



No TURNING

by Kathrn Bemis~



Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Angry because Deweyton's smart-est shop refuses to charge an expensive hat, Kay Millstrom hurries to her mother, whom she calls Cora, and learns that the million dollars her father left when he died five years before is gone. The dejection of her still beautiful mother so affects Kay that when she urges Kay again to marry wealthy 40-year-old Hennington Blare she consents. Just then a plane crashes on their lawn and Kay drags Chuck Nourse from the wreckage a moment before there is an explosion. Though he has a broken leg she will not let him be sent to a hospital. The handsome test pilot falls in love with Kay but when Adele Sanders tells him Kay is expected to marry Blare he slips away to a hotel. Kay knows now she loves him. She phones him and he asks her to dine with him but her mother is having Blare to dinner. She makes a date for the next evening. Blare proposes again to Kay after dinner when Cora's lawyer calls to tell her he can't save the house she lives in. Kay has hesitated but when she hears she had news she agrees to marry Blare. The next day he sends her a beautiful sapphire ring. Dining with Chuck on the Hotel roof, Kay finally manages to tell him of her engagement. He is protesting that she loves him when Webb Taylor, a persistent suitor, joins them. A thunderstorm breaks and in the rush to shelter Kay hurries away. It is not until she reaches home that she discovers the sapphire is missing. At a garden party, Taylor draws her aside and says she shall never marry Blare or Chuck. She is astonished to see two policemen approaching Chuck.

INSTALMENT 8

When Kay came up to the little group surrounding Chuck, a policeman was saying, "But we got orders to search him, miss."

"What is this—a trick?" demanded Adele. "If it is—it's a poor one."

"She turned to Kay, said caustically, 'I'm glad you're here, Kay, to straighten this out. Is this some prank of yours?'"

"Certainly not!" Kay flared, standing close to the puzzled Chuck.

"Well—let's get on with the show. I'm perfectly willing to be searched," said Chuck, with a laugh.

"The very idea! It's an insult!" declared Adele. "What are you two officers looking for?"

"The sapphire ring lost by Miss Millstrom," replied one.

"And you had to stage it here!" Kay said sharply, under her breath.

"She turned quickly to the men. I'm Miss Millstrom—I didn't order this man searched. He's a friend of mine."

"Sorry, Miss Millstrom—but orders are orders," broke in the other officer.

"We'll have to see the thing through, Kay," put in Chuck, trying

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By

GENE BYRNES

to make light of the awkward situation he found himself in. "Let them do their duty. They won't find anything incriminating on me."

"It's an outrage!" exclaimed Adele. "It's strange, Kay, that you don't know what brought this on."

Kay paid no attention to this cutting insinuation. She only said unsteadily, "Perhaps it would be better, Chuck, to allow it. We know you haven't my ring. It's preposterous!"

The others in the crowd, breathless with suspense and afraid of missing any part of this drama, were avidly watching developments. They would do their talking later, as Kay well knew. This police visit would be the subject of teas and cocktail parties, luncheons, breakfasts, and formal dinners. The tale would be embellished until Chuck's reputation was precariously balanced.

Kay's facial muscles contracted. She felt peculiarly cold all over. This seemed like a horrid, fantastic dream that somehow she might have prevented.

One of the officers began taking articles from the right pocket of Chuck's white flannel waistcoat. A match folder, a diamond-studded compact. Kay glanced swiftly at Adele, smiled cryptically at the old trick. She forgot to ask for the compact after the party, and must see the man the following day to retrieve it. Sub-deb tactics! She had worked it herself when she had been just out of boarding school.

In Chuck's left waistcoat pocket was found a snapshot. Both officers snatched at it without recognizing the subject. One of them handed it to Kay, asking, "Know this girl?"

Kay flashed a glance at Chuck, who suddenly seemed intently interested in the velvet, starlit sky.

"This is a picture of me," she admitted stoutly.

"Is that so? Well—you must be a friend of his, all right."

"He was a guest in my mother's home for several weeks," she informed him.

The man nodded abstractly and began searching the pockets of Chuck's white flannel coat.

Chuck darted a reassuring glance at Kay and grinned sheepishly. She felt her face burn, but smiled back with confidence in him.

"Carrying my picture over his heart!" she thought miserably.

His right-hand coat pocket yielded a crumpled handkerchief, a package of cigarettes, and from the left pocket was taken something small enough to be held in the officer's palm. He squinted down at it, satisfaction registered on his florid face.

He wheeled to Kay. "Ever see this before, Miss Millstrom?"

"Oh!" she gasped, in astonishment. "Why—it's my ring!" she admitted, then could have bitten off her tongue.

She turned to Chuck, her heart in her throat. He couldn't—he couldn't have done this to her!

"Chuck—where—what?"

"It's as much a surprise to me as it must be to you, Kay," he said, bewildered.

"What on earth is going on here?" demanded Cora Millstrom, coming up with Hennington Blare in tow. "What are you officers doing here?"

"We've just found Miss Millstrom's ring—in this young man's pocket," one of them replied.

"Hump!" ejaculated Blare. "What are you dillydallying for? Why don't you arrest him and be off with him?"

