

SCHOOL CONCERTS

CHRISTMAS CONCERT AT DONAGH

A very enjoyable Christmas concert was staged in Donagh School. The school and tree were tastefully decorated, and presented a pleasing and Yuletide appearance to the large audience present.

Much credit is due the teacher, Miss Josephine Fitzpatrick, for the manner in which the children acquitted themselves and for the evident happiness and Christmas spirit brought to them and to the parents and visitors.

Delightful music was furnished by Mr. William Ranaughan, Mr. Lawrence Trainor and Mrs. Stephen Murnaghan. Step dancing by Mr. Lawrence Trainor and a harmonica selection with guitar by Mrs. Stephen Murnaghan were specialties and received much applause.

The program, consisting of carols, recitations, dialogues, an inspiring pantomime, "Silent Night", and a square dance by eight boys and girls was well rendered and the excellence of each number reflected favourably on their teacher.

Mr. Russell Beagan capably acted as master of ceremonies.

Appreciative remarks were made by Mr. Lawrence Heron and Mr. Mark Brazil and in conclusion a vote of thanks was passed to Miss Fitzpatrick for the well arranged entertainment.

Santa Claus arrived and distributed the gifts from the well-laden tree.

"God Save the King" brought a very happy gathering to a close.

Pearle Gallant and Aldona Gallant

Recitation: "Which is Better", Olive Gallant and Pauline Gallant.
 Intermission: Dancing by Tilmon Blanchard. Music by Bobby Gallant.
 Hymn: "Adeste Fideles", girls.
 Dialogue: "Cousin Henry's Christmas Visit", Annette Gallant, Norma Brown, Reta Gallant and Raymond Gallant.
 Drill: Handkerchief Brigade, girls.

Pantomime: "Which is Sweeter", Pauline Gallant.
 French Story: Pearle Gallant and Pete Gallant.

Dialogue: "Getting Rid of an Agent", Annette Gallant, Delma Gallant, Norma Brown and Lomer Gallant.

Recitation: "The Christmas Clock", group.
 Song: "Willie Roy" by Annette Gallant and Norma Brown.

Recitation: "A Christmas Wish", Delma Gallant.
 Recitation: "Glad to be a Boy", Tilmon Blanchard.

Dialogue: "Changing the Subject", group.
 Recitation: "My Christmas Shopping" by Olive Gallant.

Recitation: "One Who Knows" by Zena Gallant and Gerie Gallant.
 Closing Recitation by Vincent Gallant.

Closing Chorus, group.
 Santa arrived and distributed the gifts from a well laden tree to both teachers and pupils after which everyone returned to their homes after having had a very enjoyable evening.

AUGUSTINE COVE SCHOOL CLOSING

Augustine Cove School held their Christmas closing in the school with a good attendance. The schoolroom was suitably decorated for the concert with red and green streamers, and evergreen, and a nicely decorated Christmas tree. Mr. Eric Robinson capably presided as chairman and the following program was carried out:

Opening chorus, Junior Pupils.
 Welcome Recitation: Elmer MacDonald.
 Song: "When Santa Claus Gets Your Letter", Sandra McFadden.
 Recitation: Willis Peters.

Dialogue—Senior Pupils—Unele Peters, Presents—Preston Campbell, Shirley Dawson, Eric Dawson, Doris Carruthers and Tomie Murray.

Recitation: Jean Dawson.
 Exercise: Christmas Greetings, Junior pupils.
 Recitation: Lorna Murphy — "Santa's Secret".

Song: Lois Peters.
 Dialogue: Arithmetic Class — Senior Pupils: Delma Matheson, Joan Cutcliffe, Shirley Dawson, Eric Dawson, Louis Murray, Lorna Murphy, Gordon Dawson, Paul Murphy, Shirley MacWilliams, Hazel Thompson.

Recitation: Bobby Grigg.
 Exercise: Junior Girls, "Christmas Dollies".

Monologue: Ruby Clark.
 Dialogue: "Widow Wilkins' Last Christmas Present" — Senior Pupils: Beth Carruthers, Norman Carruthers, Preston Campbell, Delma Matheson, Kathleen Murphy.

