



By Vaughan Kesier
The Prodigal Son

Half an hour later, off in the distance, the lights of Mount Hope became visible to Custer and his father.

"I'd give a good deal for a glass of wine and a cracker right now," said Mr. Essey, speaking after a long silence. He tilted his head and took a comprehensive survey of the heavens. "Well, we're going to have a fine day for the hanging," he observed, with the manner of a connoisseur.

"Why don't they let me see it?" demanded Custer.

"It's to be strictly private. I don't know but what that's best; it's some different, though, from that hanging I've used to see. And Mr. Essey shook his head dubiously, as if he wished Custer to understand that, after all, perhaps he was not so sure it was for the best.

"How were they different?" inquired Custer, sensible that his parent was falling into a reminiscent mood.

"Well, they were more gay for one thing. Folks drove in from miles about and brought their lunches. Sometimes there was horse racing in the morning, and maybe a shooting scrape or two. In fact, it was usually known who was to be the next to shoot hemp before the look forward to. But, pshaw! What can you expect here? Mount Hope ain't what it used to be. I remember the place when it was a feller gets his face punched down at Mike Longan's, or out at the Dutchman's by the tracks, the whole lot of 'em, but no one ever draws a gun; the feller that gets his face punched spits his teeth and goes on about his business, and that's the end of it except for the talk, but where I've been there'd be murder in about the time it takes to shift a quid."

And Mr. Essey shifted his own quid to illustrate the unexciting nature of human life in those highly favored regions.

"Don't you suppose they'd let you into the jail yard tomorrow morning?" asked Custer, to whom the hanging on the morrow was a matter of vital and very present interest.

"Well, son, ain't asked?" rejoined the little lamplighter in a rather startled tone.

"Well, don't you think they ought to, seeing that you was one of the witnesses, and found out Mr. Essey's face?"

"I won't say but what you might think they'd want me present; but Conkling ain't even suggested it, and if he don't think of it I can't say as I'll have any hard feelings," concluded Mr. Essey, with a manly shrug.

They were about to enter Mount Hope now, to their destination, the brick slaughter house which stood on the river bank, and which served conveniently to mark the end of the journey. The little lamplighter spoke persuasively to Bill, and the latter, in the hope of escaping the nearness to his own stable, conspired to make that sagacious beast shuffle forward to meet the stony road with the least amount of speed. They were fairly abreast of the slaughter house when Custer suddenly placed his hand on his father's arm.

"Hark," said the boy.

Mr. Essey drew rein.

"Well, what is it, Custer?" he asked, with all that bland indulgence of manner which was habitual to him in his intercourse with his son.

"Didn't you hear?" it sounded like a cry, said Custer, in an excited whisper.

And instantly a shiver traversed the region of Mr. Essey's spine.

"I guess you're grown, son," he answered rather nervously.

"No, don't you hear it?" from down by the creek bank, cried the boy in the same excited whisper. His father was conscious of the wish that he would select a more normal tone.

"There!" cried Custer.

As he spoke, a cry, faint and wavering, reached Mr. Essey's ears.

"I do seem to hear something," he admitted.

"What do you suppose it is?" asked the boy, peering off into the gloom, and not wishing to be short with you, I don't care a rap!" rejoined Mr. Essey, endeavoring to meet the situation with an air of pleasant rally.

He gathered up his lines as he spoke.

"Why, what are you thinking of?" demanded Custer.

"I was thinking of your ma, Custer," faltered Mr. Essey, who, though he had been gone longer than he said, it must be after eleven o'clock.

"There!" cried Custer, again, as a feeble cry for help floated up to them. "It's from down on the creek bank back of the slaughter house."

Mr. Essey was knowing a terrible moment of doubt, especially terrible because the doubt was in his own mind. He was aware that Custer would expect much of him in the present crisis, and he was equally certain that if somebody would only come that way. And he listened desperately for the cry, but all he heard was that off-repeated call for help that came wafting from the black slaughter house beyond the slaughter house. Suddenly Custer said:

HEALTH AND BEAUTY ANSWERS

By Mrs. Mae Martyn.

