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**CRESCENT
CARNIVAL**

By
FRANCES PARKISON KEYES
(Continued)

Breck was still thinking about the mirror. In going through his father's papers, he had seen a drawing for just such a design as she described, together with a jeweler's estimate which came to a staggering sum. He did not want Anna to know that it was his father who had given that mirror to Mrs. Fontaine, when she was still Estelle Lenoir.

Everything Anna said on the way home seemed to rub him the wrong way. The night was so mild that he had gone to the dinner bareheaded and without an overcoat, and he was thankful that at least Anna could not reproach him for flinging down his topper and his white scarf and his Chesterfield on the hall settee, as he was very apt to do when there was no one at hand to take things from him, instead of hanging them up neatly himself. Then he moved toward the library, where the lights were still burning.

"I didn't look at the evening papers before we went out," he said. "I think that perhaps I'd better, before I go to bed. Good night. I hope you get a good rest."

An hour later he went out on the gallery and looked moodily, almost unseeing, over the lawn toward the flowering shrubs and graceful trees. Then he walked down the path and into the deserted streets. Almost before he knew it, he had reached the Fontaines' house again. The front of it was in darkness. But lights still shone from some of the side windows, and the sound of music floated through them.

Breck opened and closed the garden gate quietly. When he reached the clump of shrubbery surrounding the music room, he stopped. He could see Celeste sitting at the piano, with the light from a tall lamp streaming down over her bronze-colored hair and her white neck and arms. The rest of the room was in darkness. He stepped back among the hibiscus.

Celeste had finished singing while he was crossing the lawn. Now she began to sing again, this time the West Indian lament of a Negro lover sympathizing with the grief felt by his quadron sweetheart because her rival had supplanted her in the affections of her white master.

The final notes trailed softly off into further silence. But there was no further sound and no light coming from the house anywhere. He went out of the garden as noiselessly as he had entered it, and walked slowly down the street toward his own house. When he had closed and bolted the door for the second time, he went still more slowly up the stairs and, after a moment's hesitation, turned the knob of the door leading not into his own room, but into Drew's.

He pulled up a chair to the side of the bed and seated himself cautiously. Enough light filtered into the room from the open window for him to make out the contour of Drew's dark, tousled head and rounded cheeks. He was clutching a top animal, made of wood. Anna would not allow him to sleep with a woolly one, because she considered it unsanitary. Gently as he touched it, the child stirred, sleepily, tightened his hold on the animal, and turned. Breck bent down and kissed him.

"Don't worry, old man, I wasn't going to take it away from you," he whispered reassuringly. Then in a still lower voice he muttered, "I hope you won't have to go on hugging wood forever."

CHAPTER X.

The next afternoon, when Breck returned from the Boston Club, he found Anna in an unusually amiable mood.

"Marie Celeste Fontaine dropped in on her way home from school," she told him. "She invited us to have dinner tomorrow evening with Olivier and herself, and to go to see 'St. Joseph's altar' afterwards. She said this would be Mi-Careme, and that there was always a very interesting celebration. Did you ever hear of it?"

"Of course I have. We always used to make a tour of the Italian Quarter on St. Joseph's Evening, when I was a youngster, to see the altars. Well, that was darned thoughtful of her, wasn't it? Did you say we'd go?"

"Yes. Provided that you wanted to. I was careful not to commit you to anything, Breck."

"But gosh, I'd like to be committed to anything that's as much fun as that is. And we could go up to Splendida the next day, or even the day after."

By the time Olivier and Marie Celeste called for Anna and Breck in Olivier's elegant red-cushioned, white-bodied car, he was in holiday mood. This suffered a slight setback when Olivier automatically assisted Anna into the back seat beside Marie Celeste. Breck had forgotten that according to standardized etiquette, gentlemen invariably rode together in the front of an equipage and ladies in the back. But in spite of his disappointment, he made himself agreeable to Olivier, encouraging him to talk about his own special interests, and asking him general questions about racing and other sports in and around New Orleans.

(To Be Continued)

**BULLETINS FROM
BIRDLAND**
BY
WINIFRED E. WILSON



EARLY MATING

June is our popular month for weddings, but in Birdland mating takes place much earlier in the year. Great Horned Owls rush matters. It may be all very well in the southern United States to start housekeeping in January, but sometimes snowstorms are still going on in parts of Canada when the eggs are being hatched in February. However, these babies are protected from the worst weather. Young Horned Larks have a much harder time. Their parents often build soon after mid-March, right in the open, on the ground. Little Larks may be born before the snow is over. Occasionally Woodcocks and Killdeer Plovers also begin nesting in March.

