WOMEN and THE HOME

W. M. S. CONVENES IN AVON CHURCH

Londoners Speak at Afternoon Session—1926 Convention To Be At Aylmer.

Special to The Advertiser.

Avon, Oct. 11.—The St. Thomas district convention of the Women's Missionary Society was held in the United church, Avon, recently. Mrs. J. N. Gould of Port Stanley, district superintendent, took the chair. The morning session opened at 9:30. Devotional exercises were conducted by the Corinth auxiliary.

Reports of the auxiliaries, with plans for the year, were given by the auxiliary delegates from the different stations. An auxiliary conference was held, subheaded "Wanted Leaders," by Mrs. J. N. Gould, Port Stanley; "Planning the Program and Study Book," Mrs. Robert Hicks, St. Thomas; "The Watch Tower and How Conducted," by Port Stanley auxiliary; "Membership—What Are We Doing To Fill the Gaps?" Mrs. Wm. Henderson, Sparta; "Prayer and Personal Work," Harrietsville auxiliary.

Roll-call of circles and bands, with reports and plans for the year, were then heard. Prayer for missions in Canada was led by a Brownsville representative.

The afternoon session was opened by praise and prayer, conducted by the Aylmer auxiliary. Minutes of the morning session were read by Mrs. Cecil Smale, secretary-treasurer, Port Stanley. A conference on circle and band work was conducted by Mrs. R. S. Heard of St. Thomas, branch corresponding secretary, subheaded: "What Is the Rest Fund and How Do You Take Your Offering For Same?" by Miss Maud Smith, Avon Circle; "What Ways Have You For Raising Money," Grace church, St. Thomas; "Membership For Bands," Mrs. C. Smale of Port Stanley; "Relationship of the Auxiliary to the Circle and Band Members," Mrs. Cecil Smale, Port Stanley.

Mrs. W. R. McIntosh of London, vice-president of London Presbyterial, gave an interesting and inspiring address on "The Contribution of the Presbyterian Church to the W. M. S. of the United Church." Prayer for the three boards of the W. M. S. constituting the United church was offered by Mrs. Robert Hicks, St. Thomas.

Mrs. L. D. Marlatt of St. Thomas, vice-president of London branch, gave an instructive and interesting address on "The Contribution of the Methodist Church to the W. M. S. of the United Church." Prayer for China and Japan was offered by Mrs. Cozens, Talbotville.

A pageant, "Diana and Her Bills," was well presented by four girls of the Avon circle. Mrs. Gould gave the report of the district. Mrs. Gould, Port Stanley, district superintendent, and Mrs. Cecil Smale, Port Stanley, secretary-treasurer, were re-elected by acclamation.

Aylmer auxiliary tendered an invitation that the 1926 convention be held in Aylmer. It was heartily accepted. Consecration prayer and benediction, Rev. H. F. Ball, closed the sessions.

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IS SCENE OF SMART NUPTIALS

Miss Helen Baker Weds Douglas Weld on Saturday Afternoon.

RECEPTION HELD

St. Paul's cathedral was the scene of a smart autumn wedding on Saturday afternoon, when Helen Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baker, became the bride of Douglas Simpson Weld, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Weld of this city. The ceremony was performed at half-past three o'clock in the presence of about three hundred guests, the Very Rev. Dean Norman Tucker officiating.

The chancel of the church, beautifully decorated, formed a lovely background for the bridal party. Masses of green, bay trees, palms and ferns, relieved by touches of white flowers, were banked on the chancel steps, while Madonna lilies had been placed on altar and font.

The guest pews were marked off by clusters of gladioli in pale shades and feathery green cosmos foliage.

Promptly at the nuptial hour, the bridal procession appeared, led by the choir in full surplice, singing We Lift Our Hearts, O Father. They were immediately followed by the ushers, Mr. Ernest Little, Mr. George Weld, Mr. Frederick Betts, and Mr. Grant Fisher. Four charming bridesmaids, Miss Catherine Cronyn, Mrs. Patrick Hare, Miss Louise Duffield and Miss Catherine Gillespie, proceeded the matron of honor, Mrs. William Landry of Montreal, cousin of the bride.