Esther: I was glad to read that you are recommending my almond wrinkle-removing jelly recipe to your friends. The shampoo recipe you ask for consists only of 1 teaspoonful of castor oil dissolved in a cup of hot water. It lathers freely and will thoroughly cleanse the scalp. It makes the head feel good. By shampooing the hair with castor oil every 2 or 3 weeks it will remain soft and supple. It also relieves itching and irritation of the scalp. (If troubled with dandruff read answer to Elsie.)

Worried: Waste no time on liquid preparations. Use a delicate soap made by mixing together powdered delatone and water. Apply the mixture with the fingers, rub off, wash the skin and the hair are entirely dissolved. This is a quick, harmless method, but be sure you get the delatone in an original package.

Mrs. G.: Try pyroxin on your eyebrows and you will be delighted to find how thickly they grow. By the same treatment you can make short, straggly eyelashes come in long and curly. Apply the pyroxin at night, after the hair has been washed and dried. You can buy pyroxin in a small, original package, but be careful and don't get any where no hair is wanted.

Birdie: I agree with you. A bright, clear, youthful eye is always a delight to behold. Most girls neglect to give the eyes proper care. Very few use an eye-tonic, which I think essential in cleansing the eye. I have found the following tonic to be fine for weak, tired and inflamed eyes: Go to your drugist and get one ounce of glycerine and dissolve it in pint of water. Use two or three drops in each eye night and morning. The tonic will leave eye-tonic water which will not smart. The tonic will leave eye-tonic water which will not smart. The tonic will leave eye-tonic water which will not smart.

Beulah: You are not the only girl who cannot find a face powder that pleases her. But you need not despair. There are other ways to beauty more satisfactory than face powder and the use of washes is becoming more popular everywhere. Here is a recipe for a wash that when on seems part of the skin that you can make at home and it will cost much less than any manufactured brand. Dissolve one ounce of surmex in a half-pint of which hazel or hot water and add 2 teaspoonfuls of glycerine. This will make a complete face-beautifier that whitens and softens the skin without the use of powder, and it also tends to remove pimples, tan and freckles.

sweared the call with a reassuring cry.

"Perhaps it's another murder!" he said. "Oh, my God!" gasped Shrimplin, and there flashed through his mind the horror of that other night.

"Come on!" he cried.

He was vaguely conscious that his father was not seizing the present opportunity to distinguish himself with any noticeable activity. He had expected to see that ruthless conqueror of bad men and cow-boys, the somewhat ruthless but always marvellous of the-eyed Mr. Essey, descend from his cart with astonishing alacrity, and heedless in his tried courage strike down into the darkness beyond the slaughter house. But Mr. Essey did nothing of the sort; he made no move to quit his horse. Surely something had gone very wrong with the young Bill Shrimplin of Peddler's Creek.

"Custer," began Mr. Shrimplin, in a shrill, quivering tone, "what's the matter? It wouldn't be best to drive on into town and get a cop. Why, don't you quit hollering 'May be they're killing him now!' cried Custer breathlessly.

He could not yet comprehend his father's attitude in the matter; he could only realize that for some wholly inexplicable reason he was falling back. He seemed utterly to have lost his eye for the spectacular possibilities of the moment. Surely Shrimplin, with a cop, why ask help of anyone?

"You don't need no help, pa," he said. "You don't know as I do," replied the little man, but he made no move to leave his cart, his fears glued him to the seat.

"Come on, then!" insisted Custer impatiently.

"Don't you feel afraid, son?" inquired Mr. Shrimplin, with marked solicitude.

"Well, I don't know as you need to," admitted Shrimplin. "But don't feel such a rotten fellow. I feel sort of sick Custer—sort of—"

"Oh, come on—hurry up!" cried Custer, impatiently.

"I don't know but I ought to see a doctor first," faltered Mr. Shrimplin in a hollow tone.

