

**Keziah Coffin**

Author of "Cy Whitaker's Place," "Cap'n Eli," etc.

By Joseph C. Lincoln

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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Joan Ellery stood still, with one foot uplifted for a step. The girl looked over the water and he looked at her. Then a crow, one of several whirling above the pines, sped the intruder and screamed a warning. The minister was startled and stepped back. A dead limb beneath his foot cracked sharply. Grace turned and saw him.

"Oh! she cried. "Who is it?" Ellery emerged from the shadow.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Van Horne," he said. "It is—er—L."

"You came to see the sunset, I suppose?" she said hurriedly, as if to head off a question. "So did I. It is a beautiful evening for a walk, isn't it?"

She had said precisely the same thing on that other evening, when they stood in the middle of "Hammond's Turn-off" in the driving rain. He remembered it, and so, evidently, did she, for she colored slightly and smiled.

"I mean it this time," she said. "I'm glad you didn't get cold from your wetting the other day."

"Oh! I was very wet. You wouldn't let me lend you the umbrella, so I had that to protect me on the way home."

"Not then; I meant the other morning when Nat—Cap'n Hammond—met you on the flats. He said you were wading the main channel and it was over your boots."

"It was worse than that, a good deal worse. It might have been my last cruise. I'm pretty certain that I owe the captain my life. That part of the channel I proposed swimming was exactly where two men have been drowned, so people say. I'm not a very strong swimmer, and they were, so you see."

Grace cried out in astonishment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then pointing toward the bay, she asked: "Out there, by the end of that leader, was it?"

"Yes, that was it."

She drew a long breath. Then, after a moment:

"And Nat spoke as if it was all a joke," she said.

"No doubt he did. From what I hear of your brother, he generally refers to his own plucky, capable actions as jokes. Other people call them something else."

"He isn't my brother," she interrupted absently. "I wish he was."

She sighed as she uttered the last sentence.

"No, of course he isn't your real brother, I forgot. But he must seem like one."

"Yes," rather doubtfully.

"You must be proud of him."

"I am," there was nothing doubtful this time.

"Miss Van Horne! What did your uncle say about Cap'n Nat's meeting me the other day?"

"Uncle Eben doesn't know. Nat didn't tell anyone but me. He doesn't mind. And uncle would be glad he helped you. As I told you before, Mr. Ellery, I'm not ashamed of my uncle. He has been so good to me that I never can repay him, never! When my own father was drowned he took me in, a little orphan that would probably have been sent to a home. When he needed money most he said nothing to me, but insisted that I should be educated. I didn't know until afterwards of the self-sacrifice my four years at the Middleboro Academy meant to him."

"So you went away to school?" he asked.

"That is why I don't say 'never done nothing' and 'be you' and 'take it neither.' Yes, thank you, that's why, I don't wonder you were surprised."

"She was going," said the minister had something to say. He stepped forward and walked beside her.

"Just a minute, please," he urged.

"Miss Van Horne, I do understand. I do respect your uncle. We have a mutual friend, you and I, and through her I have come to understand many things."

Grace turned and looked at him.

"A mutual friend?" she repeated.

"Oh, I know. Mrs. Coffin."

"Yes, Mrs. Coffin. She's a good woman and a wise one."

"I know. I feel the same way about her. She means so much to me. I love her more than anyone else in the world, except uncle, of course—and Nat. I miss her very much since—"

"Since I came, you mean. I'm sorry. I wish—I hate to think I am the cause which separates you two. It isn't my fault, as you know."

"Oh! I know that."

"Yes, and I object to having others choose my friends for me, people who, because of a fanatical prejudice, stand in the way of—"

"If it wasn't for that, you might call and see Mrs. Coffin, just as you used to do."

"But it's impossible. Uncle respects and is fond of Aunt Keziah, but he

Wanted to see the overhanging edge of the bluff and the sod upon which she stood was bending beneath her feet. He sprang forward, caught her about the waist, and pulled her back. The sod broke, and rolling down the sandy slope, she would have had a slight tumble, nothing worse had she gone with it. There was no danger; and yet the minister was very white as he released her.

She, too, was pale for a moment, and then crimson.

"Thank you," she gasped. "I—I must go. It is late. I didn't realize that the sunsets from this point are the finest I have ever seen. I come here every Sunday afternoon to see them."

This remark was given merely to cover embarrassment, but it had an unexpected effect.

