



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 wealthy, 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 hurry for shelter Kay hurries home, to find the telephone ring. Blare gave her his 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 as a joke but next day he admits to Kay that he was jealous of Nourse and wanted to put him in a bad light. Webb tries to kiss her but she slaps him and runs from the swimming pool where he had found her when he came to seek her pardon.

INSTALMENT 10

Kay, angrily rushing up through the rose garden, encountered her mother. Cora had been wandering about

the grounds, taking what she called "exercise."

"My dear!" she exclaimed, startled by her daughter's gleaming eyes. "What's happened? You look positively furious."

"Webb and I just quarrelled!" she panted.

"Webb is he here this early? Very well, I'll give him a piece of my mind. Why! He might have ruined everything! You can't be too careful of Hennington, my darling. You could, you know, drive him too far. As it is, he's horribly upset over what happened last night."

Kay scowled, pulled petals from a white rose on a bush beside her. She said, with downcast eyes, "Henn would be upset. But we can't hush up an incident so many people already know about. We'll have to take it standing. However—it's nothing serious. I dine with Chuck—Webb joins us—tried to play a joke on us. There's nothing incriminating in all that—even if I am the fiancée of the pompous Mr. Blare."

"You sound more bitter than hasty over it, Kay. It worries me. Sometimes, I wish you weren't engaged to Hennington. But now that he has settled all our pressing debts, it would be unfair if you—"

"I'll marry him, of course," said Kay resignedly. "There's nothing else to do." The roar of a motor came from the drive. Kay shrugged. "That's Webb—taking his mangled feelings home to breakfast," she said.

In a way, she felt sorry for him. She knew what it meant to lose the object of one's affections. Something went out of you and made you feel eternally alone in a world full of people.

"Thank heaven, I didn't see Webb!" came from Cora emphatically. "I would have told him exactly what he is—and forfeited his mother's friendship."

She went slowly up the elm-lined path, thinking. Henn had settled the immediate debts of the Millstrom family—and Cora was satisfied. Things could go on as usual—on Henn's money, if she ever had had hope of escaping from marrying him. She had not been thinking straight. She couldn't escape, that's all. As for love—love was a sacredly dear emotion which you shelved when personal matters grew too pressing to be ignored. It was being done continually, more or less. It was her turn now.

She entered her dressing-room with a heavy sigh. Listlessly, she put on the white silk short dress that Adele had laid out for her. She glanced through her morning mail signed the coffee Sartin had brought in.

The pile of bills she laid aside for her mother to go over, and read the note from Gloria Sherman. It was an invitation to spend a month in the Sherman camp at Lake George.

Kay brightened. A whole month away from Hennington! Then abruptly, her perplexities returned. Henn would fly out every week-end if he did not insist upon being at the lake constantly to chaperon her. She knew Henn! He was always more fatherly than loverlike. Even his kisses seemed provokingly premeditated, coolly calculating. She often wondered what the innermost thoughts of such a man could possibly be—and shuddered. To be tied to him for life!

Kay tossed aside this annoying chain of thought and had her maroon roadster brought around on the drive. She wished for a jungle within easy driving distance—where she could be alone.

The car whizzed her down the highway at sixty, making a stiff breeze that whipped strands of hair into her troubled eyes. She wore no hat. She wanted to feel the fresh air on her head as well as on her feverish cheeks, to blow the cobwebs from her seeing-brain. While she was in motion—terrible motion finally, the speedometer going to ninety—she felt strong enough to conquer the world. She even felt able to conquer the peculiar situation in which she found herself.

Several times on a curve or a crossroad she narrowly avoided crashing into buses or trucks or slow-moving

horse drawn farm vehicles. She laughed aloud at the other driver's scared faces, only feeling, no, hearing, the noise that came from her dry throat because of the buzzing in her ears.

She drove on and on until she was seized with acute hunger. She began looking for a lunch room and at last saw a clean-looking shack. She drew up beside the gasoline pumps. "Fill up the tank—and look at the oil, please," she said to the fresh faced young attendant, and stepped to the ground.

"Yes, miss," he eagerly responded, taking the gasoline hose off the hook. "Fine spell of weather we've been having."

Her wind-reddened eyes flitted negligently past him to the clean, windowed little house behind. She murmured almost incoherently, "Yes—nice weather."

She opened the screen door, feeling lame in every muscle and now that the exhilaration of driving had suddenly ceased, a decided let-down in spirit.

She walked past the cigar stand to the end of the small room and slumped down at a little table. She leaned her head on her hand. She didn't remember ever having been more exhausted.

