

SOCIETY
CHURCHES
CLUBS

THE REALM OF WOMEN

WEDDINGS
STYLES
STORIES

CHAPTER XXIII—THE WALLS OF PRIDE.

That evening Dr. Beamish returned, bringing with him, as on the occasion of his first visit, a public examiner. This official came to assure himself formally of the doctor's assertion that a cure had been effected.

Holles, awakening from eleven hours of uninterrupted lethargic sleep, but still heavy with lassitude, stood dully at

hand whilst the examiner held his formal inquisition into the conditions of the patient, of Mrs. Dallova, and of Holles himself.

When the examiner and the doctor passed at last from the room, Holles dragged himself wearily after them. He followed them below-stairs, and remained there alone after they had taken their departure.

For twenty-eight days he was doomed

to imprisonment in this house, and he made his dispositions. That night he slept in a back bedroom on the ground floor. In the morning, having prepared himself breakfast in the kitchen, waiter in which Mrs. Dallova came to his assistance, he went to straighten out the dining-room so that it might serve him for a lodging during the period of incarceration that lay ahead.

He found the room in utter darkness. It had not been entered since the night of Nancy's coming thither. He groped his way across to the shutters, which he remembered to have closed by request of the examiner after carrying Nancy from the room on that terrible night a week ago. He pulled them open and let in a flood of daylight upon a scene each detail of which reminded him poignantly of the happenings of that night.

Fallen between the daybed and the window, he found the slender dress rapier which Buckingham had used. For the rest, guttered candles, withered flowers and rotting fruits encumbered the table, and the lustre of glass and silver was dulled by a film of dust.

Holles flung the windows wide and spent some time in setting the room to rights and ridding it of all that refused to be put away.

Thereafter he lay on the daybed smoking and thinking and very listless. And it was thus, in the days that followed that most of his hours were spent.

Whitehall was empty now of all its courtly tenants with the single exception of the Duke of Albemarle. Honest George Monk had elected to remain undaunted at his post as the representative of his King to perform in the King's name—and whilst his majesty was busy at Salisbury with the anxious pursuit of Miss Frances Stewart—all that which a king himself should be at hand to perform in time of national stress, to mitigate the tribulations of his subjects.

Hopefully Holles inquired of Beamish if he knew aught of Buckingham. Hopefully, that is, because he was expecting to hear that the duke was laid low by the infection.

"Gone with the rest," the doctor informed him. "He left town for the north a week ago, aroused to a sudden sense of his duty as Lord Lieutenant of York by the fact that a French lackey in his household was stricken with the plague. He'll be safe enough in York, no doubt."

Acting upon a sudden impulse, Dr. Beamish left the room, and mounted the stairs again—for all that his time was short and his patients many. Dismissing Mrs. Dallova upon some trivial errand to the kitchen, he remained cooped for five minutes with Miss Sylvester. That was the name by which he knew her, the name by which she had chosen to make herself known to both doctor and nurse.

Whether it was a result of what he said to her in those five minutes, or whether other influences were at work within an hour of the doctor's departure Holles was sought by Mrs. Dallova with a message that Miss Sylvester was risen, and desired to speak with him.

The eyes of that kindly nurse, sharpened by solitude, saw him turn pale and tremble at the summons.

He was washed and shaved tolerably, dressed, and his long, well-combed, golden-brown hair hung in long smooth ringlets to the snowy collar which Mrs. Dallova had found time to wash and iron for him.

He found Miss Sylvester seated by the open window where she had sat throughout the greater part of those five days and six nights when he had so unceremoniously watched over her to beat hungry death from her poor, plump, healthy daughter. She occupied a great chair set for her there by Mrs. Dallova, a rug about her knees. She wore that gown of ivory white in which she had been carried to this evil house, and her chestnut hair had been dressed with care and was interwoven with a thread of pearls.

Wistfully she looked up at him as he entered, then away through the open window into the hot sunlight that seemed almost empty of life.

He closed the door, advanced a pace or two and halted. "You sent for me," he said, "and I should not have returned to intrude." And he stood now like a groom waiting orders.

"I sent for you, sir, that I might acknowledge the great debt in which you have placed me, to thank you for your care of me, for your disregard to your own peril in tending me, in fact, sir, for my life, which had been lost without you."

She looked at him suddenly as she ceased. "You owe me no thanks—no thanks at all," he said, and his voice was almost gruff. "I but sought to undo the evil I had done."

