

False Face

By E. C. Buley

"If anybody could tell me why I'm doing this," Lola went on fiercely. "I'd like to know the answer. I've got that English rumbunctious on my hands, all primed with cut hooch. But he's only one little spot of trouble. It's fingers that I've got to settle, somehow. Why do I do it, Boy?"

"Because I love you, and you love me," College Boy said glibly. "Say, if you think there can ever be any sweetie in my life but you..."

"There it is," Lola interrupted sadly. "When you say it, I know you are lying. You'll fall for the first pretty face that comes your way. Yes, and the next girl will be just as big a boob about you as I am. Now beat it, will you?"

After that it was so easy that College Boy, lying safe in his berth and shaming sea-sickness, allowed all his fears to slip away from him at the end of his second day at sea. There were minor inconveniences, of course, about a seclusion which irked him the more, since he was naturally a good sailor. But he consoled himself with the reflection that it was only for a few days.

To refuse solid food with a groan, when his big frame was crying out for substantial nourishment, was not going to be easy at the end of the fourth or fifth day. And the fresh air which came through his porthole, cold as it was, tempted this healthy boy to some venture on deck—say very late at night, when all the ship's passengers were in the berths—in search of a satisfying allowance of it.

But his complacency was shattered when his steward, after receiving his refusal of solid food with almost open scepticism, began to chatter. "Excuse me, sir," the little man said, very busy with a damp cloth on the paint-work. "But should I be right in addressing you as Mr. Marchant?"

"Quite correct, Steward," faintly replied the Boy, in what he imagined to be a cultured English accent. "Then a friend of yours has been inquiring about you, sir," said the man, with a grin which he hardly troubled to conceal. "Miss Soanes, sir. I deary you know her?"

"As certainly an acquaintance with Miss Soanes," the Boy said haughtily. "But as hardly see what business it is of yours." "Sorry, sir," was the reply. "The young lady seemed wuite concerned to hear of your indisposition; and, if I may say so, surprised as well. I gathered from her, sir, that it is quite unusual for you to experience any inconvenience from a sea trip."

let which he kept under a pillow. College Boy produced a hundred dollar bill, which he offered to the man's inspection. "Just how sick does that make you think I am, George?" he asked.

"I should say that you were a very sick man, sir." The steward grinned. "I sure am," the Boy asserted. "And there's another of these for you at Cherbourg, if I can get off the boat without that lady seeing me. Don't make any mistake, George. I'm strong for Miss Soanes. But, perhaps you happen to be a married man?"

"That's a good guess, sir," the man agreed, pocketing the money. "Well, we men have got to stick together, these days, or we shall not be able to call our souls our own."

"Isn't it the truth?" the steward agreed. "It struck me, if I might say so, that she was what I'd call rather an arbitrary young lady."

"The big question, George, is who will be boss," the Boy explained. "With your help, I mean to be it. But if I let her run me on this journey; well, you can see for yourself."

Before the man left the cabin, most of the Boy's minor troubles had been smoothed away. Regular meals, and even a chance to stretch his legs on the boat deck when it was finally deserted, all became possible through the magic of his liberal tips.

On the fourth night out from New York College Boy, having been advised by his watchdog that the coast was clear, wrapped himself in the splendid fur-lined coat which hung by his berth, and stole cautiously up to the boat deck. It was a clear cold night, and the deck was white with frost. In the sky above the stars shone like fairy lamps, the sharp air was a tonic draught, with which the Boy filled his lungs, exhaling over and over again.

Presently he lit a cigar, and made a couple of sharp circuits of the deck, his spirits rising as he walked. The exhilaration of a clever escape took possession of him, and made him feel happy and vain-glorious. Any lingering fear that some emissary of the forsaken gang might be lying in wait for him was now dissipated. He had, to use his own term, "beaten the rap."

He had only to sidestep this Soanes dame at Cherbourg, and step on to a Continent where a man was safe. He would slip off to the Riviera; and, once pleasantly established there, he would send, of course, for Lola. One grand little girl Lola was; and if it hadn't been for her, it might not have been so easy to flip his fingers at Sachino.

Springfield W.I. Annual Meeting

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of Springfield Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. J. Ernest Haslam with the president presiding. The meeting opened with the Ode and Creed repeated in unison. Fifteen members answered roll call and three visitors were present.

Minutes of the last annual and regular meetings were read and approved. One new member was welcomed.

The sick committee reported 10 get well cards and one sympathy card sent during the year. The Red Cross committee reported five pullovers, one pair stockings and four pairs panties passed in during the year.