A blondess blond, vigorously chewing her gum, advanced and offered a greasy menu card with Good afternoon. Kay laid down the card, opened her white handbag, and took out her compact. "Feed coffee and a ham sandwich, please," she said.

The girl went to a room in the rear from which came the odor of roasting meats and stewing vegetable, the clatter of dishes, the raspy voice of a woman, demanding that Pa feed the hens. Otherwise, the silence of the countryside, enveloped the place.

Elbows on the clean tablecloth, Kay rested her small chin on her flocked hands, gazing out reflectively on the serenity of these surroundings. The sun blazed down on the long stretch of hot-looking meadow across the road, where cows tried to keep cool under a small tree.

What, would it be like always to live in such a place? Possibly the blond waitress was the girl friend of the pleasant young man out front. They would marry, have a dozen children, and nothing very exciting could ever happen to them. Or could it? Out here did anything exciting ever take place?

The girl set on the table a tall thick glass containing coffee, and a plate piled high with sandwiches. It looked unappetizing, but after the first mouthful, Kay voted it excellent. The bitter coffee was at least refreshingly iced.

Kay rose from her lunch with a certain flare of her old will, paid the curious eyed girl now standing behind the cigar counter, went out and got into her car. She gave the attendant a bill, and smiled as he waved her cheerily out the drive.

It was high time she was getting home. She suddenly remembered her appointment for a fitting at two o'clock. Her wedding gown then there was that tea in her honor which Nettie Tooter was giving. This afternoon and she mustn't let Nettie down, as much as she'd like to avoid the tea and the buzzing crowd of old friends. She was so weary of acting the happily engaged girl before their penetrating eyes!

Her speedometer began climbing again. Alfalfa, fields of corn, wheat, barley, oats became a single blur on her horizon. She began looking for a turn which would take her back to Deweyton, and suddenly realized she was lost.

She came to a crossroad and sighed with relief. A signboard read, "Deweyton 40 miles." She pressed her foot down hard on the accelerator.

She came to a lone wooden bridge, thinking, "How runic-looking! It must be old—it's really an addition to the landscape."

That the bridge was very ancient she was immediately to realize. As she raced across its rotten boards, they remanded with an angry, crackling sound, and her car came to an

abrupt halt, hurling her forward into the windshield.

With its two front wheels caught tightly in the hole they had ploughed, the car swung dangerously over the pebbly-bottomed, shallow brook twenty feet below. The limp form of Kay lay out and bleeding where it had bounded back against the maroon leather seat.

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(To Be Continued)

STOCK MARKET

(Continued from Page One)

Vanadium Corp.	27 1/2
Western Union	22 1/2
Westinghouse	110
Yellow Cab	19 1/4
Electric Bond & Share	10 1/2

Albion Steel	13
Bell Telephone	167 1/2
Canadian	87 1/2
Canada Car	16 1/2
Canada Car Pfd.	33
Canadian Pacific Railway	5 1/2
Consolidated Paper Corp.	6 1/2
Dominion Bridge	35
Dom Steel & Coal "B"	11 1/2
International Nickel	53 1/4
Montreal Power	30 1/2
National Steel Car	57
Noranda	81
St. Lawrence Corp.	4
St. Lawrence Corp Pfd.	14
Shawinigan	21 1/2

Montreal Curb	
Abitibi Com.	23
Abitibi Preferred	17 1/2
B. A. Oil	22 1/2
Donnacora "A"	5
Imperial Oil	16 1/2
International Petroleum	26 1/2
Price Common	17 1/4

Mines	
East Malartic	2 1/2
Eldorado	2 1/2
Hard Rock	1 1/2
Kerr Addison	1 1/2
Kirkland Lake	1 1/2
Macassa	2 1/2
McLeod Cockshutt	1 1/2
Moneta	1 1/2
Perron	1 1/2
Sheritt-Gordon	1 1/2
Tack Hughes	4 1/2
Wright Hargreaves	8 1/2

Oils	
Home Oil	3 1/2
Owens	1 1/2
Royalite	42 1/2

COUNTY

(Continued from page one)

Councillor Malone remarked that "If this doesn't go through, we should do something ourselves."

While discussion on hospitalization was under way, Councillor Dr. Robertson read figures obtained from S. Luke Morrison, Vice-President of the Victoria Hospital Board, showing rising costs at the hospital for extras during the past four years. In the year 1935 extra costs to York County for poor cases amounted to \$945.25. In 1936 the amount was \$1205.15; in 1937 \$1,601.75; in 1938 \$1,995.80.

The annual grant of \$500 voted by the Council for the Victoria Public Hospital, which was originally voted to cover X-ray fees for poor patients at the hospital and has been extended to cover costs for other extras, covers only about one quarter of the cost. The hospital now charges extra for X-ray examinations. Dr. Robertson pointed out.