"Missus, I feel sick, I feel sick, I feel sick," he wailed his weak face pathetically.

"Why, you act like you was afraid!" said Custer, with withering contempt.

His words cut the elder Shrimplin like a knife, but he did not move him from his seat in the cart. He was too shocked to move.

"You bet I ain't afraid, Custer—and that's no way for you to speak to your father!"

But what he had intended should be the note of authority was no more than a feeble protest.

"Then why don't you come if you ain't afraid?" insisted the boy, who, though he was not a doctor, knew why he didn't!

"I feel rotten bad at all on!" cried the boy in fierce scorn.

Sobs choked his further utterance, while the hot tears blinded him on the instant. His idol had turned to clay in his very presence, and he wished that he might be stricken with death, since life held nothing for him.

"Why don't you be a man and go down there?" cried Mr. Essey.

"It's dangerous!" said Mr. Shrimplin.

"Then, I'll go!" declared Custer resolutely.

"What—leave me here alone?" cried the little lamplighter.

For answer, he ran to the fence; his tears still blinded him and sobs wrenched his little body. Twice he looked at a climb, but he loomed back him to the topmost rail of the rickety structure.

"Custer!" called his father.

But Custer persisted in the crime of disobedience. He slid down from the top of the fence, and, with a piteous cry, he ran to the fence; his tears still blinded him and sobs wrenched his little body. Twice he looked at a climb, but he loomed back him to the topmost rail of the rickety structure.

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"ENGLAND NOT MADE IN POOLROOMS AND SALOONS"

Canon Tucker Addresses St. George's Society at Annual Banquet—Mr. Essey, K. C., Replies to the Toast of "Canada."

The members of St. George's Society and the Daughters of England commemorated St. George's Day by holding a banquet and concert in the Knights of Pythias Hall, Dufferin Block, on Wednesday evening. The occasion was an immense success, and the numbers that were seated around the banqueting table and in the hall were limited only by the capacity of the two rooms.

Promptly at 7 o'clock, the guests sat down at a number of large tables, which were heavily laden with dainties and more substantial forms of eatables, and the ladies that waited on the tables were kept busy until after 9 o'clock attending to the wants of the diners. The rooms were gaily decorated in red, white and blue bunting, English flags and St. George's flags.

Owing to the unavoidable detention of Mr. Essey, Mr. E. T. Essey, K.C., acted as chairman for the first part of the concert, and in a brief address complimented the members and officers of the different English societies, under whose auspices the commemoration of the anniversary of the patron saint of England was held, and the returned activity among the English fraternal societies in the city.

The speaker stated that during the last three or four years the English nation and women of the city had been in the background, and he wished to remind them that Britain expects her native sons and daughters to hold their own in every part of the world. While they are loyal to the mother country, he advised them to be true Canadians, as this country was the best in the world, and that the eyes of the world were upon Canada this century.

The Mayor Is Heard.

Mayor Graham, in an address on "Citizenship," took advantage of the opportunities offered to ask those present to support the projects that will be presented to the people in the near future. "London," said his worship, "has great reasons to be proud of its beautiful situation, and the citizens should be proud of the city, accounts in the newspapers notwithstanding. Every citizen has something to be thankful for, as London is a city of homes, and without the projects in the city, we would not be the city we are. We want you to consider the projects in the unbiased manner, and so come to think the way that we want you to think and decide the way we want you to decide."

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accounts of the real and legendary histories of St. George. St. George, who lived about 1,500 years ago, was not a very good saint, and during his early life in Asia Minor was a pagan. But in later years he became Bishop of Alexandria, but the people rebelled, and he was killed, and his remains were placed in a tomb in the city. A legend finally became common and the legend was called a martyr. Finally the legend became a fact in such a manner that he was given credit for slaying the dragon, the symbol of evil world. By the manner of evolution St. George finally became the patron of chivalry, and in 1212 the synod of Oxford made him the patron saint of England.

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