WOMEN and THE HOME

POPPY DAY HAS SUPPORT OF C.W.L.

Members of League Urged To Attend Social Hygiene Exhibit.

WORKERS ORGANIZED

Miss Jessie Macfie Appointed to Committee For Centennial Arrangements.

Poppy day is to be supported by the Catholic women's league. This decision was made at a meeting of the organization held this week, over which Mrs. J. J. Roach presided. Teams of workers were organized to assist in the sale of poppies, and include the following: Catholic women's league, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. B. McCormick; St. Mary's unit, Mrs. J. Ryan and Mrs. W. McCafferty; St. John's unit, Mrs. Nulty and Mrs. Harding; St. Michael's unit, Mrs. M. Corcoran; Sacred Heart unit, Mrs. J. Welch and Mrs. Donohue. St. Patrick's parish will also send representatives to assist in the work.

Announcement was made during the session of the social hygiene exhibit to be held in the Royal bank building on Nov. 23, and the members were urged to attend. Jessie Macfie was appointed the league representative to the commit-tee for the arrangement of centen-

nial festivities The meeting was well attended.



in 10 have discarded old hygienic methods for this new way

WHEN the world started ex-pecting more of women, the old-time "sanitary pad" had to go. Doctors urge a new way. Millions without a second thought, any time, anywhere. You meet every day un-

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cotton pad! Thoroughly deodorizes . . . thus ending ALL fear of offending.

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KOTEX No laundry-discard like tissue



eat anything. Others enjoy only foods carefully prepared and deliciously

SAUCE

season ed. For roasts, steaks, chops and soups, this latter group insists on Brands. BRAND & CO., Ltd. Lendon, Eng.

Harold F. Ritchie & Co. **BRAND'S** "A-1" SAUCE

That are Mums at popu-

lar prices. THE WEST FLORAL CO.

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W. J. Laskey, Great Grandson of Laura Secord, and Mrs. Laskey Mark Golden Wedding at Their Home on Central Avenue.

An interesting event of recent date remained in that country for four years, and was within a short distance of where General Custer was and Mrs. W. J. Laskey, who, for nearly 60 years, have been residents in this city. Messages of congratufriends, wishing them joy on their

golden wedding day.

Fifty years ago a quaint young bride, Miss Grace Loiuse Guymer, daughter of Mrs. Harriet Guymer of this city, became the bride of W. Y. Lorloy at St. Lames, Presbyterian at St. James' Presbyterian church, always referred to in those days as the Pepper Box. Rev. Davis Camelon was the officiating clergy-

Following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Laskey took up residence on Clarence street and have continued to live in London since that time Both the principals of the occasion had interesting adventures before taking the great adventure, which

of adventures.

Mr. Laskey was born at Lundy's Lane, of United Empire Loyalist stock, being a great-grandson of the beloved Laura Secord. As a youth of 17 years he joined the northern army in the American Civil war and fought under General Thomas; marched in General Sherman's army on the famous march to the sea, and was finally wounded at Nashville, Tenn. Later Mr. Laskey, still thirsting for new experience, joined the American army fighting in Mexico;

finally returned to his own country in this city. Messages of congratual he settled in London, where he met lation came from their children and his Guymer and the wedding of 50 years ago resulted.

The union was blessed with a fam-

ily of 11 children, six sons and five daughters, including W. J. Laskey of Yakima, Wash.; R. M. Laskey of Cleveland, Ohio; C. L. Laskey of Detroit; George Laskey of Cleveland; one son, F. A. Laskey, decased, and Mrs. Polyer, Nobles of Tables. and Mrs. Robert Noble of Talbot street; Mrs. H. C. Tull of the Allan apartments; Mrs. D. L. Hoover of Windsor; Mrs. Hiram Stillson, Oxwindsor; Mrs. Hiram Stillson, Ox-ford street, and Mrs. E. J. Dewan, Blackfriars street. There are be-sides 344 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren in this interest-

ing connection, Another noteworthy feature of the they have declared many times was the greatest and happiest of all. Mrs. Laskey had crossed the Atlantic with her parents from her birthplace in Norfolk, England, as a small child, and her husband had a whole series of adventures. of the heroine who bore strong

