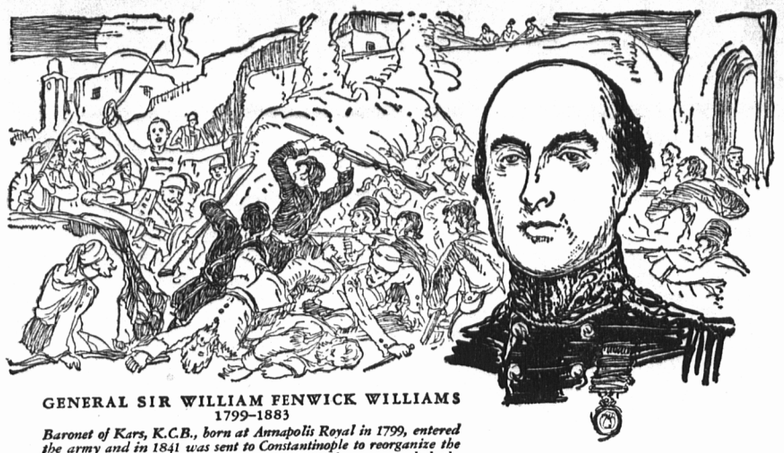

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS
1799–1883

Baronet of Kars, K.C.B., born at Annapolis Royal in 1799, entered the army and in 1841 was sent to Constantinople to reorganize the Turkish army. During the Crimean War, he commanded the defense of Kars, a fortified town which held out for six months. For this he was made a baronet and granted a £1,000 pension for life. Later he was Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in Canada and Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.

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Strange Victory

By FRANKEN MELONEY
Author of "Call Back Love"

(Continued from page 2)

before the house. She glanced out: "Oh, my goodness!" she cried in dismay. A visitor was arriving — an elderly lady, by the overhead view of her bulk and the hat she was wearing—and Erica could never in the world hold that crazy pup in check. She pranced into her skirt, ran a comb through her hair, and dashed downstairs.

Parke had already admitted the visitor to the great hall, and was solicitously brushing from her dark cloth sleeves the dusty mementos of Buster's mammoth forepaws.

Paige hurried over to her. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she apologized. "I saw it all from the window, I do hope he didn't hurt you."

"Hurt me? Why I'm torn to shreds, the big brute, the gorgeous ninny!—I'm Alice Thornton."

Paige stared. There was something vaguely familiar in the full rich voice, but surely this magnificent woman with the handsome tip-tilted nose and flat-lipped humorous mouth, could not be Alice Thornton! Why she knew exactly what Mike's friend was going to look like—very young and sleek as if a cat had licked her. A surge of joy rose singing within her as the bugbear of Alice Thornton vanished in thin air. She put out her hand and met a warm mannish grasp.

"I'm Paige Griswold."

She heard the echo of her voice too late. Why had she said Paige Griswold? Probably because the look of Alice Thornton was like the sun shining on one, and lies had no place in the sun.

Miss Thornton subjected her to a candid appraisal. "I like you, my girl," her straight gaze proclaimed. She turned abrutly to Parke. "That will be all, Parke, I'll ring when I'm ready to speak to you."

Parke took his departure with a backward glance at Paige. Alice Thornton grinned. "He said you were a helical," she observed.

"I am," said Paige, "when it comes to dealing with rank dishonesty and laziness." She sketched briefly what had happened. Alice Thornton listened in silence, lighted a cigarette and tossed the match into the fireplace.

"They scratched a Tartar," she remarked with relish. "How'd Mike happen to find you?"

"In Miss Moulton's Agency."

"He told me your name was Deborah Paige. You said it was Paige Griswold. Which is it?"

"Paige Griswold."

"I thought as much from the out of your jib."

"Did you know my father?"

"Before you were born. What is this, a masquerade?"

"No, it's deadly earnest.' I needed work." A shadow of shocked incredulity crossed Alice Thornton's rugged features. Paige thought swiftly, intuitively, "She loved him."

Alice cleared her throat. "Child," she said, "there were any number of people who would have helped Tod Griswold's daughter—"

"I knew that. But I preferred to help myself."

"Crazy, stubborn, the way he was . . . Do you mean to say Mike Herron doesn't realize who you are?"

"No, and I don't want him to."

"Why?"

"Because who I am has nothing to do with Erica's governess. The only thing that matters is whether I do this job satisfactorily."

"According to the change in the youngster, you've done a magnificent job," Alice Thornton conceded with unqualified approval. "Getting her that dog was nothing short of genius. It's all over town that she tried to commit suicide a few days ago in Mike's blue roadster, but judging from her actions out there, she's evidently decided to stick around this place a little longer."

