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ALMOST HUMAN
GRAVELBOURG, Sask. --- (CP)--- Another tale of coyote cunning was told at the board meeting of this agricultural district. One speaker said the pesky animals are getting wise to air coyote hunters and run directly beneath the plane to keep from getting shot.
WOULD LIKE GARBAGE
ST. JOHN'S, Nfld. --- (CP) --- A surprising number of city property owners want to turn their property into a dump, reports the St. John's city engineer. With the city dump nearly filled, the owners of low-lying or swampy land are offering their property to be filled with city refuse.

Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst Chapter XXXIV

To those few permitted to behold it, the getting about of Miss Ames had by now become a procedure laborious and almost shocking. It meant practically a hauling together of every resource at the command of the vast hulk of woman whose body rose from a chair as the folds of a tent rise from the ground when the pole begins to hoist. The face did not reveal the tremendous self-leverage required to get the Charlottenburg into motion, but the heaving of the body did. People who came in casual contact with her did not realize it for few, if any, had so much as seen her walk down a hallway or along a pavement in many a day. By a cunning and consistent system of self-management, she was invariably in position first. In her desk chair. In her theatre seat. In her place at table. That day was past when she preceded her guests, as slowly ambulant as a caravan, into the dining room or down a flight of stairs. Almost imperceptibly past, however.

Few realized to what extent the Charlottenburg was now char-ridden; Kitty, strangely, least of all. Kitty, who was so perfectly at home in her place at table, she took pride in being about to anticipate her spoken wishes, realized with a start, as she followed the Charlottenburg, who led the way this time, through the box to a side exit of the theatre, that it was months since she had seen her walk. And what a walk! A ship plowing through a beach. A coasting, bucking ship. There were past when she preceded her guests, as slowly ambulant as a caravan, into the dining room or down a flight of stairs. Almost imperceptibly past, however.

Around this magic table before the Charlottenburg's fireplace, its sliding top revealing compartments of perfectly chilled or heated foods and drinks, the erstwhile occupants of the box at "The Boys and Girls Shoestring Review" drew up for their congress of opinion. Except Kitty. Her fragility enhanced by her pastel gown, gloves crushed about her wrists, the smallness of her head further emphasized by its shock of short tight curls, she wound herself on the footstool usually occupied by the tortoise shell cat, one hand resting lightly on John's knee.

"You've the town by the tail again, Sharley," she yawned. "I only your Kitty weren't so sit-by-the-fire, she'd swing the town by the tail with you, the way we did with Club Gala. Blame your big bad papa, Sierra. He's given me the sit-by-the-fires. Don't look so bored, Sharley. Love's grand."

Without reticence John Baldwin's big hand, which still bore the calloused look of one shaped to the drive and dig of the shovel, dropped to Kitty's ash-colored curls, shampooing softly into them. "Mebbe," replied the Charlottenburg, "but it is making a pair of powerful nitwits of you and John, both of you old enough to know better."

Leaning forward, Sierra placed her hand over that of her father, as it rested on Kitty's curled pate. He could not keep his tender fingers off her, or his tender face, his tender eyes, his tender manner from enfolding her. "Good heavens, this is not a sentimental binge, my lovesick pussies."

J. Norwood Duffus Passes In Halifax

J. Norwood Duffus, one of Halifax's most prominent retired business leaders, passed away this morning at his residence, 127 South Park Street. News of his death will occasion wide regret, particularly among older residents of the city who enjoyed his friendship and had been associated with him in the business life of the city, before his retirement from activity in the commercial world.

While Mr. Duffus had been ailing for some time, he was possessed of an amazing spirit and took every opportunity of temporarily improving his health to resume his customary mode of life. However, in the past few days his condition gave evidence of further decline and he died this morning at his home.

He was a member of a family the name of which has long been associated with the city of Halifax. His father was the late James B. Duffus, who was the senior partner of Duffus and Company, which operated a large drygoods house on Granville Street, near the foot of Buckingham Street.

Young Norwood Duffus, immediately after leaving school, entered the employ in the firm in the role of a junior clerk, but later the affairs of the company were wound up. In time he became the owner of S. Cunard and Company but retired from that role some 30 years ago. He also served on the advisory board of the Royal Trust Company, but had retired from that capacity some years ago.

In associations with his friends and in carrying out benefactions without allowing them to become burdensome, he found his pleasures in recent years. When younger he was one of the most active members of the Wanderers' Amateur Athletic Club and had played on the English rugby teams of that organization years ago. Before advancing age curbed such activities he enjoyed fishing and also played some golf.

Mr. Duffus is survived by his wife, the former Miss Alice Ross of Montreal. Funeral arrangements have not been completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Duffus are well known in Charlottetown being guests at the Charlottetown Hotel for several summers.

This is once more a brief gathering of the clan to cast an eye backward over the evening's goings on. Let's decided in a few well chosen words whether my 'Shoestring' looks good or belongs to the tripe family. If you think I am going to sit up and wait for the morning papers in order to see how a few critics are going to digest tonight's wholesome entertainment, you've another thing coming. John, you're a normal kind of fellow, in spite of your complete stupefaction before the obvious wiles of one Kitty Mullane! You're the man in the street, John. The guy who takes the beatings. The great American public, that may not know what it wants but certainly knows what it doesn't want. Mount the rostrum, then, and tell us how you liked your three-dollar-and-thirty-cents' worth of escape tonight."

"It's a good show. I liked it." "Why?" "Well, don't know as I know." "That's as good a reason as the principles of opinions the critics let accumulate under their water-logged brains."

"Have a care, Sharley, the reviews tomorrow may be on the good side." "In which blessed event I shall proceed to celebrate the perspicacity of the critic. What did you think of the 'Girls Who Aren't Glad' number, John?"

"The one where they held the false faces? Well, now that you ask me, there was something a little puzzling to me about that. Why were they carrying two faces?" "I told Milton that the entire skit was too 'precious' and I'll run from preciousness with the same speed that Kitty falls for it."

"But you're precious, darling." "Well, if I am, it's horse sense preciousness. What about the 'Mother, I'm a Man' number?" It was past two o'clock before discussion subsided and Kitty would tolerate the idea of Baldwin's departure, following him into the lower hall and whispering there, Charlottenburg declared, "Like a housemaid with her cop."

To be continued

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2
be-spiced, and ready for the spell of ripening. Our Christmas cake to remind us that now indeed that season of happiness and goodwill is approaching. "There!" we breathed with some relief of one just past and resolved to be more indifferent to the next one's charm. But then, even as granddaughter and Jamie listen breathlessly to catch the first sound of Santa's voice on the radio, so in their absence we tune in, and know that with the action, a lighted smile of anticipation, which is perennial spreads across our features, and again we are caught up in its fascination.

We recall that on a recent brief outing to the city—a passenger

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ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

with granddaughter and her father in the family machine, then bent on delivering, the last of the summer-fat hogs to a "plant", our sight was misted for a moment, when stepping into a store, the familiar music of an old carol fell on our ears. It seemed as though suddenly the essence of every past Christmas was bound up in the melody, and old scenes came back to us in a rush of them... a first doll, an early Christmas dinner-table, and then following even while we selected items of buying

on our list, the charms and delights of girlish Christmases. On to wifehood and a mother's place, with its sleds and skates, and the best we could do through those years. And now into a new phase of living, with other small ones, good too, the best years of our lives perhaps. But then who can say? All have been so fine. With every wish for self and others gratified? Oh no, quite the contrary, and yet looking back to realize that many personal ones were after all inconsequential and

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