

## The Hope Star

Part One.

By G. M. R.

A cheery fire blazed in the open grate as Hope Allison made herself comfortable upon the divan in the living room of her apartment. Two hours previously she had left the office of the Felix Rubber Company in New York, where she had worked as secretary to the President for the past three years. The other members of the office staff wondered among themselves why the usual brightness seemed to have suddenly left her face? There was nothing lacking in the warmth and friendliness with which Hope Allison wished each one, from the Secretary to the janitor, whom she met in the hallway, "A Happy Christmas!" But in spite of this a keen observer would have noted a new sadness in the depths of her grey eyes. Many there were on that Christmas Eve who turned to look, for the second time, at the figure of a girl in a rich fur coat with a small, close-fitting red hat, whose smiling lips were a contradiction to her sad eyes. To smile in the face of difficulties was part of Hope Allison's code of honour. And so, at this time, when one of life's greatest problems presented itself to her, she kept smiling until her maid had cleared the last of the dinner things away and she was left alone with her thoughts.

Bittersweet memories brought her back to a Christmas Eve eight years ago, when the bells ringing happily across the snow, which had fallen deeply, seemed to make Mentone, her old-home town, the most wonderful place on earth. It was one of the customs of the Allison family to send baskets of good things to the poor of the community and Hope, the eldest daughter, had learned to look forward with joy to her task of bringing cheer to poverty-stricken homes each Christmas Eve. Eight years ago this very night, the work of delivering the baskets had become doubly sweet to Hope, for David McLaine, her schoolmate and pal had promised to go to the various places with her. David was one of the best pals anyone could have. The honesty and fun which shone in his clear blue eyes, made one forget there were such things as sorrow and disappointment in the world. As they came down the lane after delivering the last parcel to old widow Grayer, David turned to his companion, saying, "Hope, I think you're an awfully good kid to be doing this while the other girls are skating down on the pond!"

In an instant Hope turned to ask, "What about you, David? You're helping as much as I."

A smile transfigured his face, as very slowly he spoke his re-

ply, "I came just to be with you. Someday, when I'm rich, you and I are going to get married, as sure as that star is shining there," and turning, he pointed to the brightest star in the western sky.

Since then there was never a time Hope saw that star but David's words came back to her. "Someday . . . you and I are going to get married." At first she believed that David had meant these words, but, after four years of silence, she persuaded herself that it was the magic of the moonlit night and his boyishness that had prompted the words which meant so much to her. When an uncle came from the north-west of Canada and David went back with him, it seemed that a door had closed shutting David out of her life. At first, cards were exchanged at Christmastime, telling their message of remembrance, but for four years there had been an unbroken silence. After the first year that no message had come, Hope began to think that David, the comrade of her schooldays whom she loved, had died in his far off western home. If only these memories would cease to haunt her—if only one could love and forget! If material things could satisfy a yearning heart, then Hope would have tasted complete happiness. Four years ago she entered the office of the Felix Rubber Company and the following year her ambition reached its height when she was transferred to the office of the President as his private secretary. Each year her work was becoming more satisfactory and her salary was increasing. But on that Christmas Eve how paltry all these things seemed! If only David, with his honest eyes and boyish smile, were to come back into her life! As Hope put another log in the fireplace, she remembered part of an old song someone was humming as she came upstairs several hours before.

"I am just a roaming rover, strolling down a lonely lane, Wandering in dreams, wandering it seems,

Waiting and wishing in vain. Strolling down the lane of memory in the land of once again. Just a rolling stone, homesome alone.

Strolling down a lonely lane." It hardly seemed possible that Hope Allison, one of the most popular members of her set, sitting alone while the firelight cast haunting shadows upon the wall of her comfortably furnished living-room, felt her eyes overflow with sudden tears!

Just then her thoughts were interrupted by a timid knock at the door and to her, "Come in," her maid entered carrying a large box. "This just arrived for you, Miss," she said as she quietly withdrew.

Hope's hands trembled as she took the wrappings off the parcel. As she lifted a magnificent bouquet of white and pale pink roses, she noticed a small piece of paper among the ferns and flowers. Unfolding it, she read the words, "While roses give their fragrance, my love will remain for you. D. W."

Hope sank down upon the divan with a gesture of helplessness. Strange that in her reveries she had forgotten the events of the afternoon! Forgotten that when she had gone into the office of Donald Wright, President of the Felix Rubber Company, to wish him a happy Christmas, that he had told her of his love for her. She remembered now the look in his eyes as he said, "Miss Allison, I am offering you my love—the only love that has ever entered my life. If you cannot love me in return, give me companionship and I will spend the last ounce of my strength to make you happy. I want to stand between you and everything in life that hurts or disappoints. Are you going to give me the gift I ask of you?"

As she raised her eyes, she beheld the form, which had become so familiar to her during the three years she had worked as his private secretary. They stood facing each other. The man, tall and well-built, fast approaching middle age. His dark hair was tinged with grey at the temples. The deep lines upon the pale broad forehead told of

great responsibility rather than the fingerprints of age. His grey-blue eyes were deep in their pleading and seemed to demand the gift he was asking. The lips drawn tightly together, as though expecting a refusal, added greater intensity to his whole attitude. If Hope could have seen his hands opening and closing spasmodically she would have realized the inward battle he was fighting. Hope Allison as she stood there, her slight frame quivering, realized she must speak the words which would close the doors of happiness to Donald Wright, one of the squarest men she had ever known. At length, the grey eyes met his and, after what seemed almost an eternity of waiting, her low, musical voice replied, "Oh, that I could return the great love you have offered me, but my love is already given to one who did not want the gift. I have given the best and I could not offer you second best. Thank you so much for caring. Can you not still be my friend?" She advanced two or three steps toward him and held out her hand. He regarded her pale, upturned face in silence and then, as by a supreme effort, he mastered himself and taking her outstretched hand in both of his, said in a steady voice, "I love you more for being so true to yourself. Little friend, I want you to feel that, no matter what happens, you can come to me and I will be waiting always. Someday" and he lifted his head and as though he were reading the future, continued, "someday if he is worthy the man you love will come back to you and because you have kept faith, you will go hand in hand into the haven, which comes to dreamer-souls who wait. Will you let me know if ever you want me?"