"And like it while she's sticking," Paige supplemented with a smile.

"Nevertheless," Alice Thornton, "you're a fool."

Paige was taken aback at her change of attitude. "You mean my stand with the servants?"

"Bother the servants," Miss Thornton interrupted. "Fire them by all means, they're a no-good bunch, and it's all very stupid, a menage of this size for one skinny little girl—"

"Oh, I agree!" Paige eagerly broke in.

"But Mike wouldn't have it any other way. He didn't care what it cost him, so long as he thought Erica was getting the best." Her gaze wandered to the portrait over the mantel. "No, my dear," she went back, "you're a fool to think you can play with fire and get away with it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You've set the stage for a pretty drama, and a trite one, worthy of a plot in a dime novel: Lovely Paige Griswold poses as governess in Long Island household of Michael Herron, Jr.—Aren't you ashamed, girl?"

"Not in the least. All plots are trite. It's the way we live them out that counts."

"Fair enough. But people will talk, to say the least."

"Let them talk!" Paige flared. "I'm here as a paid companion. I shan't forget it, and I don't think that Michael Herron will."

"You'll both forget it."

"Why should we?"

"Because you're in love with him."

Paige blushed hotly. "That's absurd. I didn't know he existed until two days ago."

"What's that got to do with it? Mike fell in love with Erica's mother before he even spoke to her, and her death is going to hold him in bondage to her for as long as he lives—unless something happens to bring him to his senses."

"I know," Paige murmured, "and she wouldn't have wanted it, would she?"

"You're darned right she wouldn't, Marcia had a head on her shoulders. You have a head of your shoulders, too. See that you use it."

"I shall," said Paige. She had a feeling that she and Alice Thornton completly understood each other.

* * * *

Mike Herron slammed the telephone down on the desk before him. He was angry at himself for having called the Roslyn house. Three times he had changed his mind about calling, and had finally weakened because he had wanted, beyond endurance, to hear the sound of her voice with its cheerful reassurance that one part of his life, at least, was functioning properly.

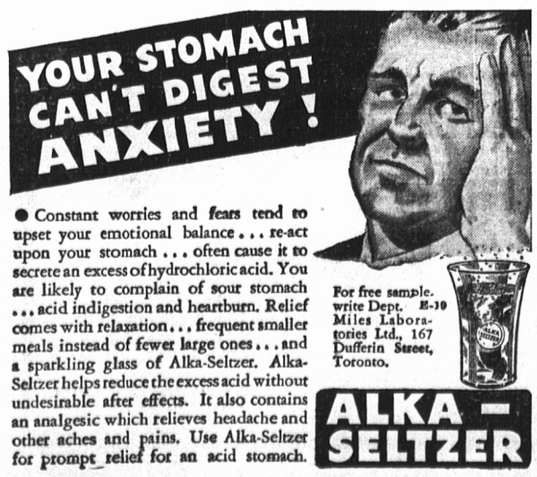
He grabbed up his hat and strode out into the dockside office of the Atlantic Shipping Company. Several clerks and a half-dozen draughtsmen looked up, and then became unobtrusive about their work — there were storm clouds on Mike Herron's face and this didn't look like a day to cross his path.

"I'm going down into the yard," he threw out over his shoulder.

Well, why shouldn't she have friends call on her? And why shouldn't her friends have Rolls-Royces? It wasn't a crime to drive a good car. He was irritated that the butler had managed to convey so much in so few words, and more irritated that he couldn't put his finger on the man's insolence and presumption.

He came to the end of the staging and stood looking out over the nearly completed ship on the ways. Another month and she'd be in the water—and he'd be in hot water, what with the banks wanting to go into the shipping business. Trouble with bankers was, they thought they could run everything.

(To be Continued)



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ALKA-SELTZER

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

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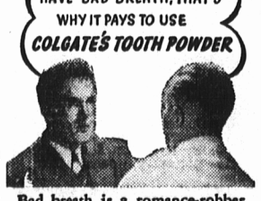
RADIO TUBES tested free at Holmans Charlottetown store. Replace your old tubes with new while our stock is still complete.
9-30-10-7-14-21-28-11-4.

