



No TURNING

by Kathryn Bemis



Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Cora Millstrom admits she has spent the million dollars her husband left her and again urges her daughter Kay to marry wealthy 40-year-old Hennington Blare. As Kay reluctantly agrees, a plane crashes on their lawn in Deweyton and Kay drags Chuck Nourse from the wreckage. She will not let the handsome test pilot, who has a broken leg, be taken to a hospital. He falls in love with Kay but when Adele Sanders says everybody is expecting Kay to marry the millionaire Blare he goes to a hotel. When Cora hears that night that she will lose her home, Kay accepts Blare's proposal. She dines with Chuck the next day, forcing herself to tell him of her engagement. Webb Taylor joins them and she hurries home, to find the sapphire ring Blare gave her is missing. On a telephoned tip, police go to a garden party, search Chuck and find the ring but his host's butler clears him, telling Kay he saw Webb drop it in Chuck's pocket. The jealous Webb says he did it as a joke. Chuck pleads with Kay to marry him. Distracted, she goes for a wild drive, her car is wrecked and her leg broken. Adele makes love to Chuck and tries to poison him against Kay. Cora marries rich Horace Peck of Buenos Aires and goes there to live. Webb, drunk, tells Blare he cannot marry Kay. Webb strikes Blare whose head hits a table and he is killed. Webb found at his club an unmailed letter Chuck lost begging Kay not to marry Blare. This he places beside Blare, hurries to Kay and brings her back, saying Blare asked him to bring her for cocktails.

INSTALMENT 15

Webb stepped gingerly around Blare's still form, picked up the telephone on the other side of the desk and called the police.

"Well, wait," he said stupidly to Kay, now huddled in a chair.

"Yes — well, wait," she mumbled miserably through her tears.

He suddenly thought of something. He forced himself to kneel beside the dead man. With his handkerchief he wiped off the wrist where earlier in the evening he had touched him. He got up, wiped off the telephone, the corner of the desk his fingers had just touched, the doorknob.

"Fingerprints," he whispered hoarsely. "Chuck—he might have used the phone—felt Hen's pulse. How

frightful it all is!"

Kay sobbed louder.

He went to her, possessively patting her shoulder.

"There, there, my darling—don't take it so hard. The police will be here soon—we must shield Chuck."

He called her his darling. It was not so much the words as the inflection. She cringed, felt afraid, like a trapped creature.

Then he seemed to realize that this was not the time to show his hand. He began pacing the room, furtively watching her out of the corner of a bloodshot eye. Even in his highly excited state he could realize how beautiful, how very desirable she was. She was worth going any length for.

The police arrived soon and began pelting them with questions. Kay carefully explained who she was, told of her engagement to Hennington Blare. They remembered her, had seen her pictures in the newspapers.

The police were considerate. They allowed Kay and Webb to go, evidently believing their story of having come here for cocktails and finding Blare dead. They were requested to remain within call. They might be questioned further within the next few days. To this both Kay and Webb readily acquiesced.

Anything to get away from this horrible room! thought Webb.

"Anything to shield that certain other man—about whom the police must never know," was Kay's wildly excited mental prayer.

Webb led Kay away. He put her into a taxi, got in beside her, visibly relieved. Now he was safe, safe! He had been apprehensive about the police.

He laughed aloud, an uncontrollable, hollow laugh.

Kay flashed him a quick, penetrating glance. She had stopped crying.

"How can you—laugh?" she asked, crying.

He tried desperately to think of a plausible excuse. He said, "Nerves. I suppose—after what we've just been through."

He rubbed the top of his egg-shaped, nearly bald head, avoiding her eyes.

She felt numb, incapable of motion. Finally, with a sacred nitch of desperation in her voice, she whispered to Webb, "He couldn't have done it—Chuck couldn't!"

Webb winced as if she had struck him. His nostrils dilated, his face became ugly with suppressed emotion.

"Don't be foolish, Kay—we found the—the evidence. What more do you want?" his voice was coarse.

