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AUCTION SALE

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AS DIRECTED by Order of the Court of Chancery, in the matter of McLean vs. Forbes, No. D 154, I will set up and sell by Public Auction on the premises of the late George Forbes at Vernon Bridge in Queen's County, on Thursday the second day of February, A. D. 1933, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the household furniture, farm stock, farming implements and farm produce or belonging to the estate of the said George Forbes, deceased.

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The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre
BY
MARION TOMLINSON

"Well, we'll see how long Miss Innocence will last," she remarked drily, and without favouring Grenoble with another glance, she left the room.

Rosemary, though feeling rather shaken, looked after her with sincere admiration.

"She's very beautiful, isn't she?" she said naively. "She makes me think of some beautiful sleek panther."

"Claws and teeth complete," said Grenoble. "There's nothing worse than a woman who has depended, whether she admits it or not, wholly on her beauty for her power, when she feels it at last slipping from her."

"She's not—" hesitated Rosemary. "She's not losing her place on account of me, is she?"

Grenoble laughed and Rosemary flushed, feeling she had seemed to exaggerate her own importance.

"Nothing of the sort, child. Dolores has still her public, and she is still star in my productions," he said.

"Then why should she mind—" puzzled Rosemary.

Grenoble leaned forward in his chair, looking at her curiously.

"Where have you been all your life?" he inquired, incredulously.

"On the stage," returned Rosemary. "Why? Father and mother were actors. I've been acting since I was three. First mother died, and father and I became more than ever inseparable. Provincial actors lead very lonely lives. They never stay long enough anywhere to become acquainted outside their own circle. Father and I only had each other. Then father—died, and after a while I got this shop with Layton to play a boy's part in variety."

"Then you were lonely?" asked Grenoble gently.

"Oh, very lonely," said Rosemary. "What did you do?"

"I pretended," answered Rosemary simply. "You see I didn't know anything about people—real people. I had never really known anyone but father, and he was—special. But he had always told me stories, and I had always pretended the people in them were real, and were my friends. When he died I just went on pretending they were with me."

Rosemary broke off, and looked quickly at Grenoble to see if he were laughing at her, but the producer's face was kind.

"I see; princesses and ogres?"

"Yes, and goose girls and giants—" Rosemary bit her lip. She was sure Grenoble would laugh, and regret her confession. At least she had not told him of the Fairy Prince.

Grenoble played with a paper cutter on his desk. Behind his expression of sympathetic understanding he was thinking shrewdly. He realized he had before him a type new in his experience of actresses; a girl born to the stage; evidently, from her performance last night, mistress of all the nuances of her art, yet untouched by any of the hard sophistication that the promiscuous contacts of the stage are likely to impart.

"Your father took great care to train you as an actress?" asked Grenoble.

"Oh, yes, he used to say that there were only two things one could hope to keep in spite of everything—work and dreams."

"And love?" When he had asked the question Grenoble felt a little ashamed. But the girl looked up at him candidly.

"That would come under dreams," she said.

At that moment Grenoble, the great producer of spectacles, the adroit manager of temperamental actresses, the over-sophisticated man of the world, felt a new sensation. He felt humble.

"My dear," he said, "I've nothing much to offer you, but I can at least let you keep what you have got. I could let you go back to your work and dreams, but now you are alone, it would inevitably mean tramping the streets looking for a shop, and sooner or later you would become like everyone else. I'm afraid. Besides, I want you for my next show. Will you put yourself in my hands? You can trust me."

Grenoble was sincere. He meant to protect Rosemary from himself, and rumour in this case had it correctly—that no pretty woman was safe with Lionel Grenoble. Rosemary was to be an exception, so Grenoble who knew his own failings and generally condoned them, determined.

But people can only be trusted to do the best that is in them, and Grenoble's best was limited by his taste and experience, as Rosemary was later to discover. As this moment, however, the girl before him saw only his sincerity, and lonely Rosemary felt she had found a friend.

She smiled at him. "I can trust

W. C. T. U. Notes

WHAT MAKES BOYS ARRIVE IN COURT?

