

two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Charming, wealthy Gabriel (Gay) returned to a cabin in the woods accompanied by a friend, Kate Oliver. The idea of a stay at the cabin occurred to her when she received a key to it following the death of her godfather, Uncle John Lawrence. The two girls noticed immediately that someone had been, and probably is, living in the cabin. Kate suspects that Gay knows the identity of the mysterious occupant.

CHAPTER II

She couldn't force Gay to tell her. Kate regarded with satisfaction a bun on a long loafing-fork which she held over the bed of embers in the fireplace. She would be obliged to bear with her curiosity until the owner of the sweater appeared. He was taking his time about it. She and Gay had unpacked the rumble of the coupe. They had found a can of kerosene beside the back steps and had filled and lit every lamp in the cabin. They had brought two pails of water up from the lake. Preparations for a late supper were well under way, now, and still he had not appeared.

Gay was in the room which she'd called the master-bedroom changing her clothes. She'd gotten herself pretty wet bringing water up from the lake. Was it deliberate? Kate wondered, not without just reason for suspicion. What effect was she creating, now, before the mirror above the chest of drawers? She sounded very blithe and gay. Her voice, sweet and husky, influenced, no doubt, by the night-club singer who was the latest enthusiasm of Gay and her intimates, floated out through the open door. She was singing with the radio.

Appropriate, Kate thought. When a smell of scorching recalled her attention to the bun. She removed it from the fork, placed it with three others on a plate keeping warm on the hearth. The coffee was boiling over. Kate rose from the foot-stool on which she sat and bent forward to lift the pot from the bed of embers. Pale brown bubbles foamed down over her hand. The exclamation she gave, sharp and unstudied, stopped the singing. Gay came into the room knotting a scarf around her neck.

her face. Then, conscious of Kate's intent and somewhat disconcerted gaze, she slowly relaxed. Composure slipped like a mask across her face. She sat back in the chair. "Arriving in a cloud of dust," she said, her voice only a little shaken, her eyes turning from Kate to the door.

"Mud, which must certainly spoil the effect," Kate rose from the foot-stool. "Well, let us be brave. Me, I feel braver standing." She walked to the end of the hearth and stood leaning against the chimney, her arm on the low mantel shelf. On the radio a baritone sang merrily of a rendezvous on the Isle of Capri. Through the music came the sound of a door explosively opened, resolute footsteps thudding across the kitchen floor. Kate's eyes turned from Gay's profile to the door.

"Impetuous," she murmured. "He seems to be in a hurry." He appeared almost before she had completed the thought, a tall, rangy young man in corduroys and a leather coat, the brim of a dark felt hat pulled down over his eyes. He halted abruptly in the doorway, stood surveying the brightly lit room with an expression which changed, as Kate watched, from brusque inquiry to blank amazement. His face, lean and brown, with prominent cheek-bones and jaw line, was vaguely familiar. She had seen him somewhere, in a quite different setting. Somewhere—

"Hello, John," Gay's voice sounded completely natural, neither very cordial nor very aloof, certainly not at all surprised. Kate heard her rise from the chair. The young man in the doorway slowly removed his hat. His hair was thick and dark and cut short to thwart, Kate suspected, a tendency toward waves. She doubted whether, after the first quick glance, he was aware of her presence in the room. His eyes remained fixed upon Gay.

"My photograph—?" Gay questioned. "The press has been giving you considerable space recently," he said in reply. The press! Had they done something stupid at home? Gay's eyes flew to meet Kate's startled glance. Kate's expression was not reassuring. She looked as though she was resigning herself to some inevitable disaster. Gay turned again to John.

"This time you have the advantage," she said. "We haven't seen the papers for two days." She fancied, for a moment, that he, as well as Kate, knew the thought which had flashed into her mind. His expression was wholly ironical. "I was referring to the rotogravure sections," he said, "and the fifty-cent magazines." He hesitated, then, "May I wish you happiness?" he asked.

"Why not?" "I do wish that for you." He continued to regard her steadily but the slanting smile had vanished and his eyes were very grave. "Thank you, John." His steady gaze presently altered. He glanced around the room. "I'm a very poor host," he said. "You've had to bring in your luggage and get your supper. I've been talking politics up at the village store. Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

The question had, for Gay, only one implication. Resentment, like a fresh breeze blowing through a room so warm and perfumed, cleared the confusion from her mind. "Did you think I knew you were here?" she asked quietly but with warmth kindling in her voice. He turned to look at her in surprise. "But if you didn't, why did you come?" Resentment flamed into anger. But anger was stupid. She returned his glance directly, her chin unconsciously lifting, her eyes bright and scornful.

that he, too, was considering, choosing his words with deliberation, trying to gauge their probable effect upon her. "It's rather an important week," he went on, "my last vacation, probably, for some time." "This week is important for me, too," Gay said with equal deliberation. My last of— She paused, then added, smiling, "—of vacation probably for some time."