She drew away from him into her side of the seat. What little courage she had had a few minutes before was ebbing rapidly.

Webb said finally, "Why not come home with me, dear. Mother might be able to comfort you."

"Thanks—no," she replied shortly. Even one of her mother's oldest and dearest friends would ask questions. She must be alone. She must decide what to do. Chuck—oh, Chuck!

"But you can't remain in that big house alone with servants at such a time as this, he insisted. "There will be so many details—arrangements. After all, you were Hennington's fiancée." He thought exultantly. "But you're no longer his—no longer!"

"Yes," came from her, on a sigh. "I know. Aimee will attend to everything. I can't—can't see any one—just now."

On arriving at her home, Webb pressed her over to Sartin with elaborate orders. She broke her heart anew. She read them again, trying

bewilderment. Webb seemed to take it for granted that she would allow this—that he was now her right-hand man. A thread of alarm shot through her numbness.

At last, she got rid of him at the entrance of her upstairs suite. He had insisted upon coming up with her and Aimee.

He said to Aimee, "See that she has hot coffee immediately. And don't leave her an instant. She's had a shock."

Aimee's sharp little eyes snapped. For once she forgot her French, and said "Yes sir," in strong Irish accents. The man was acting as if he owned her mistress, and she knew how many times he had been put off by her, snubbed. The whole business of this night was peculiar.

Ignoring Aimee's presence, he said to Kay, "I'll be calling you, dear."

Kay looked up at him in dumb reproach. He bent to her, mistaking her silence for something far different. He swept her into his arms, kissed her full on the mouth before she sensed what he was about.

Furious, she wiped off his kiss with the back of her hand. She suddenly came alive, madly alive. She said to Aimee, "If that man ever comes here again—"

terrible secret that he and she would share eternally. But did this give him license to possess her? Merciful heaven! Her heart sank. Already, he had shown her.

"Never mind, Aimee—I'll have to see him the next time he calls. It's a matter of business—and—important."

"Yes, mademoiselle," came from the puzzled Aimee, "I'll see that Sartin brings up the coffee."

She left the room, determined to get Sartin's version of the night's unusual happenings.

Kay walked slowly across the white velvet carpet, flung open a window, stepped out on the balcony. The scent of roses directly beneath her was too heady to be borne. She shivered, hopelessly turned back into the room.

Aimee hurried back to her mistress, her curiosity unsatisfied. Sartin could tell her little. So Aimee could only help Kay out of the clinging folds of the green gown, get her into a soft heliotrope negligee.

Sartin brought coffee and served it with elaborate concern, but Kay was scarcely conscious of his presence. She drank the hot liquid because it might give her courage for what she had to do. Then she sent both servants away and locked the door.

She closed the window blinds and sank into a chair. She pulled Chuck's letter from her girdle, where she had hastily hidden it. Yes, it was Chuck's handwriting.

A wave of nausea swept over her. For an instant, she was too ill to do what she had intended to do. She finally got hold of herself, drew the note from the envelope, holding it shakily before her blurred vision.

This note also was unmistakably in Chuck's handwriting. It was a peculiarly bold type of writing, the type that only a man of strong character, of vital personality, would be capable of executing. No weakling, no common murderer would have such a style of penmanship. That Chuck was a criminal was unbelievable. Yet—the note had been found beside Hen's body. It was evidence that should threaten her love for Chuck Nourse. Yet it didn't. Even though she was furiously trying to pit herself into this state of mind, she couldn't.

She poured over the words he had written, the straightforward simplicity of them. They broke her heart anew. She read them again, trying

to blaze them on her memory.

Darling:

It is because of my great love and respect for you that I implore you to reconsider the step you are about to take. Please think of the long years ahead, which might prove a heavier burden than your loveless heart could bear.

"Kay—I know you love me as I love you. Ask yourself again, my sweet, and do not make the mistake of marrying for something other than love."

