



# No TURNING

by Kathryn Bemis



## Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Astounded and angry because the manager of Deweyton's smartest shop had refused to charge an expensive hat, Kay Millstrom hurries home to her mother whom she calls Cora, only to learn that the million dollars and more that her father left when he died five years before is gone. The rejection of her still beautiful mother affects Kay so that when Cora again urges her to marry wealthy, 40-year-old Hennington Blare she consents. Just then a plane crashes on their lawn and Kay drags Chuck Norris from the splintered cabin a moment before an explosion leaves only charred wreckage. Though he has a broken leg and is badly bruised, Kay will not let him go to a hospital. The handsome test pilot falls in love with Kay but when he learns through Ale Sanders that everybody is expecting Kay to marry the millionaire Blare he moves to a hotel while Kay is absent for the evening. Kay knows now she loves him and several days later phones him. He asks her to dine with him that evening but her mother has invited Henn to dinner and she makes a date for the next evening. Gordon Wayland, Cora's lawyer, calls her from her after-dinner coffee to say he has been unable to save the house she lives in. In the meantime Blare has proposed and when Kay hears Wayland's bad news she agrees to marry him. Late at night Kay calls Chuck's number but when she hears his voice, hangs up, unable to tell him she can't keep her date because she is engaged to Blare. The next day Blare sends a beautiful sapphire ring.

## INSTALLMENT 6

Kay had decided that one last evening with Chuck could do no harm. Anyway, she must take that chance, she must see him once more. With her lips set in a tight line and her eyes determined, she entered the

Hotel Sward's lobby at eight to keep her engagement with him.

She paused and glanced around with half-frightened intensity. Somewhere in this milling crowd of well-groomed men and women Chuck must be waiting for her. She had come here with brave intentions, but now that she had actually arrived, she wondered if she could manage to fulfill them.

She was startled when she heard Chuck's voice behind her. Color flamed in her face and she tried to be casual, but it was not easy when he stood before her so magnificently handsome, depending upon those ugly crutches for support. And she had come here to wound him still further!

"It's grand of you to join me, Kay," he greeted, as if she were all that mattered in his world. "We're dining on the open roof—under stars, moon, and what have you." His short laugh was filled with that boyish reverence a man reveals only to the woman he loves.

She trembled violently and was alarmed at the tempting setting he had arranged, but forced herself to respond gayly. "Perfect! I wouldn't be surprised to see wood nymphs dancing from an improvised forest—goblins—fairies—"

"Oh, come now—I'm no magician," he said, following her to the elevator, his eyes not leaving her an instant.

His nearness, his strength, penetrated every fiber of her being. Their love was such a soaring, fragile, beautiful thing, she thought, gladly. But within the next few minutes she was drooping again when they were seated at a table he had reserved not too near the orchestra.

He set aside the crystal vase of shasta daisies centering the satiny whiteness of the cloth. Soft lights, the tinkle of ice, intimately jolly parties here and there, waiters bustling about, gave the place a highly festive air.

"Nothing must come between us,

Kay," he said gently, "not even—flowers".

Her lips quivered. She took a deep breath of the sultry night air. "It's—it's warm enough to rain, isn't it?" she said, and took a menu from the waiter.

Chuck looked puzzled but gave his attention to ordering iced cantaloupe, frogs' legs, lyonnaise potatoes, avocado salad, raspberry ice, French pastry, demitasse. They would dawdle a long time over so much food, she wondered how she could endure it.

She toyed with the sapphire ring on her finger.

"I should like to kiss—those lovely hands," came from him low.

She remembered that he had once before expressed a similar desire—when he was staying in her mother's home. She mustn't allow this to go any further. She must do something to cut him completely from her life.

"Perhaps I couldn't permit it—now," she said soberly, and turned over her left hand with the sapphire in plain sight.

