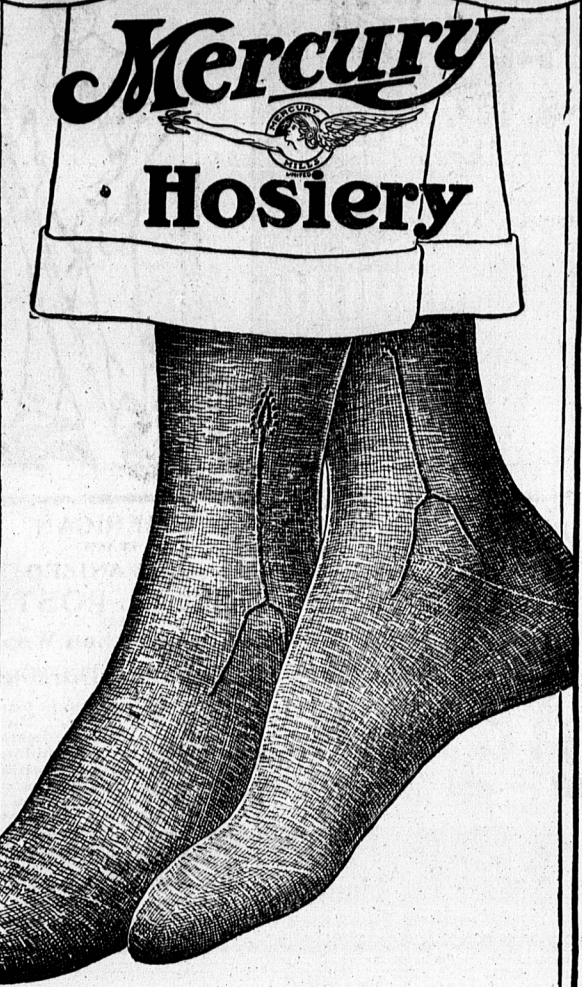


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The Wall Flower

(Continued from Page 11)

"You have a sweetness and charm that I've never met before in any other girl. No one could rise superior in beauty to the current styles of Norris City."

"They weren't current styles—my clothes," Dora giggled. "They were Gladys' cast offs."

"Cream color silk stockings and low heeled black slippers for that," she decided.

"I couldn't look fashionable if I tried," the girl said as she went shopping with her, staring enviously at the smart women with fur to their noses, a great length of slim silk stockings ankles and a display of pointed toes, high heeled slippers.

"You shouldn't try," answered Gloria. "I'm dressing you to type. She considered her much as she would consider a room to be decorated, studying its possibilities and making the most of them.

"Do you hair like this," she suggested once. And she pulled down the brown mass around the girl's shoulders, parted it in the middle so its limpness did not matter, brushed it smoothly to each side.

"So much for quaintness," Gloria said, a mouth full of hair pins. "Now for smartness."

And she deftly fluffed a little hair out over each ear, hiding the hollowness of the girl's cheeks, making the face less drawn and thin. Then she coiled the rest of her hair into a knot, and handed Pandora the mirror.

Pan practiced days until she learned to do this for herself. Meantime, Gloria, with a lavish hand, was bestowing underclothing and silk stockings and other undreamt-of luxuries from her own wardrobe.

But this sartorial making up took weeks. Meantime Pan petted Frankie and kept him quiet, gave him hot milk and made him take naps, took him for short walks in the Park and put him to bed early—the only things his nervous little organism needed. Frankie began to look well again, and adored his new friend.

For two days after she arrived, she continued cleaning the flat, until it lost its neglected appearance and gained the fresh look and smell that comes from wash soap and water. Gloria hunted vainly for a servant, fairly slaved over the work she was busy on then, came home tired at tea time—to wake up again into a nervous excitement over the invariable tea parties that assembled at her flat.

The second day she sought Pan in Frankie's room. "You must come in and have tea," she insisted. "My oldest friend is here and I want him to meet you."

That was how Pan met George Ridgeway. THE GUEST Chapter 45 None of Pan's new clothes had arrived yet, of course. She was in one of the hideously unbecoming "made overs" from Gladys' discarded wardrobe. Besides she was a little tired from working.

Gloria laughed at her and scolded her for working too much and insisted that she come into the living room and have tea. No one could refuse Gloria, so Pan went, though she was cold all over with nervousness at the idea of meeting anyone.

"I'd—I'd rather stay back here," she stammered. "Really! All your friends are so clever—what will they think of me—and I look so!"

"You look like a baby lamb that's been left shivering in the cold," Gloria laughed. "Come! Besides, George isn't at all clever."

Gloria followed her, feeling no like a neglected lamb, but much more like a terrified rabbit, that wanted to run to cover, but did not know where to go.

most flat figure in a tea gown of flame red and Chinese blue. Only Gloria dared such a color combination!

Then George Ridgeway! Pan thought he might be nearly 40, but as a matter of fact, he was 34. That was because of the gray streak in his hair, a single white lock that went up from his left temple and lay flat against hair that was thick and dark and lustrous, sometimes straight, sometimes with a faint suggestion of wave in it. It made him most distinguished looking, and it made him seem older.

He had large blue eyes that appeared darker than they were because they were deep set and shaded by thick dark eyebrows. He had the large forehead of a man of intellect, a nose that Pan thought would be improved if it hadn't the least bit of a hump in the centre (his Irish blood, he told her later!) and a mouth that puzzled her for a long time. For George Ridgeway's eyes were caressing, his voice low and rich, but his mouth cynical.

