# THE WESTCOTT ELOPEMENT



No. 6 of a New Series of "Anne" Stories

# By L. M. Montgomery, Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

NNE SHIRLEY, in common with everybody else in Summerside, was very
much exercised over the loves of
Jarvis Morrow and Dovie Westcott. She
was very fond of both Jarvis and Dovie.
Franklin Wescott, a tall, sombre, hardbitten merchant, reputed "close and unsosciable," lived in a big, old-fashioned house
called Elmcroft, inst outside the town.

sciable," lived in a big, old-fashloned house called Elmeroft, just outside the town. Anne had met him once or twice, but really knew very little of him, except that he had an uncanny habit of saying some-thing that sounded grave and solemn, and then going off into a long chuckle of thing that sounded grave and solemn, and then going off into, a long chuckle of soundless laughter. He had never gone to church since hymns came in, and he had never allowed Dovie to dance or skate, because he didn't approve of dancing or skating. It was said that he never allowed a light in his house after ten o'clock at night, and Insisted on having all his windows open all the time, even in winter storms.

windows open all the time, even in winter atorms.

His wife was dead. It was common report that she had been a slave, unable to call her soul her own. Franklin told her, it was said, when he brought her home that he would be master.

Dovie . . whose real name was Sybil . . . was his only child . . . a very pretty, plump, lovable girl of twenty, with a red mouth always falling a little open over her small white teeth, glints of chestnut in her town halr and blue, long-lashed eyes.

brown hair and blue, long-lashed eyes.
Franklin Westcott had never allowed
by the have and "beaus," and when
Jarvis Morrow began dancing attendance on Jarvis Morrow began annual attendance of the her he forbade him the house, and told Dovie there was to be "no more running round with that fellow." But the mischief had been done. Dovie and Jarvis were already fathoms deep in love.

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All the town were in sympathy with the lovers. Franklin Westcott was really unreasonable. Jarvis was a successful young business man of good family, with good prospects, and a very nice, decent lad in himself.

"Nothing could be more sultable," declared Reberca Dew, who "worked" in Anne's boarding house, but thought herself the equal of anyhody. "Jarvis Morrow could have any girl he wanted in town. Franklin Westcott needs a good spanking, that's what he needs. He has just made up his nind that Doyle is to be an old maid. He wants to be sure of a house-keeper when Aunt Maggle dies."
"Isn't there anyone who has any influence with him?" asked Anne.
"Nobody can argue with Franklin Westcott. He's too sarcastical. And if you get the better of him he throws a tantrum, but I've heard Miss Prouty describe how he areted one time she was there sewing. He got mad over something. He just grabbed everything in sight and finne it out them.

He got mad over something. He just grab-bed everything in sight and flung it out the window. Milton's poems went flying clean over the fence into George Clark's Illy pond. No. 1 can't see any chance for Jarvis and Dovie unless they elope. It's kind of a low-down thing to do, thought there's been a lot of romantic nonsense falled and collisions. of romantic nonsense talked and writ about eloping. But this is a case where anybody would excuse it, Jarvis isn't going to dangle forever. That Palmer girl is throwing herself at his head, and she's awful pretty."

Jarvis Morrow walked home with Anne from the High School commencement dance a few nights later and told her his wees. of remantic neasense talked and writ about

wors.
"You'll have to run away with her, Jarvis. Everybody says so. As a rule I don't approve of elopements..." ("I'm certainly growing schooltencherish," mused Anne with an unseen grin)..."but there are exceptions to all rules.

"It takes two to make an elopement, Anne. I'd elope in a jiffy but Dovle is so frightened of her father I can't get her to agree. Don't think I haven't tried. And it wouldn't be an elopement, really. She'd

agree. Don't think I haven't tried. And It wouldn't be an elopement, really. She'd just come to my sister's . . . Mrs. John Stevens, you know . . . some evening . . I'd have the minister there and we could be married respectably enough to please anybody and go over to spend our honeymoon with Ajint Bertha in Kingsport. moon with Aunt Hertha in Kingsport. Simple as that, But I can't get Dovie to chance it. She's been giving in to her father's whims and crotchets so long that the poor darling hasn't any will power left."

You'll simply have to make her do it,

"Great Peter, Anne, I've done my level best. I've begged till I was black in the

face. When she's with me she'll almost promise it but the minute she's home again she'll send me word she can't. It seems odd, Anne, but the poor child is really fond of her father and she can't bear the thought of his news formula her. of his never forgiving her."

"You must tell her she has to choose between you and her father."
"And suppose she chooses him?"

don't think there is any danger of

that."
"You can never tell," said Jarvis gloomily. "But something has to be decided soon,
I can't go on like this forever. I'm crazy
about Dovie... everybody in Summerside
knows that. She's like a little red rose justout of reach... I must reach her, Anne."