Social and Personal

Mrs. W. E. Kelly, Ridout street St. Marys, Nov. 9 .- The first bazaar south, was a guest with relatives in Goderich for the holiday. of the season was held here recently

Mrs. Tamblyn, Sen., of Toronto is a guest with her son, Dr. W. F. Tamblyn, and Mrs. Tamblyn, in this city. under the auspices of the Excelsior mission circle of the United church, and it proved to be a success. The Mr. and Mrs. Bert Summers and

daughter Bethel spent the Thanksgiv-ing holiday with Mrs. Angus Putty in with different colored streamers, and a further touch was added to the decorative scheme by branches cov-Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Baker of Toronto ered with pretty pink blossoms ar-ranged in the booths and around the spent the Thanksgiving holiday with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McNaughton, Duf-

ferin avenue. Mrs. James Durand of Port Huron is spending the week with her sister.

Mrs. F. Chambers of Tecumseh ave nue, South London. Mrs. John Stevely returned to town last evening, following a trip to Chicago with her son, Mr. Hilliard Stev-

ely, who went on to California. circle, was in charge of the affair, and the conveners of the booths were as follows: Fancy work, Miss Olive

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Tweed and son Walter of Waterloo were guests with Mrs. A. E. Miller at her home on Elmwood avenue over the holiday week-

Mr. James McLaughlin has returned

home-made cooking and candy, Mrs. Denny and Mrs. E. Dunseith; towels,

You ask for it without hesitancy imply by saying "KOTEX," at any rug or department store. Costs by a few cents. Proves risky old

"Nurse Jane and my wife will "Nurse Jane and my wire whith hardly believe me when I get back to my hollow stump bungalow, and tell them about the green rain," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. The rabbit gentleman had found a little cave in the side of the hill, and into this hole he jumped to keep from being pelted with the round, green things that

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MAH JONG FROCK.

A mah jong frock from Molyneux

ST. MARYS BAZAAR.

various booths in the Sunday school

rooms were attractively decorated

There was a large display of dainty

ancy work, aprons, home-made

various booths were well patronized

while the tearoom was a busy center throughout the afternoon. In the

evening from 6 till 8 o'clock a sup-

per was served. Mrs. S. C. Joyce, president of the Excelsior mission

cooks: aprons. Mrs. P. Allmark:

epresent the winds.

borders on the

were falling in the forest. "It must be green rain—it can't be anything else unless it's green hail, and that's worse," said Uncle Wiggly. rubbing his pink nose where one of the round, green objects had struck it." And someone else must be getting pelted by the green rain," went on the rabbit gentleman as he heard the shouts in the woods. "But they seem to like it!" chuckled the bunny, who was no longer afraid, now that he was safe in the shelter of the

For the shouts he heard were: "Oh, joy! Ien't this fun! Hurray! This is just what I wanted!" and then through the trees came scampering Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, and behind him was a cat boy.
"Well, I'm glad none of the bad chaps were doing that shouting," said Uncle Wiggily. "But why are you so glad about the green rain, Johnnie?" with the claws in, only, instead of

he asked the squirrel boy.
"Green rain!" chattered Johnnie.
"Green rain! Where do you see any
green rain?" And the cat, who was following the

squirrel boy, mewed: "Green rain! Where do you see any green rain?"
"All about us," answered Uncle Wiggily, pointing to the ground, and wondering why the cat repeated what

Johnnie said.
"Ha! Ha!" laughed Johnnie. "That green rain. Those are green nickory nuts that are falling from "I heard Johnnie the first time,"

"I heard Johnnie the first time, spoke Uncle Wiggily, looking side-ways at the pussy lad.
"Don't mind him," whispered Johnnie. "He's a copy cat! He does everything I do and says what I say."
"Um! Quite remarkable!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, and the copy cat did the same thing. Then Mr. Longears looked more closely at the green things on the ground, and, surely enough, they were hickory nuts in their green shells. Hickory nuts grow

inside a sort of green envelope, just as do chestnuts, only the hickory nut outer shells have no stickers on them "Im glad there are so many hick-ory nuts!" chattered Johnnie, "for they will be food for us this win-

ter."
"Food for us this winter," repeated the copy cat. Uncle Wiggily was just going to tell the pussy chap it wasn't polite to do this sort of thing when, all of a sudden, through the bushes

an of a sudden, through the bushes came jumping the Fuzzy Fox, yowling and growling.