For the rest, he was thin, very tall, he liked to lounge far back in the deeply cushioned chair with his feet straight out over the carpet, a cigarette held limply in one very good looking hand—where it usually burned itself away in a curl of blue smoke, it rarely went to his lips.

Pan caught herself before her staring became rude. But George was the first man of his type that she had ever seen, a man of culture and intellect, who dressed well, talked well, had his nails manicured because of a somewhat fastidious temperament, who rode, danced and played tennis and liked best to rough it for months over a mountain trail.

After a time George looked at her and their eyes met—which confused her so she made an excuse to see about getting more hot water in order to leave the room for a moment. Coming back, in the hallway, she heard:

"If it isn't a burden on you." It was Ridgeway's voice. "You overdo things as it is. She looks 14, not 21."

A murmur from Gloria. Then: "She's a queer, quaint little creature. Exquisite eyes, full of a strange mute appeal. I'd like to get it on canvas."

But Pan was so unspelled that it never occurred to her that this was about her. She entered the room quite unconscious that she was being talked about and curled up quietly in her corner again.

Gloria's tea parties were usually large. A woman entered now so smartly dressed, Pan wanted to hide from her, and began talking rapidly to Gloria. Pan took one of the big cushions, pulled it into her lap and her arms around it—almost hiding behind it as she sat with feet curled up beneath her.

"I know," said George, coming and sitting beside her. "There are people who terrify me so I long to get under a pillow—but there's too much of me. Are you staying with us all winter, little lady?"

Pan was suddenly able to smile at him. Tomorrow—The Tired Man

Sunday School Lesson

A LOST BIBLE Thoughts for Sunday May 21 2 Chron. 34: 14-33

The word "bible" means a book. When we speak of The Bible we mean "the book"—the book which is essentially different from all other books. It is the book which God has given us as a means of making Himself known to us.

The book of the law referred to in the verses cited about was not our Bible but a small portion of it, containing the law of God as given by Moses to the Israelites.

In Deut. 31: 24-26 we read, "When Moses had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book until they were finished, Moses commanded the Levites, saying, Take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the ark, that it may be there for a witness against thee."

And when Joshua was appointed to lead the Israelites into the land which God had promised to give them God said to them, "This book of the law shall not depart from thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night." (Josh. 1: 8)

There is very little evidence that the Israelites generally in after years knew anything of this book of the law, except in so far as its teaching was brought home to them by the traditional observance of the customs and ceremonies prescribed by the law. But David knew and loved the book of the law (Psalm 1: 2) and the writer of the 119 psalm meditated upon it day and night and said it was a lamp to his feet and a light in his path. The whole psalm is a psalm of praise for the law.



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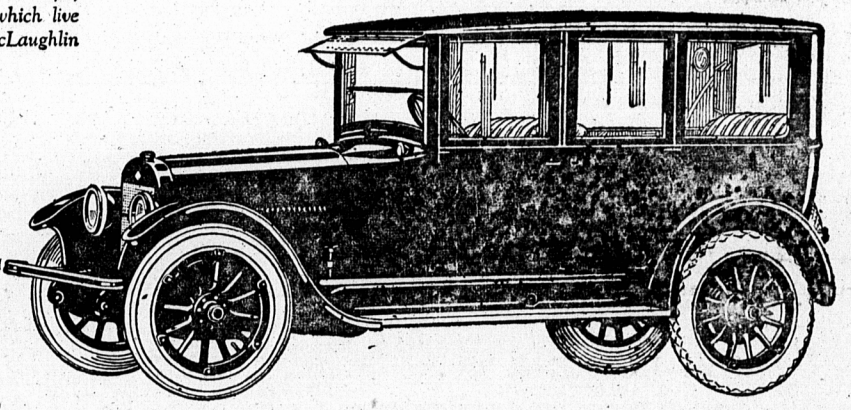
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INDIAN HAD NO STILL
WARTON, Ont., May 17.—That

an alleged still was in reality a device for expanding the chest was the defence submitted by Henry Johnston, an Indian, whose place was raided by the Mounted Police a few days ago. Experts corroborated Johnston's story, and the alleged still was found under a bed.

DUNLOP CORD TIRES FABRIC

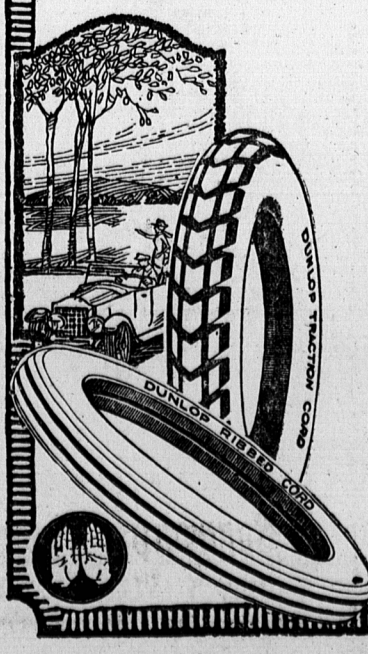
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QUESTIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

What does the New Testament teach us concerning the law of God given to the Israelites by Moses?—Mat. 5: 17-18; John 1: 17; Luke 16: 17.
Are we under obligations to obey the laws of Moses?—Eph. 2: 15; Col. 2: 14; Rom. 7: 4-6.
What did Jesus say was the essence and real meaning of the laws of Moses?—Mark 12: 29-31; Mat. 22: 37-40.
What did Jesus say about the way the Jews treated the law of



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