



No Turning

by Kathryn Bemis



Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Kay Millstrom stalks out of a smart Deweyton shop astounded and angry because its manager has just refused to charge an expensive hat to her mother's account, explaining that Mrs. Millstrom has made no payments in nearly three years. Kay is in a dark mood when wealthy 40-year-old Hennington Blare meets her and asks what is troubling her. She gives an airy 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 and that Gordon Wayland, their lawyer, says there is only enough left to last about six months. She has been urging her daughter to accept Blare and again asks Kay to consider marrying him. This would end their financial worries. Resignedly Kay says she will. Just then the noise of an airplane motor in trouble comes in the open window. Kay sees a plane diving down to their lawn. She rushes out just as the plane crashes. She is trying to drag the lone occupant from the splintered cabin when Blare, the butler comes to her aid. They draw him clear just as there is an explosion.

INSTALMENT 2

With clanging bells, shrieking sirens and roaring motors, fire companies arrived and quickly extinguished the dangerous blaze on the Mill-

strom's front lawn, leaving a tangled mass of smoldering framework behind them.

Surgeons, coming and going, white-uniformed nurses and hushed activities followed in that order at the luxurious, twenty room house. Kay personally superintended the nursing of the injured man, refusing to allow him to be sent to a hospital.

Cora Millstrom was more than apprehensive. She was about distracted. This thin-faced, long, lean young man who had suffered a slight brain concussion and a broken leg, was developing into a menace. He was altogether too easy to look at and furthermore Kay was finding him vastly entertaining. All this had to happen just when Cora had at last persuaded Kay to marry Hennington Blare! Oh well, she would invite Hennington to dine with them on Sunday, give him a hint of his good fortune. He could arrange the rest.

The light in Kay's heart was suffocating. She had been so busy, so concerned with Charles Nourse, the Viking god who had literally dropped at her feet, that nothing else mattered. She was with him one day in the sitting room of the blue guest suite, when she was brought back to realities. She had just pushed aside the heavy mauve window draperies so that he could see the long row of white hawthorn trees bordering one side of the lawn. She dropped on the stool beside his invalid chair.

With his large expressive gray eyes full upon her, he said, "Wonderful girl! This matter of your having saved my life—then merely to thank you—doesn't make it come out—right?"

She tried a light laugh but it stuck in her throat.

"Why should I be thanked? I did it on impulse—it was a duty. And it is on impulse it is rather good sport. It's saving lives is rather good sport. It's

thrilling—romantic." Her cheeks had taken on a crimson glow. "But do look at those hawthorn blooms. They've never been so gorgeous."

Stubbornly he continued to gaze rapidly at this bewitching girl with the friendly little nose, the eager little face uplifted to his.

"I've a rash, wicked impulse—to kiss you," he declared, grinning like an overgrown kid.

"Ingrate!" she reproved, trying to frown. "You'd take advantage of a lady who has befriended you."

His gray eyes looked troubled. He sighed.

"That's true," he responded, on a note of discouragement. "To make it worse, you're the popular Miss Millstrom of the rotogravures. You're the dancing, flirting, beautiful, wealthy Miss Millstrom that the tabloids can't leave alone. It will be difficult to forget you."

A sharp-edged pang of disappointment shot through Kay.

"Forget me?" she whispered, her blue eyes widening.

"What else is there to do—graciously?" he murmured.

His glance wandered over her head at the magnificence of this room. Until now, he had been bound to admire its crystal wall lights, its elegant green satin covered furniture, the priceless ivory Bokhara on the floor. He had been hoping his leg would soon allow him to stand in the blue and chrome shower, to shave before the scientifically lighted mirror. He couldn't give Kay anything like this—but love. And she would probably laugh at that.

Kay gulped, choked back a protest. Really, she mustn't throw herself at this man. If he were endeavoring to extirpate himself from an awkward position without hurting her feelings, she should assist rather than hinder him. It was plainly evident that she didn't register seriously with him.

She tossed her golden curls, managed airily, "But—but I should like you to remember me. I should like to have you for a friend—always."

He bit his lower lip, thinking he understood her embarrassment.

"Friend?" he got out, at last. "There is—some one of whom you're very fond?"

"No, no," she hastened to say. "I didn't mean—!" She hesitated, sobered, remembering Hennington Blare. "That is—not exactly."

"Of course, I've a job of a sort," he said, thinking aloud. "But a man who tests planes for a living is nothing to tie to—not for a girl like you." She laid a hand over his on the arm of his chair. "But, Chuck," she began, her heart in her eyes, "I'm not—"

"Oh, darling!" interrupted a high-pitched voice. A dark haired girl had burst into the room. She paused abruptly with, "Oh, am I intruding?"

In confusion, Kay snatched away her hand. She stood with flaming cheeks before one of her intimate friends, "Adele!" She had found her voice. "I thought you were in California."