Gowns of Bridesmaids.

All were gowned alike in silver lame, fashioned with overdresses of cherry-red georgette crepe. Large velvet bows of the same shade were tied at the side, with sashes hanging to the ground. Bandeaux of silver leaves were worn and the flowers were sheaves of cherry-red chrysanthemums tied with silver ribbon.

The bride, lovely in her nuptial robe of ivory chiffon velvet, entered the church on the arm of her father. Cut simply, with long tight sleeves, the gown was fashioned with a beautiful train of silver brocade, which fell from the shoulders. The conventional bridal veil was arranged over a bandeau of silver tissue and clusters of orange blossoms. Tiny sprigs of white heather held it in place. Her flowers were a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Mr. Ernest Weld, brother of the groom, acted as best man. During the signing of the register, the choir sang O Perfect Love, and as the bridal party left the church, the organist, Mr. Harry T. Dickinson, played the Mendelssohn wedding march.

Reception Held.

Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Baker held a reception in honor of the bridal pair at their home, 653 Talbot street, Mrs. Baker wearing a gown of silver gray and black cut chiffon velvet. Her hat was a large black model with ospreys, and she carried yellow roses. Mr. and Mrs. John Weld also received with the bridal couple, the latter wearing a gown of black baronet satin, trimmed with white fur, a black hat, and carried crimson roses.

The house was charmingly decorated with garden flowers, the bride's table being unusually lovely with jasmine. Mr. and Mrs. Weld left at 6 o'clock for their wedding trip, the bride travelling in a gown of lettuce-green Chinese damask, with an olive-green broadcloth coat, trimmed with badger, and hat to match.

Out-of-town guests for the wedding included Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dyment, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hays, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Parker, Mrs. Howson, Miss Connie Bird, Miss Miriam Elmsley, Miss Elizabeth Maclennan, Mrs. E. S. B. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Scandrett and Mrs. Milligan, all of Toronto; Mrs. W. W. Osborne, Mr. Alex. Osborne, Mrs. Snow, Miss Bell and Mrs. J. L. Counsell of Hamilton, Miss Helen Ostby of Providence, R. I.; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Landry of Montreal; Mrs. George Baker of London, England; Mrs. Hambidge and Miss Westbrook of Ogdensberg, N. Y.; Mr. Becher Weld of Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. George Weld, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Weld of Toronto.

RESIDENTS OF DUNCAN GIVE SURPRISE PARTY

Mostly Former Londoners Take Part in Event in British Columbia.

Special to The Advertiser.

Duncan, B.C., Oct. 11.—A very delightful surprise party was rendered to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fleming and Miss Olive Fleming recently, prior to their departure from this district. The party was arranged by former Ontario residents, mostly Londoners, at which place the Flemings resided, also friends from Guelph and Mount Elgin. Like the wise virgins of old the visitors saw that their lamps were trimmed and burning, and carried them with them, as owing to an accident to the power plant there is no electric light in the residential quarters of Duncan just now.

During the evening Mr. Highsted, in a short and appropriate speech, expressed the sorrow of all present at losing the Fleming family from Duncan, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Fleming and Miss Olive Fleming with small gifts from their assembled friends. The recipients made suitable replies.

A "drawing and guessing" contest, for which Miss Jean Ferguson kindly donated a plant for a prize, was won by Miss Olive Fleming.

Music supplied by Mrs. McIntosh. Miss Highsted and Mr. Woodward was also much enjoyed.

A delicious supper was served, after which Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Highsted were chosen as a committee to arrange future arrangements. The delightful party ended with the singing of a verse of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," and prayer by the Rev. Bryce Wallace.

Dorothy Dix

The New Marriage Course Should Teach Each Bride Not to Nag, Not to Criticize, To Be Diplomatic and a Good Cook.

