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The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted
DOROTHY A. F. MARCELL

SYNOPSIS John Mantering, District Attorney, and his wife, Eileen, have returned to their home from the police station after midnight. Their son, Bob, has been in a fatal motor car crash and is held on a man-slaughter charge. Eileen pleads with John to find a way to release the boy, but Mantering, despite his affection, declares his duty is to the state and that it is impossible to release Bob on bail. Eileen, in desperation, all but threatens her husband.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Well, John, your son is your client now. What are you going to do for him?"

A soul torn with anguish, he faced her, yet she did not seem to sense it. "I am District Attorney," he said huskily.

"That gives you power and influence. With your brains there should be many ways in which you can help Bob. What are you going to do for him?"

"Nothing!" And the word as it came from him was almost a groan.

She viewed him in amazement, as if in truth he was but a distorted image of her husband having a place in one of the fancies which had beset her that night.

"Nothing! You will do nothing for Bob—our boy? Why?"

"I am District Attorney."

"But, John, that can mean nothing to you when Bob's happiness, when my happiness, is at stake. I don't understand you."

"I'm a sworn officer of the law. I must do my duty."

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W. C. T. U.

May all the peace the Christ-Gift came to give be ours this Christmas Season.

Christmas peace is God's and He must impart it to us with his own hand or we should never get it, go then to God Thou art his child as Christmas day declares.

Be not afraid to go to thy Father pray to Him, say Father I fear I cannot keep Christmas aright for I have not a peaceful Christmas spirit within me and I know I shall never get it by thinking and reading and understanding for it passes all that and goes far away beyond it in the very essence of Thine Eternal Godhead. O Father give me thy Christmas peace.

The highest ambition of any life should be to live a life of usefulness. Our pattern in all things is our Lord and Master. He went about doing good and bringing good cheer and comfort to the poor, sick and needy, also to the sinful, weak and oppressed. We are to love our neighbors as ourselves. The parable of the Good Samaritan recorded by Luke alone teaches us that our neighbors or any one in need.

Where should our service be? In home, school, community, country, province, dominion, all nations. Many are reaching out hands to reach some sort of help, many are suffering. Let us awake to the fact that we who know and have an under obligation to enrich the lives of others with the best blessing of life.

We are so busy, we have so many claims on our time and attention. These about have so much and more. Let us then turn our eyes to those in need and a true vision will present itself.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES
Wholesome Cleaning Refreshing

Let us try to simplify our ways of living so that more of our time and means may be devoted to the less fortunate at home or abroad. The of use right where you are in whom you are with, and may we all be able to bring Good Cheer, this Christmas Season to some sad and weary person.

Bear the cup of loving service Sons and daughters of the King Water from the living fountain To the faint and thirsty bring Tendered in this loving spirit Blessed will the mission be Even the smallest cup that's offered Christ our Gracious Lord will see. Bear the cup of loving service So the weary and the sad For the draught held out to others Makes the giver more than glad So it will yield a double blessing Making sweetest chords of praise While we strive to follow Jesus In His pleasant peaceful way. Paper prepared by Mrs. Peter McLean.

CAPE OZO, GASPE
Friday morning when the Cape Ozo school teacher Miss Viola Lenfesty, went to her school for closing day exercises, she found that during her absence some of the scholars had put up a nice Xmas tree in one corner of the room, and had decorated the tree and school room with Xmas decorations.

On the tree were many presents for their teacher, also all kinds of candy and fruit for the children but the teacher was not going to be caught. Let us then turn our eyes to those in need and a true vision will present itself.

The people of Cape Ozo are all very a teacher, this being her first year, as she is very popular with her scholars, as well as with the grown up folks, Miss Lenfesty's home is at Folke Cove, Gaspe.

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John Mantering, than to me, to whom you have pledged your troth, and to your son?"

"My duty to my state—to my country," he said gently.

Before his persistence she hesitated and, gazing into his face, read the unhappiness there. She reached forth and touched him, while a pleading note crept into her tones.

"You have never failed me before John."

He eyed her pityingly, shaken by the greatness of his emotion. It was true. In the long years of their married life he had denied her nothing. To him her slightest wish had been a law, the fulfillment of her heart desire a joy. For love of her he had labored to win a place in his profession. His love for her had uplifted him and driven him again to renewed effort in the dark days when, unrecognized and unappreciated, he had almost yielded to despair. This same mighty force had kindled his ambition to even greater achievement again and again in the years which had followed. It was for her sake that he had entered the arena of public life when his own tastes caused him to care little for politics. The turmoil of campaigns, the need to lead for the favor of the electorate, to ingratiate himself with Tom, Dick and Harry were repugnant to an innate dignity which fitted so appropriately with the solemn procedure of the law.

First, last and always, John Mantering was a lawyer. He had been urged with every prospect of success to run for Congress, and even now was much spoken of as a future Governor. But always his tastes had led him to seek judicial honors. Well aware of the reflected honor of place and position, he had entered politics for Eileen's sake. Inevitably it was the office of District Attorney which had appealed to his tastes and training.

And now by a cruel turn of fate, this very honor which he had sought and won for her had come between them. His own high sense of its duties, of the solemn obligations of the oath he had taken, was forcing him, even amidst his own grief at his son's plight, to turn against his heart's beloved. Yes, overwhelmed with sorrow as she was, to wound her yet more cruelly.

Even as he contemplated his predicament, a great wave of feeling seemed to leap from the very depths of his being.

With never a word he stood there before this outburst as if fascinated. Could it be possible that this determined, angry eyed creature was his wife? Where was Eileen—the gentle soft spoken and kindly Eileen? What latent force could work such a miracle of transformation, as to arouse her tender nature to such heights of hostility?

Now came the answer in her own words, half hysterical, yet leaving not the slightest doubt but that she meant exactly what she said.

"But I can fight, John! Thank God, I can and will fight, even if you do turn your back on our boy—for I am his mother."

Still speechless, John Mantering stood there staring at her. Then, as if accepting the challenge she had so boldly hurled at him, he bowed gravely.

(To be continued)

SANDY BEACH NOTES
Mr. and Mrs. H. Roper left for Montreal on Friday Dec. 18th, to visit their daughter during the Christmas holidays.

Miss Doris Harbour spent the weekend of the 18th, in Gaspe, the guest of Miss Jane Miller.

Miss Iris Harbour has returned from Gaspe where she has been teaching, to spend the holidays at her home.

Miss Joyce Asch, the teacher of the Protestant school, left here on Dec. 19th, to visit her parents in Peninsula during the holidays.

Miss Helen Carter spent the weekend of the 18th, in Gaspe, the guest of Mr. John F. Davis.

Mrs. Robert Pye has returned home after having spent some time visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Baird of Douglastown.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Miller of Toronto, arrived on Saturday, Dec. 19th, to spend some time with her father Mr. Arthur Miller of Haldimand East.

Miss Hope Miller is recovering from an attack of quinsy and intends to take up a course in teaching at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Belleville, after Christmas.

The Howard Smith Mills will close on Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, and will commence work again on Jan. 2nd, 26.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Carter and family will spend Christmas day in Gaspe, the guests of her father, Mr. John F. Davis.

AS A
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