayhew, Mrs. Heber Canfield; Lunch, Mrs. Enoch Newson, Mrs. James Moore,

Mrs. Lewellyn Gambia, Mrs. James Moore invited the members to meet at her home for the November meeting. Roll call to be answered by donating quilt patches. Decided to change the night of meeting to the first Tuesday. Resolved that institute remember the six boys overseas at Christmas decided to have a party sale the following Saturday night. Moved and seconded that meeting adjourn. Lunch was served by committee in charge followed by a social hour.

Out Our Way



By J. R. Williams



Our Boarding House



With Major Hoople



Advertisement for Aspirin tablets, highlighting relief for headaches, neuralgia, and neuritic pain.

Advertisement for Dorothy Dix Says, featuring a quote about worldly wisdom and the importance of respect for others.