It is announced that the University of Chicago will establish a special course to teach girls the art of home management, how to make husbands happier, and how to eliminate the worries and conflicts that so often wreck love's young dream.

Fine idea! The best education is that which best fits us to deal with the problems of our lives, and there is nothing else on earth that the average woman so much needs to know as how to be a homemaker instead of a housekeeper, and how to keep her husband blessing God that he got her for a wife instead of wondering how he happened to marry her.

Heretofore, the so-called higher education of women hasn't taken woman's ultimate destiny into consideration. Yet after a woman has taken her M.A. degree in the University of Wedlock the problem in higher mathematics with which she daily wrestles is how to spread a small income over a big expenditure. The chemical formula that she is continually trying to work out is how to make bread that won't be light one day and heavy the next. Her chief research work is devoted to finding some food that will agree with the baby's stomach, and the romance language of which she has most need is that in which she can jolly her husband along the road of domesticity.

So it is good news to hear that a great college is going to teach girls these things before marriage, instead of leaving them to find them out by long and disastrous experiences after they are married, when their hardly bought knowledge nearly always comes too late to do them any good.

Just what the course of study is to be in this how-to-be-happy-though-married course is not stated. Undoubtedly, however, the young woman who wishes to matriculate in it will have to present at entrance a certificate showing that she is a good free-hand cook.

A girl has no right to get married until she knows how to cook, and she is an imbecile to marry a man who won't agree to give her a definite allowance for running her house and her own personal needs. Furthermore, I trust that the girls will be taught:

First. That it is easy enough to make a man fall in love with you, but it is hard and never-ceasing work to keep him in love for thirty or forty years. You can't fascinate a man once and let it go at that. You have to do the trick over again every day.

The wife who wants her husband to kiss her must keep herself kissable, and for this reason there never comes a time in a woman's whole life when she can afford to slump and get dowdy and slouchy. She must always keep herself up to her best and be able to stand comparison with the other women with whom her husband is thrown in contact.

Second. To take husbands as they come; faults, aggravating little ways and all, without trying to make them over. No man marries to be reformed or to have his habits changed. Nor does he marry to acquire a critic.

There is no surer way to drive a husband to the poolroom in the evenings than not to let him smoke in the house. There is no surer method of turning him into a liar than to make such a fuss over every little sidestep that he is afraid to tell the truth about meeting an old woman friend and taking her to lunch or staying downtown for a game of cards with the boys.

Third. Not to nag. The women who can never say a thing once and have done with it slay love with the jawbone of an ass.

Yet there are women who harp for twenty years on a mistake a man has made or a foolish thing he has done, who never let him hear the end of the money he lent to a friend and lost, and who remind him a million times to wipe his feet on the doormat and not to forget to wind the clock.

Fourth. Not to whine and complain. Men have about all the unpleasantness they can stand in their daily work.

If husbands have to come home at night to a wife who deluges them with all of her own woes and who spends the evenings bemoaning the fact that she can't have all that rich women have, it takes the last spark of courage out of him. It is like after death, the judgment. Chief among the virtues that every wife should cultivate are cheerfulness and optimism.

Fifth. Students in the course of husband managing should also be taught that there is a time for all things, and especially for telling a husband bad news or asking for money.

The psychological moment for breaking the tidings of an impending visit from mother and the need of a new dress is only after hubby has a good dinner under his belt and a cigar in his mouth.

Sixth. They should be taught diplomacy and tact, how to deal with their husbands subtly and stroke their fur the right way, how to sidestep their little prejudices. In short, how to jolly them along, instead of trying to goad them along. And, above all, they should be taught to show their husbands some of the love and appreciation they feel for them, instead of taking it for granted that their husbands understand the state of their affections.

Oh, there is a grand and glorious field of usefulness for a school for wives! For most women who fail as wives fail through ignorance and not intention. DOROTHY DIX.

MISS ISABEL ARMSTRONG, who is speaking in Brantford on Tuesday night and in Exeter on Wednesday night in the interests of the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, prime minister.

WOMAN IS ACTING REVISING OFFICER

Miss Evelyn Harrison Sits With Revision Court Judges.

