

Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

"Cicily, darling, I — I have something to tell you," Aunt Muriel faltered.

Cicily's voice was quite curt as she said almost casually, "Albert has told me."

The words struck Aunt Muriel absolutely motionless. Her eyes, bright with tears, stared wide and expressionless, bits of blue glass struck between her wet lashes.

"He's told you? About — what?" She spoke with some difficulty.

"About Ivy," said Cicily. "Oh, my poor child!" Aunt Muriel's hands flew up to her face in an abandonment to emotion that seemed wild and inexplicable.

Rarely, if ever, had Cicily felt more uncomfortable. "He told me about Doty and the lawsuit and Fox and all that Fox said," she continued stolidly. "I think he's quite right. We mustn't tell Uncle Ed. We can't have a scandal."

Aunt Muriel had sank back on the sofa, relief and bewilderment struggling in her gaze. "And you, Cicily, darling?" she managed to enunciate. "You mean you've forgiven him?" "Of course I've forgiven him. Don't I have to? You know Albert. He goes down like a nine-pin before a pretty girl. Of course I wish it hadn't happened. It's going to turn out to be very expensive. But at least it's over. He really regrets it."

After an instant of blank, dazed silence, "I had no idea that you were such a realist, Cicily," her mother-in-law observed in a queer dry tone. "At your age, I'm sure I didn't have your composure. But we took sex more seriously. And much more romantically. Whether, my dear, we were deceived, or deceiving. But women and men were, of course, just the same. Such escapades are always superficial and a wife, if she's sensible, always wins in the end. Albert, my dear child, is simply devoted to you. He told me so yesterday with tears in his eyes. But don't think that I'm trying to excuse his conduct. I think it was disgraceful to have an affair with a model in Ed's office — her voice said disdainfully.

It was Cicily's turn to be struck absolutely motionless. Then she heard her lips whispering, "An affair?" She was stupefied.

"Oh, my dear, it was that!" cried Aunt Muriel quickly. Her accent was curiously that of reassurance. "You couldn't call it seduction, as Doty pretends. She was an experienced married woman and she knew what was happening quite as well as Albert did. She admits it, in fact."

Cicily sat quite, staring up at her mother-in-law. The agony still had its grip on her heart. It was all Cicily could do to keep her horrible secret from the woman before her who wished to be sympathetic — the secret that Albert had told her nothing but lies.

"Have you decided," asked Aunt Muriel presently, "you and Albert, I mean, what you are going to do?"

"Oh, I guess we'll have to settle," Cicily said apathetically. "I mean that I'll pay," and she glared at her mother-in-law.

Aunt Muriel looked very grateful for the glare. Or perhaps she only noticed the bounty it illuminated. She rose from the sofa and stood smiling beatifically, all of her gratitude shining in her eyes.

"Cicily, darling, I haven't words to thank you, Albert must have told you that I'm utterly helpless. Ed has my money. But I'll see you're repaid one way or another. I shall make it my affair. It may take some time, but you shall have every cent of it."

Aunt Muriel meant this. "Cicily," she said, "dear child, I want to kiss you."

Cicily dragged herself from the hearthrug by clutching the armchair. Aunt Muriel pulled her daughter-in-law to her feet and clasped her to her bosom. Cicily slung there, submitting to the caress, glad of the support of the well-corseted figure which felt solid and stolid under her arms.

It was Cicily who first saw Albert at the door. On his apparition her body has stiffened in Aunt Muriel's arms and, feeling its rigidity, Aunt Muriel released it. She wheeled at the sight of her daughter-in-law's face.

"Albert!" she gasped in the utmost confusion. And then with a candor shameless, thoughtless and disarming, "I was going to ask Cicily not to tell you I was here."

"Well, that's unnecessary," said Albert very grimly. He regarded his mother with fury in his eyes. He removed his hat and, crushing the brim in tense, twitching fingers, he turned toward Cicily who, standing a little removed by the armchair, had been a mute spectator of this distressing scene. "I hope she hasn't — shocked you," he said with hesitation, transferring to his wife the intensity of his gaze.