"Oh, dear! Can I be dreaming or do I see Uncle Wiggily!" barked the Fox, and he rubbed his eyes with his paws to get the dust out so he



"He's a copy cat!" whispered. Johnnie.

could see better, for he wanted to make no misake. "Oh, dear! Can I be dreaming or rubbing his own eyes, the copy cat rubbed the eyes of the Fox! Ha! Ha! And the copy cat rubbed the eyes of the Fox very hard. "Stop! Stop! You're scratching me!" howled the Fox, and away he

ran as fast as he could go, while the copy cat snickered and said, mocking the Fox: "You're scratching me! You're scratching me!" "Well, copy cats are of some use in

this world after all," spoke Uncle Wiggily, and this time the copy cat was polite and didn't repeat. Soon

after that he went away.

The rabbit gentleman was helping
Johnnie pick up the hickory nuts
which he had thought were green rain when, all of a quickness, along the path came running a queer, old monkey gentleman, with a large hack

on his back.
"I have them! I have them!" he chattered. "O'n, I have them in my sack!" Uncle Wiggily and Johnnie were quite surprised. They wonwere quite surprised. They won-dered what the monkey had in the bag. And you shall be told tomorrow night—that is if the crabapple tree doesn't pinch the sugar cookie and squeeze out the raisin.



apartments. Miss Mary Campbell, Huron street, is to be the hostess of a meeting of the Occupational Therapy society this evening, when Miss Grace Fairley will be the speaker.

Miss Helen Uren of the College of

wedding. They visited with Mrs. Noel Mason, Edward street. An attractive event of this month

pices of the ladies' committee.

William Watson, Mrs. Dust the representatives from London at the convention of the Ontario West Baptist mission women's organization, which opens in St.

Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Mrs. W. H. Smith Huron street accompanied by her daughters, Mrs. E. H. Nelles of Norwood house, and Miss Kathleen Smith, left on Sunday for a week's visit in New York city. An interesting reception was held recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ridley, Manshall street, when many of their friends and relatives gathered there to congratulate them on their marriage, which took place

recently. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clark, of Albion street, entertained on Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Day, who are leaving town shortly to make their home in Seattle, Wash. Little their home in Seattle, Wash. Little Miss Holly Fay presented the guests of honor with a shower bouquet of handkerchiefs. Amonk those present were Mr. and Mrs. Fay. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Schott, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Rickett, Mrs. Evison, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Herman, and Mrs. Davies.

Mrs. Herman and Mrs. Davies. Mrs. Hume Cronyn recently entertained the members of the Ridley col-lege women's guild at her home on Dundas street. Mrs. Marshall Graydon was appointed secretary-treas-urer to fill the vacancy occasioned by Mrs. George Wainwright's removal to

Hamilton. Plans were made to hold two meetings annually, and the mem-bers were urged to attend the meeting to be held in Toronto next month. Following the business session, afternoon tea was served.

Miss McCorkindale, young women's Christian temperance union organizer from Australia, who has just completed a tour of the world, is expected in town tomorrow, to be a guest with Mrs. Gordon Wright, Elmwood aveman and the world, is expected in town tomorrow, to be a guest with Mrs. Gordon Wright, Elmwood aveman Miss McCorkindale comes of the world and the world with the world with

lightfully at her home on Wharn-Jack Baird, who brought the presents into the room in a large and gaily-decorated basket. When the parcels were opened and the interesting verses attached had been read, Miss Overbaugh thanked the donors in a merry little speech. The rooms were prettily arranged with 'mums in silver baskets. At the conclusion of the vent dainty refreshments were erved to some fifteen guests.

Special to The Advertiser.
West Lorne, Nov. 9.—Dr. D. F.
Webster, W. T. Merritt, Dan McPhee,
Dan McKillop, J. A. Fuller, Wm.
Ollett of West Lorne, and R. Barker
and son, C. E. Barker, of Leamington, have gone to Northern Ontario, where they will spend two weeks hunting

An Adventure of the Great Lakes

By HAROLD TITUS

INSTALMENT 33. For a long interval after John made that declaration the old man stood watching him silently. Then

he asked: "And then what, John? Even if you can make it, then what?"
The other was watching with pracised eye the action of the other tug in the seas, the lurch as she took the

waves, the lurch as she took the waves, the upward swing and twisting roll of her stern as the hills of water flowed under her.

