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The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

continued Little my little life came back to Jack Moreland. He lay in a quiet upstairs room in the Dickerson mansion, a room of restful spaces and shaded lights, where steps came and went softly and the noise of the outer world was only a distant murmur. There were nurses by day and by night, quiet and cool-fingered; Mrs. Dickerson hovering over him at intervals and stir, and through it all Frances Payne, appearing and reappearing like a shining thread in a dark fabric.

When she first came he wondered in a groping way if Gloria were there too. But no Gloria appeared, and because he was so very tired he stopped wondering and sank again into the sleep of weakness.

Then things cleared for him, but still he lay in the big room and still Frances came and went. Still no Gloria. No word from Gloria all this time.

Letters came, swarms of them. He went through them with quick nervous fingers, but the one that he looked for he did not find. Mrs. Payne supervised the giving out of his mail and Mrs. Payne well knew Gloria's writing. There had in fact been two letters, which Frances had read and tossed into her grate.

He pushed the tray away and sagged back among his pillows. "Thanks, I'll read them later."

"After that he lay quiet for a long time."

She could have written, he thought soberly, without the faintest risk to herself. She could have written—if she had cared to. Others had, friends, acquaintances, servants, the entire force of McGilvary's Garage, and people whose very existence he had almost forgotten. Only Gloria had passed him in silence—washed her hands of him. Perhaps she was relieved to be rid of him.

And yet she had been kind, almost tender, on that ghastly ride down from the old quarry.

"He is brooding over this thing," he said later out in the hall. "Mrs. Payne, I appoint you a committee of one to keep my patient cheerful."

After that Frances was with him still more frequently. She read to him, talked to him, arranged his flowers, entertained him with bits of gossip about people they both knew. But never a word of Gloria Staunton.

"It's awfully good of you, Frances, to waste so much time on a derelict."

"It is purely professional pride," she assured him gaily. "I was visiting Mrs. Dickerson when you came and the doctor appointed me sub-deputy-assistant nurse. Don't I do it nicely? Please flatter me a little."

"You're a great success." He smiled, but he looked puzzled. "But I thought you were at the Ritz."

"I was," Frances dropped her eyes and seemed to hesitate. Then she raised them appealingly. "I left rather suddenly. Miss Staunton is a charming and impulsive girl, but our traditions are different. I could not brook those things, so I left. I suppose that to you who have always had more or less wealth it does not seem so important. And then the conventions mean more to us."

"The ugly insinuation was delicately made. She saw his lips tighten.

"Dear Jack," she murmured, "I wish I could make you forget all the dreadful things you have been through." She half-knit beside her, her charming brown head very near his own with eyes and lips that dared and invited. "I want to make up to you for what you have suffered."

He could have raised one hand slightly and brought her, alluring face close to his own. But he merely patted the hand near him, a trifle awkwardly.

"You have done a great deal," he said hastily. "After all we have to fight our own battles, but it is good to have friends."

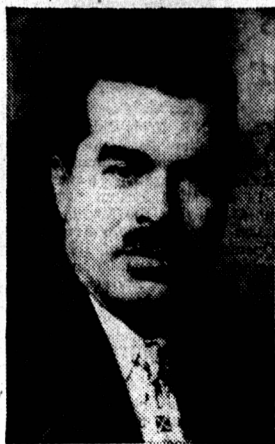
"She sought out Mrs. Dickerson eager and pliable in her skillful hands.

"Have you noticed how moody Jack seems? I am sure he is brooding over his awful experience, as the doctor said. Don't you think a sea voyage would blow those morbid fancies away? You were talking yesterday about a southern cruise in the Sea Gull. I should be so glad to remain and look after the servants if you care to go."

"Indeed you will go with us!"

Visitors From Portland, Ore. Entertained Recently By Mr. & Mrs. G. R. LePage

On Thursday evening June 29, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. LePage entertained at their home in Rusticoville in honor of Mrs. LePage's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Chester L. Toombs and son George of Portland, Ore., who arrived last week by motor to spend a month's holiday on P. E. I. The other guests were his sisters and maternal cousins. His brother Mr. William Toombs and family were unable to be present owing to illness. Mr. Toombs has resided in Portland for more than twenty years and is in the automobile business in that city. He and George, a pre-medical student at University whose hobby is taking films showed slides of former holidays in British Columbia, California, Yellowstone Park and their own home and State, and with fellowship and reminiscences. The evening was most enjoyable. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Warfield Orr, Mr. and Mrs. Davis Moffatt and daughter, Shirlee, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Buntain and granddaughter Katherine Wyand, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne MacNeill and son Eric, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Clive MacNeill, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph MacNeill and daughter Ora, Mr. Chester Bulman, Mr. Frank Houston and son Heath Houston. Mr. Toombs and family are house guests this week at his old home with his brother Mr. William Toombs and family North Rustico.