"I suspect I have guessed your reason. But I shall finally make good, Kay. If you had faith in me, you would believe that. The new factory is nearly completed, nearly ready to begin operation. After that I shall be ready to take on greater responsibilities. Think what that means, darling."

"There is no love in the world so deep as ours."

"Think it over—and call me."

"Your own, "Chuck" (Copyright, 1938, by Kathryn Bemis) To Be Continued

COMMITTEES OF BOARD TRADE

The standing committees of the Board of Trade appointed yesterday are as follows:

Transportation
R. L. Phillips, Chairman; H. A. Smith, G. W. Hodge, John A. Reid, John T. Jennings, S. S. Miller, W. W. Hubbard, Raymond Crowdon (Ald.), C. P. West.

Public Affairs
J. A. Reid, Chairman; Mayor C. Hedley Forbes, W. G. Clark, M.P., D. M. Kydd, G. Willard Kitchen, J. T. Jennings, Dr. C. C. Jones, Ald. Ray T. Forbes.

Retail
Kenneth Staples, Chairman; Wm. T. Walker, D. Fred Campbell, Earl M. Young, Frank Shute, T. H. Berry, P. M. Levine, C. W. Cavanaugh, A. O. VanWart, C. P. Best.

Tourist
Ald. W. Raymond Crowdon, Chairman; Mayor C. Hedley Forbes, D. W. Griffiths, Nelson Rattenbury, H. M. Paint, Leon Thurrott, Jack Dewar, J. P. Corkery, F. E. M. Edgcombe.

Industrial
Ald. Ray T. Forbes, Chairman; G. W. Hodge, Ivan McKnight (Ald.), W. Raymond Crowdon (Ald.), Walter Morrell, Reginald Delaney.

Entertainment
F. T. Pridham, Chairman; W. Hedley Wilson, Dr. F. L. Miller, Ald. Delmas A. Oils, J. H. Malcom, R. B. Forbes, Nelson Rattenbury, James G. Badcock, Dr. H. S. Wright.

Membership Committee
A. O. VanWart, Chairman; C. W. Green, Ald. Ray T. Forbes, Kenneth Staples, T. H. Berry, C. P. West.

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.

Excels In Quality "SALADA" TEA

STOCK MARKET

(Continued from Page One)

Western Union	23
Westinghouse	112 1/2
Yellow Cab	19 1/2
Electric Bond & Share	11 1/2
Montreal	
Bell Telephone	167 1/2
Brazilian	8 1/2
Canada Car Pfd	33 1/2
Canadian Pacific Rly	5 1/2
Consolidated Paper Corp.	6 1/4
Dom Steel & Coal "B"	11
International Nickel	53 1/2
Montreal Power	30 1/2
National Steel Car	58 1/2
Noranda	81
St. Lawrence Corp Pfd	14
Shawinigan	21 1/2
Montreal Curb	
Abitibi Com	2 1/2
Abitibi Pfd	17 1/2
B. A. Oil	22 1/2
Fairchild	5 1/2
Imperial Oil	16 1/2
Price Common	17 1/2
Mines	
Aldermac	44
East Malartic	24 1/2
Eldorado	21 1/2
Hard Rock	18 1/2
Kerr Addison	19 1/2
Kirkland Lake	13 1/2
Macassa	5 1/2
O'Brien	2 1/2
Perron	1 1/2
Pickleeow	1 1/2
Sherritt-Gordon	1 1/2
Siscoe	1 1/2
Stadacona	1 1/2
Tock Hughes	1 1/2
Waite Amulet	1 1/2
Wright Hargreaves	1 1/2
Oils	
Home Oil	32 1/2
Okalta	13 1/2
Royalite	40 1/2

TOWN

(Continued from page one)

day's Cabinet meeting. Several underground stations are under heavy guard.

Three hundred detectives worked throughout the night raiding Irish homes in London tearing up floors and probing furniture in the search for weapons.

AUDITORS HERE
Auditors of the National Harbors Board who are auditing accounts at the Provincial Department of the Comptroller General are guests at the Queen Hotel. The auditors are R. N. M. Robertson, C. C. Crocker, T. W. Morrison, all of Saint John.