"That's another 'hing." he said, finally. "I don't know yet. I'll settle that when the time comes. But Janet's there; she needs somebody. I'm the one to go, and getting there is ail that bothers me!"

Yes. he was the one to go. Not

Yes, he was the one to go. Not because of his leve for the girl but because of the three aboard the Wanderer, his was the only strength which would serve to combat that of the girl's captor. A struggle was the girl's captor. A struggle was to be taken for granted; nothing else

to be taken for granted; nothing else would follow his boarding of that floundering craft.

But he was not thinking of what he would do. He was merely considering how he could put himself in a position that would make it possible for him to meet whatever was to be met aboard that other tug.

Years before, when he went up to take examination for his master's papers, he had had a problem put to him which involved the following situation: A ship, helpless, with no power, is rolling in the trough of the power, is rolling in the trough of the seas. It is impractical to launch small boats. How would the com-

mander of a rescuing ship put men aboard to give aid?
And the answer to that had been simple: He would run up the seas, at right angles to the length of the dis-

right angles to the length of the dis-abled craft, but his rail against her bow, and the men aboard.

The thing before him now, though, was different from that or any other problem he had ever encountered.

This craft he must board tonight was under way: her compander would under way; her commander would want, of all things, to keep him off. The seas were tremendous, the dark-Alderman Linnell of this city has joyable holiday with his sisters, the ness absolute. First, he must move open enjoying a short holiday in Chi-Misses McLaughlin, in the Colonial without betraying his presence, and second, he must maneeuvre so as to board her over the stern, the only possible place where he could put the Wanderer near enough and yet avoid disaster. At that, the risk of touching and at least betraying his plan

was great. Even then, he could not run di-Even then, he could not run difference of Education, Toronto, was a guest with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Uren, at the Colborne United parsonage over the holiday week-end.

Even then, he could not run directly up to the stern, for his own deck at the bow was not open. Nor could he go outside, cling to the housing and drive through those seas at the Colborne United parsonage over the holiday week-end.

Mrs. E. Wyatt and sons, Bobby and Billy, of Detroit, were guests in town yesterday for the Quigley-McGregor wedding. They visited with Mrs the curving structure to carry him

Until then the Wanderer's speed will be the bridge-luncheon to be held at the Highland Golf club on Tuesday, November 17, under the ausnow Goodheart signalled for full now Goodheart signalled for f speed, put his wheel to port, and

Miss Frances Millyard of Pori Huron, Miss M. Stone of Essex and Mr. C. D. Millyard of the College of Pharmacy. Toronto, were holiday guests with Rev. and Mrs. J. E. J. Millyard at the Wesley United parsonage.

Mrs. William Watson, Mrs. Dust Mrs. Miss Frances Millyard at the Wesley United parsonage. and Mrs. J. Arneil of the Egerton not the imagination necessary to meet this situation. Alone, or with a less

nan he knew to be Carl Garrison. Away to starboard they swung, Away to starboard they swung, rolling frightfully, leaving Haines to the northward, running so until the green of his starboard light was visible. Then the wheel went over sharply and the Wanderer reared as in surprise, shipping tons of water in against the pilot house as she made that sharp alteration in her

course. They stood back, holding well ahead Haines' course at forced speed. She shivered in every rib; it seemed as though the stout white oak must give with those tremendous impacts, but the screw beat feverishly, unfalteringly driving the Wanders on in a of the green light, driving across Haines' course at forced speed. She ingly, driving the Wanderer on in a

bearing straight at her, their bow on the North Star's rail amidships, and

its seemed as though they must—
"You'll ram him!" Ezra croaked.
One of Goodheart's hands twitched as though he would let the Wanderer fall off, for it did seem as if collision were inevitable. But the wheel did not more They did not strike They not move. They did not strike. They slipped past, climbing to the crest of a comber, while the United tug rolled her stern toward the black sky, and not a fathom of water was between the two tugs when their courses

