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**Napoleon and Uncle Elby** By Clifford McBride



**THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW** by Fagoly & Shorten



**Lonely Parade**

By Fannie Hurst  
CHAPTER XI

Without interlude of curtain, a sharp electric blue haze flooded bare stage and auditorium alike, light seeming to pour in a colored dust into which, against a bluecut of bodies and features, a hundred pale hands wove their separate interpretation of a Bach fugue.

It remained a quiet audience of straight faces and receptivity. A snigger, a repressed bit of laughter or that light wave of movement that can rise from even the most decorous assemblage, would have been match to tinder.

Through eleven minutes of pale gyration, during which the bodies of blue-clad figures swam gradually into view, the posturing hands and torsos slowly took on movement, drifting to what might be called their climax of digital maneuvers. Crowding the horizon of backdrop with their flutterings and sinuosities, gradually, with no relationship to the fugue which played faintly after them, they drifted off, leaving vagueness that you could almost see and touch.

Incertitude hung for a moment, an indecisive audience still waiting for the drop of the leaf that was to determine its reaction. Apparently the Charlottetown had reckoned with the importance of the fall of that leaf. Without musical accompaniment it fluttered slowly on stage in the form of a slyph of a slip of a girl, her drapes in their high coloring and jagged outlines suggesting a maple leaf in autumn.

Silently and with immense curves of movement and color, more leaves began to fall—and fall—crowding the stage with dancers whose bodies had neither identity nor form. Faster and faster! Leaves in autumn. Death in autumn. Rainbows in autumn. Suggesting a maple leaf in autumn.

And suddenly, fast as the fall of the leaves themselves—applause—applause against every stricture—applause.

For two hours, burst after burst of it, on to the last number which again took place in the sprangled mazes of the blue dust. Through the blue of the dust a march of pilgrims succeeded in giving amazingly realistic effect, by way of body eloquence, of the climbing agonies of a band of visitants up toward some Tibetan monastery.

Bonneted, parched, lame and halt, blind and footless, they pulled upward and toward—upward and toward, drifting around the last exhausting curve and leaving the stage, for its finale, bathed in the silent, bright blue dust. Thus the evening, petering out as casually as it had begun. Blue dust to blue dust.

Without giving the audience a split second to reach a conclusion that must ultimately fall on the sublime or ridiculous side of a split hair, the Charlottetown strode into the stage. Sure, abundant, wrapped in electric-blue fog, she took her place behind the doused footlights and without preamble began speaking against the applause that greeted her appearance.

"Customers, the Europeans and I are grateful for your enthusiasm. It has been our conviction that this unorthodox and cerebral form which you have witnessed here tonight is a signal leap ahead. As you Disobedients see, we do not invite your palm beating, which we feel would shatter the moods these artists have created by way of what is undoubtedly the perfect combination of intellect and emotion, as applied to this new form of the dance.

"Believe it or not, Customers, we are going to do all in our power to prevent the Europeans from becoming a popular success. Help us keep our secret until such time as we think wider audiences are ready to deliver a new muse.

"I want to acknowledge my appreciation to my associate and student of Eurorupium, Mr. Tony Chiano, to my colleagues, Miss Sierra Baldwin, for her warm cooperation, including the financial, and to Miss Kitty Mullane who, ladies and gentlemen, is responsible for the startling original color effects, including this gorgeous fog in which we are now gathered and on which you have feasted your eyes tonight for the first time on any stage.

"Sitting in at this birth of a new art would be a privilege for me if there were not a penny in it, heaven forbid, and with your support, heaven will. (Laughter.)

"And now, boys and girls, good night, and remember, help me keep the Europeans from becoming a premature popular success."

**PITTSBURGH PAINTS**

Look Better Longer!

**CHAPTER XII**

Just how Kitty, with one maid-servant, managed to keep Twenty-one East the precise little establishment into which fitted with nicety three so diversified, was a feat more complicated than appeared on the smooth surface.

Although she concealed it with a sense of painful private embarrassment from Sierra and the Charlottetown, she was not above stealing of a midnight, wrapped in an old negligee which she pinned high above her knees, out into the hallways of the darkened house, polishing at mirrors where a blur might have caught her wary eye during the day, dusting, or window washing, seating herself on the sill, closing the frame down into her lap and Mrs. Torquill MacNeill united in the holy bonds of matrimony Emily Eleanor eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ford of this city and George Herbert son of Mr. and Mrs. Torquill MacNeill of Milton, P.E.I.

The young couple were attended by the bride's sister Miss Norma Ford and Reagh MacNeill brother of the groom.

The bride was becomingly attired in a Burgundy Wine gabardine suit with black accessories and wore a corsage of Talisman roses.

The bridesmaid wore a grey plaid suit with pink accessories and wore a corsage of Better-tine roses.

