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**BELLE RIVER W. I.**

The June meeting of the Belle River Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Goodwill MacDougall with ten members and one visitor present. Meeting opened by singing the "Ode", followed by repeating the creed in unison.

Roll call was responded to by an exchange of plans. One new member joined. Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

It was moved by Mrs. John Stuart, seconded by Catherine Cook that \$10.00 be sent to flood victims in Manitoba. It was discussed about helping a family who lost their home by fire, but it was left over till the next meeting.

The Blue Cross was discussed and Mrs. Norman Bell told those who wished to join to send in their names soon. There was no report from sick committee, so they were re-appointed for the next month. Cards of thanks were read from Mr. and Mrs. Roy MacLean and Mrs. Madsen and Freddie for present and treats.

Mrs. John Stuart invited the members for the July meeting. Lunch committee to be Catherine Cook and Mrs. Fred Beaton; program, Mrs. John Stuart. Roll call to be "My Favourite Drink." The Montague variety concert to be held Wednesday night was discussed and all plans made for it.

Mrs. Norman Bell and Mrs. Ernest Morrison were appointed to attend the annual convention at Charlottetown on July 10th. Meeting closed with the King, after which a delicious lunch was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Fred Beaton and Mrs. Ernest Morrison.

**The Golden Girl**  
By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK  
continued

"Yes, it's new." His lips twitched with an odd little smile as if challenging her disapproval, as he stood up and wiped his hands on a bit of cotton waste.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked politely. "My drawing room isn't very formal, but that log has possibilities."

He reached inside the car, brought out his coat and laid it over a huge log near the roadside. It was almost uncanny to be on such casually friendly terms with an unacknowledged husband, but she went over to the seat he had prepared, not to be outdone in cheerful indifference to the situation. He sat down beside her.

"So you are at the Bluffs. How do you like it?"

"Very much. Some of your friends are there, the Daimlers."

"They often come up for part of the season. You will like them."

"I've met only Mrs. Daimler. Mr. Chase introduced us only a little while ago."

"Alan?"

"Yes." She felt impelled to explain. "He has been drawing up some plans for me."

"I see. Lucky Alan, to be your architect! Are you going to build a Long Island Mansion?"

"Indeed I am not!" she retorted with dignity. "I don't expect to remain here anyway. I want to travel. After that, of course I shall want a house somewhere. Not a silly show place, but a home of my own." She hesitated. "I haven't decided where. California, perhaps."

"You might let me know when you decided to leave," he suggested. "I suppose your affairs are still in Carver's hands, but before the property passes to your control, I'd better give you the right to buy and sell real estate."

"Thank you. I will speak to Mr. Carver."

Silence again lay between them. The awkwardness of a common knowledge seemed to have crippled speech for both. It was Jack who first spoke.

"Well, is it all that you thought?" Gloria hesitated over the word. It suddenly seemed so vulgar and pretentious.

"The whole thing." He flicked aside a tiny shower of ashes which had fallen on her parasol. "I mean life generally, what money brings, you know."

"Oh, yes, it has been great fun." Gloria gave him a quick sideways look, half defiant. "Perhaps some day the novelty will wear off and I shall grow blasé and bored, like some of the stout old ladies in limousines. But thus far it has been wonderful except for one thing."

"And that?"

"That, I supposed, cannot be helped." Gloria shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "But of course I cannot ever feel quite comfortable accepting so much from you. It is more than simply giving me the use of your name, because if you wanted to marry anyone else tomorrow you would be tied by that secret marriage. It puts me under an intolerable sense of obligation. It is humiliating to accept so much without any willingness on your part to share."

"I am sorry that you find it unpleasant," he said coolly. "but I am afraid I cannot oblige you in this instance."

Gloria did not answer. She was angry at herself for referring to it at all, and vexed at his cool matter of the situation. She turned away disdainfully.

His expression changed quickly, hardening a little. For a moment more he looked down at her, this adorably flushed disdainful creature who was his wife. A reckless light came into his eyes.

"When I must be paid for marrying you," he said deliberately. "I'll take my pay now—this way."

Before she knew what he was doing she was in his arms, his legs were against hers, swift, flaming and inescapable. For a clinging moment she was held in that vise-like grip. Then he raised his head and slowly released her.

"Oh—I hate you!" It was only a whisper, but her eyes blazed at him.

He bent his head in ironic acknowledgment, a new Jack. A Jack that she had never dreamed of before. He had whitened under his tan, but he was smiling strangely.

"That is to be expected, I presume. But at least it may free you from the annoying sense of obligation."

