



No TURNING

by Kathrn Bemis~



Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Kay Millstrom's still beautiful mother, whom she calls Cora, tells her that the million dollars her father left at his death five years ago is gone and again urges her to marry Webb, 40-year-old Hennington Blare. Just as Kay consents a plane crashes on their lawn and she drags Chuck Nourse out of the wreckage a moment before an explosion. The handsome test pilot has a broken leg but she will not let him be sent to a hospital. He falls in love with her but when Adele Sanders says everybody is expecting Kay to marry the millionaire Blare he slips away to a hotel. Cora is having Blare for dinner but Kay phones Chuck and accepts a date to dine with him the next day. When Cora's lawyer takes her from her after-dinner coffee to tell her he can't save her home, Blare proposes again. Kay hesitates but when Cora tells her the bad news she accepts him. On the hotel roof she is telling Chuck of her engagement when Webb Taylor, a persistent suitor, appears. A storm breaks and in the scurry for shelter Kay hurries home to find the sapphire ring Blare gave her is missing. On a telephone tip, police go to a garden party, search Chuck and find the ring. His host's butler tells Kay he saw Taylor drop it in Chuck's pocket. Taylor says he intended it all as a joke. Chuck asks Kay if there is any chance for him; she loves him but tells him she will marry Henn. Distracted, she goes for a wild drive and her car is wrecked. While she is in the hospital Adele tells her Chuck is going to be her house-party guest.

He intended it all as a joke. Kay forces herself to tell Chuck he has no chance and, distracted, goes for a wild drive. Her car is wrecked, her leg is broken and her face torn. Chuck is Adele's summer camp guest. She makes love to him and tries to poison him against Kay.

INSTALMENT 14

Webb Taylor, having had too many highballs, became obsessed with the notion of finding Hennington Blare. Every time lately Webb was in his cups he wanted to tell Hennington he could not marry Kay. Somehow he must manage to convince Hennington that the idea was all wrong. He staggered into Hennington's luxurious apartment early the even-

ing when Hennington was dressing to take Kay to a country club for dinner. He found Hennington alone, his servants having been given the night off.

Webb had weaved through the crowded downstairs lobby and not been specially noticed. He staggered from the elevator three floors above where he had meant to go, and walked down to Hennington's door. His brain had been sorely muddled. It was a wonder he had known he was on the wrong floor, that he could maneuver his unsteady legs down so many stairs without mishap.

The surprised Hennington, in shirt sleeves, glared at Webb and grudgingly admitted him.

"You've come to see me?" he snapped.

Webb glared at him savagely. He growled, "Yes—you and who else? You and I Hennington—we've got things to talk about."

Webb threw his long wiry frame into the nearest chair, whirled his Panama hat across the room to a divan, laughed, ran long nervous fingers through his tousled ash-blond hair.

Hennington continued to stand, wondering how to get rid of this repulsive man. He was in a hurry to finish dressing and get to Kay. "Well—out with it!" he said intemperately. "What on your mind? I've an engagement—"

"Ye-ah?" Webb swung to his feet, his eyes gleaming dangerously. With Kay.

"Naturally."

"Well—she doesn't love you—she loves me! Get it?"

Hennington Blare's thin lips tightened, his fists clenched.

"You—you cad!" he cried, advancing a step toward the bloated face of his visitor. "Get out before I throw you out!"

"Says who? I tell you—you don't stand a chance with the girl. We're close—Kay and I—so close you never can separate us."

"You liar!" Blare's fist shot forward, barely missed Webb's swaying head. This increased Webb's insane fury.

Taylor was the younger man and, in spite of his dissipated, could still wield a heavy right. He swung it now at Blare and Blare went down backward. His head struck heavily against the sharp edge of a glass-topped desk behind him.

It was as much of a surprise to Webb as it must have been to Hennington.

Webb sobered instantly. He looked wildly at the inert man on the floor. "Blare! Blare!" he cried, and knelt beside Hennington, trying to find his pulse.

There was none. A thin stream of red oozed from a wound in Hennington's scalp staining the delicate blue and white of the Chinese rug.

Webb was frantic. The police—they would call it murder! They would call him a murderer!

Then suddenly an expression of cunning replaced that of terror on his pale face. He fished hurriedly in his pockets and got out an envelope. It was addressed "Miss Kay Millstrom." Within the envelope was an impassioned appeal from Chuck Nourse begging her not to marry Hennington Blare. Chuck had dropped the letter yesterday in the City Club lounge and Webb, who had happened in soon after Chuck went out, found it, called it a piece of grand luck, and hid it in his pocket. Perhaps he would be able to make use of it later on.