The following officers were appointed for ensuing year: president—Mrs. Reginald Haslam; vice-president—Mrs. Ivan Lamb; secretary—Mrs. Keith Mayne; treasurer—Mrs. Clarence Carroll; press secretary—Mrs. Norris Sinclair; directors—Mrs. Norris Sinclair, Mrs. Ernest Haslam, Mrs. Joseph Matheson; auditors—Mrs. Robt. Howard, Mrs. Wm Haslam; sick committee—Mrs. Andrew Hughes, Mrs. Arthur Haslam, Miss Emily Howard; Red Cross committee—Miss Muriel Haslam, Miss Joyce Haslam.

The next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Keith Mayne, roll call to be answered with a gift for crippled children and one for exchange among members. The following committees were appointed for December: lunch—Mrs. Joseph Matheson, Mrs. Robert Howard, Mrs. John Hickox; programme—Mrs. George Dunning, Mrs. Norris Sinclair; school—Mrs. George Dunning.

It was decided to give all children in district the same treat at Christmas. Miss Muriel Haslam was appointed to see about preparing an album for English Institute. The sum of \$10.00 was voted to "Save the Children Fund." Correspondence was then read and discussed and the secretary reported Cod Liver Oil Capsules had been received.

The meeting closed with "God Save The Queen." Lunch was served by the hostess and committee in charge.

Dianne MacMillan, Gloria Herlihy, and Joyce Lowther; solo—Norma Hyde; exercise—Errol Frizzell; Miss Bessie E. MacFadyen, both of Boston, Mass.; two sisters, Mrs. Margaret R. Casey of Lowell and Mrs. Catherine Frizzell of Prince Edward Island; two brothers, William K. Rogerson and James Rogerson, both of Prince Edward Island; two grandsons, John A. MacFadyen of Williamsville, N.Y., and George K. MacFadyen of New York City; one great-granddaughter, Miss Jean D. MacFadyen, one great-grandson, Donald F. MacFadyen, both of Williamsville, N.Y.; and several nieces and nephews and cousins.

Mrs. MacFadyen was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Lowell. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at two o'clock at the Morse Funeral Home, Lowell, with Rev. Robert B. Shane, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Lowell, officiating. Interment took place in the family lot in Edson Cemetery, Lowell.

Admitted To R.P.A.



Mr. Smith, a former resident of Charlottetown, left here in 1936 and served six years with the Royal Canadian Navy. For the past seven years he has been with the Income Tax Department at Halifax where he is now employed as an Assessor.

Mr. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Smith, are natives of this city, residing at 68 Rochford Street.

Former Islander Dies In Mass

Emma (Rogerson) MacFadyen, a resident of Lowell, Mass., for the greater part of her life, having made her home at 150 Andrew street, in that city, died Friday afternoon November 21st, at the Lowell General Hospital after a brief illness, in her 83rd year. She was the widow of Donald A. MacFadyen.

Mrs. MacFadyen was born on the Island, the daughter of the late Allan L. and Catherine (Shaw) Rogerson, but came to Lowell during her early twenties.

She is survived by two daughters, Miss C. Jennie MacFadyen and Miss Bessie E. MacFadyen, both of Boston, Mass.; two sisters, Mrs. Margaret R. Casey of Lowell and Mrs. Catherine Frizzell of Prince Edward Island; two brothers, William K. Rogerson and James Rogerson, both of Prince Edward Island; two grandsons, John A. MacFadyen of Williamsville, N.Y., and George K. MacFadyen of New York City; one great-granddaughter, Miss Jean D. MacFadyen, one great-grandson, Donald F. MacFadyen, both of Williamsville, N.Y.; and several nieces and nephews and cousins.

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EDMONTON — (CP) — In a report on population distribution, H.P. Brownie, Labor Department statistician, said Alberta has 3.68 persons to the square mile. Population is heaviest in the Edmonton area where there are 48.7 persons to the square mile.

Farewell Party Held At York

At York Hall on Thursday evening, November 4 a large group of friends and relatives from York, Stanhope and Charlottetown gathered to bid sad farewells to Mrs. Melvin Jay, the congenial station mistress, and Mr. Fred Thompson, accommodating miller, and Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. Melvin Jay, accompanied by her husband, many years ago moved from Covehead Road to take over the duties at the Canadian National Railroad Station here in York. After many years of faithful service Mr. Jay succumbed to an attack of pneumonia and Mrs. Jay continued to perform her husband's duties faithfully and her friendly genial smile will be greatly missed.

Mr. Fred Thompson, with his wife and small family, after the close to the Second World War purchased the farm and managed the crushing and saw mill in York. His services in the mill were greatly appreciated and will be sorely missed. Indeed his place will be hard to fill. Mrs. Thompson also public-spirited, whose activity was limited only by her four small children, held many offices in the Missionary Society and the Women's Institute.

Therefore, it was to show their appreciation and bid them all Bon Voyage, that this group on November 6 was called to order by Mr. Harold Watts and he in turn called on Mrs. Eimer Brown to read an address to Mrs. Melvin Jay, who was escorted to the place of honour by Mr. Leith Brown. Mrs. Lloyd Vessey made the presentation of a purse. Mrs. Jay rose and graciously thanked her many friends for this generous act of appreciation, and extended an invitation to her future home.