That women are taking a more prominent place in the conduct of political elections is demonstrated by the fact that there is a woman among the revising officers who are now sitting in the court house. Miss Evelyn Harrison, who is acting this year as revising officer for that part of the city of London which is in the electoral district of East Middlesex, held a similar office at the last election.

Persons in East London who find that their names do not appear on the voting lists, visit Miss Harrison at the court house to have the matter adjusted. They find her invested with powers similar to that of a judge. If, in her opinion, the name should be added to the list, it is written there, and the applicant may vote at the coming election. If, however, there is something which disqualifies the applicant as a voter, the request to have the name added is refused.

The Advertiser called on Miss Harrison at the court house to find out just what guided her in her decisions and discovered that Canadian law was the ultimate authority.

Judge May Not Vote.

For example a judge of the supreme court may not vote.

"Why?" asked the astonished visitor, thinking all the time that if a learned judge was considered unfit to mark a ballot, who in the world and so they are disfranchised.

"Why that is one of the strong points of our judiciary," explained Miss Harrison. "Our judges are not supposed to be influenced by politics, and so they are disenfranchised."

Among the people who will not be able to vote at the coming election are those who have moved from one electoral district to another within the last two months. For example, a man or woman who has moved from Central London to London East within the last two months, and so now comes within the electoral district of East Middlesex, will not be permitted to vote in that district.

On the other hand, persons who have had birthdays since the registrars were sitting two weeks ago and are now the required 21 years of age will be able to have their names attached to the voting list. There is even hope for the young woman or young man who reaches his 21st birthday next Wednesday, October 14, the time limit of the revising officers' sitting.

But unlucky indeed is he whose birthday falls on October 15 or the other days which intervene before election day. For no names may be added following October 14, even if it can be proved that the birthday falls before election day. These unfortunates will have to wait four long years until another dominion election comes along to cast their vote on federal house candidates.

Miss Harrison is the only woman lawyer practicing in London and is with the firm of Brickenden & Company.

ROMAN MEAL

Relieves Constipation

SPINDRIFT

An Adventure of the Great Lakes

By HAROLD TITUS

INSTALMENT 8.

Sheriff!

The word sung through Carl Garrison's consciousness like an ominous tocsin. He was impelled to turn and run but chocked back that impulse. That would mean positive betrayal and, so far, he could not be sure that his identity was suspected. Wild hope, hot fears coursed with his racing blood; it seemed an age until the sheriff stopped before Needham.

When he did halt he said, confidentially:

"Got some information up the road."

"Somebody saw him?"

Garrison went dizzy. He felt himself swaying and put out a hand for support. That hand fell on Cap'n Needham's elbow and his fingers gripped there tightly, communicating their tremor of excitement.

"Not sure. Back at Vans Harbor they saw somebody cuttin' through the brush this noon. He was a stranger, all right, but that's all we know. It looked like he didn't want to be seen. I thought I'd just let you know so you'd be on the watch tonight and early morning.

"Course, we're getting all sorts of rumors and most of 'em cause us no end of trouble. But it won't pay to overlook any bets.

"You didn't see anybody along here since I left, did you, Cap'n?"

The wait before reply seemed to Garrison to endure for ages. He was conscious that Needham's head was moving, but whether it nodded in affirmation or shook in denial he did not know. He was afraid to turn his own head so that he could see.

And then a rumbling laugh came from deep in the old fellow's chest.

"Nobody excep' Goodheart, here," he said, with a tilt of his head toward Garrison. "I've been waitin' for him three weeks now, and workin' the tug short-handed. Now he's come all the way from Milwaukee to wheel for me, you ain't goin' to run him off up to the pen, are you Bart?"

The sheriff laughed shortly.

"Guess not. Mebby it was him they saw."

"Goodheart, shake hands with Sheriff McManus," said Needham.

Carl felt his one hand go out, as though directed by some other intelligence than his. It was gripped by the sheriff's quick clasp.