"You do?" cried the minister. The next moment he was alone. Grace Van Horne had vanished in the gloom of the pine thickets.

It was a strange John Ellery who walked slowly back along the path. He saw nothing real, and heard nothing, not even the excited person who, hidden behind the bayberry bush, hailed him as he passed. It was not until this person rushed forth and seized him by the arm that he came back to the unimportant affairs of this material earth.

"Why! Why, Mr. Pepper!" he gasped. "Are you here? What do you want?"

"Am I here?" panted Kyan. "Ain't I been here for the last twenty minutes waiting to get a chance at you? Ain't I been chasin' you from Dan to Beersheba all this dummed—excuse me—afternoon? Oh, my godfeyes mighty!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You—you made me do it," guarded Kyan. "Yes, sir, 'twas you put me up to it. When you was at our house together, after Laviny locked me up, you told me the way to get square was to lock her up, too. And I done it! Yes, sir, I done it when she got back from meetin' this noon. I run off and left her locked in. And—and—"

"—he wailed, wringing his hands—"I ain't dast to go home sence. What'll I do?"

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which Miss Daniels Determines to Find Out.

The hysterical Mr. Pepper doubtless expected his clergyman to be almost as much upset as he was by the news of his action. But John Ellery was provingly calm.

"Hush! Hush!" he commanded. "Wait a minute. Let me understand this thing. Some one is locked up, you say. Who is it? Where?"

"Who is it? Aint I tellin' you. It's Laviny. She went into that spare room where I was 'other day and I slammed the spring lock to on her. Then I grabbed the key and ran. That was afore three this afternoon; now it's 'most night and I ain't dast to go home. What'll she say when I let her out? I got to let her out, aint I? She can't starve to death in there, can she? And you told me to do it! You did! Oh—"

"Well, then, I don't see why you can't go home and—"

"I don't want to advise your telling a lie, but you might let her infer that it was an accident. Or, if you really mean to do your own master, you can tell her you did it purposely and will do it again if she ever tries the trick on you."

"I tell her that! I tell her! O Mr. Ellery, don't talk so. You don't know Laviny, she ain't like most women. If I should tell her that she'd—I don't know she wouldn't take and horse-whip me. Or commit suicide. She's said she would afore now if—"

"Nonsense! She won't do that, you needn't worry." He burst into another laugh, but checked himself, as he saw the look of absolute distress on poor Kyan's face.

"Never mind, Mr. Pepper," he said. "We'll think of some plan to smooth matters over. I'll go home with you now and we'll let her out together."

The little house was dark and still as they approached it.

The dining room was as dark and quiet. So was the sitting room. The clock ticked, solemn and slow. Kyan's trembling knees managed to carry him to the little hall leading from the sitting room toward the ell at the side of the house. This hall was almost pitch black.

"Here's here, Miss," panted Kyan, knocking the door. "I don't hear nothin', do you? Listen!"

They listened. Not a sound, save the dismal tick of the clock in the room they had left. Ellery knocked on the door.

"Miss Pepper," he said; "Miss Pepper, are you there?"

"Miss Pepper," he called. "Abishal could stand it no longer. He groaned and collapsed on his knees."

"She has!" he moaned. "She done it and there ain't nothin' in there but her remains. Oh, my soul!"

Ellery, now rather frightened himself, shook him violently.

"Be quiet, you idiot!" he commanded. "We must go in. Give me the key."

After repeated orders and accompanying shakings, Kyan produced the key. The minister snatched it from his trembling fingers, felt for the keyhole and threw the door open. The little room was almost as dark as the hall and quite as still. There was a distinct smell of old clothes and camphor. The minister was going after a match, and said so. In a moment he returned with several. One of these he lit. The brimstone sputtered, burned blue and fragrant, then burst into a yellow flame.

The little room was empty.

John Ellery drew a breath of relief.



He Sprang Forward and Caught Her About the Waist.

gone. Come into the sitting room. Light a lamp, and let's talk it over."

The lamp was found and lighted at last. Its radiance brightened the dingy sitting room. The sound of wheels was heard in the lane by the front gate. A vehicle stopped. Then some one called a hurried good night. Mr. Pepper's fear returned.

"It's her!" he cried. "She's been abuntin' for me. Now I'll get it! You stand by me, Mr. Ellery. You got to. You said you would. But how on earth did she get out—"

His sister appeared on the threshold. She was dressed in her Sunday best, flowered poke bonnet, mits, imitation willa shawl, rustling black bombazine gown. She looked at Mr. Pepper, then at the minister.

