



No TURNING

by Kathryn Bemis~



Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Kay Millstrom stalks out of a smart Deweyton shop astounded and angry because the manager has just refused to charge an expensive hat to her mother's account. She is in a dark mood when wealthy, 40-year-old Hennington Blare meets her and asks what is troubling her. She gives a noncommittal answer and says, "What do you know this heavenly day?" This is Blare's cue to press his unsuccessful suit by replying, "Only one thing, my dear—the usual thing. I'm as much in love with you as ever." Kay is in no mood to talk to him and hurries home, anxious to learn from her mother, whom she calls Cora, the state of their affairs. She knows that when her father died five years ago he left her mother more than a million dollars, their beautiful home, another in Miami and a Maine camp. Mrs. Millstrom tells her this fortune is gone; that there is only enough left to last about six months. She has been urging Kay to accept Blare and again asks her to consider marrying him; this would end their financial worries. Resignedly Kay says she will. Just then a plane crashes to their lawn, she drags Chuck Nourse from the splintered cabin a moment before an explosion leaves charred wreckage. Although he suffers concussion of the brain and a broken leg Kay will not have him sent to a hospital. The handsome test pilot falls in love with her, then learns from Adele Sanders that everybody is expecting Kay to marry the millionaire Blare.

INSTALLMENT 3

"Kay is a wonderful girl," Chuck Nourse said to Adele. "She deserves to marry happily."

Adele tilted her green straw hat to

a saucer angle; she fastened her great black eyes on this desirable man before her. She stood up and tugged down the green jacket of her cloth suit, making it cling to her dieted figure in just the right places. She murmured alluringly, "Mother would love to entertain a Nourse. Why not spend a few weeks with us—give the Millstroms a chance to go on with the plans you so rudely interrupted?" She laughed carelessly. "They must be waiting for you to convalesce to the point where—"

"Where I do a fade-out?" he supplied gruffly. "Exactly. Well, cousin—think over my invitation," she said, laying a hand caressingly on his shoulder. Adele knew her mother's weakness for family ties. This Vermont Nourse would be a find for her mother—and not so bad for herself. "You're very kind, Miss Sanders," he replied vaguely. "Thank you—I'll think about it. I should be returning to New York as soon as possible—although Mr. Wilmore, the president of our firm, wired I was to take my time. Naturally, I won't be good for much until this leg of mine is whole again."

His smile was a grim smirk. He had been a guest in this elegantly appointed home for four weeks, with his heart threatening to elope with his head. But no longer! From now on, he would be the hardboiled, daredevil Chuck his friends knew.

Adele hurried away and met Kay running up the stairs. "Leaving so soon?" asked Kay, with feigned cordiality.

"Darling—I'm taking your cloud-man off your hands!" announced Adele impudently. "A cousin is a cousin, you know!"

She rushed past the stunned Kay, not waiting for a reply. Kay forced laggard feet toward the

blue room. She had this to face just after futilely begging her mother not to ask Hearn for Sunday dinner! Chuck Nourse did not turn at her entrance. He said, looking out the window, "I've decided—to move to a hotel. I—I can't wear out my welcome here, you know."

Kay clutched the back of the nearest chair, a sob in her throat. Sunshine played on the top of Chuck's tousled blond hair with loving insistence. She never had met a man who stirred her to the depths as did this one. He was her man; he needed her. And it was evident that Adele had somehow made his remaining here impossible. But pride kept Kay silent. Never would she allow him to discover how much she loved him. At any rate, he apparently was not interested in being the house guest of the Sanders. She left the room so quietly that he was not aware of her absence until some minutes later.

The following Sunday was a wretched gray day. An east wind brought gusts of rain that beat against delicately newly opened roses, weighed to the ground larkspur and bluebells in the old-fashioned garden, dripped rhythmically from the trumpet vine clinging desperately to the summer-house trellis. The fir trees by the swimming pool sheltered cringing robin, woodpeckers and sparrows, now friendly enemies in their extremity. Clustered flowers on the wet locust trees by the drive gave out a two-heavy sweetish perfume that came insistently through any door or window which chanced to be opened.