"Pleased to meet you, Mister Goodheart. S'pose it was you they saw?"

Garrison's voice sounded in his own ears:

"I don't know. I'm sure. I walked in—and I took a nap under a tree. Maybe it was."

"Likely enough. Well, we'll get along. I think that cuss has slipped away into Wisconsin, if you want my private opinion. All we can do is watch, though. Keep your eyes open, boys."

"We'll do that," said Haines, somewhat sharply.

"G'night, boys."

"G'night, Bart."

Goodheart! Carl's mind centered on the name, trying to puzzle it out. An error, this? A mistake? Or had he found a friend? An old friend? Or a new friend? . . And why? .

The sheriff's car turned around, throwing the three men into the glare of its lights. Carl ducked his head from the brightness. He did not see Val Haines' face set toward Cap'n Needham, curiously marked.

The old man spoke:

"Well, Goodheart, that's a good beginnin' to bring poor little old Taffy home to his finish. I'm glad you happened along. If you hadn't. . .

"We'd ought to forget about Taffy, I expect. . . It's time to turn in. What d' you say?"

Carl heard himself mumbling: "G' night, Haines." Then, to Carl: "I'll put you up in my house until we get organized."

Garrison found himself moving slowly beside the venerable figure of the fisherman. His heart raced with excitement such as he had never experienced before, not even in these last crowded days and nights of flight. He was bewildered, he was trying not to hope.

The cap'n cleared his throat and spoke. His tone was as casual as though he mentioned the most commonplace thing under the stars, and yet he said:

"I never did believe much in circumstantial evidence, but I do now." Carl's breath caught. The other stopped before the house and looked up at the sky. "I do now. . . You can tell a lot about a man by the things he does. Stoppin' to help hurt dogs when—there's important things to do for himself."

He paused and Carl felt that he was going to shout out something foolish in his moment of relief.

Ezra went on:

"Fair weather tomorrow. We lift for chubs in the big lake. I've waited a long time for you, Goodheart. I hope you pan out. Let's see, your first name's John, ain't it?"

Carl's throat was constricted, his nostrils smarted, and his body trembled. He wanted to cry out in thanksgiving to this fine old man, but he did not; he played the game in the manner Needham had indicated he chose to play it.

"Yes, John," Carl said, flatly. "John Goodheart."

"All right, John. Now we'll go in. You can take the spare bed—for a few night."

They crossed the veranda and entered a dimly lighted room.

Down the road Val Haines stood before the boarding-house where he lived with his crew of fishermen, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

Goodheart? Was that the name he had heard Needham use in referring to the new man he expected? And was he coming from Milwaukee or Racine?

He was not sure. He frowned as he tried to be sure.

In such a manner Carl Garrison, who had been tried and found guilty of the murder of his employer, and who had escaped prison and had been hunted like a dangerous animal, found sanctuary, became John Goodheart in name and in position wheelsman of the good fishing tug Wanderer.

He went to the clean, cool bed that the old cap'n gave him with the strangest sensations he had ever experienced, and he awoke to a crystal dawn with the sense of well-being one will feel who has shed minor troubles and worries with a night of faultless rest.

The three years behind prison bars, three years of futile endeavor to remember why he was no killer, the three days that he had spent hiding and dodging to elude the law that sought him, had left him exhausted, and he found himself at the wheel of the tug that morning in a mood comparable to that of pleasant convalescence.

Trouble might lie ahead; life might prove to be most complex, but for the moment he was at peace and satisfied with revelling in that luxurious state of mind.

It was with a decided thrill that he closed his hands on the spokes of the oak wheel that first morning, dropped his eye to the compass, noted his time and swung the Wanderer on her course while old Ezra stood beside him, talking casually and easily as if, indeed, his new wheelsman was the man who had been long expected and in whose past there was no extraordinary incident.

The feel of the spokes, the pulse of the engine, the easy rise and fall over yesterday's spent swells were like the voices and gestures and touches of old friends. His heart warmed and he watched the sun ride up out of the lake with eyes that were misted.