Among the first birds to consider the advisability of choosing a partner are many of the Ducks. In the south, as early as January, particularly Mallards and Black Ducks may be seen flying in pairs—the female leading the way, the male following. Migrating north as husband and wife, they are ready to begin homemaking at once, perhaps before March is out. Pintails, too, frequently get here ere all the ice has left our lakes: it is not unusual to find their eggs at the beginning of April.

Many sea birds and shore birds also carry on courtship antics before they ace back in their breeding grounds, so we miss seeing this performance. But ordinarily males come first, choose their territory, and guard it until the females arrive.

C. G. shows their love by swimming out from shore and letting out "a succession of yells and wallings"; male Gulls feed their sweethearts; Gannets go through a ceremony that looks as though they were drinking; certain Sandpipers preen their feathers and lift their wings. Some males present nesting materials to their chosen brides; others do much bowing or fanning out of their tails. An Oven-bird was observed making that "kneading" motion, like a cat does with its claws. Birds show off just as do young lovers.

When our song birds return later in spring and get at house-keeping duties, we generally cannot tell whether or not they are paired the same as the previous summer. But of some matters we are quite certain. Wrens are known to be unfaithful, going off with one girl after another, even in the same season. But little Screech Owls and big Canada Geese mate for life.

Why are some eggs spotted?

SUMMERFIELD C. W. L.

The February meeting of the Summerfield Sub-division of the C. W. L. was held at the home of Mrs. Emmet Clow, Emerald, with twelve members and one visitor present. In the absence of the President, the chair was occupied by Mrs. Austin Murphy, who also recited the League Prayer. The secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting which were approved. Correspondence was then

**Fredericton and
Vicinity**

Mr. Alban Reid, Hope River, spent the week-end in O'Leary.

Mrs. Herbert Ross and family were visitors to Boxden on Saturday.

Mr. Robert Carruthers, Kensington, was a business visitor to Fredericton on Wednesday.

Mrs. Thomas Craswell, Oyster Bed Bridge, is the guest of her sister Mrs. James Murray.

Mr. Bruce Deacon, North Wiltshire, was a business visitor to Fredericton on Tuesday.

The many friends of Mrs. Eliza MacInnis are pleased to learn that she is up and around again following an attack of flu.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cutcliffe and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Weeks were visitors to Charlottetown on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller Weeks and family, Elliotts, spent Sunday in Fredericton the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weeks.

Mr. A. B. Cutcliffe and Miss Phyllis Cutcliffe, Charlottetown were visiting in Hunter River and Fredericton on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Leah Pickering, P. W. C. student spent the week-end in Fredericton the guest of her cousin in Miss Beulah Haslam.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingham Palmer, Charlottetown spent Sunday in Fredericton the guest of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Cutcliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pound and Mr. Kay Pound have returned to their home in Hazel Grove after spending the winter months in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. George Morrison was in Charlottetown Monday and Tuesday visiting her daughter Dulcie who is a patient in the P. E. I. Hospital.

Friends of Miss Dulcie Morrison, P. W. C. student, are sorry to hear that she is a patient in the P. E. I. Hospital with pneumonia. Her Fredericton friends wish her a speedy recovery.

read and discussed.

A letter from Mrs. W. J. Sullivan, Summerside, convener of the Missionaries of Mary was read.

A letter from Mrs. D. F. McNeill, Summerside, convener of "The Canadian League Magazine," a card of thanks from Mrs. J. B. Croken, church organist for a gift at Christmas. One new member joined. The pastor was remembered with a gift at Christmas.

It was moved by Mrs. G. C. Green and seconded by Mrs. Emmet Clow that a card party be held in the Emerald hall in the near future. The following ladies were appointed to take charge and attend to the prizes, score cards, etc. Mrs. C. W. Croken, Mrs. A. C. Hughes, Mrs. Emmet Clow, Mrs. G. C. Green, Mrs. Reginald Smith, and Mrs. John Cash.

The secretary was asked to send a card of sympathy to a bereaved member. A sick member to be remembered by a treat.

Mrs. John Cash invited the members to her home for the March meeting. Meeting closed with prayer.

A dainty lunch was served by the hostess and a social hour enjoyed.