A large deposit of iron ore has been discovered in Jijo, Korea.

FOUNDATION OF LAST BEAM TOWER IS NOW LAID

Rapid Progress At Blissville Field

FREDERICTON JUNCTION, Jan. 19.—The last of the five antenna tower foundations for the radio beam station here in connection with the Blissville air port was finished on Saturday. Each has a base twelve feet square, seven feet below the surface, and eighteen inches to two feet thick. Sitting on each of these bases are four pillars of concrete reinforced with steel and rising one foot above ground. On these four pillars will stand a steel tower 150 feet high which will bear a beam light on top. The five towers will be about 300 feet from each other, standing in a field 1000 feet square approximately 23 acres, purchased recently from Thomas W. Longmore of St. John.

Around each antenna foundation is constructed, as counterpoise for tower, sixteen foundation pillars on which will rest a steel structure eighteen feet high.

The foundation of the building to house the radio equipment has also been laid by the contractor, Major D. A. MacDonald of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The towers, it is expected, will be completed and the plant ready for the radio equipment by the end of March, when it will be taken over by the Civil Aviation Branch of the Dominion Department of Transport, and be operated from Blissville.

From fifteen to eighteen workmen have been employed on the project since New Year's.

The effective range of this station will, like that near Shediac, be about 100 miles. It will be an important part of the Moncton-Montreal section of the Trans-Canada air service which is expected to be in regular operation the coming summer.

Friends of Mrs. W. R. Dunbar last evening tendered her a surprise party at her home on the occasion of her birthday. Many pleasing gifts were received.

Appointed Adjutant Of C. O. T. C. Here

Second Lieutenant F. H. Brennan is detailed for duty as adjutant of the University of New Brunswick Contingent of C. O. T. C., according to district orders, Military District No. 7, issued today. Captain E. M. Young of the 104th Field Battery, R.C.A., this city, is posted as Brigade Workshop Officer of the 12th Field Brigade.

Britain's shortage in machine gun production has been overcome.

W. C. LEE MEATS AND FISH

Large Fresh Shad	25c each
Fresh Caught Halibut (Never been frozen)	19c lb.
Chilled Halibut	19c lb.
Fresh Herring	12c lb.
Fresh Mackerel	15c lb.
Salmon to Boil	22c lb.
Centre Cut	25c lb.
Whole Fish	19c lb.
Fresh Haddock, Fresh Fillet, Smoked Fillet, Large Fresh Finnan Haddie, Jumbo Kippers, Fresh Oysters, Salt Shad, Labrador Salt Herring, Salt Mackerel Fillet, Boneless Cod.	

Annual Meeting New Brunswick Guides Association

Court House

FREDERICTON, N. B.

January 25th-26th, 1939

Open Session Wednesday 2 P. M.
Business Session Thursday 9 A. M.

B. S. MOORE, President.
Andover, N. B.

January 19, 1939.

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.

Every one who takes pride in
**Personal
Appearance**
will appreciate the Beauty
Service at
Mrs. Gerald Ashfield
BEAUTY PARLOR
Devon, N Phone 728

P.S. Watson
SELLS EVERYTHING
GIANT TOMATO JUICE
..... 2 for 19c.
BRAN FLAKES 2 for 25c.
MARVEN'S SODAS, lb.....18c.
MEN'S MACKINAWs\$3.95
DEVON N. PHONE 450

**NEW
Permanents**
Permanents \$2, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4, \$7,
Finger Waves 35c, 50c.
Marcel 35c, 50c.
**MRS. McCOMB'S
BEAUTY SHOPPE**
Phone 1328 86 Carleton St.

Anne Todd Pastry Shop

FRESH ROLLS EVERY DAY.

WHOLE WHEAT ROLLS—WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY

Orders taken and filled Until 10 a. m.

610 Queen Street

Phone 260-21

REG'AR FELLERS
"FIRST PRIZE"
By
GENE BYRNES