Mr. Ferrier, Superintendent of the Training School for Boys at Mimico, speaks at Fergus

Mr. Ferrier is a big man among men, and one deeply beloved by the hundreds of boys under his care, or who have passed on to greater things as the result of the splendid start in life this big man instilled into those committed to his care.

Few people know anything about the School at Mimico. It is a home for boys without a chance, and there are about 260 boys usually in the courses. All are committed by the courts, all are under 16 years of age, and have been committed from sixty municipalities throughout Ontario, for indefinite periods. A very important part is the academic instruction. There are five teachers in the school who have been specially selected for the work for the half day instructions. There are auxiliary classes for the sub-normal boys. The boys have special groupings, fitting them for occupations for which they appear to be most fitted, including printing, baking, farming, painting, dairying, etc.

Nor is their play neglected. There are three supervised playgrounds for junior, intermediate and senior boys, with picnics and entertainments.

There is the school department, the curriculum including vocal music. They are led by a skilled teacher and do magnificent singing. We also have a junior choir and a bugle band, which get special training.

"Nor are we lacking in the most essential thing, Religion."

The first thing after breakfast, for about ten minutes, the boys are given a talk on the leading men of sacred history. It is found that many of the boys are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Some of them don't even know what church their parents go to, or what the Bible is for. Stories about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and also a series of little talks on Joseph are a good thing to start the morning well.

All denominations take part in the work. A lantern is used a great deal, and the boys are instructed about the peerless boy Christ. On Sunday morning all go to the Protestant churches in Mimico, and on Sunday evening they receive a short talk at the school. In the afternoon, all attend Sunday School in the building on the grounds.

"Have you seen the Boy with a Poor Chance," continued Mr. Ferrier. The sub-normal boy is one of these, with a percentage of about fifteen. The lowest grade boy was only 10 or 11 years of age, and only three points above an idiot. He had tampered with a switch on a train, and it is doubtful if he knew what he was doing. Some are fifteen years old with a brain of 8 years, whereas the highest has 128 out of 200. What are the causes of boys becoming feeble-minded with poor education. One outstanding cause is poor environment.

The last 200 boys that came in were carefully examined. Thirty-six were there for breaking in and theft; 74 for petty theft, like stealing watches; 14 for theft of automobiles; 3 for highway robbery; 3 for other kinds of robbery; 7 for indecent assault; 60 as incorrigibles and the rest for wilful damage, fires, etc. Mr. Ferrier advised owners of cars to always lock them, if for even a minute's absence, as boys who had been questioned said they could not help it, and could not resist the temptation of going for a ride.

"What causes boys to commit crime?" asked Mr. Ferrier. He attributed this principally to the gang spirit, to congregating on street corners, swapping indecent stories, and generally concocting mischief. Parents too often do not know where their boys are. They should know exactly where their boys are from supper until bedtime. The Boy Scouts are a most worthy organization in keeping boys right.

"What literature do boys read?" continued Supt. Ferrier. What they read means a great deal in shaping their thoughts, and should create a love for better literature. Give them books about animals, as all children love animals.

Mr. Ferrier was very outspoken with regard to the use of cigarettes. The cigarette habit is a detriment to every boy. He had seen too many boys with the habit that fastens on them. They will lie and steal to obtain cigarettes, which blunt their moral fibre and weaken their will-power. "Would that the movies would eliminate the use of cigarettes," she said. "It is wonderful for me that you are going to give me even a small part. I honestly didn't know what I was going to do when Layton sacked me last night."

Grenoble, who had been revolving plans in his mind, became extremely practical.

THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

(A column of interest to all recording accepted facts and worthy opinions regarding the place of alcoholic beverages in modern life; as well as news of the progress of the campaign for a "dry" world.)

(Sponsored by the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance P. E. L.)

ODDS AND ENDS

OX OR ASS?—"Without wine, man is an Ox," says Hilaire Belloc; and with wine, says the Catholic Herald, "man is often an Ass."

PROHIBITION AND THE FARMER—Prohibition has a great benefit to American agriculture, to the increase of dairy products, and the increased standards of living of the consumer. It takes more grain to make a quart of milk than a quart of beer, and the increase of dairy products has been especially marked since prohibition. (Editor of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.)