"O Mr. Ellery!" she exclaimed, "be you here?"

The Reverend John admitted his presence. Miss Pepper's demeanor surprised him. She did not seem angry; indeed, she acted embarrassed and confused, as if she, and not her brother, were the guilty party.

"I'm awfully sorry," Mr. Ellery gushed Laviny, removing the bonnet. "You see, I was invited out to ride this afternoon and—and I went."

She glanced at her brother, reddened—yes, almost blushed—and continued.

"You know, 'Bishy," she said, "Thankful Payne's cousin's home avistin' her. He come about that cousin's will—the other cousin that's just died. He's a real nice man—her cousin is—keeps a shoe store up to Sandwich, and I used to know him years ago. When I was over to Thankful's 'other day, him and me had quite a talk. We got speakin' of what nice drives there was around Trumet and—and—er—well, he asked me if I wouldn't like to go to ride next Sunday afternoon—that's today. And a ride bet'n a good deal of a treat to me, I said I would. Thankful was goin' too, but—er—she couldn't very well. So Caleb—that's his name, you remember, 'Bishy—he come round with his horse and started. But I'd no past 'twas so late. I—meant to tell you I was goin' 'Bishy, but I forgot."

"I'm so sorry I kept you waitin' supper," gushed Laviny. "I'll get you a good one now. Oh, well, deary me! I must be gettin' absent-minded. I ain't asked you where you've been all the afternoon."

Abishal's eyes turned beseechingly toward his promised backer. Ellery could see him. But under those silver leaves was the beginning of the short cut across the fields where Didams had seen Mr. Ellery walking on the previous Sunday.

Slowly she moved the big end of the spyglass back along the arc it had traveled. She found a speck and watched it. It was a man, striding lightly with the same half mile beyond the parsonage, and hurrying in the direction of the beach. She saw him climb a high dune, jump a fence, cross another field and finally vanish in the grove of pines on the edge of the bluff by the shore.

The man was John Ellery, the minister. Evidently, he had not gone home, nor had he taken the short cut. Instead he had walked downtown a long way and then turned in to cross the fields and work his way back.

Annabel put down the glass and, heedless of her father's call, sat thinking. The minister had deliberately deceived her. More than that, he had gone to considerable trouble to avoid detection. Why had he done it? Had he done the same thing on other Sunday afternoons? Was there any real reason why he insisted on leaving the house regularly at four o'clock?

CHAPTER IX.

In Which Keziah's Troubles Multiply.

Keziah was getting worried about her parson. Not concerning his popularity with his congregation. She had long since ceased to worry about that. But what worried Mr. Coffin was John Ellery's personal appearance and behavior. He had grown perceptibly thinner during the past month, his manner was distrustful, and worst of all in the housekeeper's eyes, his appetite had fallen off. She tried all sorts of dishes, but the result was discouraging.

His absent-mindedness was most acute on Sunday evenings, before prayer-meeting, and after he had returned from the afternoon at Captain Ellery's.

"Say, Mr. Ellery," she said, on one of these Sunday evenings, "do you know, it seems to me that Ellery's meals must go to your head. You ain't in love, are you?"

The young man started, colored, and was plainly embarrassed.

"In love?" he repeated. "In love, Mrs. Coffin?"

"Yes, in love. Annabel hasn't landed a male at last, has she? She's a fine over the side for a long time."

The hearty laugh with which this was received suited the question of Annabel's success. Keziah was relieved.

"Well, I'm glad of that," she said. "I ain't got any grudge against Annabel, but neither have I got any against you. I'll say this, though, for a body that ain't in love you certainly stay with the Danielses a long time. You wait these right meetings, the noon and now it's seven o'clock and you've just got home. And 'twas the same last Sunday and the one before. Been there all the time, have you?"

"No," he said slowly. "Not all the time. I—I—er—went for a short walk."

Before she could inquire concerning that walk he had entered the study and closed the door after him.

Sunday was a cloudy, warm day,

ly confidential and cordial. It was hard work to get away, and yet, somehow or other, at the stroke of four, the minister always said good-by and took his departure.

"What is your hurry, Mr. Ellery?" beset Annabel on one occasion when the reading of Moore's poems had been interrupted in the middle by the guest's sudden rising and reaching for his hat. "I don't see why you always go so early. It's so every time you're here. Do you call at any other house on Sunday afternoons?"