Still, he refused to recognize the special significance of this rare jewel. He went on rapidly. "I've news, Kay—good news! The Bringo Corporation is building an airplane factory here—in Deweyton. They've asked me to take charge of it. No more barnstorming for yours truly. How's that?"

Her finger traced a pattern on the cloth. She avoided his eyes. "It's very nice," she uttered coolly.

"Why—you sound anything but enthusiastic! I thought—I'd hoped you would be very happy at my remaining in town—glad of my promotion. It means so much, Kay. It means that you and I—"

"Let's not talk about ourselves—not just now, Chuck."

"But, darling—it's an important topic—we are important to each other. Oh, I'm mixing everything up—but you realize how I feel about you—what I'm trying to say."

She drew up stiffly. She attempted a hard little laugh, hoped that she was a good actress, hoped that she could blot from her memory all he had just implied.

"You're a good scout, Chuck. Your friendship has been rather—rather thrilling. The way you came down from the clouds—from nowhere—"

"To worship at your feet, my darling!"

"Chuck!" she cried helplessly. "I've been trying to tell you—make you see—"

She paused in consternation. It was going to be even more difficult than she had anticipated.

He paled, gripped the edge of the table, leaned toward her to catch every nuance of her voice.

"Yes," came from him hoarsely. "What is it I'm too blind to see? You can't mean—"

The waiter interrupted now by placing the canteen before them. She could say nothing for the moment that she wanted to say.

The orchestra began a lilting, soul-stirring waltz, and Chuck remarked longingly, "I'm sorry I can't ask you to dance. But later we shall—it won't be long now before I'm as good as new."

"I—I hope not," she said cryptically.

Her plain black linen suit with its green lace blouse made her look like a diminutive sprite. The transparent black straw hat holding a bunch of red cherries, tipped back off her brow, showed the perfection of her features. He was grateful to her for not having dressed for dinner.

He had thought of the difficulty of his getting into formal clothes, crippled as he was. She was the sort of girl who thought of everything. That ring on her finger—he hadn't seen it before—it gave her an air of distinction.

It was then that he mentioned it. "Good-looking stone—that," he remarked, indicating her finger.

She looked away. "Yes— isn't it? I've been trying to explain for the last half hour—but you refused to be—discerning, Chuck."

His face was dark. "You're telling me—some one gave you that ring? Blare?"

"Yes," she returned stoutly. "Hen-

nington Blare. I'm going to marry him."

He tossed aside all pretense of restraint. He became a caveman, who was being robbed of his mate. "That's untrue—a very bad joke! You're marrying me! Why, Kay—you love me!"

Her voice came through the fog of her emotion with calculating directness. "You're wrong, Chuck. I— I admire you immensely—but I don't love you."

Something crumbled within him. She felt it, watched it go, wanted to shout a protest. It wasn't fair that she should sit before him a cheat, a liar. Oh, what could she do to make amends to him?

A waiter removed the cantaloupe shells, brought the main dinner course. Neither Kay nor Chuck cared for food now. They merely nibbled at it, trying to be polite. He sensed to be floundering in a sea of perplexity; she was holding herself in check by main force.

"Hi!" It was the slightly inebriated Webb Taylor, pausing beside Kay. "What luck find' you here, darling! Greetings, Nurse!"

Without further preliminaries, he yanked back a chair and sat down with them.

Even he could sense the tenseness in the air. He glanced inquiringly from Kay to Chuck.

"Take a brave soldier, Kay was outwardly gay again.

She exclaimed, "Fine, Webb! You're just in time for food—you need it."

Ordinarily, Webb Taylor was the last man she would want to meet anywhere because he was apt to be under the influence of liquor and begin proposing to her. He had sworn to marry her, in spite of her dozens of refusals. That he was the only child of one of Cora's intimate, wealthy friends made no place for him in her plans for Kay. A drinking man might not keep his inheritance long enough to pay to marry him.

"This table is the Sahara!" Webb said. "How about champagne? seems like you two need a bracer. What's wrong?"

