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Seasoned Timber

By Dorothy Canfield
CHAPTER ELEVEN

He went on. "On that day last December Mr. Wheaton urged the exclusion of any student, no matter how fine his personality and intelligence, if he had any connection with a race for which Mr. Wheaton had a personal dislike. He had his will carefully drawn, as you see, to try to make sure that his ideas for the Academy's future should be realized.

His posture was long. The silence was crackling with tension. People gazed up at his grim face, unblinkingly attentive. He went on. "Mr. Dewey has something he wants to say to you, and so has Doctor Foote. My part in this meeting was to make the terms of Mr. Wheaton's will clear to you all, not only the wording but the real meaning. I shall vote for a trustee who will stand with Mr. Dewey in refusing to accept this bribe. And if it is accepted, I shall resign."

He turned and walked back to his seat. At the faculty meeting Mr. Dewey had spoken first, a brief statement of his feeling about the bequest. Timothy had then said that he wanted to make it clear that no pressure was to be put on any member of the teaching staff. The faculty were quite free, he told them, not only to take any stand they thought right, but to take no stand at all if they preferred.

The older teachers had no chance to say anything at all, for at this point young Bowen took the floor. "I don't need any two months. The question is perfectly plain to me at a glance." He paused, looked hard at Timothy and with the derisive small laugh with which he often prefaced his remarks went on, "It's all very well to say we are 'free to take any stand we like,' Mr. Hulme, with you and Mr. Dewey breathing out fire and brimstone. But I'll take advantage of your kind permission to have an opinion of my own. The terms of the will seem unusually intelligent and realistic to me, and I consider the objections to them nothing but moral hair-splitting," said young Bowen firmly. "It is cruel to indulge in threadbare discredited liberalism at the expense of a pitifully poor school and poor town.

To quibble over the terms of this astounding piece of good fortune, looks to me, Mr. Hulme, like keeping a desperately sick man from getting the medicine he needs because you don't like the color of the druggist's eyes."

Something about the quality of his voice as he spoke, of his darting look of resentment, made Timothy surmise, "There's something personal he can't stand about me."

Bowen and Peter Dryden went on to the student meeting. "If you don't object to my being present," said Bowen, implying by his accent that Timothy would. "Oh, come along! Come along! The more the merrier," said Timothy, genially.

The four men entered the Assembly room together where the

Clow - McLure Wedding

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in the presence of about forty guests, at the home of the bride, at Iris, P. E. I. at 3 p. m. October 9th, when Mary Evelyn McLure, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Holden McLure, was united in marriage with Earl Vincent Clow, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Clow, Grand Tracadie, P. E. I. by Rev. C. B. Dudley, pastor of the Pentecostal Church, Gray Rapids near Brunswick, uncle of the bride.

The charming bride, wearing a dress of lavender blue virgin wool, with navy accessories, and carrying a bouquet of American Beauty roses was given away by her only brother, Trp. Arthur McLure, of the Royal Canadian Armoured Corps, Camp Borden, Ontario, who was home on furlough.

The bridesmaid, Miss Georgina

waiting students burst into, "Academy! Academy! One! Two! Three! Clifford Academy! Here we are!"

As Timothy appeared on the platform they changed this to: "Some say HAW! Some say GEE! We say the best ever is old T. C!"

Timothy went on: "Suppose each of us here makes a little statement of how it looks to us. Mr. Bowen, for the occasion, has quite a different idea about what's the right thing to do from Mr. Dewey and mine. And I think it would be a good idea for him to tell us about it."

Bowen looked astonished, gasped a little, nodded his head gamely. "Mr. Dewey, you first, you're ahead of the rest of us in years," said Timothy. "Mr. Dewey rose rather unsteadily, 'Here,' said Timothy, pushing a chair to the front of the platform. 'This is all in the family. Why don't you sit down to talk?'"

So it was like a grandfather from his armchair, turning his shaggy grey head from side to side as he looked into the attentive young eyes, that Mr. Dewey said his say. He bade them be proud of the tradition back of them; he reminded them that noble traditions are always in danger from the beast in man; that it is Fascism's expressed purpose to unleash the beast in man by his incitement to race hatred. He ended, "Boys and girls of Clifford, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren of free men and free women—your town counts on you to stand for right, to hold the light of honor burning bright and free." He stood up, he pushed his chair away. "Of honor," he repeated solemnly.

As he sat down at the back of the platform the students began to applaud. When they were ready for the next speaker, "Well, Mr. Bowen, your turn now," Timothy said, matter-of-factly. He admired the firmness with which the young man walked to the front of the platform, his face rather pale, but his step steady.

To be continued

Ferguson - Bell Wedding

The United Church manse, Hampton, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday, November 4th, at 3:00 o'clock, when Gertrude Ada Bell, daughter of Mrs. Stet Sturdy of Crapaud became the bride of Sheldon Ferguson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Ferguson of Crapaud. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Baxter.

The bride chose for her wedding a suit of leaf green gabardine with black accessories and a corsage of Better Time roses. Mrs. Clayton Crosby, as bridesmaid, was attired in a suit of grey gabardine, with red accessories and a corsage of white carnations. Mr. Harry Ferguson was his brother's groomsmen.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson left by automobile on a honeymoon trip through the Maritimes, after which they will reside in Crapaud. The groom is employed on the car ferry "Abegweit" and the bride is on the staff of Waddell Bros., Crapaud.

Previous to their marriage they were tendered a miscellaneous shower in Crapaud Hall when they received many lovely gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Clow spent a short honeymoon among relatives and friends at Grand Tracadie and North Milton before returning to Iris where they now reside.



(OP from National Defence).

MARRIES JAPANESE—L. Bdr. Ken W. Fraser of Ville Lasalle, Que., arrives in Vancouver with his Japanese war bride following a flight from Tokyo. Mrs. Katsuko Fraser, a native of Okayama, Japan, will make her home in Ville Lasalle. Her husband is a member of the Royal Canadian Artillery, home on rotation from Korea.

To buy the things I want



I save for them at

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

DOROTHY DIX SAYS

Continued from page 2

object vociferously, too. A girl's reputation is much too precious to be risked for the pleasure of one trip.

DEAR MISS DIX: Your advice may help us out of a very touchy situation. We know a young couple who come to our house often, and sometimes at very late hours. Recently the lady came about 10 P.M. I was feeling very tired and since she and my wife were engaged in a typically feminine conversation, I excused myself and went to bed. I certainly had no intention of slighting the lady, but my wife accused me of flagrantly insulting her guest.

H. P.

ANSWER: My sympathy is with you. Since the call was an unplanned one, and intended more for your wife than you, there's no reason why you should have stayed up until midnight listening to the latest neighborhood gossip. You might have been more tactful by asking the ladies' permission to leave, which might have flattered them. Bluntly retiring was rather rude, but then a 10 P.M. casual visitor isn't exactly too considerate, either.

Miss Nilsson cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

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