"Beg pardon, Miss Millstrom," murmured Cards, the Benson's butler. "May I speak to you alone? It's very urgent."

Cards had been with the Bensons for many years, had served the Millstroms at their frequent visits here. Kay knew Cards almost as well as she did her mother's butler.

"Just a moment, Cards."

She squarely faced the officers. "You can't arrest that man. It's my ring—and I don't wish to prefer charges against him!"

"But I do!" emphatically declared Blare. "I bought that ring and—"

"You gave it to me!" declared Kay indignantly. "It happens to be my property."

With this last thrust, she stepped aside with Cards. There ensued a

hurried whispered conversation between them, then she returned to the expectant guests, who were keyed up now to the sensational dramatic. Hennington Blare saw his opportunity to browbeat his rival, Cora Millstrom was enraged to think he had desecrated her home, and Adele, impressed by the result of the search, quickly gave her place beside Chuck to one of the officers of the law, and retired to the fringe of the crowd.

Kay's triumphant laughter now rang out.

"We're not making a move to arrest this man until a certain person arrives!" she commanded firmly.

"But, my dear—the ring has been found, the thief apprehended," expostulated Blare, impatient to see Chuck Nourse behind bars. "What are we waiting for?"

"You'll discover that soon enough," she said mysteriously, and went to stand as close to Chuck as she could get.

He seemed neither mindful nor regretful of this incident. He merely folded his arms across his muscular chest and waited without comment. Silence surrounded the little group. Even the orchestra up in the patio had stopped playing. There were no dancers interested in music for the present, so the director had called an intermission.

There began to be heard the rhythmic hum of crickets on the cool dampness of the night air, the deep croak of bullfrogs. The figures of the guests were mirrored fantastically in the nearby pool—these guests, who were fascinated by the dramatic trapping of a jewel thief at one of the gayest and smartest of early summer parties.

Finally, down the gravel path came Card behind the fiercely scowling Webb Taylor.

"What's all the row?" called out Webb, and came to halt before the policeman.

"Man arrested—had Miss Millstrom's ring on him," said one.

"Yeah!" Webb said, his eyes narrowing. "Well—it happens. I know more about it than any of you. You've ruined a swell joke, see? I found Miss Millstrom's ring—and slipped it into Nourse's pocket. Later, I intended to find it on him—then confess it was arranged as a part of the evening's entertainment."

Hannington Blare looked aghast.

"You—you fool!" he snapped. "How many drinks have you had? Some one has put you up to inventing this story!" He looked directly at Kay.

"Cards will explain," she said immediately.

"Yes, sir," put in Cards nervously. "I'm sorry it happened, sir—but I thought Miss Millstrom should know the truth—so I told her. I saw Mr. Taylor drop the ring into Mr. Nourse's pocket, earlier in the evening."

"You—what?" blustered the flabbergasted Blare.

"Yes, sir—I did sir," reaffirmed Bird stoutly.

If it had not been so tragic a moment, Kay could have shouted with merriment at the expression on Blare's face. It was nearly worth all the evening's unpleasantness.

The officers now grinned helplessly and strolled away. At any rate, some one had called the police station and said the ring could be found in Chuck Nourse's possession. To be called to a job, think they were doing it neatly, then be told it was a joke was beyond their comprehension. But these society folks went to great lengths for thrills.

Kay quickly sent Aberilla Jenkins after the officers to offer refreshments. Aberilla was one of the season's prettiest debutantes. If any

one could brighten the wilted self-esteem of husky policemen, she could.

Then, after flinging Webb Taylor a barbed glance of mingled hate and distrust, Kay, totally ignoring the baffled Henn, linked an arm through Chuck's and led him away.

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(To Be Continued)

COUNTY WANT

(Continued from Page One)

fees to be paid by the city or county, depending on where the body is found.

2. Expenses of criminal prosecution to be paid by city or county depending on where the crime was committed.

3. Salary of Clerk of Peace to be paid by County.

4. Cost of revision of voters lists apportioned on the basis of number of names on the lists.

5. All expenses incurred in respect of the gaol to be divided evenly between the City and County.

6. All expenses regarding County Court House to be paid, one third by the city and two-thirds by the County.

7. All expenses incurred in respect of the nisi prius sittings and County Court to be paid one third by the city and two thirds by the County.

8. All other expenses of administration of justice not otherwise provided for, to be paid one third by the city and two thirds by the county.

In pointing to certain alleged inequalities in the apportioning of costs, the brief presented the following statistics: the number of gaol days served by city prisoners between December 1, 1935 and December 30, 1938, was 14,106 as compared to 4,114 gaol days by county prisoners in the same period.

In the same period the York County Court was used for trial of civil and criminal cases arising in the city and council as follows: in the city 21, in the County 17.

Records of the nisi prius sittings for the past three years shows 14 cases from the city and 11 from the county.

The brief maintains that these courts are used by the City equally as often, and in fact more often than by the County, and yet the County at present pays twice as much as the City by way of fees to necessary officials, jury and witnesses.

