

**Address and Presentation**

A very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Shaw, 40 Oriabar Street, Charlottetown, on February 28th, when about 65 friends and relatives gathered at their home to celebrate with them their twenty-fifth anniversary.

When all had gathered, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw were seated and Mrs. Colin MacLure, a long time friend and neighbour read a well-worded address and Mr. Vernon Proude and Mr. Wallie Morrow presented them with a well-filled purse and silverware.

**ADDRESS**  
To Mr. and Mrs. Everett Shaw.  
Dear Everett and Mary—We your friends and relatives have gathered here tonight to celebrate with you and congratulate you on your twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

The greater part of your married life was spent in Brackley Point, where you were kind and obliging neighbours, ever ready to lend a hand in time of need, and take an active part in church and community welfare. Your home was a place of welcome, not only for friends and neighbours, but for many social gatherings as well. Your country friends regretted your departure from their midst, but as the old saying goes, their loss was another's gain. In your new home in Charlottetown you have made many warm friends and proved worthy citizens. No doubt you have had ups and downs, for in life the sun does not always shine, but your faith and courage turned the dark clouds inside out and found the silver lining.

The years have been kind to you and you both have remained young in spirit and appearance, and you have much to be proud of in your fine son Elwood, who following in the footsteps of his father, as a capable horseman, has become a

promising figure in our Island's favourite sport. As a small token of esteem we present you with this gift, and hope that you may enjoy the best of everything in the years to come, and be spared to celebrate your Golden Anniversary in the wish of all gathered here tonight. Everett, on behalf of his bride of twenty-five years, then thanked all present and hoped they would all come again soon to visit them after which the bride and groom were bounced, and all joined in singing "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" led by Mrs. Vernon Hughes at the organ, after which music and cards were enjoyed.

A delicious lunch was served by Mr. Stirling Rodd, Mrs. Melville Horne, Mrs. Harold Cudmore, Mrs. W. R. Aitken, while Mrs. Arthur Walsh and Mrs. Heber Horne replenished. Mrs. Willard Kelly cut the ices which was served with a beautiful decorated wedding cake, after which all wended their way home in the "wee small hours" after wishing Everett and Mary many more years to come.

**Whirlwind**

by Norma Newcomb

**CHAPTER EIGHT**

Part One  
"Not bad." She nodded approvingly and sat down before the vanity table again, picking up the big jar of cold cream. "Now you better leave. I don't like guys to see me when I use this stuff."  
"But I'll see you tomorrow?"  
"You're my secretary, ain't you?" He knelt impudently. "More than that, Drona. Say I'm more than that."  
"And give you a chance to get the upper hand? Nope, you'll have to keep guessing chum. By the way, tomorrow's paper is going to have another story. Bill is fixing one up."  
"Damn it!"  
"Relax, chum. You know darned well you don't care if the story does me some good."  
"That's all I am. Something to be used!"  
She whirled, icy. "Any time you object you can walk out, see. Now scam."  
And he did!  
The sickening part of it, he who had never taken anything from any woman was taking this—this degradation from her!  
Bill Burke smiled at him as he went lowly down the dimly lighted corridor to the stage door. "What's wrong, Jimmy? Drona been snapping at you?"  
"The stories are wrong, damn it!"  
"Come, you're being paid. Isn't that what you wanted? A good salary and Drona to make love to. Who complains have you?"  
"I happen to be in love with her."  
"I know." Bill Burke hesitated, then, impelled by some shred of decency, clapped him on the shoulder. "You're making a mistake, Jimmy. She's ambitious. Only a fool loves any woman, Bill. And I'm a fool, I who should know better!"  
"You could always drop out."  
"And you'd like that, wouldn't you?"  
"I don't think I like your tone, Jimmy. I am trying to help you."  
"Sure, I know," he muttered. "Sorry."  
"Nice story," Mike said sarcastically, turning off the radio. "I am very glad that love has come to Jimmy Kennedy."  
"Lay off, will you?"  
"The thrill of her voice, the delight of her eyes, the glory in just being with her!"  
"I say lay off."  
"What's the trouble, glamor boy; can't you take it?"  
Jimmy sniffed the air suspiciously. "Hey, you drunk?"  
"I may have had one or two nips, Jimmy, pal I have a cold, and I can't afford to be sick when the company is short of replacements."  
"Then why aren't you in bed?"  
Mike began to answer, but the words were slurred and indistinct. Then the answer was blotted out by a ring on the bell. Jimmy breathed imprecations on the head of their caller, but he was all smiles as he flung open the door. It could be Drona!  
But it wasn't.  
"Hi, glamor boy!"  
Smiling pertly, Sally alighted past him, coming to an abrupt halt as Mike, perspiring and dumbfounded, tried to rise gallantly to his feet. The effort was too much for him. Even as she gave a cry of surprise, his knees buckled and he flopped back into the chair, grinning rapidly.  
"Mike! White," she breathed, "you're drunk!"  
"Can you imagine?" chorled Jimmy. "Teetotaler Mike tried to fix up a cold by drowning it in Scotch."  
"Love you . . ." murmured Mike.  
"Yes, darling, and I love you. Jimmy, just can't stand there. Take him to bed."  
"Sure." Jimmy surveyed the still muttering Mike, laughed, and picked him up and stumbled into the bedroom. Sally, a look of distaste wrinkling her features, sniffed disapproval and opened a window. She was making an attempt to put the room into something resembling order when Jimmy came wandering back. Hands on hips, she gave him a good piece of her tongue.  
"You two ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why, this place is like a pigsty! When did you mop the floor last?"  
"We do not mop," Jimmy said haughtily. "Mike and I are above dirt."  
"And you can't even dust!" Her voice went up a whole octave as she ran a testing finger over the record cabinet. "Look, it's inches deep in lint."  
"Want a drink?" Jimmy inquired conversationally.  
To be continued

