

# Citizens Attention PLEASE!



## DO YOU KNOW:

- WE ARE BEHIND \$75,000** today in our accumulative quota in the purchase of Victory Bonds
- WE HAVE ONLY 9 DAYS** to achieve Victory in this "Battle of the Bonds"
- WE HAVE AN EXAMPLE** of intense Loyalty and devotion in our local service men who went over the top in their buying **ON THE FIRST DAY**
- WE OWE IT TO OUR MEN** in all branches of the service, to support their every movement with all necessary equipment
- WE MUST INVEST \$65,000** every day for the next ten days to reach our objective
- WE HAVE THE MONEY IN RESERVE** at lower interest than Bonds will pay
- WE HAVE NEVER FAILED** IN ANY OBJECTIVE

WE APPEAL TO YOU WITH ALL THE EARNESTNESS AT OUR COMMAND TO SUPPORT YOUR HOME TOWN BOYS AS THEY BATTLE ON THE SEA, ON LAND, AND IN THE AIR. TO FAIL THEM NOW WOULD BE A CATASTROPHE — SOMETHING WE COULD NEVER LIVE DOWN.

DO YOUR PART NOW, TODAY — PUT EVERY LAST DOLLAR AVAILABLE INTO "VICTORY BONDS"—HELP SECURE THE FUTURE OF YOUR CITY, YOUR COUNTRY, YOUR NATION, AND THE PRESERVATION OF THOSE PRINCIPLES WE SO FONDLY CHERISH.

# Speed The Victory--Buy VICTORY BONDS

## — CITY COUNCILLORS —

- COL. R. C. CHANDLER, JAMES T. McKEE, (Deputy Mayor)
- DR. J. E. BLANCHARD, J. E. STERNS
- DR. F. CHARLES DOUGAN, B. EARLE MacDONALD
- A. T. MACKINNON, T. A. BUTLER
- MAYOR B. R. HOLMAN

### All That Glitters

By Frances Parkinson Keys

Senator Morton did not dare tell her just how good he really did think it was and, indeed, he suffered some twinges from accepting so much at his daughter's hands. But they were nothing compared with the pang he had suffered because of his delectable state, and he quieted his conscience by the self-reminder that Helen had spoken the truth when she said she had more than she could spend anyway. She had no intimates any more, with whom she could visit in a quiet way. She was lonelier than she had ever been in her life, far lonelier than when she had written to Zoe begging her to come to the Casa Catalina. She had actually begun to wonder whether it would not be better for her to go back there after all, to make one more effort toward assimilation in the surroundings where she had loved and lost so much, when the letter came from Ronnie, inviting her to Hunter's Green.

#### CHAPTER XXI

Ronnie and Welby and Bennie were all out on the terrace watching for Helen when she came up the driveway at Hunter's Green. They made her feel that they were very glad to see her, just as everyone in and around Washington had done, but here her welcome was unqualified and uncomplicated. When she went up to her room to bathe and change before supper, she found the fire burning and her dressing gown and slippers laid out for her. Ronnie came into the room and asked if there was anything she needed. "Welby's waiting downstairs," she said. "I think Dabney's dropped in for dinner too. You remember Dabney Turberville, don't you?"

Helen did remember Dabney Turberville. She had always liked him very much. Two other men came in who seemed indefinitely expected, and whose arrival caused no stir of any kind. Helen recognized them as two old beaux of Candace Hunter's — Jet, Dabney and Stewart Bainbridge. They paid her ponderous compliments, standing with their backs to the fire.

Helen could not help watching Veronique thoughtfully as dinner progressed. She was not deceived by the atmosphere of untroubled leisure and prodigious hospitality which Ronnie managed to maintain. She knew that her hostess must have risen very early in the morning and worked very hard all day to have her appointed tasks behind her at nightfall. But it was Ronnie's steadfastness and meant to her husband was written plain for all the world to see: crippled though he was, he could and did give her the tribute of such adoration as mortal woman almost never earned or received.

For seven years Dabney Turberville had been Veronique's constant companion. Helen wondered how he could see her, in her dimmed but developed glory, without coveting his neighbor's wife. Was he serving his time, as Jacob had served time for Rachel, but with no prospect of reward? It seemed certain now that Welby might live to be an old man, just as it seemed certain that he would never recover; it was inconceivable that Veronique would deliberately plan to deceive him.

She tried to dismiss these questions from her mind, which at first had been so tranquil at Hunter's Green and which now had become so futilely agitated. The evening meal progressed peacefully, at an unhurried pace, and after it was over they all went back into the drawing room. When she excused herself Ronnie went upstairs with her guest to see that all was well with her for the night. Then she kissed her warmly and left her. Helen undressed quickly and fell asleep almost instantly, she walked with the same suddenness and with no idea as to how long she had slept. The windows were open and the room was flooded with moonlight. The fire had died down, taking its warmth with it, and now there was a slight coolness in the air. For a few moments she lay still, breathing in the refreshment that this brought with it. Finally, feeling a little chill, she reached for her dressing gown and walked over to the west window from which the breeze was blowing, intending to shut it out. Then she drew back startlingly into the shadow of the shutter, stifling a small cry. The moonlight covered the grass with a glaze, and the surrounding trees were quivering like quicksilver. In it was revealed two figures, motionless as marble, standing facing each other in the center of the shining lawn.

(To Be Continued)

### FIFTH VICTORY LOAN WELL SUPPORTED

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 27 — Figures for the first week of the Fifth Victory Loan show the Atlantic Region of the Canadian National Railways has reached 25 percent of its objective, according to a statement issued by J. F. Pringle, Regional Vice President.

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### Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



### Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



### TILLIE THE TOILER — DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

By WEBSTER



### TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina



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