Girl Guide News



Guides and Brownies of Kensington continue to make good headway and are happy to have Mrs. Auld back as Lieutenant again. Signalling, every Guide's chore, has become top favorite since Mrs. J. R. Holman promised a prize trip to the Forum for the one passing first. Mrs. Teresa Elderkin, leader of the Protestant Guides reports splendid progress in badge work and Little House Emblems are being completed.

1951 Census

Your Commissioner has already sent you Census cards and forms and I would remind you that these should be returned now with the 25 cents for each Guide and Brownie. Charlottetown Leaders are requested to hand same to Commissioners at the next Guiders Club meeting.

Guiders Club

Guide and Brownie Leaders are especially requested to attend Guiders Club meeting at Trinity Hall next Thursday, 8th, at 5:30 p.m. Supper will be served by the ladies of the South Local Ass'n. Be sure and come along. Brownie Leaders will find a display of circus figures and other demonstrations of badge work and Mrs. Osborne of Central Royalty is giving us some magic and games. Guide Leaders will find that games can be adapted for the Guides, so do not miss this meeting.

Thinking Day Cants

Miss G. Hart reports a very poor response to date for the 1 cent per Guide and Brownie to help the World Friendship Fund. How about a very special effort girls, your cent will go to help girls in other countries that are not as fortunate as you, so take your cent along to your Leader at the next meeting.

Training

Guide Leaders Training Classes will commence on Monday next for three weeks under Mrs. E. Cudmore. All Guide Leaders and Lieutenants will be welcomed. For further information phone your Commissioner or Mrs. F. Jenkins.

BURGESS BEDTIME

(Continued from page 10)

couldn't be. No, sir, it couldn't be. It just couldn't. Yet his eyes told him it was true. He flew over to that sandy beach that he might have a closer look. He alighted just a little way in front of this two-legged person who had come out from under the palm trees.

"Peet-wee! Peet-wee!" he called. He ran a few steps then stopped, bobbing and bowing more than ever because he was so excited. "Peet-wee! Peet-wee!"

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed a familiar voice. "As I live, it is Teeter the Sandpiper. How in the world

**"Small houses
can give people
big ideas!"**

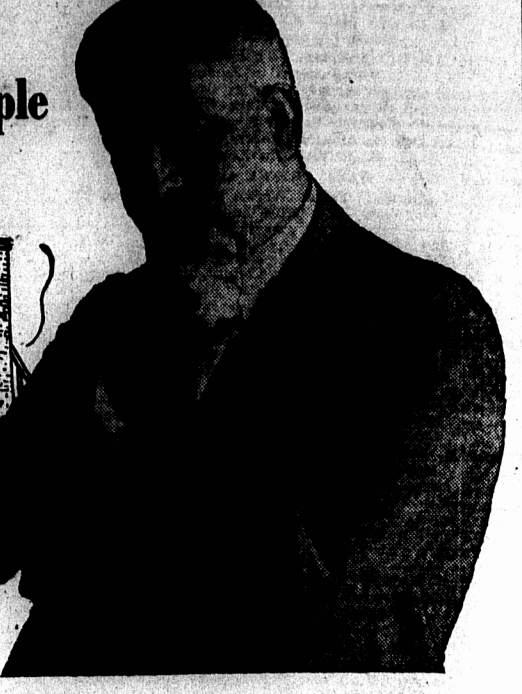


"Sounds funny, I know. But this house might have given you the same idea I had—if you'd been in my shoes the other day."

"I'd just dropped around with my son Bob and his family to see how their new house was getting on. It seemed to me to be just perfect for them. Cute, trim and practical. But small. There certainly wouldn't be room for anyone but them."

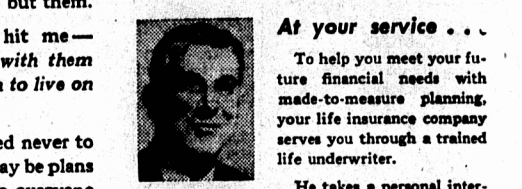
"Suddenly the thought hit me—What if I had to move in with them because I didn't have enough to live on after I'd retired?"

"Then and there I resolved never to let that happen. Sure, there may be plans for paying old-age benefits to everyone someday. But I'll need extra income to make sure that I'll be completely independent. And the best way to get it is by increasing my life insurance."



"That plan seemed so logical I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. And when I saw my agent I discovered how flexible life insurance can be—how it fits my own needs and my wife's need for protection."

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