In a fortnight the man who had been the pale, drawn, furtive Carl Garrison took on a robust color. His cheeks filled out, his mustache grew, and so slowly did this rejuvenation take place that those of the crew and the other people in the village scarcely detected the change.

He carefully watched the newspapers that arrived two days late and learned that the prison authorities and regional sheriffs credited him with having slipped through the cordon of watchers that had been thrown about the north country. A rumor that he had escaped to the Atlantic coast by the way of Sault Ste. Marie was given credence.

For the time being, in truth, he had escaped. He was as safe in Fairport as he could have been anywhere, and the fact that Ezra Needham had vouched for him, not only to his neighbors but to the sheriff of the county, made him doubly certain of his security.

In those first days he expected that every time he and the old cap'n were alone the old man would speak of the secret they shared, but it was a week before the matter was mentioned. Then they were walking up the dock together after the day's work and Ezra said, as casually as though he gave John directions about some shore work:

"I don't aim to pry any, John, but if you'd like to talk—if you ever feel the need of talkin'—I'm standing by to give an ear."

"That's fine of you, Cap'n Needham. . . You—that is, you remember the case?"

The other nodded positively.

"I read every word in the papers."

"Then you know what I've got to do."

"Lay low, you mean?"

John shook his head grimly.

"That's secondary. I've got to remember!"

After a moment the old man scratched his head and muttered:

"That's right. You've got to remember, Johnny!"

But Goodheart put off the struggle which he knew must come. He had been unable to think behind bars because of the suffocating sense of being shut in; the reaction produced by being at liberty even though without his legal freedom, was enervating. He wanted to stay at peace for a time; wanted to gather strength to wrestle with that mind of his which had failed to serve him when he most needed it.

He quieted his sense of duty to himself by arguing that if he were to have a full chance to remember he must stay here, in the place which seemed to offer the best hiding, and if he were going to stay here he must learn the work for which he was employed so that he would give the cap'n justification for keeping him aboard his tug and in his house.

He did learn. He learned the water first. Southward from the peninsula on which the village was located, a string of island lay. First was Summer, flanked by Little Summer. Then Poverty Island, the Gulls, St. Martin's Rock and Washington, with shoals and other bits of land scattered between, forming a chain between the Garden Peninsula of Michigan and that long finger of Wisconsin which reaches upward and shuts Green Bay off from big Lake Michigan. At the foot of Green Bay land again split the water and the baye de Noc were formed. To the eastward from the Fairport docks tugs made their way through a narrow channel over the shoals to Lake Michigan; to the westward they went when they lifted nets sunk in the depths of Green Bay.

The village fleet was not large. Besides the Wanderer there was only one other steam tug, the North Star, owned by United Fisheries, and captained by Val Haines, who lived with his men in the boarding-house which the corporation provided. Several gasoline boats plied in and out, notably the Three Hopps, a ten-ton craft owned and manned by William, Willie and Will Hopp, who came and went about the village in their stiff single file, who fished early and late, and whose eccentricities were accepted by Fairport as commonplace.

In the evning Goodheart would sit under the cedars with the other men and listen to their yarning. He had little to offer and they seemed to accept him as an uncommunicative fellow and let it go at that. Aside from Ezra Needham, Val Haines was the outstanding personality of the group, if one overlooked the grotesque Hopps. He was young, of no more than his own years, John thought; he was big and handsome, though at times there would be in his gray eyes tures toward friendship and there Needham, but Haines made no oversaw him now and the niwth Janet a light that was not pleasant. John was some unidentified quality about him which would have made Goodheart chary of intimacy under any circumstances.

Few outsiders ever came to the village, and so one evening when a sleek, rakish little gasoline craft docked, John strolled out to look her over, his mariner's eye attracted by her good lines and trim appearance. No others, not even boys, showed interest in this arrival. It was, he discovered, one of the Michigan patrol boats, with wardens aboard. He had seen the little craft often, and he sat down on the dock and talked casually with the three men on her, unconscious of the fact that he was being watched by the villagers on the beach.