A flash of lightning dashed across the sky, a few drops of rain fell. Ink-splashed clouds hung threateningly overhead.

"What a drama shame!" went on the unabashed Webb. "Spoil' our party like this!"

"I've hit her lip. It was so like Webb to appropriate not only her, but all surrounding her. She slumped down her napkin, got to her feet shaking.

"You two may sit here and get drenched, if you wish. Thank you, Chuck, for a nice dinner."

Then to the amazement of the two women, she rushed away, vanishing from sight before they realized that it was her actual exit.

She found her car in the nearby garage, and drove home wildly through a pelting rain. Her heart was torn, bleeding with the pain of what she had done to her knight of the sky. It was only when she flung herself into her dressing-room that she missed something. Her sapphire ring was gone!

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## Social Happenings

And Items of Interest from Clubs and Societies

Mrs. Eleanor Elson, Fredericton, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. William Morgan and Mr. Morgan, Ant-dover.

## Quest in Woodstock

Miss Edith McLean has been spending a few days in Woodstock the guest of Miss Louise Richardson.

## Returned Home

Miss Frances Daugherty has returned to the city after spending a few days with Miss Frances McCurdy at Point La Nim.

## Was Guest of Mother

Miss Doris Upton has returned to the city after visiting her mother, Mrs. Avela Upton, Sheffield.

## Students Returning

U.N.B. students who are returning from Woodstock where they spent the holidays include Miss Joan Cowie, Miss Louise Richardson, Neil Ganter, Robert McBride, Ronald Page and Douglas True.

## Returned Home

Miss Marion Baird has returned to the city after having spent a few days in Chipman the guest of Mrs. P. T. Flewelling while there.

Miss Betty King entertained at the home of her mother, Mrs. Gerald H. King, Thursday evening when Miss Baird was the guest of honor. Dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening. Refreshments were served by the hostess, assisted by the Misses Eleanor Darrah and Barbara Richardson.

## THE LATE S. J. LOGUE

The funeral of the late Sarsfield J. Logue, who died suddenly at his home in Upper Burton Saturday morning, took place this morning and was largely attended. St. Vincent de Paul Church at Oromocto, where service was conducted, was filled to capacity by friends of the late Mr. Logue, and many beautiful floral tributes attested to the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at ten o'clock by Rev. Dr. Charles Boyd. Pall bearers were James Goan, Frank Capen, William McFadden, George Gilbert, Oscar Case, Laurence McMonagle.

## QUEENSBURY

LOWER QUEENSBURY, Jan. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Amos Jordan have moved into their new home.

Miss Georgia Pond spent the Christmas holidays at her home here. Recently Miss Lena Joslin had as her guests the Misses Joyce Brown and Georgia Pond. During the evening a number of young people gathered and crokinole was played at two tables.

Miss Ruth Moore has returned home after spending a few days at Keswick Ridge.

Mrs. Lorne Brown is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Jordan.

Miss Joyce Brown entertained recently the Misses Lena Joslin and Georgia Pond. During the evening games were played and a delicious lunch was served.

Earl Moffatt has been spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moffatt of Upper Queensbury.

## Rotary Meeting

Thomas Coll of Toronto, lecturer in weaving at the short courses being conducted at Provincial Normal School under the Dominion-Provincial Youth Training Plan, will speak at the regular weekly meeting of the Fredericton Rotary Club tomorrow noon in Eureka Grill. W. W. O. Fenety will preside at the meeting.

## OBITUARY

### JOHN MITCHELL

FREDERICTON JCT., Jan. 9.—The funeral of the late John Mitchell who died at the residence of his nephew, Joseph A. Mitchell, Hampton, Kings County, on the 6th inst., at the great age of 102, was held here yesterday afternoon from the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. Clayton Jones. Born in Bloomfield, Kings County, he spent most of his life farming in Fredericton Jct., whence he removed to Hampton about a year ago. He was very widely and favorably known. Three children survive: Mrs. Bertha Daley, Bangor, Me.; John Mitchell, Rockland, Me., and Milton Mitchell, Bangor. Two daughters and one son, as well as his wife, formerly Miss Hay, predeceased him. The funeral was conducted by Rev. D. H. Haviland, and interment was in Gladstone cemetery here.