**Strange But True**

By F. E. MacArthur

Hecogenin, a chemical compound from which cortisone can be made, has recently been found in the waste left from the processing of sisal fibre into twine, rope and cordage. The greater part of our present supply of cortisone comes from the bile of steers; and the demand is greater than the supply. Rats harbor and can spread germs of at least two diseases dangerous to the human race.

The Lethbridge Herald reports that a sheaf of Kharkov wheat, measuring 70 inches in height, was brought into their office recently. It was grown by Wayne Anderson, in the Coaldale district of Alberta. The pollen found in wasps, known as wasps and the venom of ants, barmica, are used as remedies for various human ailments. Scientists are always coming up with something new to astonish us. The latest surprise is that a good quality news print paper can be made from sugar cane bagasse, the fibrous material left after the juice has been extracted. More amazing still, it can be produced more cheaply than paper made from wood pulp.

Here are some curious British farming records reported by the Farmer and Stockbreeder Year Book, 1951: "Old Bill," a 62 year old horse; a pig three yards, 8 inches long by four feet eight and a half high, that weighed 1774 pounds; a large sow that farrowed 385 pigs in 22 litters within 12 months; 98 lambs from 40 ewes at one lambing 1927; nine heifers in succession from a shorthorn cow, a calf that weighed 150 pounds at birth, 1945; and a Jersey cow that gave 18 pounds of milk daily after 18 years continuous lactation.

Ever hear of the petrified cascades of Hierapolis, with its deadly mist?  
Over the face of this famous cascade hot water has poured for thousands of years, encrusting

them with a pearly white substance that looks like milk. Two miles wide, this petrified Niagara can be seen at a distance of 20 miles.

The hot springs above the falls which wrought these miracles have their birth in the ruins of the ancient city of Hierapolis and are among the wonders of the world.

Never did old Mother Nature paint a more bewitching picture, yet the enchanted spot is not without its dangers. Bubbles of almost pure carbonic acid gas rise from the bottom of the water and float upon its bosom like silver rings. And strange but true, birds and beasts and men have perished here, victims of the noxious vapour.

A famous rose tree planted one thousand years ago still grows fresh and green at Hilderstein, England. In 1863 two new shoots sprang up from the roots and are now about 15 feet in height.

History informs us of an old Roman soldier who served 40 years in the army—ten as a private, 30 as an officer. He engaged in 120 battles, was wounded 43 times. He won 14 civic crowns for saving the life of a Roman citizen, three mural crowns for being the first man to mount the breach and 8 golden crowns for having rescued the standard of a Roman legion from the enemy. Besides, he boasted 83 gold chains, 60 bracelets 18 golden spears and 23 horse-trappings, the spoils of war.

It's a curious fact that the earth is ideally suited as the home of man. The sun is just far enough away to give light, heat, life. Animals consume oxygen and exhale carbon. Plants do the very opposite. Without the plants the animals would perish, and the plants would die without the carbonic acid which animals are constantly imparting to the air.

There is a kind of opal which is not transparent until it is immersed in water.

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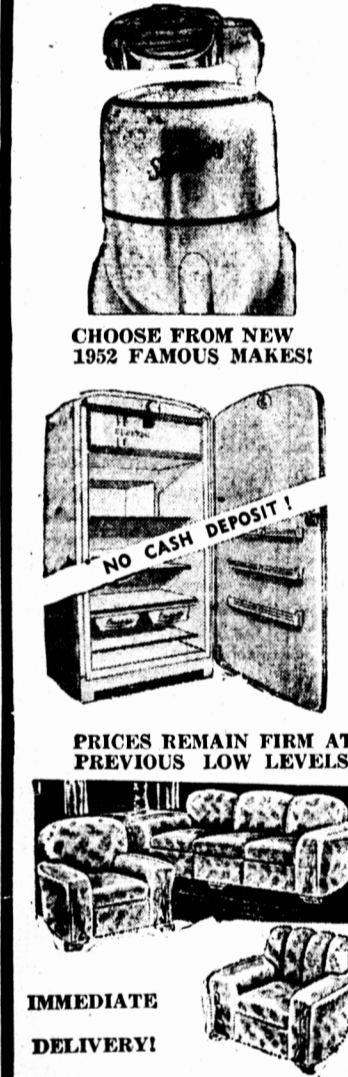


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**BURGESS BEDTIME**  
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looked at it he would have seen at once that it was not at all like Peter's head. Peter had gone in there, so of course it must be Peter coming out. Hooty set himself ready to swoop swiftly the very instant that Rabbit should come wholly out, or perhaps even only half way out. Those big toes of his, with their great claws fairly itched to clutch that dinner-to-be. It came out. Hooty swooped, striking down with those great claws. Too late he saw his mistake. This was no Rabbit he was striking at. It was Prickly Porky the Porcupine.

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