"No," was the prompt reply. "Oh, no."

"Mrs. Rogers said she saw you going across the fields after you left here last Sunday. Did you go for a walk?"

"Er—er—yes, I did."

"I wish you had mentioned it. I love to walk, and there are so few people that I find congenial company. Are you going for a walk now?"

"Why, no—er—not exactly."

"I'm sorry. Good-by. Will you come across next Sunday? Of course you will. You know how dreadfully disappointed I—er—shall be if you don't."

"Thank you, Miss Daniels. I enjoyed the dinner very much. Good afternoon."

"He hurried down the path. Annabel watched him go. Then she did an odd thing. She passed through the sitting room, entered the front hall, went up the stairs, tipped by the door of her father's room, and then up another flight to the attic. From here, a steep set of steps led to the cupola on the roof. In that cupola was a spyglass.

Annabel opened a window a few inches, took the spyglass from its rack, adjusted it, laid it on the sill of the open window, and knelt, the glass at her eye. The floor of the cupola was very dusty and she was wearing her newest and best gown, but she did not seem to mind.

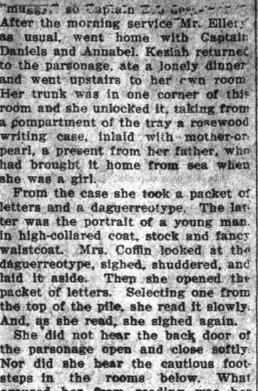
Through the glass she saw the long slope of Cannon Hill, with the beacon at the top and Captain Mayo's house near it. The main road was deserted save for one figure, that of her late car. He was mounting the hill in long strides.

She watched him gain the crest and pass over it out of sight. Then she shifted the glass so that it pointed toward the spot beyond the curve of the hill, where the top of a thick group of silver-leaves hid the parsonage. Above the tree tops glistened the white steeple of the Regular church. If the minister went straight home she could see him. But under those silver leaves was the beginning of the short cut across the fields where Didams had seen Mr. Ellery walking on the previous Sunday.

Slowly she moved the big end of the spyglass back along the arc it had traveled. She found a speck and watched it. It was a man, striding lightly with the same half mile beyond the parsonage, and hurrying in the direction of the beach. She saw him climb a high dune, jump a fence, cross another field and finally vanish in the grove of pines on the edge of the bluff by the shore.

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And She Cried Tears of Utter Loneliness and Despair.

keel over where he stood. You know why I can't marry her, nor anyone else in this round world but you."

"Nat, I can't marry you."

"Now, I know. You're always sayin' that. But you don't mean it. You can't mean it. Why, you and me have been picked out for each other by the Almighty, Keziah. I swear I believe just that. We went together when we were boy and girl, to parties and such. We was promised when I was first went to sea. If it hadn't been for that foot you had—and 'twas all my fault and I know it—your never would have let that dear—that miserable Anse Coffin come near you. I'm goin' to have you. Coffin is dead these ten years. When I heard he was drowned off there in Singapore, all I could say was, 'Serve him right! And I say it now. I come home, and then more determined to get you. Say yes, and let's be happy. Do!"

"I'd like to, Nat. I only wish I could. But 'twouldn't be any use. I can't do it."

He snatched his hat from the table and strode toward the door. Turning, he looked at her.

"All right," he said chokingly. "All right, Good-by."

His steps sounded on the oilcloth of the kitchen. Then the back door slammed. He was gone.

Keziah stared, as if the slam of the door had been an electric shock. And she cried, tears of utter loneliness and despair.

The clouds thickened as the afternoon passed. There came a knock at the dining-room door.

Keziah sprang from her chair, smoothed her hair, hastily wiped her eyes and went to admit the visitor, whoever he or she may be. She was glad of the shadows, they prevented her face from being seen too plainly.

"Good afternoon," she said, opening

the door. "Oh! it's you, is it?"

"Yes," admitted Abishal Pepper, standing on the stone step, and shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. "Yes, Keziah, it's—er—me, thank you. I only wanted to see Mr. Ellery."

"He's out. Good day."

"I wanted to ask his advice about somethin'. It's a secret. Only him and me know about it. Good-by. I'll find Mr. Ellery."

"I wouldn't go to the Danielses, if I was you. Elliknah might not like to have you chasin' after his visitors."

"Oh, the minister ain't at the Danielses, not as late's this, he ain't. I know where he is. I know where he goes Sunday afternoons—and why he goes, too. Mr. Ellery and me's good friends. We understand each other."