Similarly after Mr. Thompson escorted his wife to the seats of honour, Mr. Louis Vessey read an address of appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and the services rendered by them to the community, and they were presented with a purse.

With Mrs. Lloyd Vessey's accompaniment on the piano "For they are Jolly Good Fellows" was sung.

Social intercourse followed while a delicious lunch was served. The Messrs. Birt were asked to play for the square dances, and young and old availed themselves of the opportunity of tripping the light fantastic until the passage of time called a halt.

Many sad farewells were said to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, as Mrs. Thompson takes up residence in Bedouque while Mr. Thompson assumes his duties with the Radar Department of the R. C. A. F.

— B. F.

Frizzell - Farrar Wedding

A pretty fall wedding took place on Wednesday, October 1st, at 3.30 P. M., at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Robinson MacFadyen, DeSable, when Velma Jane, daughter of Mrs. Edgar and the late Mr. Farrar, Charlottetown, and Charles Augustus, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Frizzell, New Haven, were united in marriage by Rev. G. Carlyle Webster.

The ceremony took place in the living room before a prettily decorated mantle. The bride entered the room on the arm of her brother, Gen. Lloyd Farrar who gave her in marriage. She looked charming in a pink net over taffeta ballerina length dress, with matching bolero, headdress and mits and gold shoes. She carried an arm bouquet of pastel coloured gladioli.

She was attended by her sister Pearle, attired in yellow nylon with matching accessories and silver shoes and an arm bouquet of mauve and yellow gladioli; the groom was ably supported by his cousin, Mr. Kelsie Buchanan. The bride's gift to her bridesmaid was a gold cameo pin and matching earrings, and to the groom a leather shaving case. The groom's gift to the bride was a lovely gold compact and to his best man a gold tie clip.

The toast was proposed by Mr. Webster and responded to by the groom. After was served a delicious supper was served to sixty guests. Assisting in serving were the bride's sisters, Mrs. Wilfred Campbell and Mrs. Nicholas Gillis. The table was centered with a three tier wedding cake, flanked on each side with lighted candles. The cake was made by the bride's sister, Lillian.

Mrs. Webster also attended the ceremony and reception. The bride's mother wore a navy crepe dress with matching accessories and a corsage of mixed flowers. The groom's mother wore a purple.

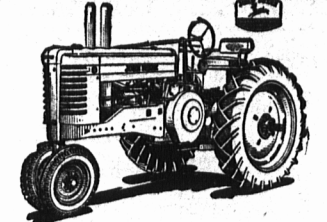
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On return the happy couple took up residence in New Haven. Mr. and Mrs. William MacPhail, Brockton, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pepall and daughter Gail, Toronto, arrived home for the wedding. They received many beautiful gifts, including lamps, blankets, spreads, silverware and numerous checks. On their return they were entertained with a dance and party and received a very full purse and some gifts from New Haven and surrounding districts, black accessories.



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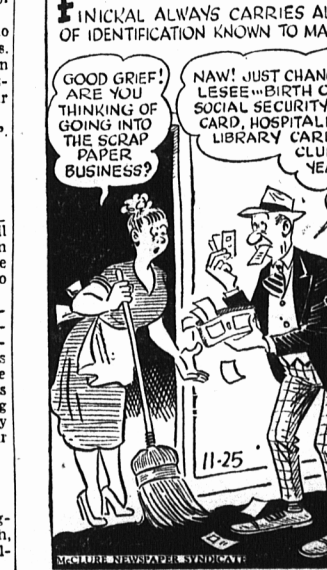
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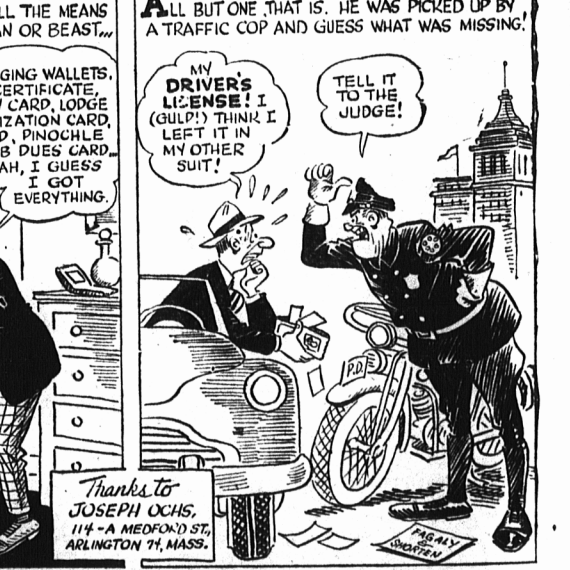
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There Ought To Be A Law

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