

KING COLE TEA
Always Popular

ST. CHARLES SCHOOL
Honor Roll for October.
Senior Dept.
Grade X — Germaine Gallant, Betty Gorman.
Grade IX — Patricia Peters, Bernard Gallant.
Grade VIII — Renelda Gallant, Phyllis Gallant.
Grade VII — Laura Gorman, Mary Mullally.
Grade VI — Loretta MacCormac, Vera Gallant, Louis Peters.

Try them for Breakfast Tomorrow!

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Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey

For the first time in her life, Anne Orday was afraid. It was as if into the clear and serene night a great beast had suddenly stalked—a vast golden horror that filled the sky. She found herself fleeing from it, rushing up through the garden to the sanctuary of the house. Yet the thing had at first seemed so simple. Just a whisper of servants coming out of the dark—"If he finds out, it will be the end of her..."

Anne had been standing alone in the shadow of an ancient oak. Between her and the moon the branches of the great tree had made a fretted pattern against the brightness above. To her right the tall hedge that enclosed the garden. And it was from behind the hedge that she had heard the voices. "If he finds out, it will be the end of her..."

It was not until she had listened idly for a moment that she had known they were talking of her father and mother. Saying frightful things, things that couldn't be true!

It was then that the golden beast had seemed to come out of the sky, and she had run from it and from those menacing voices behind the hedge.

And now, having reached the house, she had flung the door wide, slamming it hard behind her. She stood flattened against it, her arms outstretched as if to bar out the evil which had pursued her. The mirror opposite the door reflected her—the sweeping spread of her green taffeta, the sleek copper of her head, her pale cheeks, her frightened eyes. Then suddenly the color surged back. She laughed and dropped her arms. For the room was unchanged. She had not known what she had expected, but here it was no different—her mother at the piano, the music arrested by her daughter's wild entrance, and Vicky and Anne's father at the check table. And flowing all about them, warm and reassuring, the light of lamp and fire.

Her mother was saying, as she had said a thousand times: "Anne, darling, what in the world?" Her father's head was lifted, and Vicky's calm eyes were lighted by a sort of wonder.

Anne's explanation went to all of them. "Something startled me and I ran."

The explanation, she saw at once, satisfied her father and mother, but it did not satisfy Vicky. Her mother went on playing and singing softly Marie Antoinette's song—"Moi pauvre Jardinier du Roi." Anne loved it and she loved her mother's voice, the king am I, To please his majesty I try; His orders I'm obeying, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Yet all my thoughts are straying—to you." Her father made a move, and Vicky laughed and turned to Anne. "He's beating me dreadfully." She held out her hand, and Anne crossed the room and sat on a low seat beside the table. She felt so safe to be there with Vicky. All the beasts in the world couldn't make Vicky afraid.

"To say what long you've known is true, is true. I love but one alone, and 'tis you! And as she looked, Anne thought of what the servants had said. Of course it was absolutely false. There was her lovely mother, her dark hair framing the white oval of her face, her slim neck in a white point against the dark velvet of her gown, her white pearl's trickling, her blue eyes the only bit of color in all that symphony of white and black.

She was vaguely aware of the quality of reticence in her mother's beauty, as there was reticence in the room whose walls framed her. The white paneling, the faint old paper, the faded tapestries. The piano was slim-legged and gave forth sweet tinkling sounds when the keys were touched, sounds which suited admirably the song her mother sang. The lamps were shaded with pale yellow and the vases held tawny heads of chrysanthemum, for the summer was gone and November would come tomorrow.

Anne's father spoke of it as he rose from the chess table. "The last day of the month. We ought to be moving to town, Elinor."

His wife glanced up. "Why go in?" He stood looking down at her. "There was a time when you could hardly wait till summer was over. A note or two tinkled. 'Times change.'"

"Yes. And so do we." "Have I changed so much?" He gave a short laugh. "What do you want me to say?" "Nothing." She went back to her playing as he turned away.

To Anne, hitherto, such small exchanges between her father and mother had meant little. They often talked like that, as if there hung between them some slight grievance, but tonight, in the light of that dreadful experience in the garden, their short dialogues took

on a aspect of significance.

She shook the thoughts from her and spoke to Vicky. It's Hal-lowe-en. I should have had a party."

"Oh, a party!" Vicky said. "I asked you if you wanted one."