"Look here, Kyan Pepper! What are you talkin' about?"

"I just said I knew where Mr. Ellery goes every Sunday afternoon. He don't know anybody knows, but I do. That's all there is to it. I shan't tell. So—"

"Tell! Do you mean there's somethin' Mr. Ellery wouldn't want told? Don't you dare—I will see Laviny!"

"No, no, no, no. 'Tain't nothin' much. I just know where he goes after he leaves Elliknah's and who he goes to meet."

"Lordy! I hadn't ought to say that! See, Keziah Coffin, don't you ever tell I told you. I've said more'n I meant to. If it comes out there'd be the biggest row in the church there ever was. And I'd be responsible! I would! I'd have to go on the witness stand! Then Laviny would find out how I—oh, oh, oh! what shall I do?"

"What is it?" she persisted. "What would bring on the row in the church? Who does Mr. Ellery meet? Out with it! What do you mean?"

"I mean that the minister meets that Van Horne girl every Sunday afternoon after he leaves Elliknah's. There, now! It's out, and I don't give a darn if they hang me for it."

Keziah turned white. She seized Mr. Pepper by the lapel of his Sunday coat and shook him.

"Grace Van Horne!" she cried. "Mr. Ellery meets Grace Van Horne on Sunday afternoons? Where?"

"Down in them pines back of Peter's pasture on the edge of the bank over the beach. He's met her there every Sunday for the last six weeks—longer, for what I know. I've watched 'em. I guess likely he bet you anything they're there now, walkin' up and down and talkin'! What would I want to lie for? You come with me this minute and I'll show 'em to you."

"Bish Pepper," she said slowly and fiercely, shaking her finger in his face, "you go straight home and stay there. Don't you breathe a word to a livin' soul of what you say you've seen. Don't even think it, or—er—dream it. If you do I'll march straight to Laviny and tell her that you asked me to marry you. I will, as sure as you're shakin' in front of me this minute. Now you swear to me to keep still. Swear!"

"How—how'll I swear?" begged Kyan. "What do you say when you swear? I'll say it, Keziah! I'll say anything!"

"All right. Then mind you remember. Now clear out quick! I want to think. I must think. Got! Get out of my sight!"

Kyan went, glad to escape, but frightened to the soul of him. Keziah watched him until he turned from the main road into the lighthouse lane. Then, certain that he really was going straight home, she re-entered the parsonage and sat down on the nearest chair. For ten minutes she sat there, striving to grasp the situation. Then she arose and, putting on her bonnet and shawl, locked the dining-room door and went out through the kitchen. She was going to the pine grove by the shore, going to find out for herself if Kyan's astonishing story was true.

The pines were a deep green blotch against the cloudy sky and the gloomy waters of the bay. She skirted the outlying clumps of bayberry and beach plum bushes and entered the grove.

Then she heard low voices. As she crouched at the edge of the grove, two figures passed slowly across the clearing, along the bush-bordered path and into the shrubbery beyond. John Ellery was walking with Grace Van Horne. He was holding her hand in his and they were talking very earnestly.

Keziah did not follow. What would have been the use? This was not the time to speak. She knew now and she knew also that the responsibility was hers. She must go home at once, go home to be alone and to think. She tiptoed back through the grove and across the fields.

Yet if she had waited, she might have seen something else, which would have been, at least, interesting. She had scarcely reached the outer edge of the grove when another figure passed stealthily along that narrow path by the bluff edge. A female figure reading very carefully, rising to peer over the bushes at the minister and Grace. The figure of Miss Annabel Daniels, the "belle" of Trumet. And Annabel's face was not pleasant to look upon.

CHAPTER X.

In Which Captain Eben Receives a Caller.

At the edge of the bluff, just where the pines and the bayberry bushes were thickest, where the narrow, crooked little footpath dipped over the rise and down to the pasture land and the salt meadow, John Ellery and Grace had halted in their walk. The minister's face was pale, but set and determined, and he was speaking rapidly.

"I can't help it," he said. "I can't



Rising to Peep Over the Bushes at the Minister and Grace.

help it. I have made up my mind and nothing can change it. Nothing but you. It rests with you. If you say yes, then nothing else matters. Will you say it?"

He was holding both her hands now, and though she tried to withdraw them, he would not let her.

"Will you?" he pleaded.