The appointment of Mr. E. W. Stevens to the post of District Manager of the Maritime Provinces for Standard Brands Limited has recently been announced by Mr. Charles Cassie, President, Standard Brands Limited. Joining the organization as a salesman in 1930, Mr. Stevens has since occupied the positions of Branch Manager—Fleischmann Products; and for the past three years has been Fleischmann Products Manager for Canada, located at the Company's Executive Office in Montreal. He has become well known to the Bakery Industry from coast to coast in this latter position, and has many good friends "down east." Mr. Stevens' family will join him shortly at Saint John, N.B., the location of the Company's District Office in the Maritimes, where they will make their home.

W.C.T.U. NOTES

THE PRIVILEGE OF CITIZENSHIP

Citizenship in every age has had the double meaning of privilege and responsibility. We have read what protection his Roman citizenship afforded Paul, the prisoner. (Acts 22: 24-30.)

It is the duty of good citizens not only to obey the laws of our country and our province ourselves in our daily life and conduct, but to use our utmost diligence to see that all laws are duly observed and impartially enforced and that a spirit of wholesome regard for law and order is cultivated throughout the land.

We owe it to future citizens that we hand down to them unimpaired the liberties we ourselves received as a heritage—our free institutions of universal education at public expense, of constitutional government, and religious freedom.

Let us quote from the Union Signal of May 21, what practical action one woman took. There are few mothers who could say what a Chicago mother said recently, "I don't want any kids in my family going wrong."

But how many mothers would do what she did after her son had gone wrong? When her 17-year-old boy confessed a robbery the mother took him to a police station, according to the Chicago Daily News, April 25.

The little item stirs conflicting emotions. First, pity for the boy, whose innate goodness prompted his confession, which he probably considered atonement enough. Then pity for the mother in her conflict between shielding her son and delivering him to justice. Pity gives place to admiration for the woman's strength of character demonstrated in her decision.

The surrender of one boy led to the arrest of two others, one with a loaded pistol. The mother's act may save three boys from lives of crime. At any rate she did all that a woman could do to save her son. All the problems of peace, all the problems of beverage alcohol—all social problems in fact—would be solved automatically if America had enough citizens like that mother. Citizens who put the welfare of the community above personal ties—and even above personal pride!

The influence women can have on the affairs of the nation too often is most seriously underestimated by themselves. Very few seem to realize that Canadian women represent more than 52 per cent of the voting strength of the Dominion.

The greatest task, nationally and internationally, facing Canadian women is to educate themselves to know what is going on, and in this way be in a position to share in preventing war and in supporting reforms.

We must acknowledge each one for her individual responsibility for the sort of government we have, the community she lives in; for they are just what we make them or permit other people to make them for us.

Let us study to be well informed on the public questions that effect our own community, and support by our influence and money the movements that produce better, more Christian living for all. Are we interested in the laws relating to children, and women, public health, temperance? Are we active in our support of law enforcement?

The Liquor Traffic flourishes because it brings wealth to those who invest in its manufacture and sales, and is supported by public officials because it brings revenue, and the Traffic, and the great political power. But the Liquor Traffic, and the social customs that support it are productive of disease, economic ruin, personal inefficiency, and broken homes. Let us inform ourselves of the facts, scientific and social, and inform the general public. Let us work unceasingly for righteousness in public affairs for the protection of public morals, for the education of young people and of children in the facts about what alcohol is and what it does.

The Churches are calling for support of the voluntary abstinence habit. Have you sought by the attractive presentation of this principle to win one friend who may not see clearly the danger of the social glass? Have you interested your W. M. S. Auxiliary in the Church's Purpose Cards? Have you interested yourself in having your Sundry school take up the National Temperance Study

Elaborate Entertainment of Business and Professional Convention Guests Planned

Miss Gertrude Love, president of the Charlottetown Business and Professional Women's Club is attending the elaborate and interesting program of entertainment planned for the enjoyment of members attending the Twelfth Convention of the Canadian Federation of Business and Professional Women when the first time in the 20 year history of the organization, A National Convention will be held in the Maritimes. The four day sessions opened at the Nova Scotian Hotel this morning and will conclude with a banquet Tuesday night, July 11.

A large reception was held by the Halifax Club in the ballroom of the Nova Scotian Hotel, Friday evening, July 7, after the arrival of the delegates from across Canada. The formal opening will take place this afternoon at ten o'clock and the opening luncheon will be held at one o'clock, this evening. There will be a banquet at the Nova Scotian when the Nova Scotia Clubs will be hostesses. Mrs. Nancy Hodges, winner of the Women of the Year award, will be special speaker. Sunday morning members will attend their respective churches and a Creed Luncheon will be held at one o'clock. In the afternoon there will be a drive to Hubbards, and a lobster supper at the Shore Club, Monday at noon the Civic Luncheon will be held and Monday afternoon the delegates will be driven via Bedford Basin and the Dartmouth Lakes to the Brightwood Golf and Country Club, where members of the Dartmouth Business and Professional Women's Club will be hostesses for tea. An informal buffet luncheon will be held Tuesday and at the conclusion of the afternoon business session, special trolley buses will take the members to H. M. C. Dockyard, where they will visit H. M. C. S. Magnificent.