"I was—but mother got fussy over the most interesting creature—a real count with no visible means of support. Mother called him a fortune hunter—and back home I was sent!" Adele's black eyes were fixed on the stranger in the invalid's chair.

"This is—Mr. Nourse, Miss Sanders. Mr. Nourse's plane dropped on our lawn and—"

Adele's musical laughter filled the room.

"I've heard about it, Mr. Nourse," she said. "Do you pick and choose your fandanglances—or is it always a matter of chance?"

Chuck Nourse favored her with one of his ingratiating smiles.

"Chance, mostly. In this case, a most happy landing, although I was jarred a bit."

"So I've heard. Also, that Kay is an adept in the art of nursing. It's such an entirely new line for Kay that I had to come over to investigate—I was curious."

"To see if Miss Millstrom were in good company? I can assure you, she's not."

Adele's thin line of eyebrow lifted in mock seriousness. "You're including me in that dubious compliment, if you but realized it," she said with a childish pout.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," he returned, wrinkling his broad forehead.

"Mother thinks you must be a Vermont Nourse. Mother's great-grand mother was a Nourse. So you see you and I must be related—your family is my family. You should hear mother on the Nourse family tree!"

His long lean face lighted. "Your mother is correct. My father and grandfather came from Vermont. Several generations of the family lived there. Certainly, we're related." He held out a hand. "Glad to meet you—cousin."

Adele dropped to the stool recently vacated by Kay, still clutching his hand. "I knew we must be related the instant I saw you," she insisted, then reluctantly relinquished his fingers.

Any good-looking man always interested Adele. She had snatched new men from Kay before now by means other than fair. Up to the present, it hadn't mattered to Kay. Now, Adele's manoeuvres filled her with apprehension. This wasn't the way she had planned things to go at all.

"Beg pardon, Miss Millstrom," said Martin, in the doorway, "your mother wishes to see you in the library."

"Thank you, Martin," Kay responded quickly.

Whether to put off her mother now or leave Chuck in the hands of the astute Adele Kay could not at first decide. Probably she'd better see what was on her mother's mind. It might save trouble later on.

"Excuse me a moment," she left the room.

"It's possibly something concerning Kay's engagement party," Adele offered as soon as Kay was out of hearing.

"Engagement—engagement party?" reiterated Chuck, lifting himself upright by his elbows. "I didn't know—I'd no idea—"

"Hasn't Kay told you about Hennington Blare? We've all been expecting it for ever so long. He's an angel—charming in his way. Rather old—but his huge fortune is fascinating. Kay, though, has been trained for a brilliant marriage. Our crowd have wagered they'll be married before fall. I've a hundred on it myself—with Webb Taylor. He's really betting the wedding will never come off."

Chuck Nourse's pale face looked drawn. He gazed out over the snowy hawthorn hedge, seeing none of it. Kay—engaged! She had been trying to imply it—and he'd been driving dumb to get what evenings when she had left him to attend concerts, dinners, dances and bridge parties, this Hennington had never inquired about her escorts. He hadn't considered it his business. Now it was plain to him, and he would make his plans accordingly.

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To Be Continued

DIED

ROWAN—Passed away at Fredericton, N. B., January 4, 1939, Frederick T. Rowan, aged 53 years. The funeral will take place Friday afternoon leaving the home at 2:15 with solemn service at St. Dunstan's Church at 2:30 p.m. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Carney will officiate in the service. Interment will be made at the Hermitage.

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.

Social Happenings

And Items of Interest from Clubs and Societies

W. C. T. U. Meeting

A two session meeting of the executive of the New Brunswick Women's Christian Temperance Union was held on Friday in the Brunswick Street Baptist Church. Members of the executive present were Mrs. W. S. Smith, Marysville, Provincial President, Mrs. D. S. Dow, Moncton; treasurer, Miss Lydia Duncan, Campbellton; recording secretary and Mrs. W. W. Clark, Corresponding Secretary. The sessions were opened with prayer by Mrs. Dow and Mrs. Smith, after which the business before the meeting was taken up. Correspondence dealt with included a letter from Mrs. E. Crow of Seaford, Ontario, National Recording Secretary. A letter was also read on behalf of a representative at the Francis Willard Centennial Celebration in Rochester, New York in 1939. It is hoped that the president, Mrs. Smith, will be able to attend the National Convention at Ottawa in June.

It was planned to place an organizer in the field for New Brunswick as early in the New Year as possible. The treasurer's report showed a favorable balance.

A vote of thanks was given to the trustees of the church for the privilege of using a classroom for the sessions.

Returned Home

Dr. J. M. Cameron returned to the city yesterday from Toronto where he has been spending the holidays with his mother.

To Resume Studies

Ralph St. John Freeze who has been spending the Christmas and New Years holidays in the city the guest of his mother Mrs. Ralph St. J. Freeze has returned to take up his studies at the Law School in Saint John.

Returned to City

Miss Doris Johnston has returned to the city after having spent the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Johnston at Port Elgin.