After the ceremony the wedding party dined at the Queen Hotel. The table was centered with a three-tier wedding cake topped with a miniature bride and groom.

The groom's gift to the bride was a gold signet ring and the brides to the bridegroom was a pearl locket with matching earrings.

The happy couple left later on a trip by car through the Maritimes.

Prior to her marriage the bride was tendered a miscellaneous shower where she received many lovely gifts.

Their many friends join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. MacNeill many years of happy wedded life.

**DINNER SPECIAL**

- 1 CAN STRING BEANS
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- 1 LB. CARROTS
- 1 TURPIN
- 1 LB. STEAK or
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- 1 PKG. DESSERT
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This Dinner Special Runs Until Further Notice. This is outstanding value. Try One. The Meat is Top Quality.

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**Bishop Waterman Holds Confirmation At Milton**

On Wednesday, Oct. 12th the Rt. Rev. R. H. Waterman, D.D., coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Nova Scotia, made a visit to St. John's Church, Milton, to administer the rite of Confirmation to a joint Milton-Rustico class.

The Milton candidates were: Mr. and Mrs. John Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Curtis, Mr. Howard White, Alton Cole, Gerald Cole, Heather Cole, Basil Cole, Marie Cole and Elaine Cole.

The Rustico candidates were: Jean Carr, Alberta Buntain, Shirley Craswell and Alma Craswell.

A fairly large congregation witnessed the administration of the sacred rite. The candidates were presented by the Rector, Rev. A. E. Piercey.

The Bishop's message, though directed to the candidates, was exceedingly helpful to the whole congregation. Bishop Waterman spent the greater part of Thursday, Oct. 13th, in the parish as guest at the Rectory.

**Ottawa Announces Navy Appointments**

OTTAWA, — Lieut. (P) William H. Fearon, R.C.N., of Edmonton, has been appointed Officer-in-Charge of the Naval Detachment at the R.C.A.F. Winter Experimental Establishment, Edmonton, Naval Headquarters announced.

The post previously had been held by Acting Lieut.-Cdr. (P) Henry P. Leidl, R.C.N., who has been appointed to the staff of the Senior Canadian Naval Liaison Officer (London).

Lieut. Fearon served with the R.C.A.F. for three years before transferring in March, 1945, to the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve for Fleet Air Arm duty. Later in the same year he transferred to the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve.

In March, 1946, he went to the aircraft carrier "Warrior" with 803 squadron. Then, after a short period at the R.C.N. Air Station, Dartmouth, he joined the R.C.N. Air Detachment at Naino, Alberta, as Senior Pilot. In October, 1946, he entered the permanent force of the R.C.N. with the rank of Lieutenant.

Early in 1947 Lieut. Fearon was appointed to the United Kingdom on the staff of the Senior Canadian Naval Liaison Officer (London). In March, 1948, he was assigned to the Empire Test Pilots Course and became the first Canadian naval pilot to complete this advanced flying course. He returned to Canada in November, 1948, prior to his latest appointment was serving in H.M.C.S. "Naden", Esquimaux.

**Unto That Golden Shore**

By Peter A. Reilly  
(Dedicated to his dear parents)

The years have passed in fleeting time, the changes have been great. Since they were born on P.E. Isle in Eighteen Fifty Eight.

Far down the winding road of life, that leads thru play and toil Of ninety years and more ago, upon their native soil.

Their path of life has wended on, thru years of work and lean. Since life began north Island sun, and orbits nightly gleam.

Thru sunny springs and summer's heat, and autumn's fading rays And winter's frosty wind and snow, and blustery shortened days.

They passed from childhood into youth, and into prime and age. They lived and loved and wedded were, and gave their heritage Of health and strength and moral worth, to those beget by them Of children, three to womanhood, and six to sturdy men.

They saw the sickle and the scythe, the reaper and the rack, The snows and the binders work, and felt the aching back. Of those who gleaned with sickle's sweep, and bound grain from the sheaf, by those who swung and strode.

They saw the timbers topple down, as strong men plied the axe To fashion cabins from the Hill, in which they might relax In warmth before the fireplace hearth, within the friendly glow That came from burning logs of birch, away from frost and snow.

That swirled and swished in fury's might, outside the cabin door While women spun the silken flax, And knitted into mitts and socks, the threads of virgin wool. And weaved upon the home made loom, the cloth from shuttled spool.

They saw their children born and grow, from childhood into prime. And then depart to other lands, far from the Maritimes To meet the challenge of new life, with science and machine That gives to them a life of ease, compared with manual men.

So here's to P.E. Islanders, with strength of mind and soul With physical endurance strong, that helps them reach the goal Of life's rewards whatever they be, that lay for them in store While travelling up the road of life, unto God's Golden Shore.



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