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DARNLEY AND SEA VIEW W. M. S.

The regular monthly meeting of the Darnley and Sea View Auxiliary of the W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. H. L. Donald on Monday evening, June 13th.

The president, Mrs. Simmons, presided at the worship service, the theme of which was "Keeping the Lord's Day." She was assisted by Mrs. Arthur MacKay, Mrs. Harry Crozier, Mrs. Robert Cousins, Mrs. John Bearsto, Mrs. Kier MacKay, Mrs. Colin Donald and Mrs. H. L.

Donald. "The First Confession of Sin" was then read in unison followed by prayer by Mrs. H. L. Donald. Roll Call was answered by nine members repeating one of the Commandments. One visitor present.

Minutes read and approved. The Community Friendship Secretary reported for month: 5 treats, 6 calls, 6 letters and 2 cards. A reading by Mrs. Colin Donald and a poem, "The Bridge You'll Never Cross" by Mrs. H. L. Donald, were much enjoyed. Collection was taken and dedicated by singing the Dox-

ology. President read Micah 4:1-4 followed by hymn, "Breaths on Me, O, Breath of God." Meeting closed with Benediction. Lunch was served by the committee in charge, Mrs. Colin Donald, Mrs. Kier MacKay and Mrs. James Hickey.

The regular monthly meeting of Darnley and Sea View Auxiliary of the W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Fulton Simmons on Monday evening, July 11th. The president presided at the worship service, the theme being, "More Missionaries", assisting were, Mrs. Colin

This Side Of Glory

By Gwen Eristow

Author Of "Deep Summer" "The Handsome Road," etc.

He saw Keeler and Eleanor walking across the levee. As they neared the tent they started to say good-by and dropped into each other's arms.

Fred smothered an exclamation. He was angry. But well, girls kissed young men a lot more casually nowadays than they did when he was young. No reason for him to be so startled. But Lord have mercy, that wasn't just a kiss. That was as passionate an embrace as he'd ever heard of in his life.

Fred knew Eleanor was not a girl to give herself lightly to that sort of love-making. He would have sworn Keeler Laine was the only man who had ever held her like that. It meant Eleanor was in love; in love with that indolent hand-kissing scion of a wornout line.

Finally they broke apart, and Eleanor ran toward the tents as though afraid to trust herself to look back. She let herself into her own room softly, evidently thinking the whole camp was asleep. Keeler looked after her. In the starlight his face was wor-

shipful.

Fred turned around. His sense of decency forbade him, but he could not sleep. He sat up and smoked till nearly morning. In the morning Eleanor did not appear till after seven. Fred was having his own belated breakfast.

"I thought you'd be on the levee

Donald and members in unison. Seven members answered Roll Call by repeating a verse on "Charity." Two visitors were present. Minutes were read and approved. The Community Friendship Secretary, Mrs. Arthur MacKay reported for month, 3 cards, 3 treats, 4 letters and 6 calls.

Meeting closed with "This is Our Prayer" taken from Missionary Monthly. Benediction. Collection taken and dedicated.

Lunch was served by Mrs. John Bearsto, Mrs. Morley Crozier and Mrs. Simmons.

THIS WAY, PLEASE

NEWCASTLE, England — (CP) — Amateur map-makers — 5,000 farmers and villagers in Northumbria — are to chart all ways to their homes so firemen won't get lost answering a call.



Douglas-Feavoyour Nuptials

On the morning of July 25 at the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, Rev. Patrick Hennessy, C.S.S.R., united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Katherine Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Feavoyour, Charlottetown, and Edwin E., son of Mr. and Mrs. Geddie Douglas of Mount Stewart.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was charmingly gowned in ivory satin with sweetheart neckline trimmed with seed pearls, finger tip veil, and a single strand of pearls. She carried an arm bouquet of red roses.

The maid of honour, Miss Isobel Carr wore blue georgette crepe, with blue crocheted hat and mitts to match.

The two bridesmaids, Misses Louise Heslian and Claire MacDonald were becomingly attired in pink. Miss Heslian wore pink nylon over taffeta, with pink picture hat and mitts to match. Miss MacDonald wore pink taffeta with pink picture hat and matching mitts.

The maid of honour and bridesmaids each carried a nosegay of pink and white Mums.

The groom was ably supported by Mr. Michael Campbell. The very capable ushers were Messrs. Earl Hume and Tony Gallant.

During the Nuptial Mass music was furnished by Mr. Alex MacLean, and Miss Helen Roach rendered several beautiful selections, including the Ave Maria.

There followed a very enjoyable reception at the "Charlottetown", where a large number of friends of the popular young couple gathered to share in their happiness.

The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. Michael Campbell, and responded to very feelingly by the groom.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas left by car for an extended trip throughout Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, planning to take in the Gaelic Mod at St. Anne's, and visit the Coast Trail.