"That . . . that was before the plague came to my rescue. In what you did then, you sought at the risk of your life to make me the only possible amand, and to deliver me from the evil man into whose power you had brought me. But the plague now. It was no fault of yours that I took that. It was already upon me when you brought me hither."

"No matter for that," said he. "Reparation was due. I owe it to myself."

"You did not owe it to yourself to risk your life for me?"

"Life, madame, is no great matter. A life misused, mispent, has no great value. It was the least that I could offer."

"Perhaps," she answered gently. "But also it was the most, and as I have said, far more than you owed."

"I do not think so. But the matter is not worth contending."

"At least the reparation you have made is a very full one."

"It would comfort me to hear you say it, could I believe you," he answered grimly, and would have taken his leave of her on that but that she stayed him by her interjection.

"Why should you not believe me? Why should I be other than sincere in my desire to thank you?"

He looked at her at last, and in his eyes she saw some reflection of the pain he was suffering.

"Oh, I believe you sincere in that. You wish to thank me. It is natural, I suppose. You thank me, but you despise me. Your gratitude cannot temper your contempt. It is not possible."

"Are you so sure?" she asked him gently, and her eyes were very pitious.

"Sure? What else can I be? What else is possible? Do I not loathe and despise myself? Am I not unconscious of my own infamy that I should befool myself into the thought that any part of it can escape you?"

"Don't!" she said. "Ah, don't!" But in the sorrow in her face he saw more than confirmation of the very thing she was feebly attempting to deny. He bowed, formally, and turned away.

"Farewell!" She called to him as he reached the door. He paused, his firm resolve beaten down by that pleading utterance of his name. "Farewell, won't you tell me how—how you came into—the position in which I found you here? Won't you tell me that? Won't you let me know all—so that I may judge for myself?"

(To Be Continued.)



MRS. D. L. MCCRAE, former president of the London Presbyterian W. M. S., who will be one of the speakers at the annual convention of the Ontario Provincial Presbyterian W. M. S., taking place in Hamilton, April 7, 8, 9 and 10. Mrs. McCrae will speak at the afternoon session on April 9 on "Our Society."

NAME JUNE 15
DECORATION DAYC.E.F. Returned Chapter I.O.D.E.
To Remember Soldier Dead

AN ANNUAL EVENT

Hope To Establish Yearly Commemoration Day In London

To the C. E. F. Returned Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire belongs the honor of introducing in London an I. O. D. E. annual decoration day, and further plans for this event will be made by the chapter, meeting to-morrow afternoon in the majestic building.

Last year the C. E. F. Chapter took the initial step in what the members believe will become an annual custom, supported and endorsed by organizations and individuals of the city, and this year it is hoped to repeat on a larger scale the commemoration of the soldier dead who sleep in the cemeteries of London.

June 15, the day chosen as the 1924 decoration day, has a dual significance, and is not only the anniversary of the battle of Giverny, in which so many Canadian soldiers gave their lives, but is at the height of the flower season in Ontario, a time when the seal promise of spring has been fulfilled and when flowers are in lovely profusion everywhere.

On June 15, therefore, the members of the C. E. F. Chapter will place a small flag on the grave of every veteran of the late Great War or of earlier wars who lies in a local cemetery. Protestant or Roman Catholic. The placing of the flag will be preceded by a brief, impressive ritual, specially arranged for the occasion, and in which it is hoped, the military will take part. The placing of flowers on the graves will be done, it is believed, by other organizations, by relatives of the soldiers, and by interested and loyal citizens eager to take their share in commemorating the heroic dead.

It is the wish of the chapter to hold the annual decoration day each year on the Sunday nearest the 15th of June. The support of the citizens of London is craved in the undertaking, that the names of all the soldier dead of the district may be recorded and remembered.

One of the most novel wraps of this season is made of black crepe lined with kasha cloth. It has a wide collar of summer fox.

Be as beautiful as
you were meant to be

Take faithful care of your skin if you would have it come to its full beauty. Counteract every night the day's dust and tiredness.

This doesn't mean that you must spend a lot of time on your skin. Just a few important minutes every day with "Daggett & Ramsdell's" that Cream of Distinctive Quality. With this one preparation you do everything a normal skin needs. You cleanse it, smooth out the lines and supply it with beauty-giving elements, all at the same time.

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"The Kind That Keeps"

Once every day, swathe your neck and face in a soft, white coat of "D & R." Leave it a few minutes to penetrate the depths of the pores, then wipe off the superfluous cream with a soft, clean cloth. This leaves your face luxuriously clean, soft and refreshed.