Councillor Malone cited instances where property owned by people who had applied to the parish for assistance had been signed over to friends or relatives prior to death making it impossible for the parish to obtain any money promised.

Councillor Malone suggested it might be possible to have a building at the Municipal Home to handle mild

Social Happenings

And Items of Interest from Clubs and Societies

Y.W.C.A. Supper Bridge
The ladies of the Y. W. C. A. a supper bridge last evening in their club rooms on York Street. Thirty-four tables were in play the prizes

being won by Mrs. Olga Jackson Miss Enid Creed, Mrs. Dave Staples, Miss Betty Burgess, Robert Davis and R. A. Shanks.

Mrs. D. J. Shea was general convener and was assisted by Mrs. P. S. Watson, Mrs. Leslie Mavor, Mrs. Hedley Forbes, Mrs. Edward Perkins, Mrs. F. E. McDiarmid, Mrs. J. P. Corkery, Mrs. J. E. Palmer, Miss Kate Stewart and Mrs. George Brown. Other members of the club assisted in serving.

HOSPITALIZATION

(Continued from Page One)

conditions, "I don't think there is any disunity," he said in speaking of Canadian solidarity. Provinces as well as municipalities should not be satellites. They have rights to opinions as have municipalities, he said, which can be exercised without disunity. Nothing should be permitted which might lead to breaking of ties of Empire.

Constructive criticism is worth while, Dr. McNair said, in mentioning delegations of County Councillors who recently presented before him in a fair way matters of breaking winter roads and a bounty on bears.

H. Ralph Gunter, M.L.A., for York, joined with Dr. McNair in responding to the toast.

Ex-Warden Harry Morrison, Queensbury, proposed a toast to the City of Fredericton, responded to by Alderman Ray T. Forbes. Alderman Forbes pointed out that any prosperity in the City of Fredericton was reflected in the County. Last year has seen considerable expansion in building in the city, and at least \$750,000 more building was anticipated by Alderman Forbes during 1939. A modern hotel and new hospital were among new buildings anticipated by the speaker. Alderman F. S. Mundie joined with Alderman Forbes in responding to the toast.

A toast to the Bench was proposed by Councillor Edward J. Malone, Stanley, and responded to by York County Judge A. R. Slipp who reiterated his stand on driving while under the influence of liquor. While the government has constructed excellent roads, people should not be menaced while enjoying these roads, by intoxicated drivers, Judge Slipp said.

Councillor H. D. Dobie, Devon, proposed a toast to the professions, responded to by Dr. C. C. Jones, President of the University of New Brunswick, who also praised New Brunswick roads some of which are due to work of engineering graduates of the University. E. C. Atkinson, President of the Fredericton Board of Trade; Rev. R. H. Scott of the New Brunswick Old Age Pensions Board, and Dr. M. L. Jewett, Millville, responded to the toast.

cases at a considerable saving to the County.

Councillor Dr. Robertson pointed out that at the last session of the Municipalities, tuberculosis hospital officials strongly recommend convalescent homes but did not advise using Municipal Homes as locations. It was strongly urged at the Union that the government take over hospitalization, he reported. Dr. Robertson reiterated his idea of sterilization as a means of curing tuberculosis in the country. He realized, however, this suggestion would meet with considerable opposition.

Councillor Gaynor said that in McAdam the municipality is not bothered with hospitalization worries. If unable to pay, residents of that parish are sent to Victoria Public Hospital as parish patients, otherwise patients make their own arrangements. Councillors in the Parish know the financial standing of most of the residents.

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MEATS AND FISH

ANNUAL MEETING
of YORK-SUNBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LTD. will be held in the museum upstairs in Post Office Building on WEDNESDAY, JAN 18TH at 8 p. m.

Guest Speaker

S. W. Keohan, Registrar of Credit Unions for New Brunswick, was guest speaker at the weekly meeting of the Men's Club of George Street Baptist Church last evening. Mr. Keohan outlined the work of Credit Unions and traced their development in New Brunswick and general background. A discussion period followed the address. Cecil Brewer, President, thanked Mr. Keohan for his address.

To all the people who read the Fredericton Mail

If you are a reader of this sincere message you may derive many benefits for which you will be everlastingly thankful. It tells you briefly and without exaggeration, about Alka-Seltzer, the new modern remedy for miserable, everyday ailments caused by too much gastric acid. There is nothing quite like the quick relief it brings from the discomforts of colds, headaches, heartburn, upset stomach, nervousness, muscular aches and pains, that miserable feeling the morning after when you've stayed up late, smoked or eaten too much or over-indulged in other ways!

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