"This is the time Lady Luck plays right into my hands!" he now told

himself. Without the slightest qualm, he laid the letter on the floor beside the dead man. There was no postmark on the envelope. The man who wrote the letter could have dropped it here while killing his rival.

Webb snatched up his hat and fled from the place, being careful to spring the lock on the door so that he could enter again without a key. He ran through the empty hall and down one flight of stairs, then leisurely walked down the next two flights to the street. When he had gone a few blocks he hailed a cruising taxi and went to Kay's home.

Kay waiting in the library for Henn, was perplexed and annoyed when Webb came in. She had planned to tell Henn tonight that their engagement was ended. Tomorrow she would leave for Lake George. Gloria Sherman had wired her, renewing the invitation for her visit. She could not disappoint her again.

Webb advanced, stealing himself to complacency. "Henn called—asked me to pick you up, Kay. Hope you don't mind."

Her eyes widened suspiciously.

"But—why—I don't understand."

"He said he had to meet a train—some people barging in from Detroit. Said to bring you round to his apartment for cocktails. He's making a party of it tonight—instead of a twosome."

"He could have phoned me," said Kay not quite believing that Hennington would send her the unreliable Webb, for whom he had little respect.

"Possibly."

Webb was trying to calm his thoroughly jangled nerves. He hadn't meant to kill the man! But the deed was done. He'd have to hustle now—make the most of his opportunity. It would be Kay into being sensible. She never would learn the truth if he could prevent it.

He snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped cold beads of sweat from his brow while she was getting her wrap. He paced the deep-napped carpet in a frenzy, trying to crush out his feeling of guilt. Was he actually guilty—when it had been an accident? He shuddered violently; his temples throbbed as if about to burst.

Kay returned, carrying a white satin cape over her bare arm, her green crepe dinner gown making her blue eyes more luminous, her hair more golden than usual, he nearly lost his control.

He took her out and rudely shoved her into the waiting taxi, telling the driver to "step on it." He had very little to say on the ride downtown. She sat huddled in her corner of the seat, still wondering what reason Henn had for phoning Webb, a man he so thoroughly disliked.

When they entered the lounge of Hennington's hotel, Webb's manner abruptly changed. He set his face in a smile. He doled out light chatter all the way up in the elevator, seemingly with the greatest of ease. He stood before the door of Hennington's apartment, and used the knock-

er.

There was no response, much to Webb's relief. Any one might have gone in since he left this place—ruined his plans.

He scowled, said to Kay, "This is queer. Where are the servants?"

"It's their night off," replied Kay, familiar with the running of Henn's elaborate establishment.

"Oh!" came from Webb, in pretended surprise.

He turned the knob and swung back the door.

Lights, which Webb had not dared

to extinguish, still blazed brilliantly from an overhead electric. He stepped into the room, closing the door behind Kay.

He wheeled at her sudden scream. "Henn—oh, Henn—what is it?" she cried hysterically.

She recoiled against him, sick and faint. She mumbled horror-stricken, "Quick! We must do something!"

He seemed rooted to the spot. He asked, "Who could have done it?"

"Look! That paper—that envelope beside him!" she cried.

The shaking Webb managed to lean down, snatch up the envelope, and give it to her. Together, they read the inscription.

"It's—it's addressed to me!" Kay gasped.

"Looks as if he might have committed suicide—written you a last note."

She did not reply. Her unsteady fingers were unfolding the letter.

Webb pretended to read it with her over her shoulder.

Swiftly it flashed through Kay's mind what had happened. She was sick with fear, with unbelief. Chuck? Webb further corroborated her terrible conviction by saying, "Chuck Nourse—he came here—they quarreled. Insane with jealousy—he must have killed him."

"Oh, we mustn't let this leak out—we must—we must save Chuck!" she exclaimed, pitiful in her extremity.

"We'll manage that," he agreed promptly. "I'll call the police. We'll say we came here for cocktails and found Henn dead. You destroy the letter. No one will ever know—no 'last note' and I."

"Yes, yes," she sobbed miserably. "Last note—and I."

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To Be Continued

EXECUTIVE MEETING

A meeting of the executive of the New Brunswick Fish and Game Protective Association is being held today in the office of F. Cedric Cooper, Secretary. Those present are S. C. Young, President, Saint John; J. S. Burpee, Vice-President, Moncton; Dr. E. H. Cook, P.M. President, St. Stephen; Charles Meredith, Saint John, and Harry C. Moore, Fredericton.