Recitation: David Howatt.
 Pantomime: Senior Pupils — "The Christmas Story" — Story-teller, Shirley Dawson; children, Lois Peters, Ester Carruthers, Joyce Cutcliffe and Myrna Murphy; the Star, Joan Cutcliffe; three wise men, Norman Carruthers, Paul Murphy, Eric Dawson; the Mother of Jesus, Doris Carruthers. Carols sung were: "How Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night" and "O Little Town of Bethlehem".

Dialogue: Junior—"A Christmas Mass", Joyce Cutcliffe and Ralph Dawson.
 Recitation: "A Crippled Dolly", Jean MacWilliams.

Exercise: Junior boys.
 Monologue: Joan Cutcliffe.
 Dialogue: "An Old-Fashioned Christmas"—Senior—Elaine Murray, Kathleen Murphy, Catherine Murphy, Erma MacWilliams, Norman Carruthers.

Carols sung during dialogue were: "Silent Night" and "The First Noel".

Tableaux: Junior—John Robinson and Myrna Murphy: "The Day After Christmas".
 Recitation: "Sweepin' Out", Gordon Dawson.

Song—Dianne Webster: "Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer".
 Song—"Mince Girls For Christmas".

Monologue: Vernon Peters.
 Recitation: Eric MacDonald.
 Closing chorus—Senior—"Santa Claus Is Coming".

Closing Recitation: Alberta Grigg.

Santa Claus then appeared and helped the teachers distribute the gifts to the children, also candy and oranges.

Donald MacDonald made a brief speech complimenting the teachers on the excellent order and good program which they had presented. Mr. Eric Robinson also made a few remarks, and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Kenneth Dawson for donating the oranges for the children, which was seconded by the principal, Mrs. Doris MacWilliams.

The teachers also wish to thank the Women's Institute for donating the candy, and Mrs. Myrtle Peters for helping with the singing.

The afternoon was brought to a close with the singing of the National Anthem.

Outpost In China

By Val Gielgud

Continued

"What do you mean then?"
 "Just this. I thought Havelock's arrival meant that the firm had got wise at last to the possibilities of Tan Fu; that they were going to back me up properly; at last, and give me a real staff; that they were going to help me make things hum."
 "Well?"

"As you know, Pat, I got letters by to-day's boat. Havelock hasn't come as my assistant at all. He's here to take over from me—once he's been shown the ropes. I'm offered six months' leave when I go down river. I suppose as a consolation prize! Patrick James ignored the bitterness in his voice.

"But it is out of the question," he said. "They can't leave an untried youngster like that in a place like this. It'll be a year or more before he's fit to run Tan Fu on his own."

"They know better, Pat. Three months I'm to wet-nurse him. After all, there's a precedent. I wasn't much older when I came up here first. And I came single-handed."

"And brought it off—see," said the missionary gravely. "Well, I'm afraid you'll have to tell them that they've made a mistake: that they must let you stay."
 Leslie Dale laughed.

"One can always count on you for commonsense, Pat. Unfortunately there are two things against that obvious and eminently sound solution."
 "Being?"

"First, that Havelock got the job by persuading old Greer that his heart's desire was to run a show on his own, and that he was competent to do just that. Desire once more has outrun performance—but we can leave that aside. The point is that he wants to get quit of me just as soon as ever he can."

"Then," said Patrick James, "he must be mad. But what's the second factor?"
 Dale picked up a pencil, and twiddled it between his fingers.

"I suppose I'd better be plumb honest," he said at last. "Well—I can't get on with him. I have tried—honestly, Pat, I have. And it just won't do."

"Perhaps you're a little bit too used to having your own sweet way?" suggested the missionary.

"Of course that's true. But it's more than arrogance on my part, Havelock's not cut out for this sort of job, or for this sort of place. He's lazy, and he's ignorant. He won't even begin to learn to talk in the vernacular. He's too fond of his comforts, Pat."

