



No TURNING

by Kathryn Bemis



Synopsis of preceding instalments:

Angry because Deweyton's smartest 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 learns she had news she agrees to marry Hennington. 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, police search Chuck and find it in his pocket. Taylor, forced to admit he placed it there, says he intended the finding of it on Nourse as a joke.

INSTALMENT 9

When Kay and Chuck were quite alone by a moonlit fountain, he said gratefully, "You rescued me again—just in time, Kay. Why do you bother?" He seemed half regretful of his good fortune in having slipped so easily from the clutches of the law, half regretful of his innocence. She dropped her arm and crouched like a child on the bottom step of a stone flight leading up to the tennis courts. He sat down beside her, clasped his hands tightly over one knee, as if to keep from touching her. "It's maddening to see Webb Taylor get away with one of his tricks!" she flamed. "Only—this was no trick—he meant it to be serious, I'm sorry to admit. He—he wanted to get you into difficulties. No doubt, he managed to get my ring that night when we were dining on the hotel roof—waited for this opportunity to place you in a compromising position. I'm positive of it!" "I can't believe that, Kay. Why, I hardly know the fellow! What could he have against me?" She stirred a little, said bravely, "He—he has a silly notion that I like you—too much. He thought—with you out of the way—"

"His chances would be better," finished Chuck soberly. He leaned to her now, dared to caress a soft curl over her ear. He said low, "Does that mean my chances are improving? I thought you were"

engaged to Blare. If there is still a possibility—Kay—"

She brought all her will to bear on her quivering mouth. "No—I'm engaged to Henn," came from her faintly.

There followed an awkward silence. Finally, he sighed, said musingly, "When I first glimpsed you tonight, I thought I'd never seen a lovelier picture. That blue stuff your dress is made of—"

She laughed a little throatily. "It's embroidered net over pink taffeta," she supplied quickly.

"Thank you. I know so little about women's clothes. But somehow it came over me in a wave tonight—that what you told me the last time we met couldn't be true. I felt you had an ulterior motive for saying you didn't love me."

The note of pure anguish in his tone made her senses throb uncontrollably. Yet she had no will, certainly no desire, to tear herself away from this man. Her excuse to herself for remaining with him was that she must thoroughly convince him his love for her was hopeless, that her part in this evening's episode had been motivated wholly by friendship.

"You must believe me, Chuck—you must believe I don't love you," she said haltingly.

"Then why do you put yourself out to extricate me from rather dangerous situations? First you save my life, then my reputation." There was no humor in his short laugh. "Why, Kay—my dear, why?"

"When you consider it sensibly, it's no more than one friend would do for another, is it?" she flung out heartlessly. Then she herself.

The orchestra was playing again. A heavenly waltz floated down to them from the patio. Kay tried in vain to steel her aching heart against it, dared not look at the moonlit countenance of the intense man beside her.

He said, brutally direct, "I've about decided to return to New York—leave Deweyton forever."

She turned to him, quivering. "Oh, no, you mustn't! The new factory—your big chance! You can't leave that!"

"What can that amount to now?" he asked dejectedly.

She caught her breath savagely. She could not trust herself to speak. "I did have plans," he went on, and his voice sounded pitifully weary, "many beautiful plans. But now—"

His hands went out in a gesture of futility. "Now, there's nothing left for me here."

"I'm sorry," came from her tremulously.

"Of course, I was a fool to think a girl like you, who has everything—please forgive me, Kay, for asking you to give it up. I can see how selfish I was—what a blundering idiot I was to dream—"

Wistfully, she said, "No, you weren't selfish, Chuck. No real love is ever that. You offered me everything. I never knew a man could be like you, I—"

He turned to her in glad surprise. "Kay! He whispered in leashed suspense. "Kay! Tell me you do love me!"

For answer, she held up her tempting lips, her eyes swimming in tears. She could not deny her love in this instance; it was all she had.

He hesitated, then leaned down to her lovely face, his soul in his gray gaze. His lips came to rest reverently on her warm, vibrant mouth. Her eyes closed.

Voices came from the terrace above them, faintly then louder. He got to his feet and lit a cigarette.

Adele called loudly from the top of the steps. "Hi, there, cousin! No fair interviewing the latest fiancée in town! Shall I take him off your hands, Kay?" Reggy Wold, home from his freshman year in Harvard, strolled with studied nonchalance down the steps behind her.

The perturbed Kay stood up and shook out her long flowing skirts. She said hastily, "I'd better be finding Hennington—it's time we were leaving."

She laid a hand in Chuck's. "Good night—and best luck," she said bravely, and left him standing there immobile as a statue.

Adele's laughter rang after her.

When Kay was out of hearing, she said lightly, "Kay always was a fast worker. Don't look like that, cousin—you still have me. However, I do think she and Webb planned a rotten joke on you."

"But she didn't plan it!" he said resentfully. "Oh, la, la!" sang out Adele, like a woman knowing far more than she chose to tell.

"You heard Webb Taylor's explanation," he said stiffly. "It was perfectly clear."

She wound an arm around his and proceeded to walk him away. He shrugged, and sauntered with her and Reggy back to the crowd encircling the swimming pool.