Her mother said from the piano. "The Dorsays are coming up presently for bridge." Then, as her husband returned hat in hand, "Are you going out, Francis?"

"Yes." "I wish you'd leave me some money."

"My dear girl!" "Well, I have to pay my debts don't I?"

"You've been having hard luck lately, I take it."

"Oh, such things go in waves—win today and lose tomorrow."

"Who is making the fourth?" "David." Elinor had risen and was standing by the fire. "He motored up from Baltimore this morning. He's going to open his house."

"For heaven's sake, why?" "Don't ask me. I'm not his keeper."

"But a big house like that—a thousand miles from nowhere?" "He's only a mile from us."

"You know what I mean, Elinor. He's all alone. You and I have each other and Anne and Vicky."

Anne's mother nodded. "Yes, he's alone, of course, but he says he is his own good company."

Anne listening, was aware of some sinister significance. She shivered a little and caught at Vicky's hand, and then she saw a lock leap into Vicky's eyes and knew that Vicky too was afraid!

To be continued.

WHEATLEY RIVER W.M.S.

The October meeting of the Wheatley River Auxiliary of the W. M. S. was held on Thursday evening, October 19th at the home of Mrs. William Dyer. The devotional service was led by Mrs. Preston Rackham and was very interesting. Theme was "Christ's Disciples Bring Light."

Hymn, "Jesus Keep Me Near The Cross," opened the meeting. Several short prayers were offered by the members—1st, for Kagawa, the great Christian leader in Japan; 2nd, new Missionaries appointed to Japan this year by our church; 3rd, for ourselves; that our faith in Christ may be deepened.

The thankoffering was received and dedicated. A prayer for the W. M. S. Missionary, Elma Inman, was offered by Mrs. Nelson Stead.

Hymn "What A Friend We Have In Jesus," closed the devotional service. The study period being on Japan, several interesting stories were read about Japan, its people, some of their Christian experiences, and their hopes for more Christian leaders. The leader also read a short story. The motto of this story was "More

ELLEN'S DIARY

Continued from page 2

that the critic who voted it "Excellent" must have been in an expansive mood!" "Well, we joined in 'Annie certainly didn't spare herself—she put heart and soul into her role!" "And isn't that a good recommendation?" James offered with a smile "that's all I'd ask of anyone that they'd give their best to the work." "And! What more can anyone do?"

Pat too was a visitor of evening—a Pat who carried a lantern—"Though I'm afeared there'll be a bit of oil in it, I'm hopin' there's what will last me past that hole in the waste-gate. If a lad was to drop in to the arm-pits it's the tiresome work he would have 'fill break ay day, 'ah' someone to help him out. He wouldn't be findin' much music then I'm thinkin' in hearin' the water drop from the gates!" To talk of the farming, Pat comes, and to yarn of days that are gone, eras that return so easily to mind when one compares present and past. Anne and Ellen are at the potato-grading, getting their stores in order for the winter, but most are plowing, reddening the ground by team or tractor, busy in days which commence before day-break and last into the dusk and beyond. . . . And some there are, that weary we know in discharging the many duties that come to them this day, have already ascended the stairs to their rest!

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night. . . .

Help and Less Pity, towards others less fortunate than ourselves, is always a good policy."

Ten members and two visitors answered roll call. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Correspondence consisted of a Thank You note for sympathy card sent.

A letter from Mrs. Cutcliffe inviting some of the members to attend the W. M. S. Rally to be held in Broadbale Church.

Secretary was asked to order twelve boxes of Christmas cards for the group.

Several members paid their subscriptions for the Missionary Monthly. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. James Wares with Mrs. Robert Sellar as leader. Meeting closed with Mizpah benediction, after which a delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

TAPLOW, Buckinghamshire, England, Nov. 14 —(CP)—Fire today damaged a concert hall attached to the Canadian Red Cross Memorial Hospital near here, but was quickly brought under control. Built by Canada, the building was a Canadian army hospital during the Second World War.

Strange But True

Continued from page 2

led in Westminster Abbey in a horizontal position, because the grave had not been dug large enough to accommodate the casket in the usual position. . . . That St. Peter was crucified at Rome with his head towards the earth. . . . That Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, always ate his meals in private because his left arm was withered. . . . That Adolf Hitler was almost totally blind. . . . That Neville Chamberlain never went out without his umbrella.

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