## 

"Poetry is a very good thing in its place but it won't get you anywhere in this, Jarvis," said Anne cooly. "That sounds like a remark Rebecen Dew would make but it's quite true. What you need just now is plain hard common sense. Tell Dovie that you're tired of shilly-shallying and that she must take you or leave you. If she doesn't care enough for you to leave the father for you it's just as well for you her father for you it's just as well for you to realize it."

Jarvis groaned.
"You haven't been under the thumb of Franklin Westcott all your life, Anne. You haven't any realization of what he's like. Well, I'll make a last and final effort. As you say, if Dovie really cares for me she'll come to me. And if she doesn't I might as well know the worst. I'm beginning to feel that I've made myself'rather ridiculous." Jarvis groaned.

"If you're beginning to feel that way," thought Anne, "Dovie would better watch

Dovie herself came down a few e

Davie herself caine down a few evenlings later to consult Anne. "What shall I do, Anne? What can I do? Jarvis wants me to clope . . . practically. Father is to be in Charlottetown one night next week attending a Masonic banquet and it would be a good chance. Aunt Maggie would never suspect . . . she's very deaf and stupid, you know. Jarvis wants me to go to Mrs. Stevens and be married there." "And why don't you, Dovie?" "Oh, Anne!" Davie lifted a sweet coaxing face. "Please, please make up my mind for me. I'm just distracted." Dovie's voice broke on a tearful note. "Oh, Anne, you don't know father. He's . . . he's terrible. He just hates Jarvis. I can't Imagine why . . can you? I low can anybody hate Jarvis? When he called on me the first time father forbade him the house and told him if he ever came again he'd set the dog him if he ever came again he'd set the dog on him . . . our hig buil. You know they never let go once they take hold. And he'll never forgive me if I run away with Jarvis.

"You must choose between them. Dovle." "You must choose between them, Dovle."
"That's just what Jarvis said," wept
Dovle. "Oh, he was so stern... I'd never
seen him like that before. And I can't
... I can't ... ii ... i ... i... ve
without him, Anne."
"Then live with him, my dear girl. And
don't call it eloping. Just coming into town
and being married among his friends isn't
eloping."

eloping."

oping."
"Father will call it that," said Dovie,
sallowing a sob. "But I'm going to take swallowing a sob. "But I'm going to take you advice, Anne. I'm sure you wouldn't advise me to take any step that was wrong. I'll tell Jarvis to go ahead and get the licence and I'll come to his sister's the night father is in Charlottetown."

# PERFECT .

Jarvis told Anne trlumphantly that Dovie

had yielded at last. The end of the lane next Tuesday night . . . she won't have me go down to the house for fear Aunt Maggie might see me . . . and we'll just step up to Julia's and be married in a brace of shakes. All my folks are to be there so it will make the poor darling feel quite comfortable. Frunklin Westcott said I should never get his daughter. I'll show him he was mistaken."
Tuesday was a gloomy day in late Nov-

ember. Occasional cold gusty showers drifted over the hills. The world seemed a dreary, outlived place, seen through a gray drizzle.

Poor Dovie hasn't a very nice day for "Poor Dovie hasn't a very nice day for her wedding," thought Anne. "Suppose . . . "suppose . . . "sup quaked and shivered . . . "suppose it doesn't turn out well after all. It will be my fault. Dovie would never have agreed to it if I hadn't advised her

to. And suppose Franklin Westcott never forgives her. Anne Shirley, stop this! The weather is all that's the matter with you." By night the rain had ceased but the air was cold and the tky lowering. Anne was correcting examination papers in ner from when a thundernus knock came at the front door, Anne ran down.

"Jarvis, whatever is the matter?"

"Jarvis, whatever is the matter?"

"Dovie haan't come," and Jarvis wildly,
"We've waited hours! The minister's there
. and my Irlends ... and Julia has
supper ready ... and Dovie hasn't come,
I waited for her at the end of the lane
till I was half crazy. ! daren't go down tothe house because I diln't know what had
happened. That old hittle may have come
back. Aunt Maggie may have locked her
up. But I've got to kniw!! Anne, you must
go to Elmeroft and fin! out why she haan't
come."

"Me?" said Anne incredulously, and

"Yes, you. There's no one else I can "Yes, you. There's no, one else. It can trust . no one else who knows. Oh. Anne, don't fall me now. You've hacked us night along. Dovie sameyou are the only friend she has. It isn't late . . only nine.

"And be chewed up by the building?" said Anne sarcastically.