Kay, sitting in the library by a woodfire, was vaguely restless. She had a premonition that this day was to be momentous. Chuck had moved to a hotel, Hennington Blare was coming for dinner. Since early this morning her mother had been going about the house with an expectant, complaisant air. It would have puzzled Kay had she not known her parent so thoroughly. Now, she had gone to church, leaving Kay alone.

Kay cupped her softly rounded chin in her hands, wondering how to solve the problem of duty against love. And yet—if a man did not love you? But Chuck's every action all during the time he had been in this house denoted something stronger than mere attraction for her. And she had allowed him to believe there was someone else who mattered to her! How stupid! She must correct that impression. She would go to him, explain about Hearn. This having too much pride, when only love counted, was ridiculous. Of course, there was Cora. She too must be considered. But she surely would be sensible in the end. She surely wouldn't insist upon her daughter marrying a man she could scarcely tolerate.

One thing amused Kay. That was the emphatic manner in which Chuck had refused to become the house guest of the Sanders. However, he would find it difficult to escape them entirely. The Sanders, both mother and daughter, would swoop down upon his new haven.

He had arranged his departure for an evening when Kay was attending a Junior League meeting. "Very clever of him!" Kay said aloud, kicking the toe of her blue sandal against the polished brass rail. "If only Cora could realize luxury isn't a necessity for me! She has trained me to expect it—now she thinks I must marry to keep it. Poor Cora!"

Kay's heart was heavy. She was constantly aware of the load resting on her slim shoulders, a load which would grow heavier each day that brought no Chuck Nourse into her life. She was filled with a deep, painful loneliness now, after so many weeks of feeling herself essential to a man she could never forget.

Scolding tears gushed to her eyes. She swallowed valiantly to check a hysterical outburst. There was nothing in this room but an aching silence that smothered and dulled her

senses. Her world had become a monotonous, endless void. Suddenly, she glanced at her wrist watch. Eleven-fifteen! Too late to go to church. Her mother was doubtless saying her prayers there, thinking that she had made provident, roseate plans for a contrary-minded daughter. She wouldn't return until around one o'clock!

Kay's face lighted with a resolve. "I'll do it!" she declared. "I can no more than fail—I can't go on like this!"

She jumped up and went to the telephone on the massive, carved walnut table at the end of the room. She sat down before it, trying to catch her breath. Finally, her trembling fingers dialed a number.

A switchboard girl sang out promptly. "Good morning! This is the Hotel Sward!"

"Mr.—Mr. Charles Nourse, please," requested Kay, clutching the receiver.

A vibrant greeting came like a clean fresh breeze over the wire. "Hello!" said Chuck Nourse expectantly.

"Chuck? This is Kay."

"Good morning! It's good to hear your voice, Kay."

"Really?" she said, completely forgetting what it was she had intended to say. Even now, she could sense his nearness. She wanted to blurt out, "Darling! Darling! Please—never love any one but me!"

"I've missed you," he said low. "It's—it's a little strange being here."

"But you—you arranged it yourself—you insisted upon leaving," she said quickly. "It was not my wish at all—you know that."

"Yet—under the circumstances—"

There was that dear silence between them that she had felt so many times before. Then he said gently, "My—dear."

They were two words that revealed utter longing.

Something surged within her and would not be stifled. She could not, would not give him up.

"The doctor came in today. He said I could go down to dinner tonight—on crutches. If you'll join me here in the main dining room—I'll—I'll cancel all my other engagements."

"It would be—"

She paused, remembering that she must be home tonight to dine with Blare.

"Is it a date?" asked Chuck as if his very existence depended upon it.

"I—I—that is, I will another time. Not tonight, Chuck. Mother is having guests, I must be home."