She raised her head and her eyes spoke the words she could not utter. In silence she withdrew her hand from his and left the office. As he held the door open for her, she glanced at his face but it conveyed to her nothing of the suffering of his heart. She almost wondered if her refusal meant a great deal to him? But, in the quietness of her home as she gazed upon his gift of roses, she knew that this love would last till the end of all things and her heart mourned that she could not give him a love as strong as his own.

## Part Two.

Diane, Hope Allison's maid, was stepping out of the elevator in the main hallway of the hotel where Hope's apartment was, when the clerk stepped up to her and asked, "Is Miss Allison at home?" As she replied in the affirmative, a tall stranger advanced and questioned, "Has Miss Allison any friends in?" Diane would have hesitated another time in giving information to anyone regarding her mistress but then she replied readily, "Miss Allison is quite alone." He thanked her and passed over to the elevator which brought one to the upper apartments.

For a few moments he halted outside the door of apartment 12 before knocking. He waited. Then the door slowly opened and he came face to face with the woman whom he had not seen for eight years! She wondered if her senses were playing false with her? But he was speaking and that could not be fancy. "Am I too late, Hope?" he questioned. The years had changed the form but his voice held the old-time ring; his face had grown older but the same old gladness was shining in his eyes. He had entered the room and was standing with his back to the door. Countless questions came thronging to Hope's mind: why four years of almost unbroken silence? Why did he not want her and come to her before? Had he loved and lost someone else? Then came the thought supreme over all others, "Love means Faith and Trust!" Explanation could come later—David, whom she loved and longed for, had come back to her. And so, out of the depths of her heart she answered, "David, David, I've been waiting for you!"

After they realized that at last they had found each other, David said, "Hope, I've made a mistake. I wanted to climb the ladder of success and have something worthy of offering, before I came to you—" "When we might have been climbing together!" Hope put in. They were standing near the window then, looking out upon the night. The sound of bells came to them bringing them

back to Christmas Eve eight years before. Suddenly they both looked up and there in the Western sky gleamed one star and David, holding Hope's hand in his, repeated the words he had said eight years ago, "Some day soon you and I are going to get married—as sure as that star is shining there!" And the Hope Star gleamed on, guiding two hearts who loved into the haven they longed to find.

## THE PRINCE OF PEACE

"What means this glory around our feet," The magi mused, "more bright than morn?" And voices chanted clear and sweet, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!" "What means that star," the shepherds said, "That brightens through the rocky glen?" And angels, answering overhead, Said, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" All around about our feet shall shine A Light like that the Wise Men saw. If we our loving will incline To that Sweet Life which is the Law. So shall we learn to understand The simple faith of shepherds then, And, clasping kindly hand in hand, Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" And they who do their souls no wrong, But keep at eve the faith of morn, Shall daily hear the angel song, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born!" —James Russell Lowell.

Dec. 10—Shipments of paper from Newfoundland to the United States during the past two months amounted to a total value of \$1,200,000.



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NEWFOUNDLAND  
NOTICE TO MARINERS  
NO. 7—1925.

Fog Alarm Established

Point La Haye  
St. Mary's Bay,Lat. 46° 54' 20" N.  
Long. 53° 36' 40" W.

POSITION—On Pt. LaHaye, entrance to St. Mary's Bay.

DESCRIPTION—A 3 inch Diaphone Fog Alarm operated by compressed air by oil engine.

PERIOD—Three blasts of 1 1/4 seconds duration every 60 seconds, thus—

Blast, Silent Blast Silent Blast Silent

1 1/4 2 1 1/4 2 1 1/4 52 1/4

STRUCTURE—Flat roofed engine house, dwelling house and store, all painted red and white horizontal bands.

REMARKS—This Fog Alarm will go into operation on December 26, 1925.

W. C. WINSOR,

Minister of Marine &amp; Fisheries,

Department of Marine &amp; Fisheries,

Lighthouse Department,

St. John's, Newfoundland.



DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The Department has found it necessary to effect a change in the matter of paydays. In future pay-days will be observed as follows:—

Mechanics, Labourers and Other workmen will be paid on Saturday of each week, Bills or accounts for services rendered or goods supplied will be paid fortnightly, on the FIRST AND THIRD SATURDAY of each month excepting petty bills for vegetables, firewood and forage, etc., purchased from residents of outlying settlements which will be paid every SATURDAY.

All bills or accounts properly certified and on hand in the Department for approval and audit on the preceding TUESDAY will be available for collection on the following SATURDAY.

The above also refers to allocations in connection with Roads and Special Grants.

In the event of any SATURDAY being a whole holiday, bills must be in the Department on the preceding MONDAY and payment will be available on FRIDAY.

All those concerned will please govern themselves accordingly.

C. E. RUSSELL,

Minister of Public Works.

Department of Public Works,

November 7th, 1925.

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The Newfoundland economy benefits largely when you patronize the Postal Telegraphs. Its whole staff (clerical and operators) from Superintendent to Messengers are sworn to secrecy.



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