Now manufactured in Canada. Sold everywhere at the same low prices. In tubes 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars 2 oz. 35c, 4 oz. 50c, half pound jars 85c, pound jars \$1.50.

(To Be Continued.)

WOULD BAN WAR
AS WORLD OUTLAW

Presbyterian W.M.S. Sends Resolution To Provincial Board

FOR WORLD PEACE

Asks That Women of All Creeds Unite In Great Movement

One of the most urgent and forceful resolutions in the annals of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society in Canada has been sent in by the London Presbyterian to the provincial W. M. S. board for presentation at the annual provincial W. M. S. meeting, taking place in Hamilton on April 7, 8, 9 and 10.

Strongly impressed with the world need for peace, the women of the London Presbyterian society, a committee to draft the resolution, in which the provincial board is requested to bring this great question before the general council meeting in Montreal in May, in the belief that so strong a body of women, actuated by Christian ideals, and working in co-operation with thinking people throughout the empire, must bring to bear a wide influence for world peace.

THE RESOLUTION.

The resolution in detail is as follows: "Whereas war is entirely contradictory to the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and whereas the only security for lasting peace is the reign of international justice and righteousness; and whereas the years that have followed the late war have disclosed not only the ever-increasing horrors and devastations of war, but its utter futility to meet the ends of justice; and whereas the nations of the world are awakening this hour to the absolute necessity of world brotherhood and obedience to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount; and whereas the conditions, would utterly discredit our Christianity in the eyes of thinking people, of whatever race, therefore, we, the women of the London Presbyterian Society, implore our provincial board to consider this matter and to present it at the forthcoming meeting of the general council, and that a resolution be drafted inviting all women of Canada, of every society, to join them in requesting that the churches of Canada excommunicate war, and, in co-operation with the industrial, political and other forces looking to the same end, insist that the nations of the world find some other plan for settling their disputes and that war be henceforth banned as an outrage, as was slavery a few generations ago."

"We would further recommend that in view of the world-wide social unrest, and especially in view of the searchlight of the Eastern world to which our Western civilization is exposed, that the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada incorporate in her program the study of our social and industrial conditions in the light of the social teachings of Jesus."

"Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and do not the things I say?"

"O, in your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

"Beneath the sea, the islands are all one; beneath the nations, humanity is one; beneath the creeds, the love of God is one."

"These are the 'fundamentals' we must give earnest and immediate heed to if we are to take Jesus in earnest as the world demands of us in its hour of pain and need."

WHAT THE PACKAGE DOES

Tea growers have found from experience that it is necessary immediately to pack tea in air-tight metal-lined chests, to preserve the flavor and goodness of the leaf. Equally so it is necessary to have a package for the small lots of tea for individual consumption. Bulk tea is always inferior because it is exposed to air. The SALADA air-tight aluminum package is the most efficient way of preserving tea known.

Weddings

Neuenhauswau-Pearson. On Wednesday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Pearson, Comber, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when their only daughter, Sadie, was united in marriage to Vilas Neuenhauswau, by the Rev. Mr. Bernie, of Blythwood.

Of relatives and friends were present, and at 7.30 o'clock, while the guests sang the hymn "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" the wedding party took their places before the altar, which was artistically decorated with pink and white draperies, flowers and ferns.

The bride was dressed in white organza and lace, wearing a wreath of sweet peas and carnations in her hair and carrying a bouquet of sweet peas and ferns.

After the ceremony the wedding party marched to the living-room to the strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. (Rev.) Bernie. A buffet supper was served at 10.30 p. m., after which the happy couple left for a two weeks' honeymoon to Indiana, the former home of the groom.

Dickinson-Wade. The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Wade, of East Pembroke, N. Y., to James R. Dickinson, of Aylmer, Ont., was solemnized on Saturday, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. William Excell, pastor of the East Pembroke Presbyterian Church, John the parsonage in West Main street, East Pembroke, N. Y.

After a brief wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson will take up their residence in Aylmer.

Sinclair-Saunders. The marriage of Mrs. Saunders, of Chatham, to Mr. Sinclair, of Thurgate, East, was solemnized in Chatham on Thursday, by Rev. A. E. Jones, pastor of Park Street Methodist Church. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair will reside on the groom's farm, Tilbury East.

Nelson-Green. The marriage took place at the First Presbyterian Church, Galt, Rev. K. J. MacDonald officiating, of Margaret Ironside, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Green, of Doon, to Dr. Frederick H. Nelson, of Selkirk, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Nelson, of Thomas. The couple were unattended.