STOCK MARKET

(Continued from Page One)

Canada Car Pfd	33½
Canadian Pacific Railway	5¾
Consolidated Paper Corp	6¼
Dom Steel & Coal "B"	11¼
General Steel Works	7
International Nickel	53½
Montreal Power	30½
National Steel Car	59
Noranda	80½
Shawinigan	21½
Montreal Curb	
Abitibi Preferred	18¾
Asbestos Corp	105½
B. A. Oil	22½
Fairchild	6¼
Fleet Aircraft	9½
Imperial Oil	16½
Prices Common	17

East Malartic	2.44
Eldorado	2.15
Hard Rock	1.88
Kirkland Lake	1.84
Macassa	1.75
McLeod Cocksaw	1.70
Moneta	1.37
O'Brien	2.95
Perron	1.64
Siscoe	1.44
Stadacona	.60
Wright Hargreaves	8.40
Oils	
Calgary & Edmonton	2.39
Home Oil	3.00
Okalta	1.35

MARYSVILLE

(Continued from Page One)

the High School age, furthermore conditions have always been such in Marysville that any student eligible for High School, having any desire to attend, their parents can usually afford to send them.

High Schools have been established at the larger key centres to insure the best possible training for the students but such a move as contemplated by Mr. Fletcher would be in opposition to the purpose. It is difficult to imagine how this suggested change could compare in any way favourably with the system at the Fredericton High School. This means the student would be the loser.

This same move was proposed in Marysville thirty years ago but the impracticable features of the scheme were then pointed out and they still exist. It is thought, however, that Mr. Fletcher and his supporters may be prevailed upon to withhold their motion, giving it their best attention or face the responsibility if the move should be successful of involving Marysville school affairs in a condition that sooner or later would be regretted.

Funeral of Former Warden of County

The funeral of the late William E. Nason, former County Warden, who passed away at his home, Nasonworth, on Monday afternoon is being held today. One of the largest funerals in the district in many years, many county councillors and countless friends attended the service.

Rev. Mr. Ricker conducted the service at 2.30 this afternoon at the late home. Interment was made at Nasonworth.

NOTICE Delinquent Taxes

At a meeting of the Warden and Finance Committee of the Municipality of York it was decided to collect all Delinquent Parish and County Taxes. This is your notice to pay your Collector of the Secretary-Treasurer at once before action is taken.

J. S. SCOTT,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Municipality of York.

NOTICE

Re: Delinquent Dog Taxes

At the January Session of the York County Council a Resolution was passed that all Delinquent Dog Taxes be collected from the Secretary-Treasurer's Office. If the same are not paid at once you will be called to the Police Court to make payment with cost.

J. S. SCOTT,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Municipality of York.

NOTICE

The attention of The New Brunswick Liquor Control Board has been drawn to the number of "PEDLARS AND TRANSIENT TRADERS" in the Province who have not met the requirements of The Intoxicating Liquor Act re the Sale of Extracts. The Section of the Act relating to this is as follows:

52 (3) No pedlar or transient trader in New Brunswick shall sell or dispose of any tincture, essence or extract mentioned in the sub-section (1) except by a permit issued by the Board. Permits are issued by The New Brunswick Liquor Control Board upon receipt of application accompanied with the annual fee of \$100. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police have been requested to check all such "pedlars and transient traders." As the penalty for violation of this section is severe, it is urged that all "pedlars and transient traders" obtain their permit at once; otherwise information will be laid under the said section for violation of The Intoxicating Liquor Act.

R. G. FULTON, Commissioner.
The New Brunswick Liquor Control Board.

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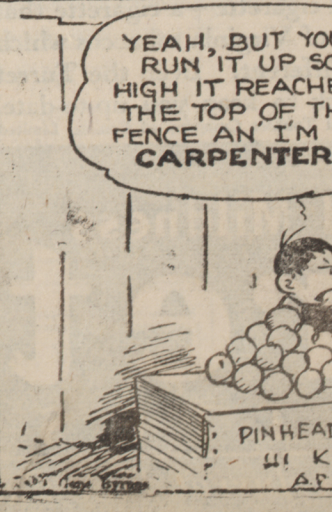
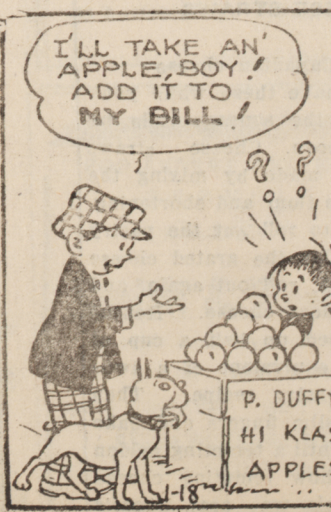
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By

GENE BYRNES



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Old Virginia Fine Cut is here, bringing new convenience, new satisfaction, new enjoyment to "roll-your-owners." It's an extra fine cut tobacco with long, silky threads of mild Virginia leaf that lie snug and tidy in the paper (most smokers prefer Vogue or Chantecler papers) that roll quickly and easily into evenly-filled cigarettes.

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