"That old relic!" sall Jarvis contemptuously. "He wouldn't say boo to a tramp. You don't suppose I'm afraid of the dog, do you? Besides, he's always shut up at night. I simply don't want to make anymore trouble for Dove if they'ver found out. Anne, please!"
"I suppose I'm in for it," said Anne with a shrug of despair.

Jarvis drove her to be lane of Elmerott but she would not let time come further. "As you say it might complicate matters for Dovie if her father has come horne."

Anne hurried down the long, elm-bore.

Anne hurried down the long: elm-bordered lane. The mooi occasionally broke through the windy clods-but for the monart it was gruesomeb dark and she was not a little dubious abut the dog. There seemed to be only on light in Elmeroff, shinging from the kithent window.

Aunt Maggie herself opened the door to Anne. Aunt Maggie was a very old cousing of Franklin Westcottie as little wrinkled of Franklin Westcotti, as littles wrinkled old woman who had never been considered over bright mentally, thought she was an excellent housekeeper.

"Aunt Maggio" is Deleshome??"

"Dovie's in bed," said Aunt Maggios stolldy.

"In bed! Is she III?

"Not as I knows on. She seemed to be all in a dither all day. After supper she says she is tired and use and igues to bed."

"I must see her for as moment. Aunti

"I must see her for an moment, Aunt aggle. I-I- just wat a little-important Maggle, I-I--Information.

"Better go up to her room. It's the conthe right as you go up." Aunt Mago gestured towards the stair and wadded back to the kitchen.

# -----

Dovie sat up as Anne walked in, rather

Dovie sat up as Anne walked in, rather unceremoniously, after a hurried rap, and turned on the light. Dovie was in team but her team only exasperated Anne. "Dovie Westcott, did you forget that you promised to marry Jarvis Morrow tonight." "No . . no," whimpered Dovie. "Oh, Anne, I'm so unhappy . . I've put in such a dreadful day. You can never, never know what I've come through?"

Anne, I'm so unnappy . I've put in such a dreadful day. You can never, never know what I've gone through."
"I know what poor Jarvis has gone through waiting for two hours at that lane in the cold and drizzle," said Anne merci-

. is he very angry, Anne? "Is be . what you could

bitingly.
"Oh, Anne, I just got frightened.
"I couldr 

Jarvis Morrow will never speak to you again if you make a feel of him like this."
"Oh, Anne . . . he'll forgive me when he hears . . "

"He won't. I know Jarvis Morrow. He "He won't. I know Jarvis Morrow. He lan't going to let you play indefinitely with his life. Dovie, do you want me to drag you bodily out of the bed?"

Dovie shuddered and signed.
"t haven't any suitable dress..."
"Put on your pretty new taffets. And hurry!"
"I haven't any troussens. The Morrows."

"I haven't any trousseau. The Morrows will always cast that up to me."

"You can get one afterwards. Dovie, did not you weigh all these things in the bal-ance before?"

'No . . . no That's just the trouble. I only begin to think of them today. And father you don't know father, Anne."
"Dovie, I'll just give you fan minutes lo get dressed."

Dovle was dressed in the specified time

Dovle was dressed in the specified time.

"This dress is getting foo to to to to tight for me," she sobbed. "If I get much fire-fatter I don't suppose Jurvis will I-love me I wish I was tall and slin and pale like you, Anne. Oh, Anne, what if Anne Maggie hears us."

"She won't. She's shut up in the kitchen. Here's your hat and coat and I've tumbled a few things into this high."

"Oh, my heart is fulltirting so. Do I look

Oh, my heart is fluttering so. Do I look

Ton, my heart is futtering at the terrible, Anne."

"Your look lovely," salid Anne sincerely, Dovie's satin skin was rose and cream and all her tears hadn't been able to spoil her eyes. But Jarvis couldn't see her eyes in

the dark and he was just a little annoyed with his adored fair one and rather rool during the drive into town.
"For goodness' sake, Dovie, don't look so scared over having to marry me," he said impatiently as she came down the stairs of the Stevens house. "And don't cry , . . . It will make your nose swell. It's nearly ten o'clock and we've got to entit the 11:30

Dovie was all right as soon as she found

Dovie was all right as soon as she found hersetf irrevocably married to darvis. "Anne darling we own it all to you. We will never forget it, will we larvis?" And oh, Anne darling will you do just one more thing for me? Please brenk the news to father. He'll be home on the seven o'clock train tomorrow evening... and somebody has got to tell him. You can smooth him over: if anybody can. Please do your hest to get him to forgive me."