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA, Montague. Services Sunday, October 4th. Sunday School 10 A. M. No morning diet of worship. Evening 7 o'clock, service in charge of the choir. Special offering fo rthe Choir Fund. Please note the change of hour of evening service. Rev. S. E. Hayward, Minister. 9-30-11.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWERS — On Friday evening, Sept. 11th, the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cairns gathered at their fine new home to tender them a post nuptial shower, and to welcome Mrs. Cairns, formerly Miss Edna M. MacKinnon, Canoe Cove, to Stanchel. Mr. Will Cameron and Mrs. Edward White escorted the bride and groom to their nicely decorated chairs. The Missies Addie Halliwall and Jean Cameron carried in several baskets of gifts, which were opened by Addie Halliwall. Mrs. George Dixon read the accompanying verses, while Mrs. Albert Todd arranged the gifts on the table. Lester, on behalf of his bride and himself thanked everyone for their lovely gifts, and invited all to come and visit them again. After singng "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" the bride and groom were heartily bounced. Lunch was served by the ladies, and the remainder of the evening was very pleasantly spent, music being furnished by Mr. Albert Todd and Mrs. Lelslie MacLean. All departed to their homes wishing Mr. and Mrs. Cairns every happiness, and a long and prosperous wedded life. On the following evening Sept. 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Cairns were guests of honor at the bride's home Mrs. Annie MacKinnon, Canoe Cove, at which time the people of Argyle Shore tendered them a miscellaneous shower. The bride and groom were escorted to their chairs by Mrs. Donald MacPhail and Miss Erma MacKinnon. Mr. Silas Murley in a few well chosen words expressed the object of the gathering. Miss Addie Inman and Master Vernon Ferguson carried in a nicely decorated basket laden with gifts. Mrs. Donald MacPhail opened the gifts and Mrs. John D. MacPhail read the accompanying verses, while Mrs. John Albert MacDougall arranged the gifts on the table. Lester and Edna thanked their friends for their lovely gifts which included a beautiful serving tray from the Teachers and pupils of Argyle Shore Sunday School, of which the bride was a valued member. Following the singing of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows," the bride and groom were bounced. Lunch was served by the ladies. The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse. Instrumental music was furnished by Mr. Alex MacKay, Cape Traverse, who also sang several numerous songs. The gathering was brought to a close by singing, The National Anthem, after which all departed to their homes wishing Edna and Lester a long and happy wedded life. — Patriot Please Copy.)



Bad breath is a romance-robber . . . a friends-loser . . . a success-stealer . . . for others always detect it before YOU do yourself. Take no chances! Use Colgate's—the tooth powder that cleans your breath as it cleans your teeth.

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Musical Recital In Stanley Hall

The following programme was held in Stanley Hall, Stanley, Thursday, Sept. the 17th, by the pupils of Miss Lena McLure A. T. C. M.

After the singing of O Canada and Island Hymn, accompanied by Miss Irma Toombs, Miss McLure opened the programme with these few introductory remarks: Always I seem to group these communities as the Anne of Green Gables country but this year I find myself thinking of it as the land of the scholarship winners. Although the class has been large we have lost quite a number to that grand old seat of learning, Prince of Wales College, School teaching, Civil Service, Banks, Universities and of course the inevitable Dan Cupid. At this season of the year our fifth autumnal recital may I read to you a Canadian poem at Husking Time by E. Pauline Johnson.

AT HUSKING TIME

At husking time the tassel fades
To brown above the yellow blades,
Those rustling sheath enswathes the corn
That bursts its chrysalis in scorn
Longer to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids
The creaking ox-cart slowly wades
Twixt stalks and stubble, sacked and torn
At husking time.

The prying pilot crow persuades
The flock to join in thieving raids;
The sly racoon with craft inborn
His portion steals; from plenty's horn
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades
At husking time.

The following pupils took part:
Miss Elaine Campbell a piano number The Spinning Song. Gilmenreich opus 14.

Helen Simpson a recitation Nan by Eleanor Fargeon.

David Bell a piano number Capreccio by Haydn.

Miss Clemmie Simpson a recitation The Builders from the group, The Fireside and The Seaside by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Miss Gertrude Fleming a piano number Allegro in B flat by Mozart.

Shirley MacKay recited a scene from the play Peter Pan by Sir James M. Barrie. Before her number Miss McLure read the following by Lucy Maude Montgomery MacDonald O. B. E. from "The Spirit of Canada" the souvenir book of welcome presented to His Majesty King George VI and Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth during the Royal Visit of 1939. Speaking of Prince Edward Island L. M. Montgomery wrote: "And Destiny once said, I reserve for myself this colorful little land of ruby and emerald and sapphire as a last refuge for the fairies and the old gods.

The fairies have disappeared from the rest of the world. It has become too noisy and machine-ridden and commercialized for the green folk. Because the fairies can live only by the belief of man. When that dies they die.