When he returned, however, he heard Val Haines concluding a bitter tirade.

". . . 'll snoop around for a few days, I expect, and try to grab off some of us. Well, let 'em. A warden's lower than a snake's belly!"

Others agreed. The easy manner which was usually so characteristic of the group was gone and the entire village seemed to be stirred to animosity.

"Why don't fishermen like wardens?" John asked Ezra, when the rest had gone.

The old man smiled and shrugged.

"Habit, I guess, John. When I first came on the lakes there wa'n't any wardens. We run things to suit ourselves and when the state did set a watch on us we felt that somebody was interferin' with our business and steppin' on our toes. We sure hated 'em like poison!

"But I've noticed that the older a man gets the less he hates and the more allowances he makes for the other fellow's way of thinking. There have been laws run through by the big fishing combines that worked against us little fellows, there have been wardens who were naturally mean and unfit for their job, but, all in all, I guess we've averaged a square deal.

"The devil of it is that we don't remebre the favors the stat gives us; all we recollect is what's been done to hurt us. That's what we old fellows have remembered about the wardens and that's what we've handed down to younger men. It's got to be so's they're our natural enemy; leastwise that's how we consider 'em, an' most of the boys get all stirred up when they come in to look us over."

"Seems foolish, doesn't it?"

"No, John; just natural."

So the fortnight slipped by, with John Goodheart shutting back his doubts and his fears, taking lightly matters that were important to those with whom he lived.

Prodigal soul! He should have realized that thos peace was merely an armistice between the forces strugglingfi withhin him. Physically free, able to come and go as he would within loose limitations; but he was not legally free. A hundred men were on the watch for him. He could not leave the village without running the risk of recognition despite the natural change in his appearance. He was free for the moment, made so by a freak fortune and the great heart of a grand old man, and that sort of freedom lulled him. . . .

Yet conflict was brewing. Little things were to shatter his peace. Triflinf incidents such as his talk with the wardens were to loom large. But perhaps it was well that he shut back the impulse that begged him to go on, to struggle in attempt to remember why he was no killer. The respite gave him strength of body and soul and he was to need all the sturdy courage he might store up!

Continued tomorrow.

Pick up copyright.

Tired of weak, flavorless coffee? Buy Rideau Hall. The Vacuum Sealed tin keeps all the original fresh-roasted flavor "sealed in."

Rideau Hall COFFEE

Peter Rabbit Discovers Something; Flitter the Bat Goes South Too

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Greedy folks never know when they've had enough to eat. Gentle Mistress Moon came creeping up above the tree tops and when she looked down through the beech trees she saw great big Buster Bear still there; so was Bobby Coon; so was Unc' Billy Possum. They were still stuffing themselves with beechnuts. You see they were afraid that if they left any for the next day the Squirrel cousins would be on hand and get most of them. So they kept right on eating. And Peter Rabbit, sitting behind an overhanging hemlock bough, continued to watch them.

By and by Peter noticed Flitter the Bat circling this way and that way, disappearing in the Black Shadows and then reappearing in the moonlight. He was trying to catch his dinner in the air. Peter idly watched him. Suddenly Flitter swooped right close over Peter, and in the squeakiest little voice imaginable, he cried, "Good-bye, Peter!"

Peter sat up so suddenly he bumped his head on the branch under which he was sitting. Then he hopped right out in the open where he could see better. Flitter was darting this way and that way, but was too far away for Peter to speak to him. By and by Flitter swooped down very close to Peter. "What do you mean by good-bye?" demanded Peter.

"Just that—good-bye!" squeaked Flitter, and darted up high above Peter.

"Where are you going?" demanded Peter the next time Flitter was near enough.

"I'm going away for the winter," replied Flitter and once more was gone.

This time he was so long gone in among the Black Shadows that Peter was afraid that he really had left. But suddenly that squeaky little voice sounded almost in one of Peter's long ears. "I'm going down to the Sunny South, Peter Rabbit. Don't you wish you were in my place?"