"I can't," she answered brokenly. "I can't. Think of your church and of your people. What would they say if—"

"I don't care what they say."

She shook her head.

"Some of them might respect you," she said. "They would say you had been led into this by me and were not so much to blame. But I—"

"They shall respect my wife," he interrupted, snatching his teeth together, "or I'll know the reason why."

"I can't! I can't! My uncle—"

"Your uncle shall hear it from me. We'll go to him together. I'll tell him myself. He worships you."

"Yes, I know. He does worship me. That's why I am sure he had rather see me dead than married to you, a Regular, and a Regular minister. I know—I know he would never consent. His heart is set on something else. Nat—"

"Nat? Are you considering him too? Is he to stand between us? What right has he to say—"

"Hush! hush! He hasn't said anything. But—but he and uncle have quarreled, just a little. I didn't tell you, but they have. And I think I know the reason. Nat is Uncle Eben's idol. If the quarrel should grow more serious, I believe it would break his heart. I couldn't bear to be the cause of that; I should never forgive myself."

"You the cause? How could you be the cause of a quarrel between those two? Grace, think of me."

"John," she said, "it is of you I am thinking. Everything else could—might be overcome, perhaps. But I must think of your future and your life. I must. That is why—"

He did not wait to hear more. He seized her in his arms and kissed her.

"Then you do care!" he cried joyfully. "Will you marry me?"

"Don't ask me to say again, now. Let me think. Oh, do!"

She started down the path. He hesitated, then ran after her.

"To-morrow," he questioned eagerly. "To-morrow, then, you'll say that you will?"

"Oh, perhaps, perhaps! I mustn't promise. Good night."

It was after seven when Grace reached the old farm. The housekeeper, Mrs. Poundberry, was anxiously awaiting her. She wore her bonnet and Sunday gown and was evidently ready to go.

"Supper's on the table and the kettle's a-billin'. You better eat in a hurry, 'cause it's meetin' time now. Your uncle, he started ten minutes ago. I'm goin' right along, too, but I ain't dast to stay all night. She's got a spine in her back, a the feller said, and ain't feelin' good, so I told her I'd come and stay a little spell. Your Uncle Eben's mighty feeble and peaked lately. He ain't long for this world, I'm afraid. You ought to be awfully good to him, Grace."

"I know it," was the hurried reply. "Where's Nat?"

"I don't know. Can't keep track of him. Might's well try to put your finger on a flea. He's here to-day and gone yesterday, as the Scripture says. He ate a little mite of supper, but not much, and then off he puts."

She reached the gate by this time and Grace shut off the flow of conversation by closing the door. Then she took a candle from the row on the dining-room mantle, lighted it and went up to her own room. Standing before the old-fashioned bureau with its little oval mirror, she hastily arranged her hair. She did not wish to go to prayer meeting at the chapel, but she felt that she must. The Coming-Outs and shoutings, had grown more and more repugnant to her.

She blew out the candle and came out into the hall at the head of the stairs. She was about to descend when she heard voices. The door of the dining room opened and closed. She felt and certain that Nat had returned, she wondered who was with him. Then she heard her uncle's voice, speaking sharply and with unwonted sternness.

ESTABLISHED

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  - C. H. Bonisteel
  - W. H. Meyers
  - L. M. Vandervoort
  - R. C. Waldron
  - F. Meyers
  - S. J. Jenners
  - William Hazeltine
  - S. Vandervoort
  - J. Henry
  - G. Saylor
  - K. Finkle
  - A. Oajnan
  - W. W. Bonisteel
  - D. A. Parks
  - H. McCormick
  - J. W. Carr
  - A. A. Stickle
  - J. F. Rose
- TOTAL

Died In C

Mrs. James Ashfield Frances Baker of the evening at her home a lengthy illness. Surviving sister of Mr. Charles Baker of the born in Belleville. He held tomorrow in family consists of three daughter. Mr. Cha today to attend the

Electrical Me

Met Y

A meeting of the m... of the Electric... present were Messrs... son, general manager... McJellian, Toronto; G... sava, Water Resour... Walters, Napanee, A... ton, Oswald H. Scott... others.

The managers ente... edial discussion of the... problems that came up... and the means of re... vice more efficient. The... the subject of co-oper... tical Prosperity Week... It is the intention... meetings at frequent i... tures.

Oct. W. G. Ketcheson... yesterday for a s... Mrs. Douglas Paton... a guest at Sidney Cott...