"I expected as much," he returned. There was a savage edge to his voice.

"That doesn't mean I won't dine with you some time," she encouraged. "That's that, my dear." It sounded like studied carelessness. "Sometime often has a way of stretching out—"

"We won't allow it to," she promised quickly.

He seemed to be considering this. The intimate stretch of wire between them stirred Kay's pulses to racing speed, making him seem close beside her. It was as if she could reach out her two shaking eager hands and touch the fine soft blond hair at his temples, run her fingers over the dark stubble on his chin.

"Tomorrow evening at eight—could you manage, darling?"

If he were trespassing on another man's right, he thought desperately, it was just too bad. All was fair—until Kay openly acknowledged her engagement. He would ask her point-blank tomorrow night.

"I'd love to come," she flung back recklessly. "Good bye!"

"Until—tomorrow, my sweet," he said huskily.

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Social Happenings

And Items of Interest from Clubs and Societies

Returned From Visit

Robert Morrison, of the staff of the Queen Hotel, returned last night from Hartland where he was visiting his sister, Mrs. Oscar Estabrooks for the past week. Mr. Morrison also visited Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnson at Hainesville.

Week-end Visit

Miss Thelma Johnson and Miss Anna Burlock spent the week-end in Hainesville visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnson.

W. C. T. U. Meeting

The W.C.T.U. held the first monthly meeting of the new year yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. O. R. Estey Northumberland Street, with the President Mrs. A. A. Walters in the chair. A good attendance of members. The devotions were led by Mrs. C. H. MacQuarrie This being the week of Prayer, special prayers were offered by a number of the members. Roll Call was followed by reading of minutes of December. Sick Committee reported on visiting the sick and shut ins also the Hospital. The treasurer also sent cards at Christmas to the absent ones. Mrs. MacQuarrie gave the jail report, one Sunday afternoon service held, led by Mr. F. Titus of Devon. A special treat was given each inmate at Christmas, calendars placed in the cells. A resolution was passed in favor of the York-Sunbury Historical Society being given the use of the Old Stone barracks for a museum and public library.

Guest In Saint John

Mrs. Martha Hawkins of this city was a guest recently of Dr. E. A. Westrup and Mrs. Westrup, Saint John, en route to Moncton where she will spend some time.

Guest At Hampton

Mrs. Ernest Fowler and Miss Claire Fowler of this city have returned from Hampton, N. B., where they spent a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Fowler.

Returned Home

Miss Gladys Ball has returned to Saint John from Fredericton where she was a guest of Miss D'Arcoscott.

In Saint John

B. W. Hagerman and R. B. Malloy, are stopping at the Royal Hotel, Saint John.

K. of P. Installation of Officers

The regular convention of the Fredericton Lodge, No. 6, Knights of Pythias, took the form of a public installation of officers by Grand Chancellor George B. Lemmon of Saint John.

Other Grand Lodge officers present were: N. Jones, P.C., George Havil and P.C. The Grand Chancellor was accompanied by Past Grand Chancellors R. B. Wallace and E. C. Atkinson, and Deputy Grand Chancellor H. A. Merrithew.

Entertainment was provided by Herbert Belding who sang two solos, and the Fredericton Male Chorus who rendered several numbers.

Guest of Parents

Rev. Karl H. Fairweather, curate of the St. Ann's Church, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Fairweather, Hampton, N.B.

HUGE PURCHASE

(Continued from Page One)
cars, 24 snow plows and 25 sand cars. "Probably no single agency has done as much to stabilize business in Canada as the purchases made by the Canadian railroads and, I believe that as the people of Canada recognize that fact, they will realize the importance and necessity of fairly regulating all forms of transportation in the same way as the railways are regulated.

"As the railroads in Canada are the largest employers of labor and the largest consumers of Canadian products, it is essential for the welfare of the country that they should receive fair treatment as compared with other forms of transportation, otherwise many industries will be adversely affected and unemployment in these industries greatly increased because the railways must curtail their purchases so far as practicable in relation to their net revenue."