But it is still possible to believe in fairies in Abegweit. There are still places there where self-respecting elves can abide . . . winding lanes back in the woods . . . ferny dells with brooks slipping through them . . . eternal green twilights under low-hanging firs . . . a clump of silver birches at the turn of some irresponsible path . . . . a plantation of tiny spruces just beginning to take sly possession of some neglected pasture corner . . . a meadow snow-white with daisies lying under a young moon. There you will find the fairies . . . almost. Just around that curve . . . just over that little rise . . . if you can move quickly and silently enough. Only . . . you never can. You always just miss them . . . but their laughter floats back to you in the sudden whisper of the wind and the puckish rustle of the aspen. And that is your reward. For it is good to hear fary laughter and forget the world for awhile.

Mr. Billie Andrew played a classic that has been on the music pupils list since our grandmother's time The Merry Peasant by Robert Schumann.

Mary Elizabeth Simpson a recitation The Good Little Girl by A. A. Milne.

Leah Pickering a reading Amateur Movies.

Jean MacLeod a piano number Minuet G. by Beethoven.

Further remarks by Miss Mc Lure.

Last winter Miss Cecile de Banke of the English department Wellesley College, was brought to Toronto to lecture to the teachers on Choral poetry. As one privileged to hear her classes I was very much impressed with her presentation of poetry. As an opening group on her Recital programme she did the following two numbers which Miss Winnifred Haslam will now recite to us. We are to hear about two strong characters in literature. The first of these is taken from American literature. It depicts the strength of the southern womanhood during the American Civil war. The next is taken from British History and literature —Queen Elizabeth.

Miss Irma Toombs a piano number At the Fountain by Paul Ducelle opus 18.

Intermission.

Mary Elizabeth Simpson a piano number The Rose's Dream by Paul Duval.

George Andrew a recitation, A Boy's Song by James Hogg.

Shirley MacKay a piano number Woodland Scenes by Leon Aubry.

Jean McLeod a recitation Vespers by A. A. Milne.

Helen Simpson a piano number Winding Flowers by Reinecke.

Miss Irma Toombs a solo, Where'e You Walk by Handel.

Miss Gertrude Fleming, A Canadian Folk Tune.

Miss Clemmie Simpson a piano number Sunset on the St. Lawrence by Maxime Hellier.

Leah Pickering a piano number Beverie by Lois Von Haupt.

Miss Winnifred Haslam a humorous Monologne At the Photographers with Baby.

Miss Elaine Campbell a piano number An Italian Song by Tchaikowsky opus 39 No. 15.

Mr. Billie Andrew and Mr. George Andrew in costume gave two Western American songs.

The King.

The net proceeds of this concert was $16.45 (sixteen dollars and forty five cents) which was given to the Red Cross.

In Memoriam

MRS. ELIZABETH MacKINNON

On August 16, 1942, Mrs. Elizabeth MacKinnon of Brae Lot 9 passed away at the age of ninety-nine.

She was born near Charlottetown on a farm on what was then known as the Malpeque Road. Her parents Allan MacDonald and Margaret (Curtis) MacDonald had crossed the Atlantic to pioneer on the Island.

When a young girl she came with her parents to reside in the Brae, where the remainder of her long life was spent. When quite young she married Felix MacKinnon of Brae and together they labored and established a fine home and reared a family of eleven children.

She saw the primeval forest hewed down and fertile fields take its place. From the lowly place of worship first built by the pioneers she later saw rise and in no small measure helped to build the beautiful Catholic church which stands on the banks of the Brae River in sight of her home she saw generation after generation rise and pass on to their destiny in home and distant lands.

Only three of her large family remain on the Island, Mrs. Hubert MacAllan and Leo and Neil MacKinnon, the remainder are scattered over the United States and Canada. Her son Raymond surprised his mother by coming all the way from Boston to spend her last Christmas with her.

Mrs. MacKinnon retained her faculties to the end. During her illness she was attended by her pastor, Father Croken. Her remains were interred beside her husband who died many years ago.

The pallbearers were her grandchildren John, Kenneth and Roland MacKinnon; Gerald Daniel and Raymond MacAllan.

To her daughter Mary and her grand daughters Pauline, Auldine and Edith MacKinnon who so gently cared for her during her long illness and to her faithful son, Neil who has been her companion for so many years and to all those who mourn a beloved mother we dedicate these lines from Longfellow—

"There is no death; what seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath.
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call daith.

Thus has passed on one more of those gallant pioneers who helped to make this Island the Garden of the Gulf.