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Anne fett she rather needed some smoothing over herself just then; but she absorbed returned by responsible for the outcome of the affair, so she gave in required promise. "Of course he'll be terrible", ... simply terrible; Anne, but he can't kill you," said Dovie comfortingly. "Oh, Anne, you don't know... you can't realize how safe I feel with Jarvia."
When Anne got home Rebecca Dew had

with Jarvin."
When Anne got home Rebecca Dew had to hear the whole story.
"I don't envy you the job of breaking the news to Franklin Westcott," she said.

"If I was in your shoes I wouldn't sleep one blessed wink tonight."

"I feel that it won't be a very pleasant

"I feel that it won't be a very plen and experience," agreed Anne ruefully. She betook herself to Elmcroft the next evening with a rather ainking sensation pervading her being. It was not exactly a delightful errand. As Dovie had said, of course, Frankilin Westcott wouldn't kill her, hance hardly feared physical violence, though, if all the tales told of him were true, he might throw something at though, if all the tales told of him were true, he might throw something at her head. But he would likely exercise his noted gift for unpleasant sarcasm, and acreasm, in man or woman, was the one weapon Anne dreaded. It always burt her

weapon Anne dreaded. It always hurt her . . raised bilisters on her soul that similaried for months.

"Aunt Jamesina used to say: 'Never if you can help it be the bringer of ill news,' "reflected Anne. "She was as wise in that as in everything else. Well, here I am." On the top of the flight of front steps sat the dog.

"If they take hold they never let yo," remembered Anne. Should she try going round to the side door! Then the thought that Franklin Westor! might be watching

that Franklin Westcott might be watching her from the window braced her up. Never would she give him the satisfaction of security, her head held high, she marched up the steps, past the dog, and rang the built he dog had not stirred; when Ame

(Continued on Next Page)

# The Westcott Elopement

(Continued from Page Twenty.)

gianced at him over her shoulder he had apparently gone to sleep. Franklin Westcott, it transpired, was not

at home, but was expected every moment as the Charlottetown train was in. Aunt Maggie convoyed Anne into what she called

as the Charlottetown train was in. Aunt Maggle convoyed Anne into what she called "the liberry" and left her there. The dog had got up and followed them in. He came and arranged himself at Anne's feet.

Anne found herself liking "the liberry." It was a cheerful, shabby room with a fire glowing costly in the grate and bearskin rugs on the worn red carpet. Old Franklin Westcott evidently did himself well in regard to books and pipes.

Tresently she heard him come in. He hung up his hat and coat in the hall. He stood in the library door with a very derited scowl on his brow.

"Oh, it's you, is lit" he said. Well, and what do you want?"

He had not even offered to shake hands with her. Of the two, Anne thought the dog had decidedly the better manners.

"Mr. Westcott, please hear me through patiently before..."

"I am patient. Very patient. Proceed." Anne decided that there was no use beating about the bush with a man like Franklin Westcott.

ing about the bush with a man like Franklin, Westcott.

T have come to tell you," she said sleadily, "last Dovie has married Jarvis Morrow."

Morrow."

Then she waited for the earthquake. None came. Not a muscle of Franklin Westcott's lean brown face changed. He came in and ast down on the bandy-legged leather chair opposite Anne.

"When?" he said.

"Last night... at his sister's."

Franklin Westcott looked at her for a moment. Then he threw back his head and went into one of his soundless apasms of laughter.

Westcott

Westcott."

Franklin Westcott coolly picked up a pipe and began to fill it.

"If you made Sybil clope with Jarvis Morrow, Miss Shirley, you've accomplished more than I ever thought anybody could. I was beginning to be afraid she'd never have back-hone enough to do it. And then I'd have had to back down... and how we Westcotts hate backing down! You've saved my face, Miss Shirley, and I'm profundity grateful to you."

I'm profoundly grateful to you."

There was a very loud allence while

Franklin Westcott tamped his tobacco Franklin Westcott tamped his tobacco down and looked with an amused twinkle at Anne's face. Anne was so much at sea she didn't know what to say.

"I suppose," said Franklin Westcott, "that you came here in fear and trembling to break the terrible news to me?"

"Yes," said Anne a tritle shortly.
Franklin Westcott chuckled soundlessly.