P.S. Watson

SELLS EVERYTHING

Beatons Beans, Can 10c

Beatons Chow Chow. 28 oz. 25c

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20 lb. SUGAR \$1.00

DEVON N. PHONE 450



WHITE OWL
Cigars

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INVINCIBLE
and STREAMLINE

5¢

Corn Beef 18c; 25c
For boiling needs, no soaking
Lamb Stew, 2 lbs . . . 29c
Shoulder Lamb Chops
Per lb. 25c
Salt Mackerel Fillet
Per lb 15c
Labrador Salt Herring
Per dozen 60c
Salt Shad 35c each

W. C. LEE
MEATS AND FISH

City of Fredericton Prepayment of Taxes

Effective January 9, 1939 and extending to March 31, 1939, payments in whole or part on account of 1939 taxes will be received by the City Treasurer and interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum will be allowed on all such payments from the day payment is made until June 23, 1939. The amount of deposit in any case not to exceed that amount paid on 1938 assessment.

Adjustments for under payment or over payment may be made at any time after the 1939 tax bills are issued.

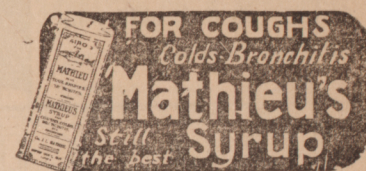
This arrangement will in no way effect the usual discount which will be allowed as heretofore.

FRED I. HAVILAND,
City Treasurer.
City Hall, January 5, 1939.

NOTICE OF MEETING Municipality of York

The Annual Session of the County Council of the Municipality of York will convene at the Council Chamber, County Court House, Fredericton, TUESDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1939, at 2 o'clock, p.m.

JOHN S. SCOTT,
Secretary-Treasurer.



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Going Dates: FRIDAY, January 13, 1939

SATURDAY, January 14, 1939.

Return Limit: MONDAY, January 16, 1939.

Tickets good in coaches only. No Baggage Checked. Full Information and Tickets from Agents

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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.)

Lead First Suit Bid by Dummy
Merwin Maier was your partner yesterday, neither side vulnerable. The bidding:

Jacoby	Maier	Burnstone	You
1♥	Pass	2♠	Pass
2♦	Pass	2NT	Pass
3NT	DBL	Pass	Pass

What was your lead, holding:

♠ J x x x
♥ 10 x
♦ J 10 x x
♣ x x

ANSWER: The correct lead is the heart ten. When neither you nor your partner have bid any suit, the double of a three no-trump contract by a player not on lead is a conventional lead-directing double that requests the first suit bid by dummy (hearts).

Score 100% for the heart ten, 60% for a spade, 30% for a diamond, 0 for a club.

Question No. 22

Both sides are vulnerable. David Burnstone is your partner. The bidding:

Schenken	Burnstone	Maier	You
1♥	1♠	1NT	Pass
2NT	DBL	Pass	Pass

You hold:

♠ 6 4
♥ J 10 9 x
♦ Q J 10 x x
♣ x x

What do you lead? (Answer to-morrow).

Today's Hand

North, Dealer	Neither side vulnerable
♠ A K 10 ♥ A Q 10 8 3 ♦ Q 2 ♣ Q 10 5	♠ Q 9 8 4 ♥ J 7 2 ♦ A 5 3 ♣ K J 6
♠ J ♥ K 9 6 5 ♦ 9 8 7 4 ♣ 8 4 3 2	♠ 7 6 5 3 2 ♥ 4 ♦ K J 10 6 ♣ A 9 7

The bidding:
North East South West
1♥ Pass 1♠ Pass
2♠ Pass 4♠ Pass
Pass Pass

The enormous significance of one card enabled South to make a contract that would have eluded most

REG'LAR FELLERS

"Just For a Starter"

By
GENE BYRNES