Guests in City

The Misses Cecilia and Esther Doucet, Dalhousie are visiting friends and relatives in this city and in Rogersville.

HON. F. W. PIRIE

(Continued from Page One)

get them established and started on the road toward happy, prosperous homes. Included in the various divisions of assistance rendered are the cash bonuses mentioned and services that include the various forms of assistance, direction and supervision given by the inspectors.

Complete figures for 1938 were not yet available, but Mr. Pirie indicated the extent of help given colonists by figures for 1937. Total assistance given was \$197,845.59. There were 2324 family heads, with 7481 dependents who benefited by this assistance.

"We are building up communities that will some day rank with the most prosperous in the province," the Minister said, "and we are giving ambitious youngsters, in addition to older people, a chance to get out and make something of life, a chance that they probably would never get if we did not give them this opportunity."

RETAIN That Smart Appearance

"MEN" Start the New Year RIGHT

Have Your Suits Cleaned by Our (Easy on the Fabric Method) That Makes Them Look Like a New Garment.

LADIES! Special Attention

is given to Fine Texture Materials That Compose Your Apparel. Have No Doubts! Have Them Done RIGHT by.

Fashion Plate Cleaners

Corner Regent and King Streets.

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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 ELECTION

THE ELECTION FOR MAYOR AND ALDERMEN FOR THE CITY OF FREDERICTON for the ensuing year will be held on

MONDAY, the 9th day of January, 1939

at the Polling Places as follows: DIVISION NO. 1.—For all electors entitled to vote residing in that part of the City above or to the northwest of the centre line of Carleton Street; prolonged, at or near the City Hall, in the said City. DIVISION NO. 2.—For all electors entitled to vote residing in the remainder of the said City, at or near the County Court House, in the said City.

NOMINATIONS

Every candidate for the office of Mayor or Alderman shall be qualified to vote at the election for which he is nominated and shall be nominated in writing by at least TWO ratepayers residing in the City of Fredericton, and qualified to vote at the ensuing election for which such candidate is nominated.

Every nomination paper with the certificate of the City Treasurer showing that all City taxes due by the candidate have been paid within the time required by the Fredericton Election Act 1914 shall be filed with the City Clerk or at his Office at least six days before the day appointed for holding the election and not later than 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the last day for filing such nomination papers.

No candidate is qualified to be nominated for Alderman unless at the time of nomination he is a resident of the Ward for which he is nominated. The acceptance of each candidate and the signature of at least TWO resident qualified rate payers, who must sign the nomination paper, shall be proved by affidavit attached to the nomination paper.

In case of a contest, each elector shall be entitled to vote for one candidate for Mayor, for ONE candidate for Alderman for Wellington Ward, for ONE candidate for Alderman for St. Anne's Ward, for ONE candidate for Mayor, for ONE candidate for Queen's Ward, and for ONE candidate for Alderman for King's Ward.

Dated this 17th day of December, A. D. 1938.

FRED I. HAVILAND,
City Clerk.

Sutherland & Tweeddale

Barristers and Solicitors

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SELLS EVERYTHING

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PALMOLIVE SHAVING

CREAM. Sample Tooth Paste,

Reg. 25c 15c.

20 lb. SUGAR \$1.00

DEVON N. PHONE 450

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.)

Double Is Lead-Directing

Yesterday you were Oswald Jacoby's partner, both sides were vulnerable, and the bidding went:

Schenken	Jacoby	Burnstone	You
1♠	Pass	3♥	Pass
4♥	Pass	6♥	Pass
Pass	Dbl.	Pass	Pass
Pass			

What was your lead, holding:

♥ 10 9 x x x
♦ x x
♣ x x x
♠ x x

ANSWER: The correct lead is a spade. The double of a Spade contract by the player not on lead is a conventional lead-directing double that requests the lead of the first side suit bid by dummy.

Score 100% for a spade, 50% for a diamond, 30% for a club, 0 for a trump.

Question No. 21

Neither side is vulnerable. Merwin Maier is your partner and Oswald Jacoby on your left is the dealer. The bidding goes:

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

Now hold:

♥ J x x x x
♦ 10 x
♣ J 10 x x
♠ x x

What do you lead? (Answer to question No. 21)

Today's Hand

North Dealer

Neither side vulnerable

♥ A K 10 6 3
♦ A 5
♣ A 6 2
♠ J 4 2

♠ J 7
♥ Q 10 9 8
♦ 7 6 3
♣ Q 7

♠ 8 5 2
♥ K J
♦ K 8 4
♠ A K 10 6 3
Mr. Caldwell

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♠	Pass	2♠	2♥
2♠	Pass	4NT	Pass
6NT	Pass	Pass	Pass

Today's hand is another interesting one submitted to us by Robert N. Caldwell, assistant city editor of the "Bergen Evening Record," who writes: "West opened a heart and I figured that in all probability I had to lose a trick in spades and perhaps

REG'LAR FELLERS

Artistically Inclined

By

GENE BYRNES