Franklin Westcott chuckled soundlessly. "You needn't have. You couldn't have





brought me more welcome Ildings. Way, I picked Jarvis Morrow out for Sybli when they were kids. Noon as other boys began taking notice of her I shooed them all off. That gave Jarvis his first notion of her. He'd show the old man! But he was so popular with the girls that I could never believe the incredible luck when he did really take a genuine fancy to her. Then I laid out my plans of campaign. I knew the Morrows, root and branch. You don't. They're a good family but the men don't. They're a good family but the men don't. They're determined to get a thing if they're told they can't. They always go by contraries. Jarvis' father broke three girls' hearts because their families thew their at his head. In Jarvis' case I knew exactly hearts because their families threw them at his head. In Jarvis' case I knew exactly what would happen. Sybil would fail head over heels in love with him... and he'd be tired of her in no time. I knew he wouldn't keep on wanting her if ahe was too easy to get, so I forbade him to come near the place and I forbade Sybil to have a word to say to him and generally played the heavy parent to perfection. Talk about the charm of the uncatchaile. It all worked out according to schedule hof I struck a snag in Sybil's apinelesaness. She's a nice child but she appinelesa. What a time I had prodding her through High School! Eve been thinking she'd never have the pluck to marry him. spineless. What a time I had prodding her through High School! Eve been thinking she'd never have the pluck to marry him in my teeth Now, if you've go! your breath hark, by dear, unbosoms yourself of the whole story.

Anne's sense of humor had again come to her rescue. The could never refuse an opportunity for a good laugh even when it was on herself. And she suddenly felt very well acquainted with Franklin Westcott.

He listened to the tale, taking quiet, en-

He listened to the tale, taking quiet, enjoyable whifts of his pipe. When Anne had finished he nodded comfortably. "More obliged to you than ever. She'd never have got up the grit to do it if it hadn't been for you. And Jatvis Morrow wouldn't have taked being made a fool of twice. not if I know the breed. Goah, but I've had a narrow eacape. In yours to command for life, Mias Shirley, You're a real bittle to come here as you itd, believing all the yarns gosap told you. You've been told a-plenty, haven't you now."

Anne nodded. The bull-dog had got his

Anne nodded. The building had got his head on her lap and was anoring bilisafully.

"Everyone agreed that you were cranky, crabbed and crusty," she said candidly.

"And I suppose they told you I was a tyrant and made my poor wifes life miserable and ruled my family with a rod of fron?"

"Something like that the land transport.

"Something like that ..., but I really did take it with a grain of sait, Mr. Westcott. I felt Dovic couldn't be as fond of you as she was if you were quite as black asyyou

she was if you were quite as black asyyou were painted."
"Sensible gal! My wife was a happy woman, Miss Shirley. I ruled my household as a man should, but not tyranically. Of, of rourse, I had a spell of temper now and then, but Mollie didn't mind them after she got used to them. Besides, I always gave her a ring or a necklase or some such gain after I caimed down. There wasn't a woman in town had more nice jewelry. I gimust get it out and give it to Sybii."

Anne went wicked.

"What about Milton's poems." she asked slyly.

"What about Millon's poems, and search sayly,
"Millon's poems" Oh, that It wasn't Millon, it was Tempson. I reverence Millon, but I can't abde Alfred. He's too lady-like. Those last two lines of Enoch Arden made me so mad one night I did fire the book through the window. But I picked it up nest day for the sake of the Bugle Song. I'd forgive anybody anything for that, It didn't go into the filly pond.

that was Mother Prouty's emurously, You're not going ... stay and have a bits of supper with a lonely old fellow robbed of his only child."

"Tm really sorry, Mr. Westcott, but I have to attend a meeting of the staff tonight."

have to attend a meeting of the staff tonight."

"Well, I'll be seeing you when Sybil comes back. I'll have to fling a party for them no doubt. And goah, what a relief this has been to my mind! You've no idea how I'd have hated to have to back down and say, 'Take her.' Now all I have to do is to pretend to be heart-broken and resigned and forgive her sadly for the sake of her poor mother. I'll do it beautifully. Jarvis must never suspect. Don't you give the show away."

"I won't," promised Anne.

Franklin Westcoit saw her courteously to the door. The building sat up on his haunches and cried after her.

Franklin Festcott took his pipe out of his mouth at the door and tapped her on the shoulder with it.

"Always remember," he said solemnly. "that there's more than one way to akin a

cat. It can be done so that the animal will never know he's lost his hide. Thank you . . . thank you."

"People told me I didn't know Franklin Westcott," reflected Anne as she took her way home. "They were right . . . I didn't, And neither did they."

LIONS FIGHT MEN AND DOGS Natives who recently routed lions from Ngogo, Southern Rhodesia, may be rewarded for their heroism. The men were awakened at night by lions attacking cattle in a village. Two of the beasts were seen outside the circle of huts and one inside. The three were driven away by the natives, who threw burning brands at them. Next morning they followed the beasts with all the dogs they could muster. Several miles away they met the lions, and in the fray four dogs were killed and many badly wounded. The men closed in, and killed one of the beasts with spears.

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