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Girl Guide News



Thinking Day Broadcasts

The attention of all Guides and Brownies is called to the special Radio talks from Summerside station on Wednesday, and from Charlottetown Thursday. Be sure and listen.

Summerside Guides.

The first and third Company of Summerside recently enrolled 11 girls as Guides. Mrs. B. D. Elderkin reports that the ceremony was carried out by Mrs. D. C. Tompkins, District Commissioner, who gave a most informative talk on Guiding. This was the first enrollment with the new Leader and she says that the whole ceremony went through splendidly and that she was very proud of her girls. Training is what counts when these sort of special events arise and Mrs. Elderkin is to be congratulated. Those enrolled were: Janet Horne, Elizabeth Nicholson, Catherine Esley, Ethel Jenkins, Edith Poole, Diane MacQuarrie, Myrna Hancock, Mary Shaw, Irene Mountain, Joyce Bell and Janet Bell. (Happy Days and Good Guiding to all you new Guides) Church Parade was attended by 35 Guides and the Brownies and the Colours were carried. The Guide Prayer and Hymn were said by the Guides, who all presented a real smart Guide appearance.

International Parcels

Have you sent your parcel yet and notified Miss G. Hart, time is getting short. Do not let P. E. I. our little Province be the one to fall short of our allotment, get it off NOW.

HUNTER RIVER W. M. S.

The regular monthly meeting of the Auxiliary of the United Church W. M. S. of Hunter River met on Thursday evening, February 2, at the home of Mrs. L. W. Ripley. Mrs. LePage presided, and the meeting opened with the worship service. The theme for the meeting was "The Church, the Household of Faith". Hymns sung were: "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord" and "Rise Up O Men of God".

A reading, "This is the Church of My Dreams", was given by Mrs. Howard Christie. Mrs. J. E. Andrews assisted in the worship service. Chapter four of "Growing With the Years" was presented by Mrs. Ripley, Mrs. Cousins and Mrs. Seaman. The offering was received and dedicated.

Minutes of the last meeting were approved as read. Roll call was answered by sixteen members and one visitor.

It was decided to send the "apron" out again. Mrs. Emmet Bernard gave the report of the Mission Band. Friendship calls totalled 51 home and one hospital. Mrs. E. A. Bernard, Mrs. John Craswell and Mrs. Fred Smith were appointed to have charge of Study Book for March meeting. Roll call word - Heart.

Some discussion followed regarding World Day of Prayer service to be held February 24. Mrs. Seaman, Temperance Secretary, read an article on conditions in Britain in gambling and drinking. Mrs. Cyril Smith gave the report of the Presbyterian held in Charlottetown. Mrs. J. S. McLeod gave a report on the W. M. S. advance in Dollars.

Lunch committee for the next meeting, Mrs. John Craswell, Mrs. Donald Bulman and Mrs. LePage.

Meeting closed by repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison.

A dainty lunch was served by Mrs. Ripley, assisted by committee.

ICEBOUND SUB-CONTINENT

Of the Antarctic's 5,000,000 square miles, probably less than 100 square miles are free from permanent ice covering.

BOTH OVER 21

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"This is how," Wallis described the secluded bit of deck. "Find it and get down out of sight. Sometime today she and I are likely to have a little conversation there. The rest is up to you."

"Put a little warmth into it," the other besought him.

"You take what you can get. This is no machine. Who do you think I am—Robert Taylor?"

Exactly what complications had arisen in Maids's career toward mid-afternoon Wallis did not learn, but there seemed to be prospects of riot when the girl caught his glance and turned up her own despairingly. He gave himself plenty of time. When he reached the rendezvous she was already there, her bright hair fluffing in the wind, her lips pouted, and her eyes uncertain between laughter and annoyance.

"Things happen too fast on this old ocean. I can't cope."

"What's my cue?"

"You might begin by saying you're sorry for turning on me about the pictures."

He swept off his white cap with a fine flourish. "Lady, behold me at your feet." That would have been a starter for Metzy's camera, had he been there. But there was no sign of him.

"No. I can't see you at anybody's feet. You're not the type."

The wind, gusty where they stood, whipped her hair back in wreathy strands from the broad forehead, freshened the hue of her cheeks, played with the sensitive corners of her mouth. Artistic appreciation mounted in Wallis Kane's soul. What a snap for an expert camera man! Where was Metzy?

The girl sat down and lifted her face. She might almost have been posing consciously. "I want to ask you something. Is it true that you're going on the screen?"

"Good Lord, no! Where did you dig up that notion?"

"Some girl on the pier said you were."

"Do I look like the flapper's dream-come-true?"

