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WINSLOE STATION SCHOOL

Report for March. Grade VIII—1, Barbara Weeks and Vincent Gallant; 2, Mae MacKinnon; 3, Anna MacFarlane. Grade VII—1, Marlene Peters; 2, Jack Peters. Grade VI—1, Norma Gay; 2, Ruth MacLean; 3, Fulton Stewart. Grade V—1, Margaret Rodd; 2, Caryl Weeks; 3, Dawn Weeks. Grade IV—1, Wilma Ferguson; 2,

Beryl MacFarlane; 3, Earl Peters. Grade III—1, Janet Gay; 2, David Rodd; 3, Norma MacLean. Grade II (A)—1, Seymour Hurry; 2, Don Ferguson. Grade II (B)—1, Barbara Kennedy; 2, Douglas Good. Grade I (C)—1, Ian MacRae. Grade I—No tests. Teacher—Dorothy Winn.

Julius Caesar conceived the idea of one-way streets as traffic aids.

ASSOCIATES' AID

GALT, Ont. — (CP) — An amusing incident occurred here recently at a city council meeting. A pair of spectacles was presented to Ald. E. E. Foster, whose need of glasses has been apparent to council members for some time.

MOON'S MIGHT

The tide-producing power of the moon upon the earth's oceans is more than twice that of the sun.

The Central Guardian

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

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LADIES' SUITS and Top Coats special orders will be taken at The Charlottetown, Room 119 by Jack Cameron.

HAMPTON PASTORAL CHARGE — Services Sunday April 10th. Hampton 11 A. M. Applin Road 3 P. M. Victoria 7.30. Good Friday, April 15th, at Hampton 3 P. M. T. G. Head, Minister.

Happy-Go-Lucky

By Mrs. Harry Fugh Smith

"Tony could make a success anywhere," snapped Lily, "but he prefers to write plays. That's always been his secret dream, you know," she said to Barbara.

Barbara glanced at her curiously. There had been a spiteful note in Lily's voice. Later Barbara was to learn that Lily was one of those frustrated, neurotic women who think the male sex is without flaw, but no woman is a bit better than she has to be. At the same time Barbara was wondering how much Nessa's hat had cost and how much of the reward money Tony had left. She thought a little frantically of her new suit, of her platinum wedding ring, of her expensive bridal bouquet, of the way he had been treating the gang right and left, and the honeymoon still before them.

"It isn't as if Nessa needed a new hat," remarked Lily darkly. "The one she had on wasn't a week old, but Nessa has only to hang on Tony's arm and call him her big, wonderful, generous brother, and he'd buy her the moon, if it could be had on credit."

Mrs. Blake laughed indulgently. "Tony doesn't know what money was made for except to spend." She acted as if such extravagance was one of Tony's best qualities. Barbara began to understand better why Tony never worried about the money which he had borrowed from his mother. The silk in Mrs. Blake's dress was slightly faded and one of the sleeves was frayed, though it had been painstakingly darned so that it scarcely showed.

Tony did not mean to be selfish, Barbara knew that. He was as generous as he could be. But she thought he should be ashamed to spend so much on other people, when his mother needed things.

There were several other things which Barbara meant to call tactfully to Tony's attention, now that they were married. She did not think it very dignified the way Tony and his friends behaved. In fact, Barbara thought it was pretty infantile. She loved Tony's gaiety and his boyishness, but in public she thought he was more attractive when he was dignified. He had had a good deal to drink, though it only made him laugh a little louder and perhaps hold his head a trifle higher. Nevertheless, Barbara felt embarrassed. Again she glanced at her watch. Would it never be time to go? she asked herself, wishing Tony would not be quite so facetious in front of the elegant Mrs. Hendricks.

Paradoxically, it was not Tony who disgraced himself at the party but Martin Fagg. Barbara would never have believed it. Martin was not a drinking man and he was in no sense of the word a buffoon. Yet he proceeded to drink too much at the reception and except for Tony's intervention would have made a distressing scene. Of course Martin was not used to champagne punch and he was badly broken up over Barbara's marriage. That explained his behavior, although Barbara felt she could never forgive him.

She had not expected Martin to come to Nora's. He had given her a sterling silver toilet set for a farewell note which made Barbara feel quite tender toward him. The gift cost more than Martin was in the habit of spending. Barbara hated to accept it, but she could not bear to hurt his feelings. So she put it in her traveling bag to take along on her honeymoon. She imagined that would please Martin, but after the way he behaved at the reception she never wanted to see him or his present again and she told Tony so, her cheeks blazing with humiliation.

"Don't be too hard on the poor fish, sugar," Tony said. "If I'd been the one who lost you, I'd probably have acted worse." What Martin did was to cry, while clinging to Barbara's hand. He declared he would never get over her. He threatened to knock Tony's block off. Martin's voice



Big News

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grew louder and louder and Barbara was horrified. People were beginning to stare at him. In another minute everybody would have known, including Tony's mother and his sister, Lily. Barbara did not see how she could bear it. She tried without success to hush Martin up. She wished the floor would open and swallow both of them.

It was Tony who saved the situation. "Now, now," he said soothingly to Martin, "you mustn't feel so desperate, old top. What you need is a good night's sleep. Everything will look better in the morning." Still talking soothingly, he coaxed Martin out of the room and turned him over to Hank Woods, who loaded him into his car and took him home.

Tony was grinning when he came back into the room. "One dead soldier," he said to Barbara. "It's a good thing I'm not jealous, sugar."

Why should he be? thought Barbara. He knew he was everything to her. But she did not know anything about Tony except that he liked practically everybody and could have fun with almost anyone.

Her face must have looked tragic, for Tony gave her a quick glance and then moved over and caught her arm. "Time we were going places, Mrs. Blake, don't you think?" he asked softly.

When he looked at her like that, Barbara's doubts fell away from her like ragged garments stripped off by the wind. "Yes, Tony," she whispered.

"Not yet!" chorused everybody. "The party's just getting good!"

But Tony only laughed. "Have one on me," he said. "Come, sugar." (To be continued)

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