Then it was that it came to Peter who it was that Welcome Robin had been thinking of. Flitter the Bat was the only animal that could possibly make that long journey, for you know that Flitter is the only mammal that truly flies. "Flitter," cried Peter as Flitter came near, "are you really, truly going way down to the Sunny South, where the birds go?"

"Not so far as some of them go," replied Flitter, "but far enough to be comfortable and get plenty to eat. I realize it is time I was starting. It's hard work to pick up enough to eat these cool nights. Yes, sir, it certainly is. So I think I'll be starting along tonight. Good-bye, Peter Rabbit. I'll see you next summer."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" cried Peter, but he soon found he was talking to empty air. He saw Flitter dart up over the treetops and disappear toward the south, and though he waited and waited he saw nothing more of him. At last Peter decided that that squeaky good-bye had been a genuine good-bye and that he had seen funny little Flitter actually start on his long journey to the land of winter sunshine and warmth.

"Where are you going?" demanded Peter the next time Flitter was near enough.

Peter hurried over to where Buster Bear was raking over the leaves looking for beechnuts. "I know who it was!" cried Peter excitedly.

"You know whom who was?" growled Buster.

"The animal who spends the cold weather down in the land of the Sunny South, of whom Welcome Robin spoke," said Peter. "It was Flitter the Bat."

"Huh!" grounted Buster. "Do you call that critter an animal?"

"What else would you call him?" demanded Peter.

Buster rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Well, I suppose you're right," said he. "I suppose he is an animal, but it's hard work to think so. Well, anyway, he is the only one that doesn't stay the winter through. For myself, I'd rather sleep than take any such long journey as that squeaky flit-about must make."

Peter thought this over for a moment. "Well," said he, "you fellows who sleep all winter miss a lot. On the whole I think I would rather go a bit hungry now and then than to sleep all winter or to make the long journey to the Sunny South. I'm satisfied with things as they are."

And when you come to think of it, that was a very sensible way of looking at it.

The next story: "Peter Has An Idea."

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NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY O.E.S. CHAPTER

St. Marys Chapter Arranges Trip Around World—Londoner Present.

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Marys, Oct. 11.—One of the most interesting events yet staged under the auspices of the St. Marys Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star took place when a "Trip Around the World" was held.

The novel idea was that each home visited represented a different country, and starting downtown the numerous visitors were conveyed by cars to the various homes. England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Italy, China, Japan and United States were each visited in turn, and all were thoroughly enjoyed. Appropriate decorations and scenes distinguished the various countries, and popular national dishes were served.

The affair was a splendid success, and a large sum was realized. The countries were represented by the following homes: England, Mrs. F. W. Aylesworth; Ireland, Mrs. A. B. Creighton; Scotland, Mrs. Johnson; Holland, Mrs. H. Fisher; Italy, Mrs. Reg. Martin; China, Mrs. E. F. Reed; Japan, Mrs. A. Willard; United States, Mrs. T. Young.

Mrs. Matthew Horner of London assisted Mrs. Johnson at Scotland.

DELEGATE APPOINTED TO LEAGUE CONVENTION

Miss Deir Will Represent Catholic Women at Sarnia Sessions.

Delegates to the diocesan convention of the Catholic Women's league, being held in Sarnia on the 3rd and 4th of November, were chosen at a meeting of the local Catholic Women's league yesterday afternoon in St. Peter's parish hall. Mrs. J. J. Roach will go in the capacity of president of the London organization and as a diocesan counsellor, while Miss Derr of St. Peter's parish will represent the league as the chosen delegate, having been elected out of two nominations from each parish in the city.

During the usual routine of business plans were made for a rummage sale to be held in the near future. Miss Macgee will be the convener.

LEPER MISSION

The annual thankoffering meeting of the Leper Mission will be held on the first Monday in November. It is expected that the program will include an address by an outstanding speaker. Mrs. J. W. Jones, president of the Leper Mission, is calling a meeting of the executive shortly to make final arrangements.