PROHIBITION AND THE SCHOOLS—The Eighteenth Amendment has helped America to achieve the development of all types of schools so that millions of young people have richer educational opportunities. High School enrolment alone in the United States increased from 2,000,000 to nearly 5,000,000—the most remarkable advance in the history of civilization. (Journal of the National Education Association.)

BEFORE AND AFTER—A Speakeasy is a place where you speak easy when you go in, and can't speak at all when you come out.

SALOON VERSUS BEER PARLOR—The difference between these beer parlors and the old saloon is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. In the old saloon or barroom, customers stood up to drink. In the beer parlors they sit down to drink. There is some argument in certain quarters as to which position is better. Some say a man can hold more sitting down. Others contend that while that may be true, he can tell better how full he is if he is standing up. One wag puts it this way, that while a man cannot stand drinking till he cannot sit, he can sit drinking till he cannot stand, and either sitting or standing, he can drink so much that he doesn't know nor care whether he is sitting, standing, or rolling on the floor. (Ben H. Spence)

The odds are all against the boozier. He ends his life a sorry loser.

by their actors, that Sunday School teachers and men everywhere would quit this vile and expensive habit. I know I am asking a lot, but think of the example that would be set to our boys," said Mr. Ferrier. "What about girls smoking," he continued. "And what of the future boys of these girls, conceived in smoke. Blasphemy and lying come very close. Both have root in the same source, as they steal and then lie to cover up the theft. I never knew a young cigarette smoker to tell the truth."

"Stealing is a growing habit. It is just as bad to steal 5 cents as \$500.00. Trust your children in the home. Never lock your cupboard, and there will be one less occasion to steal. Cheating in school is the beginning of stealing. Every time a boy does wrong and is not found out he is a weaker boy. His conscience becomes seared as by a red hot iron. Guard the home and trust the boy there."

Indecent assault is all too common. "Nobody told me about its seriousness," say the boys. They ought to be told in a proper way. The government should make provision for the proper teaching of boys and girls, if there is no other way.

Then there is the home environment. Ninety per cent had come to the school because of loss of parents. Of those questioned, 33 had lost a father, 27 lost their mother, 11 had lost both parents, 14 homes had deserted fathers and 5 mothers, while four had lost both. Over 100 out of 200 had homes partially broken, which was a serious state of affairs. Fifteen had fathers who were up in court, while three had mothers. Often the poor mother was working under adverse conditions.

Two things should be fought for all boys: (1) Obedience, (2) Respect for law. Some men are too busy making money to look after their boys, for which all were sure to suffer.—Fergus News Record.

In Loving Memory

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The death in the City Hospital, Charlottetown, on Jan. 14, 1933, of Rev. Father J. B. McIntyre, parish priest of Tracadie and Corran Ban filled the hearts of his many relatives and friends and beloved parishioners with sadness and loneliness.

Born at Grand River, Lot 14, on June 24, 1868, he was the son of the late Roderick McIntyre and Bibiana McLellan. He was educated in the public school and Prince of Wales College, after which he taught school in Richmond and Bayside. He then took up his studies at St. Dunstan's College and later at the Grand Seminary, Quebec. He was ordained to the Holy Priesthood on June 24, 1906 in St. Patrick's Church, Grand River, by Right Rev. James C. McDonald. It was often said that never before or since was St. Patrick's so crowded with people of all classes and creeds, as on that beautiful Saturday morning, the feast of St. John the Baptist. He then joined the staff of St. Dunstan's College and some years later was appointed to St. Mark's, Lot 7. There he labored for almost two years, winning the love and admiration of all who were placed under his fatherly care. He was then transferred to Tracadie, where he spent the last twenty years of his life—years of faithful loyal service in God's vineyard, given with a willingness and energy that was edifying to all. During the past summer and fall he had worked out and planned to completion the new basement church at Corran Ban. This was his own plan, sanctioned by the Bishop, and it was with a thrill of joy he saw it almost ready for consecration, but his illness overtook him two weeks previous to the opening of his new church. Even in this trial, Father John B. as he was affectionately known, saw only the hand of God working out His Divine designs, and he calmly accepted God's Holy Will. The daily over-taxing of his strength in so faithfully carrying out the many details and duties of his priestly office, contributed a great deal to his final break-down. Even in his illness his continual devotion to his people was manifest, and he still found happiness in making those around him happy and unaware of his inconvenience and suffering. His was in truth, a life of simplicity, a life of sanctity, rich in unwritten good deeds and sweetened by self-sacrifice—a hidden and holy drama and now the last scene remains to be told. On the morning of January 14th, the big strong heart gave way and his beautiful soul, rich in the fullness of Grace, winged its course among the angels, to meet its life-time Model—its Divine Saviour. No one was more peaceful or reconciled than he was in that fleeting moment when death withdrew the veil, and Light but not the light of this world, suddenly broke upon him. His mission was complete. Though no pen is skilful enough to portray the loveliness of Father John B's character it is fitting that a life so beautiful demands some memorial in a world privileged to have been his sojourn for sixty-four short years. That his life was much influenced by the home-training of his beloved parents he was wont to relate. Under their gentle guidance were planted in childhood the virtues which in manhood blossomed forth and characterized the future priest.