crossed.
"Too slow!" grumbled John, as he

Mrs. Gordon Wright, Elimotod avernue. Miss McCorkindale comes on
from Philadelphia, where she has
been a much-feted guest. While in
London, she will address a meeting
of the Wright W. C. T. U. tomorrow
of the Wright W. C. T. U. tomorrow
light came into view, but Goodheart London, she will address a meeting of the Wright W. C. T. U. tomorrow afternoon and on Thursday she will speak at the district meeting of the (Methodist) W. M. S. of the London he swung back it was not with the sharp turning he had tried before. Miss Vera Morrison entertained de- He circled slowly about, holding his own, perhaps gaining a bit on Haines

> arm muscles knotted as he held her steady, and for the second time old Ezra cried out that disaster impended. And it did!
> That starboard light seemed to go

> where names and salest stoot, they swept. The North Star seemed to do no more than crawl, while the Wanderer appeared to be flying straight at her, straight on to ram and sink her and perhaps send themselves to the bottom as well.

SPINDRIFT

than a foot apart! A man could have stepped there! He brough: her up and smiled

age, of purpose seeping into him from this younger man, this outcast, this lad who was called a murderer and

they swung into the seas, regained speed, and again quartered away from the other boat.

He spoke: "Of course, it may not work out. Something may happen. If it does—follow him until morning and—may God bless you! If whatand—may God bless you! If what-ever I have to do gets done, a long blast means all's well and homeward bound. S'long, Cap'n. Good luck!" So they parted, Goodheart sliding the pilot house door shut behind him. He found the deck thickly coated with ice and had to cling for sup-port to hold his footing. He had not reckoned on that, and so, as they held off to make that trial again, he held off to make that trial again, he slipped and slid back to the engineroom, opened the door on the

The engineer jumped as though startled. "Oh, you! What the hell's comin' off out——"
"Good work, Mac! You're givin' her
"Base me up a bucket

board side and called to McNabb, who

was watching his water gauge.

eyes dancing with excitement, called:
"Whatever it is, good luck."

John went forward cautiously, passed around the pilot house, looked out into the night, and shook his head doubtfully. The tug was careening as though she would go over and bear him down beneath her hulk. The froth of a frustrated roller gleamed indistinctly out there, licking in toward the mil. ing in toward the rail, trying to reach the vitals of the craft that had split the vitals of the craft that had split and mocked it, and water that had mounted the for'd housing roared down on the deck just beyond him.

He could beat that sea! He could beat that lake! He had beaten it on many occasions, but perhaps he was exercising his supremacy for the last time now. The thought swept through him like a heavy, sudden sickness. He could beat the lake he was willing to risk anything that awaited him on that other tug, but through him like a heavy, sudden sickness. He could beat the lake, he was willing to risk anything that awaited him on that other tug, but in his mind, deep there in his brain, was the little something which made him a pawn in the hands of fate, which made him a convict instead of a free man. . A convict!

holding a moment, disappearing as a sea tossed up to shut off his view. He looked upward at the pilot house and could just make out the shadowy figure of the old cap'n. He knew how the old fellow was standing, feet spread hands gripping the

The man's heart was racing until it seemed as though its pulse would smother of spray.

The other craft became discernible again, once more a gray, pitching and groped about the lifter for a brail, blob in the night. The green light went out of their vision. They were were the sufficient of the sufficient to the sufficient of the s waited but it was better to go with something more than empty hands. He picked up his bucket of ashes

The North Star had left that crest and scattered the gritty flakes along the ice-sheathed rail. Then, buttoning his jacket close, holding his simple weapon in one hand, he lit was a crazy, floundering leap, and unsightly—while the plication of peroxine power water dissolve them right the skin soft and the place of the skin soft and the place o

"That'll do, Cap'n. Can you hit the bull's-eye?"
Until then the old man had been unsteady, hesitant, bewildered by all that had happened in so brief a time, but when the smile faded from John's face, Ezra felt new respons-ibility descend upon him. It was up-to him to go through that crazy manoeuvre. No one else was aboard who could handle the wheel, and he nad a feeling as though new blood were flowing into his veins. It was a transfusion of strength, of cour-

a convict by other men!

The old cap'n squared his shoulders and stepped to the wheel.