"You can't expect him to break himself of all of his bad habits inside a week."
 Dale jumped up, and walked over to the window.

"You're perfectly fair and reasonable," he said, turning, "and you're also perfectly wrong. It's a question of temperament and upbringing, not of bad habits. He's been bred soft. He's always walked on the sunny side of the street—and the street has always had a policeman at the corner! He's taken on this job, not for the job's sake, but to prove to himself what a fine fellow he can be if he likes. And I don't believe that he even thought of that for himself!"

"You mean he got the idea from his wife? Then she might pull it off for him. A woman can, you know. Look at Janet."
 "There's a little in common between Sheila Havelock and Janet as there is between Gerald Havelock and you, my dear Pat!"

"How can you know—yet?"
 Dale shrugged his shoulders.
 "Her shoes—her stockings—her makeup—her general attitude—what's the good of particularizing? Oh, I'm not blaming her especially. She's an attractive young woman—and she ought to be somewhere just off Piccadilly, with a cigarette and a cocktail, and a young man with hair like patent leather!"

"You seem to have given her a good deal of thought, my dear Leslie."
 "Obviously. She's the one of the pair that counts. Without her, Gerald would throw it up and go home. But he's frightened of her as well as in love with her. And she thinks that you can run Tan Fu by going about in well-cut riding breeches, and being pretty terse with your Chinese servants. She must have read a packet of novels about the British raj on the boat coming out. Women do, when they go East. And then you get—well, just what we're getting with Sheila Havelock: the deuce and all of a mess!"

"I'm sorry, Leslie."
 Dale stared out towards the tumbled roofs of Tan Fu, and went on talking rationally to himself then to the missionary.

"Mr. Pat, I shall have to quit. I shall have to start again, probably this time in a civilized place which I shall loathe! And half the time I shall be thinking of the heat and the smells and the go-downs here, and of you and Janet, and of the good time I've had making Tan Fu into what it was out of a stinking mud-hole. And I shall make a mess of it accordingly!"

Patrick James went over and put his hand on his friend's shoulder. Dale swung round at the touch, his face working.

"Thank you, Pat. You're a good chap—and what I owe to you and Janet I shall never be able to tell you. But I've got to work this by myself. At the moment I'm afraid my vanity's got me down! I'll be seeing you."

He picked up his hat, and walked quickly out of the room. As he mounted his pony he heard the clatter of hoofs coming down the road from higher up the hill. He turned his head to see who it was, and barely managed to stifle an unamiable oath. For it was Sheila Havelock, attractively—but in Leslie's opinion unsuitably—dressed in silk shirt, open at the neck, breeches, and a "smasher" hat. The pony was in a lather, and she had no business to be cracking down the hill at that pace, if she had any respect for its feet.

She pulled up as she drew level with him and lifted her crop to her hat as in a mocking salute. Under the broad brim of the hat he noticed that her eyes were gleaming—excitement or malice?

"I hope you've had a good ride," he muttered.
 "Pretty fair," said Sheila. "It's a nice change from Rotton Row. I wish you'd tell me why you dislike me quite as much as you do!"

To be continued

THE FIRST OF FOUR INSTALMENTS



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No Trace of Two Missing Fishermen
 HALIFAX, Jan. 6 — (CP) — Angry seas and low cloud has foiled an air-sea search for two fishermen, missing in their dory off Canso, N.S., since Wednesday, and hope was all but abandoned that they will be found alive. The fishermen, Arthur Reynolds of nearby Dover and Henry Ingram, 19, of Newfoundland, straggled from the schooner Nelson M. during a heavy fog. Searching vessels and a Lancaster plane from the Greenwood, N.S., R.C.A.F. base found no trace of the dory.

TRADING POSTS
 PRINCE ALBERT, Sask. — (CP) — The Saskatchewan Government has opened a trading post at Oumberland House, 200-year-old Hudson's Bay Company post in the rich muskrat swamps 150 miles northeast of here. Other such stores have been located at Westleton Lake, Lac du Ronge, Snake Lake, Deschambault and Stanley.

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