Adele had, however, succeeded in planting the germ of a cruel, gnawing doubt in Chuck's mind. It was a germ of doubt that, given proper nourishment, could grow into towering strength. And Adele Sanders was an amazingly clever girl.

Early the following morning, the lanky figure of Webb Taylor stood on the rim of the Millstrom pool, unobserved by Kay for at least two minutes. He was morosely watching Kay's graceful, expert swimming.

At last, she came up from a dive, her hands brushing water from her eyes, and saw him contritely standing there.

"What an early riser you are!" she exclaimed sarcastically.

A faint flush showed through the tan of his thin, elongated cheeks. He said, "Sinners must rise early—or be damned by the torture of their own regrets. I couldn't sleep after that party. I thought of getting disgustingly spiffed—then decided against it. I had to see you, Kay."

He thrust both hands into his blue trousers and began pacing the pool's rim.

She had swum up to him now, she snatched off her tight rose cap, shook out her bright curls, and came slowly up the ladder. She kicked her feet into rose sandals, her eyes dark with something near loathing. From a bench, she snatched a yellow beach robe and folded it about her.

A pained expression crossed his face. He stopped his nervous pacing.

"Damn it, Kay! I don't know how to excuse myself! Saying I'm sorry, won't make it up to you—I can see that. But honestly, you had me going over Nourse. I thought if I could make him out a rotter, you'd forget him—maybe I'd have a chance!"

Kay looked him scornfully up and down. She said frigidly, "You forget—I'm engaged to Hennington!"

"Oh, that!" He laughed shortly. "I'll have a barrel of money some day, too!"

"You're—you're insulting!" she said. "I shall never forgive you! It was a horrible trick! If Caris hadn't intervened—"

"Yes—damn that butler—he's a nuisance!"

"How dare you be so callous about such actions? How you got that ring off my finger, I can't imagine!"

"I didn't. It wasn't premeditated. I was a little tight that night at the hotel. Your ring dropped on the floor when you left the table. I picked it up and stuck it in my pocket. I intended to let you discover your loss, let you get a good scare, then return the ring to you. Afterward, I remembered how you looked at Chuck Nourse—and planned to get even with him."

"A fine specimen of manhood you turned out to be!" she flouted, walking away from him.

He stared at her an instant, then leaped after her. He caught her around the waist, his head bending to

hers. But before he could carry out his intentions, she slapped him vigorously across the cheek.

Startled, he loosened his hold, and she slipped from him like a flash, left him standing there, trying to collect his dazed wits.

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(To Be Continued)

WARDEN'S DINNER THIS EVENING

Prominent Speakers Will Be Heard

The annual Warden's Dinner will be held this evening in the Waverly Hotel, when Warden James P. Barry, newly elected warden from St. Mary's Parish will be host to the councillors and other guests.

Due to the absence of several of the proposed speakers, the list of speakers was indefinite today. Those invited to speak at the dinner were Hon. A. A. Dysart, Premier of the province, Hon. A. C. Taylor, Minister of Agriculture; Hon. J. B. McNair, Attorney-General; W. G. Clark, M.P. for York-Sunbury; Ernest W. Stairs, M.L.A. for York; Alderman Ray T. Forbes, C. F. Bailey, Hon. Judge A. R. Slipp, Dr. C. C. Jones, Dr. William Warwick, E. C. Atkinson, and C. L. Dougherty.

Premier Dysart is at Ottawa at the present time, while W. G. Clark left for the Dominion Capital yesterday. Hon. A. C. Taylor may not be able to be present due to the fact that the staff conference of the Department of Agriculture is at present in session here.

Arrangements have already been made with the City of Fredericton.

Mr. Phillips reminded the Council that Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Transport, personally made a very fine offer to be fulfilled in the event the city should attempt to build an airport. Mr. Phillips believed something may come of negotiations with the provincial government in which instance negotiations would be reopened with the Dominion government.

Warden James P. Barry assured the delegation of careful consideration of their plea.

"Britons should take off their hats to Australia for undertaking to admit 15,000 of those unhappy refugees from Germany," Duke of Devonshire, Dominions Under-Secretary.

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Social Happenings And Items of Interest from Clubs and Societies

Guest In City

Miss Mary Bohan of Bath, N. B., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Timothy Lynch in this city. Miss Katherine Lynch who was a guest of her mother has returned to Montreal.

Returned To Wellesley

Miss Marguerite Trafton has returned to Wellesley, Mass., after having spent the holidays with her parents, Rev. P. J. Trafton and Mrs. Trafton, Aberdeen Street.

DIED

MATHEWS—Died at Victoria Public Hospital this morning, Mrs. Edna L. Mathews, wife of William A. Mathews. The funeral will take place Saturday afternoon with service at the home, South Devon, at 2:30 o'clock conducted by Rev. Mr. Pentz. Interment will be made at Sunny Bank cemetery.

