



CRESCENT CARNIVAL

FRANCES PARKISON KEYES

(Continued)

By the time three or four dances had come to a close, the girls who had not yet been called out commenced to feel self-conscious and nervous. Patty Forrestal, who was one of the shyest of the season's debutantes, sat miserably in her seat, the smile on her pleasant mouth more and more forced, each time she rose to let Evelyn Baird, who was placed beside her, pass by her.

As Evelyn, her name resounding through the Auditorium, slid by her for the fifth time, Patty looked down on the pile of presents with which her neighbor's seat was heaped. Patty had no illusions about her own looks. She lacked grace and composure and every other attribute which went into the making of the successful debutante.

Evelyn was coming back again. She looked lovelier than ever. The favor she was carrying this time was in a small box, and she began to untie it carefully, instead of tossing it casually aside as she had done with all the others. Patty did not mean to watch her but it was hard for her to keep her eyes off Evelyn, who was so beautiful. Involuntarily she turned her head just as Evelyn was crumpling a glittering ornament of some sort back into a satin-lined velvet box.

Evelyn, who was dancing again, was for once the less composed of the two. She raised her beautiful face close to the mask of the man who held her so easily, yet so closely, and whispered to him. "You must be losing your mind. The little Forrestal girl—Patty, is that her name?—has the seat beside mine in the call-out section. I am almost sure she saw the bracelet when I opened the box. She'll probably tattle all over town, too."

"Pat Forrestal? Tattle?" the masker said scornfully. "She'd bite out her tongue first. If there ever was a trustworthy kid, it's Pat. I'm sorry she's having such a thin time. Perhaps—"

"Well, what could you expect. She's the gawkiest creature I ever saw. But as I was saying, Drew, I can't imagine—"

There was not time to say any more. They had already reached the fringe of seats, and the masker, plunging his hand into his sack, had extracted a package wrapped in silver paper and tied with golden ribbon, which he handed to his partner as he bowed his farewell to her. It was a large package, so large that Evelyn knew, without taking the trouble to undo it, that it contained nothing which was either incriminating or valuable. She put it in the crook of her elbow and swept forward up the aisle. Patty did not look at her this time, or speak to her. The girl's eyes were downcast, and her lips were set in a straight line. She did not even glance up when the committeemen began their raucous chorus. It was only when Evelyn, who, inexplicably, was still sitting in her own seat, gave Patty a slight nudge, that she started.

"Can't you hear that man? He's shouting 'Miss Patricia Forrestal' a dozen times!"

Patty rose, incredulous. Then she went down the aisle very slowly, because she still could not believe it was true that she had been called out after all. The masker gave Patty his arm ceremoniously. "I am very much honored to have you for a partner,

Miss Forrestal," he said in a grave way. "I hope you are enjoying the ball."

"Well—that is, yes, I am, very much—now," she answered inadequately. Happiness and warmth had begun to stream through her, but it was not until she began to dance that a strange new sensation of exaltation and excitement, such as she had never felt before, flooded her being. Her partner led her easily, so that following him was an effortless delight. But it was much more than that. The clasp in which he held her, though conventional enough, was so close that it soon ceased to be impersonal. If the caress with which he released her had not been a lingering one, giving her time to steady herself, during his gradual withdrawal, she might have fallen, so wholly had she achieved union with him. "I am sorry that the music has stopped," he said gently. "I hope that you will dance with me again, later in the evening," he went on. "Meanwhile, will you accept a favor as a slight token of my gratitude for the gladness you have given me?"

He pressed her hand again as he closed her fingers around the package he had placed between them. It was not until she was seated again that she lifted the lid from a small velvet box lined with satin. Inside lay a bracelet of brilliants, a counterpart of the one which half an hour before she had seen Evelyn Baird thrusting secretly back among its wrappings.

(To be continued)

P.E.I. Woman Dies In U.S.A.

Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Fred M. Clay, which occurred Wednesday, April 4, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George L. Goodridge, in Newfane, N. Y., after a short illness.

Mrs. Clay was in her 87th year and was born in Victoria, Prince Edward Island, a daughter of the late Angus Brien and Mary Lowther Brien.

Her husband, Rev. Fred M. Clay died several years ago. He was a well known Baptist clergyman having preached in several churches in the United States as well as Canada.

Mrs. Clay visited her former home in Prince Edward Island every year, spending the summer months in Victoria. She has many relatives and friends in Prince Edward Island and Moncton who will learn with sorrow of her death.

Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. William Faxon, Lee, Mass.; Mrs. George L. Goodridge, Newfane, N. Y., and Mrs. Walter E. Neary, Fort Collins, Colorado and a sister, Mrs. T. W. McBeath of Moncton, as well as a brother, David Ernest Brien, Vancouver, B. C.

The body was forwarded to Victoria, P. E. I., arriving Saturday afternoon. The funeral ser-

P. W. C. First Year Students



COMMERCE DIVISION VII

Back Row: Seldon Gillis, Myron Ling, Everett Court, Vernon MacLean, Rachel D'Amours, Anne

Bell, Velma MacNeil, Florine MacMillan.

Front Row: Marjorie Gamester, Sheila Connick, Vaunda Buell.

June Pippey, Lorna Noonan, Catherine Walters, Juanita Campbell, Betty Arthur, Betty Hurry.

—Smith Photo.

vice was held in Victoria Sunday afternoon. Interment was in the Crapaud cemetery.

TORONTO, April 9 — (CP) — Ten oil paintings, valued at \$30,000,

stolen from the Toronto home of Robert Elliott a week ago, were found early Saturday in an old barn near Tottenham, 30 miles northwest of here. Police said the pictures are undamaged. Three farm

youths discovered the pictures, together with \$800 in silverware and a number of stolen stocks and bonds, under a tarpaulin in the barn, while searching it for farm implements.

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