Bridal Showers

A large crowd of friends and relatives spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Vessey, York, on Monday, August 31st at a miscellaneous shower given in honour of their daughter Miriam. The bride to be entered the living room escorted by her cousin Miss Verna Vessey to the strains of the wedding march played by Mr. Arthur Vessey. The room had been tastefully decorated for the occasion with pink and blue streamers. Mrs. Harry Lewis and Miss Ella Thompson then carried in heavily laden baskets of presents which were opened by Mrs. Harold Metcalfe and Miss Frances Vessey, while the best wishes and witty verses were read by Miss Dorothy Watts and arranged on the table by Miss Viola Jay The bride-to-be taken by surprise thanked everyone for their lovely gifts. This was followed by singing For She's A Jolly Good Fellow. After a dainty lunch the happy evening was brought to a close by everybody wishing Miriam many years of happy wedded life.

* * *

On September 4th the friends and relatives of Miss Grace Watts met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe McDonald, York, to tender her a miscellaneous shower in honour of her approaching marriage. The guest of honor was escorted to the room which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with pink and blue streamers by Miss Ella Thompson. Misses Helen Lewis and Lillian Watts carried in the heavily laden baskets and the presents were opened by Misses Vaunda Watts and Lillian Crockett. The witty and humorous verses were read by Miss Viola Jay and arranged on the table by Miss Mabel Keizar. Grace in her usual pleasant manner thanked the guests for their lovely gifts and after singing For She's A Jolly Good Fellow a dainty lunch was served by her girl friends and a very happy evening was brought to a close by wishing Grace much happiness in years to come.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER

On the evening of August 27th a large crowd from surrounding districts assembled at the home of Mr Harry Campbell, Elmwood, to tender a miscellaneous shower to his daughter Miss Jessie previous to her approaching marriage. Master Wilfred Campbell played the wedding march, while Miss Jeanette Docherty and Miss Hilda Gallant escorted her to the seat of honour which was decorated with pink and white streamers and wedding bell. After a few introductory remarks by the chairman Mr. William Buchanan, little Miss Jean Docherty presented the bride with boquet of flowers, after which heavily laden baskets were carried in by the Misses Edna Colwill and Jean Docherty. The gifts were opened by Miss Hilda Gallant and Miss Jenette Docherty, while the verses were read by Miss Georgie Docherty and the gifts arranged on the table by Miss Blanche Docherty. The bride to be thanked all present for their useful and valuable gifts after which for She's A Jolly Good Fellow was sung. The bride to be was then bounced, Lunch was then served by the ladies present. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and intercourse, music being furnished by Messrs. Charlie McKinnon, Francis Doyle and Goldwin Graves and Miss Hilda Gallant. In the wee small hours of the morning the guests departed to their respective homes wishing the young bride to be many years of happy wedded bliss.—(Patriot please copy.)

"I'M A WOMAN IN A MAN'S WORLD —BUT I'M STILL A WOMAN!"

I'm doing a man-sized job . . . and when I took to slacks, away went a lot of my girlish fancies. So what! There's a job to be done and I'm the girl to do it. But believe me, it doesn't leave much time for fussing over dates and complexion—it looked like they were both due to disappear.

I said as much to the girl next to me and she laughed—"Don't be silly . . . get yourself a cake of grand Palmolive soap! Why waste two hours when *two minutes* is all you need to keep right up to standard . . . you'll never catch me bottlenecking my beauty for the want of time!"

It took me just two minutes to check and double check! Yes, *two-minute* Palmolive facials are all I need to keep my complexion smooth and lovely. That's because Palmolive is made with two of the finest *natural* beauty aids ever discovered—soothing Olive and Palm Oils. And Palmolive's lovely fragrance leaves me exquisitely dainty and fresh . . . which is something after coping with grease and machinery all day!

From now on it's Palmolive Beauty Baths and Facials for me . . . 'cause Palmolive soap really saves a girl's time and complexion.

NOW MORE THAN EVER YOU NEED PALMOLIVE TO KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

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Remember the outstanding qualities of Nylon . . . soft as silk and much more durable? Well, those qualities of lightness, durability and tensile strength make Nylon the ideal parachute fabric. Today, our airmen have cause to praise the inventiveness of industrial chemistry, which devised this wonderful yarn.

Nylon is produced by chemical processes from abundantly available domestic materials. A new C-I-L plant at Kingston, Ontario, manufactures Nylon yarn — the entire output is earmarked for active service.

Nylon is only one of the many C-I-L products of Industrial Chemistry which are helping to win the war.

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