STOCK MARKET

(Continued from Page One)

Yellow Cab	20 1/2
Electric Bond and Share	11
Montreal	
Peel Telephone	167 1/2
Brazilian	9 1/2
Canada Car	16 1/2
Canada Car Pfd	33
Canadian Pacific Rly	5 1/2
Consolidated Paper Corp	6 1/2
Dom. Steel and Coal "B"	11 1/2
International Nickel	54
Montreal Power	30 1/2
National Steel Car	57 1/2
Noranda	81
St. Lawrence Corp	41 1/2
B. A. Oil	14 1/2
Shawinigan	21 1/2
Steel of Canada	74 1/2
Montreal Curb	
Abitibi Preferred	18 1/2
B. A. Oil	22 1/2
Domacoma "A"	5 1/2
Imperial Oil	16 1/2
International Petroleum	26 1/2
Price Common	17 1/2
Mines	
Aldermac	46
East Malartic	2.60
Fildorado	2.20
Hard Rock	1.75
Kerr Addison	1.85
Kirkland Lake	1.35
Macassa	5.70
McLeod Cocksfoot	2.90
O'Brien	3.10
Pickering	5.40
Sherritt-Gordon	1.30
Sison	1.50
Stadecona	.60
Teek Hughes	4.40
Waite Amulet	7.75
Oils	
Calgary & Edmonton	2.35
Home Oil	3.15
Okalta	1.40

DIED IN MONTREAL

Word has been received here of the death last night at St. Mary's Hospital, Montreal, of Frank Gallagher, formerly of Fredericton, at the age of 42 years. Mr. Gallagher passed away following an illness of about seven weeks from effects of overseas service. He was an officer of the Canadian Legion in Montreal and was well known here and elsewhere. His death will be learned with regret by his many friends.

Most People Have Tried Our

**Cooked Ham and
Corned Beef**

Why not try our

Sausages?

One lady said she had been paying 25c per lb. for sausages but in future was going to buy ours as they were just as good

SAUSAGES
2 lb. for 35c.

W. C. LEE
MEATS AND FISH

MARYSVILLE

(Continued from Page One)

have stated their willingness to offer for election. The names of these men are being withheld for some reason. However, it is almost certain that the election will be a non-contested affair.

Few Minutes Eases Neuritis Pains Now!

DISCOVERY BRINGING QUICK RELIEF
FROM PAIN TO MILLIONS

Remember the pictures below when you want fast relief from pain. Demand and get the method doctors prescribe—Aspirin.

Millions have found that Aspirin eases even a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain often in a few minutes!

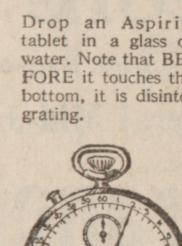
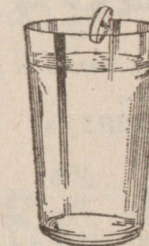
In the stomach as in the glass here, an Aspirin tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain

practically as soon as you swallow it. Equally important, Aspirin is safe. For scientific tests show this Aspirin does not harm the heart.

Remember these two points: Aspirin Speed and Aspirin Safety. And, see that you get ASPIRIN. It is made in Canada, and all druggists have it. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every Aspirin tablet.

Get tin of 12 tablets or economical bottle of 24 or 100 at any druggist's.

Why Aspirin Works So Fast



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH
An Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach—ASPIRIN tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

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Now see here, pop, how many times do I hafta tell you to stop playin' around the yard while I'm doin' my lessons!

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REG'AR FELLERS

"HOLE IN ONE"

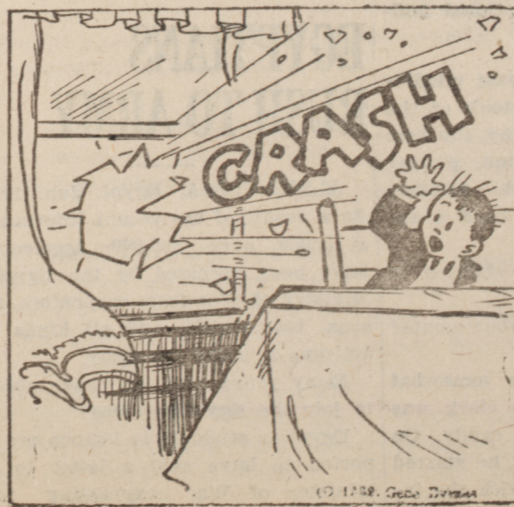
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GENE BYRNES

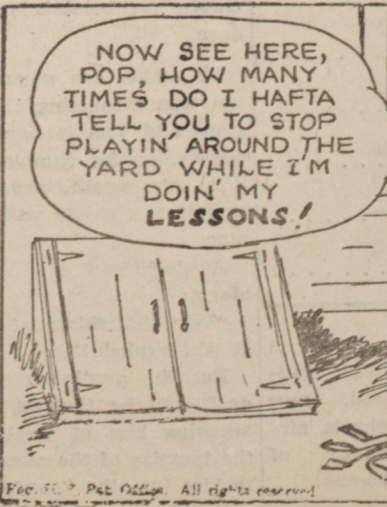
NINE TIMES EIGHT IS SEVENTY-TWO PLUS FIFTEEN IS EIGHTY-SEVEN MINUS SIX IS . . .



1-10



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