"It wasn't a very pleasant subject of conversation," Cicily said, not for his, but her mother-in-law's ears. She couldn't deal with Albert until Aunt Muriel had gone. If she only would go — go without realizing the situation she had precipitated.

"What have you done to her? What have you said to her? Albert turned to his mother in bitter accusation. "Why in God's

Todd-Mayne Wedding

On the evening of Wednesday, July 7th, 1948, at 6 o'clock, a very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, when Violet Rebecca, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Todd of Rose Valley exchanged marriage vows with Leeland Paynter, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mayne, Emerald. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. F. MacEwen, beneath an arch prettily decorated with spruce and summer flowers.

The bride entered the living room on the arm of her father, who gave her in marriage to the strains of the Bridal Chorus, played by Mrs. Harlan Day, sister of the groom.

The bride was dressed in a floor-length gown of white rayon sheer with full bodice, high neckline of embroidery and full length sleeves. Her tulle veil was finger tip style of white net. She carried a bouquet of red Briarcliffe roses. Her only ornaments were a single strand of pearls with matching earrings, gift of the groom.

Mrs. Leslie Frizzell, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. She wore a floor-length gown of pink brocade organza over taffeta, with finger tip veil. She carried a bouquet of deep pink roses.

The groom was supported by his cousin, Mr. Leslie Frizzell.

The bride's mother was attired in a dress of flowered crepe and wore a corsage of white carnations. The groom's mother chose a dress of black crepe and wore a corsage of pink carnations.

The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a sterling silver bracelet; to the best man a fountain pen.

Following the ceremony a reception was held for the forty guests in attendance.

The dining room was tastefully decorated for the occasion, with pink and white, the table was centered with a three-tier wedding cake topped with a miniature bride and groom. Those assisting in serving were Miss Vestie Dawson, Miss June Chappell, Mrs. James Cousins, Mrs. Erven Todd and Mrs. Reginald Compton.

Later in the evening a group of serenaders gathered to wish the newlyweds much happiness.

Amidst a shower of confetti the happy young couple left on a motor trip to points of interest in the Maritimes.

For travelling the bride wore a suit of powder blue with white accessories.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayne will reside in Emerald where the groom is a prosperous farmer.

York And Vicinity

Miss Heen Lewis, City, spent the week end at her home in York.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Knax and son George spent Monday in York.

Friends of Mrs. Lloyd Vessey are sorry to hear that she has entered the P. E. I. Hospital for treatment.

Miss Christine Proude has returned to her home in York after visiting in Oyster Bed Bridge.

Mr. Sterling Saunders, City, is visiting in York, the guest of his sister Mrs. West Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Watts, City, spent Sunday in York, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Watts.

On Friday evening the young people of York gathered at St. Anne's Beach and enjoyed a very nice weenie fry.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. MacCallum have as their guests, Mrs. MacCallum's parents and brother of N. B.

The farmers of York are busy getting their hay in and it is reported to be a wonderful crop.

Mrs. Albert Proud, York, accompanied by her brother, Daniel MacKenzie, N. S., were visitors to New Perth last week.—C.

Miss Gladys Crockett, York was a visitor to Covehead on Wednesday the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Ramsay Auld.

Mr. George Proud has returned home after visiting with his grandmother, Mrs. George Benardo, West Covehead.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Caswell and daughter Myra, City, are visiting in York, the guests of Mrs. Caswell's mother, Mrs. Fred MacDonaid.

On Monday evening July 12, the ladies of York United Church held a strawberry festival on the parsonage grounds. It was very much enjoyed by all.

LUCKY HORSES
NEWMARKET, England —(CP)—A motor trailer on view here has leather and chromium fittings with fluorescent lighting and air conditioning. It is a "horsebox" built for transporting Lord Derby's race horses and can carry six yearlings.

name did you have to come out here?"

"Albert!" Aunt Muriel's face was a blank of amazement. She picked up her coat from the walnut-backed sofa. "Your reactions are incredible. I'm not going to stay here to listen to your discourtesy."

(To Be Continued)

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