Mrs. Dickerson was already bustling with a new excitement. "It will be just the thing for Jack, and we will have such a lovely trip. My dear, I will see Matthew about it at once."

It appeared in the papers shortly, a small paragraph in contrast to the scareheads of a few weeks ago. Mr. Jack Moreland, convalescing from his wounds, had left on the Dickerson yacht for a voyage in southern waters.

On another page as an item of social news was the statement that Mrs. Richard Payne was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Dickerson on their yacht Sea Gull, which was sailing that day for a tour of the Caribbean ports.

Gloria let the paper drop and stared stonily out of the window. He had recovered sufficiently to take this trip, but her letters were unnoticed. He had gone without a word to her.

That was his answer—and her punishment. (To be continued)

Burgess Stories

Continued from page 10

her sharp little eye to make sure that no one saw her. Even so she worried.

A few days after the nest was finished there were four dainty little eggs in it, little spotted eggs, the most beautiful eggs in the world, according to her way of thinking. Of course they were not the most beautiful eggs in the world but they were pretty little eggs. She and Sunshine spent a lot of time admiring them. Then she settled down on them to keep them warm and to dream of the babies that would come out of them. She was so happy in those dreams of the days to come that she forgot to worry.

One morning when she had left the nest for a few minutes to get her breakfast something happened. Yes, sir, something happened. Sally Sly slipped into that nest for just a minute. She sneaked into it, then she sneaked away. No one saw her, but when Mrs. Sunshine returned, having eaten her breakfast, there with her four pretty little eggs, a much bigger egg. She didn't need to be told whose it was; she knew. Poor Mrs. Sunshine. She sat on the edge of the nest and mournfully gazed at her four precious eggs and that one hateful one. Sunshine joined her. For once he didn't sing. They both chirped mournfully.

"Are we going to hatch that egg?" asked Sunshine.

"We are not," declared Mrs. Sunshine, "most certainly we are not!"

"What are we going to do about it?" asked Sunshine.

"Wait and you'll see," replied Mrs. Sunshine.

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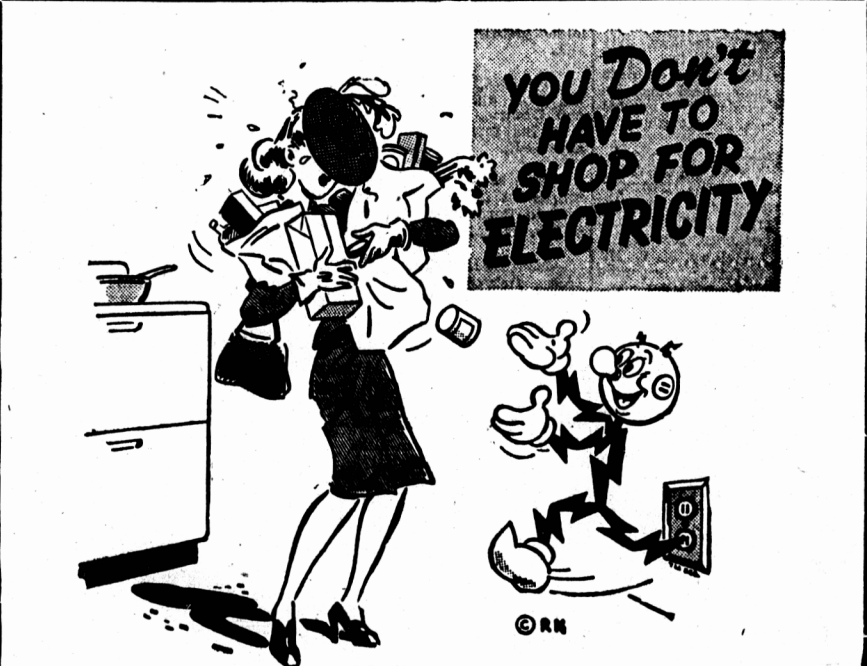
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ANNOUNCEMENT Mr. ROBERT E. TUPLIN Has Been APPOINTED MANAGER Of The ARGYLE SERVICE STATION MALPEQUE ROAD FOR BA GAS and OILS Try The ARGYLE

Course this October? The Baptist and United Church School officers to have this material to study. It may be secured from: The Canadian W. C. T. U. Headquarters, 11 Prince Arthur Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



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