The brief urges a more equal division of administration costs as follows:

1. Inquest expenses and coroners' fees as at present.

2. Expenses of criminal prosecution as at present.

3. Salary of Clerk of Peace as at present.

4. Fees of Clerk of Peace, one-half by City and one-half by County.

5. Cost of revising voters' list as at present.

6. Expenses in connection with gaol, two-thirds by City and one-third by County.

7. Expenses in connection with County Court House as at present.

8. Expenses in connection with

Social Happenings

And Items of Interest from Clubs and Societies

Resumed Studies

Miss Norma L. Linton, who spent the holidays visiting friends in Toronto and Montreal, also her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Linton, Fairville has returned to resume her studies at University of New Brunswick here.

Returned to St. Stephen

Miss Ellen Gregg has returned to St. Stephen after spending the holidays with her parents, Rev. J. S. Gregg and Mrs. Gregg.

B.Y.P.U. Meets

FREDERICTON JCT., Jan. 11.—The B.Y.P.U., at its meeting recently had a good programme and elected the following officers for the ensuing quarter:

President—Bertha Redstone.
Vice-Pres.—Mary F. A. Alexander.
Secretary—Ruth Boone.
Treasurer—Ivy Tracy.
Organist—Mary F. A. Alexander.
Asst. Organist—Ivy Tracy.
Auditors—Rev. B. G. Linton and H. H. Stuart.

Ushers—Rheta Burnett and Helen Tracy.
Leaders for January—Harry F. McCracken and Audrey Phillips.

King's Daughters Meeting

The "Smiling Through" circle of the King's Daughters met last evening at the home of Miss Mary Kydd, with the President, Miss Kydd in the chair.

The meeting was opened by the devotional period and the Prayer of the order by Miss Imma Mawhinney. Three delegates to the Social Service Council were appointed and arrangements were made for the entertainment of delegates to the central council. Several reports were received, including the report on the Christmas boxes.

The next meeting will take the form of a dinner in observance of the birthday of the circle. Delightful refreshments were served by Mrs. John Donaldson, and Miss Kydd, the hostesses.

PASSED AWAY TODAY

The death occurred at an early hour this morning of Miss Laura Lantaigne, aged 29 years, at her boarding house on Regent Street. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theotime Lantaigne of Carleton Place, Miss Lantaigne was a resident of Fredericton for the past year where she was a student at the Pond Secretarial School. Held in high esteem by her fellow students and many friends, her death will be learned with regret. She was taken ill a few days ago and passed away early this morning. She is survived by her father and mother, three sisters and five brothers.

STOCK MARKET

(Continued from Page One)

Canada Car Pfd.	33
Canadian Pacific Railway	5 1/2
Consolidated Paper Corp.	6 1/2
Dom. Steel & Coal "B"	11 1/2
General Steel Wares	—
International Nickel	54
National Power	—
National Steel Car	57 1/2
P.A. Oil	8 1/4
St. Lawrence Corp.	4 1/4
St. Lawrence Corp. Pfd.	14 1/2
Shawinigan	21 1/2
Steel of Canada	74 1/4

Montreal Curb	
Albion Com.	2 1/2
Albion Preferred	18 1/2
Asbestos Corp.	—
P.A. Oil	22 1/2
Dominion "A"	—
Fairchild	5 1/2
First Alberta	16 1/2
Imperial Oil	26 1/2
International Petroleum	18
Price Common	—
Price Preferred	—

Mines	
Aldermac	47
Best Atlantic	2 5/8
Blondino	2 1/2
Band Rock	1 7/8
Wear Addition	1 5/8
Wheatland Lake	—
Managosa	5 5/8
Met and Cockshutt	1 3/8
Managosa	3 1/8
O'Brien	1 1/8
Band Orielle	1 1/8
Perron	1 1/8
Blackmore	5 4/8
Chambers-Gordon	1 2/8
Steno	1 5/8
Steno	60
Blackmore	7 7/8
White Amulet	—
White Hangover	—
Oils	
Canadian Edmonton	2 1/4
Home Oil	2 1/4
Okla. Oil	1 5/8
Powell	43 00

courts, one-half by City and one-half by County.

9. All other expenses of administration of justice, one-half by City and one-half by County.

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N. B. ADOPTS ACT PASSED BY COMMISSIONERS

Act Re Landlord and Tenant Effective January 16

The Act passed and assented at the last session of the legislature, entitled "An Act Respecting Landlord and Tenant," will come into force on January 16, according to proclamation appearing in the Royal Gazette today.

The act, which was passed two years ago by the "Uniformity of Legislation Commissioners of Canada," at their meeting in Toronto, is aimed at bringing legislation affecting landlord and tenant to a uniformity throughout all the provinces of the Dominion. All the provinces have not adopted and put the act into force as yet.

The new act, according to a statement by J. Bacon Dickson, Deputy Attorney-General, today, is a distinct revision of former legislation in respect to landlord and tenant.

DIED

WEEKES — Passed away at Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 3, 1939, George Harris Weekes, aged 82 years. The funeral will take place on Thursday afternoon with service at the home, 365 St. John Street at 2 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Shanklin will conduct the service. Interment will be made at Taymouth.

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