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## Financial Statement For The Town of Marysville 1938

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURES	
Taxes for 1938 .....	\$25,040.02	Schools .....	\$13,951.76
Taxes for 1937 .....	2,837.87	Police .....	1,395.64
Taxes for 1936 .....	1,099.58	Roads .....	4,827.48
Taxes for 1935 .....	749.50	Sewers .....	634.82
Taxes for 1934 and prior....	946.88	Sidewalks .....	1,258.92
Dog Tax .....	48.00	Public Welfare .....	317.56
Licenses .....	17.00	Salaries .....	967.36
Fines .....	48.00	Park .....	264.48
Sundries .....	56.50	Light .....	1,035.43
Surplus for 1937 .....	1,537.39	Workmens Compensation	
		Board .....	152.55
		Victoria Public Hospital ....	500.00
		Provincial Hospital .....	523.90
		Municipality of York .....	4,337.35
		Expenses to Union	
		Municipalities .....	70.00
		Marysville Bond and	
		Coupon Acc. ....	1,877.50
		Canada Security Assurance	
		Company .....	40.00
		Senior Baseball Club .....	100.00
		Junior Baseball Club .....	100.00
		School Hockey Team .....	21.00
		T. Eaton & Co. ....	46.50
		Building Repairs .....	60.33
		Sundries .....	224.44
			\$32,706.95
		Overdraft for 1938 .....	326.21
		Amount of Bonds outstanding on Hard Surface	
		Roads .....	\$19,000.00
		Auditor WM. J. MARSHALL	
P. G. LONG, Mayor.			
G. C. COCRANE, Town Clerk.			

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## WINNING CONTRACT

By the Four Aces

(David Bruce Burnstone, Merwin D. Maier, Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenken, world's leading team of four, inventors of the system that has beaten every other system in existence.)

## INFORMATIVE DOUBLE'S ROLE

On Saturday Merwin Maier was your partner. You dealt and held:

♠ A K 10 9  
♥ A x x  
♦ A x  
♣ K 10 x x

Neither side was vulnerable, and the bidding went:

You Jacoby Maier Burnstone  
1♠ 2♦ Pass Pass  
(?)

Answer: The correct bid is to double. By using this information double, you inform your partner of your strong hand and give him the opportunity of (a) showing spade support, (b) showing a heart or a club suit, (c) passing if he thinks that the two-diamond contract will be defeated.

Score 100 per cent for double, 60 per cent for two notrump, 30 per cent for three clubs, 0 for any other bid.

## Question No. 25

Oswald Jacoby is your partner. Both sides are vulnerable and you hold:

♠ 10 x x  
♥ 9 x x  
♦ J x x x  
♣ J x x

## The bidding:

Schenken Jacoby Burnstone You  
1♠ Dbl. Redbl. (?)  
What do you bid? (Answer tomorrow)

## TODAY'S HAND

East, Dealer  
Neither side vulnerable

♠ J 8 5 4  
♥ 10 9 6 3  
♦ 7 3  
♣ J 8 2  
AK 10 9  
A 7 2  
A 5  
K 10 6 4

Q 7 3  
K Q J 4  
K Q 10 9 2  
A Q

## The bidding:

East South West North  
1♠ 2♦ Pass Pass  
Dbl. Pass Pass Pass

This hand, which occurred in a Rubber Bridge game, promoted the question that is answered above. There are several points worthy of comment. First, South did have a sound

## REG'LAR FELLERS

"Great Head Work"

By

GENE BYRNES