Churches and Clubs

G. I. A. AUXILIARY.

Mrs. A. J. McMillan entertained the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, of the G. I. A., at her home in Roberts avenue, for their recent sewing meeting, when work was done on a number of quilts in preparation for a bazaar to be held later in the season. On Friday the auxiliary will hold another sewing meeting, with Mrs. James B. Grieves as hostess, at her home in Hamilton road.

KILWORTH PRESENTATION.

Three classes of the Kilworth Methodist Sunday school gathered at the home of Miss Mae Woodhull, recently, at a farewell party arranged in honor of Vernon J. Uphogrove, who is leaving this week for the West. Miss Gladys Cook read an address and Donald Westbrook made the presentation of a handsome club bag. A most enjoyable evening was spent with games and music, and later a supper was served.

KNOLLWOOD PARK Y. P. S.

The Young People's Society, of the Knollwood Park Presbyterian Church, and a number of other young people visited Victoria Home recently and put on a most enjoyable concert, later treating the residents to oranges. This event was a singularly happy one and delighted the patients.

ORPHAN CHAPTER EUCHER.

Orphan Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, gave a successful eucher of 30 tables yesterday afternoon and last evening at the Majestic building. The committee in charge were Mrs. Isabe Bolton, Mrs. Filmore, Mrs. Robert Robertson and Mrs. James Weir, and Mrs. Matthew Horner, worthy matron received the guests.

LORD ROBERTS CHAPTER.

The Lord Roberts Chapter, I. O. D. E., meeting yesterday, with Mrs. E. H. Johnston presiding, voted \$25 to be fund for the purchase of cadet uniforms. Final arrangements were made for the rummage sale which the chapter will hold at Cronyn Hall on Saturday morning and for which the members and others were asked to send their contributions to Cronyn Hall. A number of attractive articles will be on sale.

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON

JUDGE YOURSELF THAT WAY.

"Maybe there wasn't anything in it," said the lady who loves to tear reputations to pieces, "but you must admit, I looked like more than a coincidence."

She was referring to the fact that one of our doctors had been moved to take a trip to visit her cousins in the same big city.

WHY NOT? The doctor likes the lady and the lady likes the doctor. There is no reason why they shouldn't. They are both of them likeable people and their likeableness was not snuffed out when they married. Nor their capacity for liking someone other than the mate.

—Whom I feel sure they devotedly love. I don't believe there is anything more than a coincidence in their trip and I should not at all be surprised if they did not see each other during their stay in the city. Nor if they did, why shouldn't they? Nor, am I sure, would his wife or her husband see anything unnatural in their going to luncheon at the theater together under such circumstances. But the lady who loves to tear reputations to pieces would. For she gets a thrill out of always putting the worst construction on anything.

And she is not alone in that thrill. Many people do it. They are asking more worst construction on anything that comes to their attention than the best. But here's a sobering thought for such people.

Try it on yourself. Take something that you have done in perfect innocence and put the worst construction anyone could upon it.

Maybe you went to call on a friend and she was out and her brother was home. And he had some pictures he wanted to show you and you stayed a few minutes to look at them, and before you knew it the few minutes was an hour. Absolutely no reason why you shouldn't stay. No. But just try putting the worst construction on it that could be put, and fancy a tale started by someone with that tendency going around the town.

Or. You are the keeper of the proceeds of the big fair, and these proceeds turn out to be much less than they were expected to be. And during the time you have them in your possession, you deposit in the bank your own name some money you have been saving up to deposit. Suppose someone who was quick to put the worst construction on things saw you depositing the money and put two and two together—and made five out of them! I think this is an interesting experiment for all of us to try once in awhile—that is, putting the worst construction on our own acts. To realize

our own vulnerability makes us more willing to obey the old injunction: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

THE SILENT SERENADE. Gazing at the moon one balmy night, I noticed

A beautiful circle of iridescent light around

The fleeting cloudlets, passing o'er the face

Of the satellite, as though breathing softly.

"All things pass, just as we go scurrying on

Into eternity . . . all things, but God."

And the circle made me think of the continuity

Of life encircling immortality, in grandeur

—Rhea Sheldon, in Kansas City Star.

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HARD
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Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 5c. each. Sold everywhere. Can. Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul, Minn.

Like the radiant circle round the golden Moon that flooded the mystic night. The wedding of the night to eternity with the glories and the mysteries of God breathing To all the universe in the stillness of the night. —Rhea Sheldon, in Kansas City Star.

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