The mother who trained such a humane and temperate disposition must have been fine, indeed, when the world owes her guidance to such a son.

His love for children was fashioned on the pattern of his Divine Master who says "suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Wherever he was known he left an impression of his great heartedness and above all his unaffected simplicity that made people, young and old, set him apart in a magic circle of affectionate and reverent regard. He was the advisor, the friend and confidante of so many because of his sympathetic nature that could soothe, at a touch, the most sensitive and troubled hearts. His piety and erudition, his ability as a preacher and organizer are only excelled in the minds and hearts of his people by the fatherly in-

terest he took in each and every one of them. Yet with all his brilliant qualities he was a most humble servant of God and His Church. Youth and cheerfulness radiated around him like a glowing sunshine and created in his parish home an atmosphere of peace and happiness combined with piety. They are legion who will hold in benediction his blessed memory and with one voice they will say "There was only one Father John B."

Under the direction of his devoted assistant, Father George McDonald, the members of the parish kept prayerful vigil over his body which was lying in state in the Sanctuary of St. Bonaventure's Church from Sunday 3.30 p. m. to Tuesday 10.30 a. m. when the Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Monsignor Maurice McDonald, assisted by Father John Gaudet as deacon and Father W. V. McDonald, sub-deacon, Father Gerald Murphy, C. S. R., Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Eugene Murray and Rev. C. McCarthy as acolytes. The solemn liturgy of the funeral service was sung by the choir led by Rev. Bernard Gillis of Charlottetown, while Rev. Theodore Gallant presided at the organ. Priests from every parish were seated in the Sanctuary and the church was filled to capacity with laity from all denominations and walks of life. After the last blessing, Father Terence Campbell P. P. Alberton, like laying a white wreath of immortelles on his coffin, paid tribute to the dead priest, in words feelingly and fittingly expressed. In the course of his eulogy he expressed the sentiments of that no one could be more truly spoken than of Father McIntyre that he was detached from gold and treasures of this world—one of the signs of his great love of God. He also remarked his outstanding characteristic, joyousness of spirit, which was but a proof of his great Faith, Faith in God's mercy and goodness, through all the trials of his high office. He noted also, his hidden sanctity of life which was reflected in his strict and timely discharge of his duties, his zeal and fervor in administering the Sacraments and his devoutness in offering the Holy

Sacrifice of the Mass. Father Campbell also dwelt on the character of the priestly vocation, its nearness to the Divine Model Who trod the ways of the world, clothed in humanity, who suffered and went gladly to die on Calvary—the Priest, an "Alter Christus" sent as a mediator between the world and God. In closing he asked the prayers of the people for Father John B's soul as a last proof of their undying affection.

Service at the grave was conducted by Rev. J. A. McDonald, P. P. Grand River, assisted by the choir and priests in attendance.

The immediate relatives left to mourn are three brothers, i. e., Joseph R. Grand River, Zephyrinus, Boston, Peter, Toronto, and two sisters, i. e., Mrs. Alfred Brown, Boston, and Mrs. John McCormac, Watertown, Mass. Mrs. McCormac was present for the funeral, also his brother Joseph and nephew Harold McIntyre.

From the moment of his death numerous Masses and spiritual bouquets were offered for the repose of his soul.

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