He bowed. It might have been acceptance or farewell, or both. He went over to the new car by the road, slid into the low seat and raised his hat. Gloria watched him again.

He was gone, a flash and a whirl of dust. Far down the road where the pine woods ended she heard the roar of the cutout as he took a hill at headlong speed.

Gloria went quickly back to the hotel. She did not want to meet anyone, she could not talk to anyone and at the thought of Jack anger and shame burned in her cheeks.

Halfway to the elevator she remembered a letter from Sara Dalton lying unread in her bag and she turned aside into one of the many secluded rooms that lined the main corridor. There was a veranda just beyond the window, half closed in from the outer world, yet looking at it through latticed arches. Low chairs and little tables were here and there and a waiter was threading his way through with a tray. She heard the tinkle of teacups, the murmur of voices, and then a girl's voice so near that it made her start.

"And, Mother, it actually was Jack Moreland! In overalls and with the most dreadfully black

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hands!"

"Sophie, my dear! Probably Jack is up to one of his absurd pranks."

"Give you my word, Mother, it seemed to be the real thing." Bill Daimler was speaking now with the same careless well-bred ease that characterized Jack's tones.

"The minute we drove into the garage our bent mudguard and yelled. 'Hey, Jack!' And when Jack appeared around the corner of a big Rolls Royce, in jumpers and with a dirty face, Sophie nearly tumbled out of the car. We all fell on him at once and old Mac's eyes almost popped out of his head."

"It must be a bet," Alan Chase commented. "There's somebody back of it, Bill."

"A girl probably. Anyway, he's working like a longshoreman and look at our bent mudguard and yelled. 'Hey, Jack!' And when Jack appeared around the corner of a big Rolls Royce, in jumpers and with a dirty face, Sophie nearly tumbled out of the car. We all fell on him at once and old Mac's eyes almost popped out of his head."

"Don't be silly!" Sophie Daimler crisply cut the argument short. "Jack is coming here tonight, and you can see him for yourself! Somebody up in Maine has bought a new car and Jack is taking it up for him. He promised he would come this way and stay overnight. He ought to be here now."

Somewhat Gloria made her escape unscathed and once in the shelter of her own room she dropped into the nearest chair, stunned and bewildered.

Jack Moreland whom she had despised as an idler was working in a public garage at common everyday toll which his aunt would consider the depth of humiliation. Jack working with his hands for wages! Why had he not told her? Was he angry because of the things she had said to him? Or didn't her good opinion matter?

Sophie Daimler had said that Jack was on his way here. She put her hands up to her cheeks that were suddenly hot. In her ears there came the distant roar of a racing motor as he had savagely put on speed, going north. Jack would not come to the Bluffs that night.

To be continued

**SPRINGTOWN W. I.**

The Springtown W. I. met at the home of Mrs. Owen Lamont on Wednesday, June 7 with the president in the chair. Meeting opened by singing "O Canada," followed by Creed in unison. Roll call answered with "Place I was born and some interesting fact about it." There were nine members and one visitor present.

It was reported that \$11.75 was collected for Salvation Army. Sick committee reported fruit for one had been gotten. It was moved by Mrs. J. Bryenton and seconded by Mrs. R. McPhee this bill be paid. Correspondence read by secretary was discussed.

It was decided to try and get New London concert around first of July.

Some discussion followed on moving school also on procuring new seats for school. It was decided to try and get a car to go to district convention in Emyvale on June 22 to go both afternoon and evening making two trips. Collection taken which amounted to 62 cents.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. D. S. McPhee. Mrs. Bryenton moved meeting adjourn. Lunch was then served by hostess assisted by Mrs. Duncan Macintosh and Mrs. Wm. A. Halliwell.

**ALEXANDRA W. I.**

The June meeting met at the home of Mrs. Atwood McRae and opened by singing "O Canada" and repeating Creed in unison, followed by roll call, eight members responding, two visitors present. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. Unfinished business taken up. Unanimously agreed to donate the quilt made by members to the Manitoba Flood Relief.

Sick committee reported three sick calls made and suitable treats taken for which thanks were extended at this time. Electric light and several other small bills presented and paid. Sick committee re-appointed for next three months. Correspondence read and disposed of.

Agreed to send \$2.00 to Salvation Army. Lengthy discussions followed re educational system on P.E.I. and resolution paper to be brought up at annual convention in July.

A friendly letter from a former member, Mrs. Henry Burhoe was read and enjoyed by all. Agreed that \$5.00 be donated towards school prizes at end of the year, also planned for picnic at the shore for school children. Ice cream and cake to be provided

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**OH, THIS? THIS IS JUST MY GRAMPAS WATCH HE LEFT TO ME!**

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