

**Tomorrow's Promise**

By Temple Bailey

X

There was a breathless silence, after which Elinor said with elaborate carelessness, "Who was it Vicky?"

"I think I must ask you that," Elinor's head went up. "Well, if you knew, why didn't you tell Francis?"

"I preferred to tell you first."

"Why?"

"So that you might put them back."

Elinor reached for her wrap. "Vicky, do you know what you are saying? I won't stand everything."

"I'm not asking you to stand anything. I am only asking what we can both do about it."

It seemed to Elinor's excited imagination as if Vicky, still and composed, was like a marble statue, against which she would be shattered. "What can I do?" she asked sullenly.

"You can tell me what you have done with them."

"Well, if you must have it"—Elinor's eyes did not meet Vicky's—"I took them this afternoon to Baltimore. I didn't dare take anything of my own. There's that diplomatic dinner next week and Francis would have a fit if I didn't deck myself in all the family jewels. If Francis weren't such a pig I wouldn't be driven to do such things. But I had promised Lucien that money today and I had to get it."

"You pawned them?"

"Yes."

"Have you the ticket?"

"Yes."

"Give it to me."

"But what good will that do when I haven't the money?"

"How much?"

Elinor named a sum that seemed to Vicky astounding. "I've paid all my debts and I bought these crystals."

"And I have none left?"

"Not a penny."

"Then I must get it from my bank as soon as possible."

Elinor clutched Vicky's arm. "You're going to get them back?"

"I'll do my best."

Anne was having a wonderful time at Betty Lanvale's party. She was young and she loved to dance and men flocked about her. And she was tasting the sweets of popularity and success.

When the music stopped the couples began to drift toward the dining room. Garry guided Anne through the crowd. There was a hall to cross before they reached the dining room—a great vaulted hall, hung with tapestries and portraits of dead and gone Lanvales. Set out in stone urns were orange trees, heavy with fruit, and it was against the background of green and glossy leaves and golden globes that Anne saw her mother.

As Anne came up Elinor said hurriedly, "I was looking for you. Anne David and I are going over to the club with the Dorsays for bridge. We're fed up. Garry will drive you home."

"But, Mother!"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." Anne didn't want to go with Garry, but her mother wouldn't understand. There really wasn't reason except that he'd try to make love to her. And how could she tell her mother that?

Elinor open her bag and took out an envelope. "I want you to give this to Vicky as soon as you get home. Even if she's asleep. I want her to have it tonight."

Just then David came up and Elinor went with him, her head high, her flounces trailing. Anne, going into the dining room, felt that the food would choke her. The look in her mother's eyes and the whiteness of her face had frightened her, and what was in that letter to Vicky?

When at last she started home with Garry, the rain was coming down heavily.

"Gee," Garry said. "This is something like it, Anne, isn't it?"

"Like what?"

"Oh, don't begin by asking questions." He laughed a little and leaned down to her. "I've got you alone at last, my darling."

Dead silence, except for a swish of wet leaves as they passed a great

**C. G. I. T. Rally At Kensington**

About one hundred C. G. I. T. girls and leaders met in the United Church, Kensington for their annual fall rally. The first half hour was spent by registration and getting acquainted period.

Welcome to delegates was given by Joan Bowness of Kensington and the reply by Rose Reeves of Freetown. The Hunter River C. G. I. T. girls had charge of the morning worship service. This was followed by the discussion and Bible groups. The older girls having as their topic "It's smarter not to drink", led by Mrs. Wm. Heckbert of Summerside.

"The meaning of prayer" led by Mrs. Barrass, the leader of the Bible study group, illustrated the use of pictures and hymns in telling the story of the life of Jesus. The Dramatization group presented two stories "The Good Samaritan" in which a narrator read the story, the girls acting the parts; also the "Prodigal Son" story in which the girls acted the story using their own words.

The Leaders group did a musical of the Prodigal Son.

The resolutions and courtesy committee composed of Mrs. Barrass and the presidents of the C. G. I. T. groups brought in the following resolutions. Expression of appreciation to Rev. Mr. Murray and session of the church for the use of the church and facilities. Expression of appreciation to the ladies of the church who so kindly entertained the girls and leaders at dinner. Appreciation to Mrs. Cairns, director, and leaders for the C. G. I. T. rally. It was recommended that more stress be put on Health projects in the groups and that each group use the mission study material prepared by their own denominational mission board.

The afternoon session began with a sing song led by Miss Dorothy MacKenzie with Rev. Mr. Murray at the organ. The worship service followed, with the Summerside C. G. I. T. girls in charge. The girls then gathered in groups for handicraft instruction. The Health project on nutrition led by Mrs. Wm. Heckbert and Miss Ena Morrison. The making of plaster of paris plaques led by Miss Windsor Smith. The spatter painting led by Mrs. K. MacInnis. The making of Notebooks with Mrs. W. G. Dickson and Mrs. Vatcher as leaders. Making pipe stem cleaners, dolls and clay sheep with Mrs. Cairns as leader and the making of felt flowers led by Miss Jennie Reeves. Mrs. Dickson of O'Leary displayed a number of articles made by the C. G. I. T. girls there.

A film strip "Thy King Cometh" was shown by Geraldine MacLean. Games, supervised by Mrs. L. M. Murray were much enjoyed, followed by supper; C. G. I. T. supplies and books were on display.

Two sound films were shown by Mr. Everett Donald, "Careers and Cradles" and "Battleground their Heritage."

The evening worship service was held in the main church, the theme being, "Jesus calls us—give thyself". Mrs. D. MacKenzie was organist. June Bowman, provincial president of the C. G. I. T., read the scripture. Rev. Mr. Murray brought greetings from the church to the rally.

A candle lighting service followed in which the girls formed a large circle and Miss Dorothy MacKenzie sang "Just as I am, 'Thine own to be" while the candles were being lighted. The rally was brought to a close by "Taps".

tree by the gate.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you answer?"

"Because I'm not your darling."

The rain was beating now against the windshield, a cloudburst that impeded their progress and obscured Garry's view. At last they stopped with a sudden jerk. Garry opened the door and got out, and then came back to say, "There's water in the engine. It's hopeless to try to fix it in this storm. We'll have to wait until someone comes along."

Vicky, waiting up for Anne, wondered why she did not come. It was a dreadful night and Vicky was nervous as a cat. She had had her interview with Francis who had arrived before midnight to meet the detectives. She had waylaid him in the hall and had asked for a few moments alone with him.

"It's about Anne's pearl," she said. "I know who took them, but I'd rather not tell you. I wish you'd trust me to get them back and not push the matter farther."

"If it were anyone but you, Vicky," he had said, "I wouldn't listen for a moment. But you must have your reasons, and good ones. I'll confess I hate being left up in the air like this."

"Please don't ask any more questions," she had implored. "Send the men away before Anne comes. Say that it was all a mistake and that the pearl have been found."

"But they are not found."

"You shall have them tomorrow."

He had then dismissed the detectives, and, coming back to Vicky, had talked of other things. Through it all Vicky realized his thoughts were turning and twisting in dark channels. At last he had said, "I spoke to Anne about going with her mother but I'm not keen about it."

"Why not?"

"She needs you. She's just a child."

To be continued

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