"You look like the sacred white ibis of Egypt, if you ask me. Why don't you borrow some civilized clothes?"

"Why don't you pose for Metzy?"

"Because I don't choose to. Isn't that enough reason?" she returned tauntingly.

"Do you always expect to have things your own way?"

"Not with you."

"Lady, wherein have I failed you?"

"Are you going to ask me to dance this evening?"

"Haven't you got a large enough troupe of performing seals without including a white one?"

"Is that a nice way to talk about my friends?"

"There's a flavor of ultimatum in what you're putting up to me. Conquering woman, drunk with power and success."

"Now you're laughing at me again." She leaned away from him, her fingers interlaced behind her neck. A perfect pose. Duck soup for Metzy and his little lens, Wallis reflected. He mouthed a dolorous droop. "And I'm trying so hard to like you," she pouted. "On Mr. Metzger's account, of course. Cooperation and all that. Wouldn't it be funny if I found myself doing it?"

"Like me? Some of my friends do," said he. "But they're an undiscriminating lot." His appreciation of her proximity warmed from the artistic to the personal and masculine. "What is this?" he asked. Experiment?"

To his surprise she answered quite simply. "Yes."

"How has it worked with others?"

"I haven't tried." Of course. That's what she'd say anyway. No, it wasn't. Not this girl. She'd talk straight talk.

"I'm something of experimentalist myself," he remarked, and wondered what there was in her direct, unwavering gaze to make him feel that his comeback was a little cheap, and quite insufficient. If she was giving him a lead for an ordinary petting party, it would quickly enough solve itself into its familiar elements. He bent over her. Metzy had momentarily passed out of his mind. Maids did not move. Her eyes were still steady upon his, but there had come into their depths a flickering light of speculation, of daring, of challenge and venture mingled with what might be mockery. His mouth met hers.

Who first drew away he could not have said. He knew that her pulse had leapt in the same startled measure as his; knew it from the sudden amazed light in her eyes, the swift start of her body against the pressure of his arm.

"I didn't mean that," she muttered. Then incongruously, "Please."

Chapter XIII

Wallis Kane was no spring chicken where women were concerned, but neither was he a skeptic or a cynic. This, he realized without hesitation, was honest. "Sorry," he said, loosed his hold of Maids and put his hand over hers.

In the long silence her look, still unveiled to him, kept its steadiness. "I'm glad you said that. It might have been rather bad for me if you hadn't."

The unexpected simplicity of it provoked his instinctively protective response! "You're very young."

"Over twenty-one." She managed a smile to go with that.

A treacherous lull in the wind spread momentary quiet about them. Through it sounded a low and steady whirr. With horror Wallis recognized it; the spinning gears of Mr. Metzger's apparatus. Wildly he stared around but could locate nothing. Maids said with a pummed frown. "What's that?"

It was an occasion for swift improvisation. "A winch," said Wallis. "What's a winch?"

If he had known, it had fled from his mind. But he had to go on. "A winch? Don't you know what a winch is? It's a sort of automatic gadget they use on boats."

To be continued

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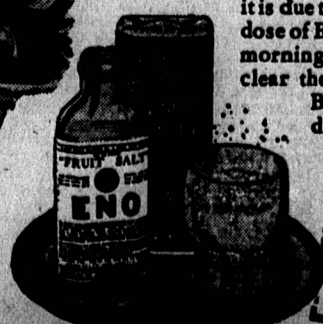
The regular meeting of the Hampton W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. C. Morrison on Tuesday evening, February 7, at 8 P. M. Due to weather and road conditions several of the members were unable to attend. The vice-president, Mrs. C. Morrison, presided. The theme being, "The Church, the Household of Faith". The call to worship was read by the leader, followed by hymn 172, "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord". Readings were given from the Missionary Monthly by Mrs. A. Best and Mrs. T. Ferguson with prayer by Mrs. William MacFarlane. Hymn 378 was sung followed by prayer by Mrs. C. Morrison. Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Roll call was answered by seven members. There were also seven visitors present. The treasurer reported \$4.10 for January, also that the allocation had been attained. At this meeting, a donation of 50 cents was gratefully received from Mrs. W. A. McQuarrie. Community Friendship secretary reported six calls. Collection for the evening amounted to \$1.85. Plans for the "World Day of Prayer" was suspended as there were so many members absent. Report from Presbyterian will be given at next meeting. Lunch was served by the committee, assisted by Mrs. Morrison. Next meeting at the home of Mrs. Mark Cameron. Program to be conducted by Mrs. M. Dixon. Lunch committee, Mrs. J. Dixon, Mrs. W. McFarlane and Mrs. M. Cameron.



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