"It's nothing that's ever been done afore," he said, flatly . . "It's something that's got to be done now, I guess. We'll do it, Johnny!"

Goodheart stood beside him while they swung into the seas, regained

all she's got. Pass me up a bucket of ashes. Can't take time to talk it over now." The ashes came up and McNabb,

"Thanks."

stanchion by the lifter and leaned out slip past without ramming the other over the rail. Nothing but the night.

Then the flash of that emerald eye, the cap'n was swinging her, swinging her that

ents together. Add Crown Brand Syrup to buttermilk and mix quickly with dry t in the Mazola last. Bake in gem pans EDWARDSBURG

Then write for our latest Recipe
Book—free. It tells you how
CROWN BRAND—besides being a delicious
table syrup—can be used in cooking to
make many appetizing dishes.

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A wineglassful four times daily Price 35c-3 Bottles for \$1.00 Every Drug Store Sells It Malt Tonic THE REAL STRENGTH

mounted to the rail, arm hooked and as soon as he

to be rushing toward them instead of they charging it. It came on with dismaying swiftness. They were closing that distance between the two with a burst of speed such as John had never thought the Wanderer had.

But he worked his loft allow and the results of the worked his loft allow and the results of the worked his loft allow.

which made him a convict instead of a free man. . A convict:

That feeling of despair lasted only a moment. They were swinging back into the seas again, and the sturdy Wanderer shook and shivered as her propeller bit the depths and drove her onward.

John hooked his arm about a stanchion by the lifter and leaned cut ellip part without ramming the other.

with a burst of speed such as John had never thought the Wanderer had in her.

He swung far outward to see better and gasped as old Ezra altered with a twitch and a gasp rolled up and over and flopped breathless on the deck!

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.) the cap'n was swinging her, swinging her off as she sidled up the sea that the North Star was just then surmounting. The how would clear the cap'n work of the Captal Capt mounting. The bow would clear the and Friday, is made up of Miss Sarah North Star's stern now. In another Gibney, director; Miss Florence Kidshadowy figure of the old cap'n. He second Goodheart would be put down ing, feet spread, hands gripping the spokes, chin drawn in, eyes unblinking.

They holded as gript to the low was standing feet spread, hands gripping the spokes, chin drawn in, eyes unblinking.

They holded as gript to the low was standing feet spread, hands gripping the was his objective above him, as high was his objective above him, as high Blackheads Go Quick

> ward with confidence!
>
> He heard the rattle of the steering gear even above that mad hubbub.

He felt the Wanderer swing up again And then water boiled about his

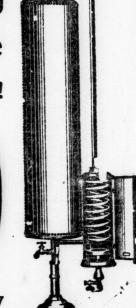
Blackheads Go Quick By This Simple Method. By This Simple Method.

Blackheads—big ones or little ones—
soft ones or hard ones—on any part
of the body, go quickly by a simple
method that just dissolves them. To do
this get about two ounces of peroxina
powder from your druggist—sprinkle a
little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the
blackheads briskly for a few seconds—
and wash off. You'll wonder where the
blackheads have gone. Pinching and
squeezing blackheads only open the
squeezing blackheads only open the
and unsightly—while the simple a—
plication of peroxine powder and the
water dissolve them right out, leaving
the skin soft and the pores in their

\$2.50 INSTALLS A RUUD Gas Water Heater In Your Home

Think of it! For only \$2.50 down you can have abundance of hot water almost instantly. No more filling up pails and tubs for the bath. Just turn on the tap and get all the hot, boiling water you

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CITY GAS CO. OF LONDON

213 DUNDAS ST.

Commercial Department

DEER-HUNTING PARTY.

Maisie Overbaugh, whose marriage takes place this week. During a happy evening the honored guest was Again they saw the gray, heaving presented with a lovely variety of blob which was the runaway tug apgifts, the presentation being made by Master Donald Morrison and Master light had been. Again Goodheart's

out. Straight at the pilot house where Haines and Janet stood, they

selves to the bottom as well.

But Goodheart knew what he was about. He knew the responsiveness of his tug and when there was less than a length to go and collision seemed inevitable, he let the wheel off with a spin and sprang to the starboard window of the pilot house, pressing his face to the glass.

They swept past with the rails less