The bride's travelling costume was blue dress with white accessories, and a corsage of pink roses. Their many friends join in wishing them all good luck and many years of wedded happiness.

(Patriot please copy)

HOUSE WITNESS — Carl Strandlund, president of the Lustron Corporation, maker of prefabricated steel houses in Columbus, O., may be called to testify before the U. S. House Banking and Currency Committee investigating huge government loans to the company. Officials of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which has granted loans totaling \$34,600,000 to Lustron, also were scheduled to testify.

by now," she remarked as she sat down at table.

"I had a lot of work last night," said Fred. "That report to the levee board."

"I suppose you want it typed? Show me where it is and I'll start after breakfast."

Eleanor had evidently not slept much herself. She was heavy-lidded, and sat playing with her bacon abstractedly and drinking a great deal of coffee. Fred was wondering how to speak to her. Whatever he said would be wrong.

When a man had spent his life in levee camps he hadn't had time to learn diplomatic phrases. He was still wondering when Randa came in and gave Eleanor a box of red camellias.

She sprang up to receive it. As she read the card that lay among the flowers, a dreamy glow flickered over her face. She looked up. "Is the boy waiting, Randa?"

"Assum," Randa grinned knowingly. "Give him coffee in the kitchen while I write a note."

As Randa departed Eleanor went to the desk. Fred got up from his chair.

"Who're the flowers from?" he asked, though he knew already. "Keeler." She was writing.

"Wait a minute before you answer," said Fred. "Eleanor halted her scribbling pen. As though seeing his face for the first time that day, she started. "What's the matter, Dad?"

He crossed the tent and stood before her. "Eleanor, you're in love with that man, aren't you?"

She nodded, smiling to herself. "How did you know?"

"I was still up when you came in last night," he said abruptly. "I saw you kiss him."

He had expected her to make an indignant retort. But at once he realized that he had underestimated her. Eleanor had never kept any secrets from him, nor did she now. She only said, her eyes on the camellias, "I'd have told you very soon. I'm going to marry him."

"No, you're not," said Fred. Eleanor stared at him. Her blue eyes stretched wide. In a thin, amazed voice she gasped, "Why — Dad?"

Fred stood with his hands in his pants pockets. He did so hate to hurt her. Feeling very awkward, he fumbled with his matter-of-fact vocabulary.

"I don't reckon I'm very smart about some things, Nellie," he said gently. "If I was I could tell you better. But that fellow's not good enough for a girl like you."

Eleanor picked up a match and began breaking it into small pieces. "He told me he hadn't been an angel, if that's what you mean."

"Honey child," said Fred earnestly. "I'm not talking about anything he's done. I'm talking about the kind of person he is."

She crumpled up by the desk and began to sob. It was the first time he had seen her shed tears since she was a little girl. He understood, with a pain that went very deep, that she was crying because all her life he had been her best friend. Eleanor was his first child and nearer to him than any of the others. Fred stroked her shoulder clumsily. He was sure she was facing fierce dis-

lusion, and the more he tried to tell her so the more he would succeed in making her hate him. But because he loved her he had not the faintest intention of being lenient. He wished they were back in the days when a man could look up his daughter till she was willing to obey him.

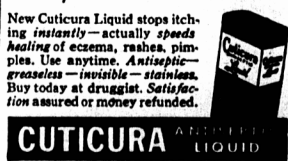
In less than two weeks the levee was finished and she was back in New Orleans, and now that she could not see Keeler every day she found her battle with her father becoming a strain that increased as she grew tired of it.

Her mother was more tolerant. Mrs. Upjohn was a woman who took life as it came. Born Molly Thompson, she had lost her parents during her babyhood, grown up in a Methodist orphan asylum and gone from there to stand behind a counter in a department store, where she had met Fred Upjohn, who was then a sub-foreman on a levee job.

Eleanor blessed her mother's calmness, but she was so eager to escape Fred's troubled eyes that she would have been willing to be married in the courthouse at once. Keeler, however, had assumed that their engagement would be properly announced in the New Orleans newspaper and that they would be married in her father's house by a minister.

(To be continued)

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Back in Rome after being arrested in Slovakia and being the target of Czech government attacks during the most critical days of the struggle between Archbishop Beran and the Red regime, Monsignor Genaro Verolino, former charge d'affaires at the Vatican nunciature in Czechoslovakia, Monsignor Verolino says it's an uphill battle for the faithful Czechoslovakia, so he is spending his free time praying for an end to persecution in that unhappy country.

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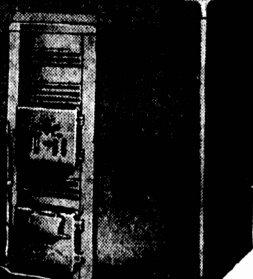
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