"The slanting smile, more mocking than amused, told her that he understood the implication of the pause and the smile. "I should be a gentleman and clear out, I suppose," he said slowly. "Unfortunately, it isn't as simple as that. I'm making an experiment," he said diffidently. "It's just getting well under way." "Amateur photography?" Kate asked from her position against the chimney.

"Probably of no greater importance," he said with a deprecating laugh. "I suggested photography," Gay said. "I thought possibly the materials in your laboratory were things Uncle John had left." "I'm sorry. It's just that—" He ran his hand with an impatient gesture across his crisp dark hair. "It probably won't amount to anything, but I want to see it through. If I leave here now, all that I've done will be lost."

"I suppose I should be a lady and leave you in peace," Gay said quietly, quite steadily, but with a sullen thread of retaliation running through her voice. "Unfortunately, that isn't so simple, either. I'm making an experiment." "And you must make it here?" "Yes," she said, after a moment. "I came for that purpose. I must make my experiment here." A pause followed, not warm and intimate as the first had been. This was a truce, a break in active hostilities. John walked to the table and picked up his pipe. Gay stood half-leaning against the back of the chair, watching the movements of his hands in the yellow cone of lamp-light. She remembered them, brown and strong, against a canoe paddle, brown in lamplight as she

"As We See It"

By J. A. Strong

IT IS QUITE A GIFT, being able to say a great deal in a very few words. Winston Churchill is good at it and besides that he uses such simple words, usually. Some years ago at a Baptist World Wide meeting which was held in Stockholm, the question arose as to where the next World Wide meeting was to be held, and a representative from Washington, D.C., spoke for over an hour telling of the grandeur of Washington. According to his idea his city was the proper place to select. Immediately following him the Reverend Cameron, of Toronto, was called to say a few words for his home city. Instead of the usual long speech he merely told the following story. A young lady confessing to her priest told him that "A young man kissed me last night," and the priest asked her "How many times?" to which she replied: "Father, I came here to confess, not to boast." Needless to add, Toronto was chosen as the meeting place of the next conference.

ALTHOUGH THE Tomato Soup Strike is now ancient history, yet we might be pardoned for wondering what these strikers would think if instead of their going on strike at the peak of the tomato harvest for higher wages, it had been the growers of those tomatoes who had decided to go on strike and had refused to pick or truck in to the factory any more of the ripe tomatoes. Of course the Company might have been able to purchase tomatoes in the open market, however, they would not likely have been as uniform and it might have been difficult for them to have secured enough for their needs. When we read of the wages that these strikers are getting and compare them to what the average grower is getting for his tomatoes we wonder what the factory worker had to kick about. Or again we wouldn't be surprised if these same strikers, during these last ten years wouldn't have been awfully glad of even half these wages per week, had they been able to get work. If it was only the strikers that suffered during these hold-ups it wouldn't be so bad, but everybody loses, the company, the strikers themselves, and the interested public as well. One would almost think that by 1941 there should have been some better way devised to settle disputes, than by this out-dated method of refusing to work.

THE BIG WIND last Thursday afternoon did a good job of pruning out the dead wood on the shade trees. It also took its toll of apples and cleaned up on the leaves that had begun to fall. It also shook down the horse chestnuts so that the squirrels can now gather them for the winter ahead. We didn't notice any serious damage around here, although it did "blow down the street."

THE VISIT OF the Duke of Windsor to his ranch at High River, Alberta, recalls the following to our mind. The fall following the Duke's abdication we were staying at a motor camp over night and our next door neighbor in camp that night was an American. He wanted to know if we could tell him the average Canadian's opinion regarding the Duke's action. We told him that we thought that most of us were of the opinion that the Duke had "let us down," however, we weren't worrying very much about it. He had been on quite a long trip through Canada and he told us that in his opinion his fellow Americans were much more disappointed in regard to his abdication than were any Canadians that he had met.



"I must make my experiment here."

saw them now, moving chess-men across a waxed apple-wood board, lean and brown but unsteady as they were now, on the sleeve of a white fur coat. Hands had an identity of their own. She would have recognized them anywhere. Strange and very disquieting. Her throat ached and, suddenly, humbly, she felt the hot sting of tears behind her eyelids.

play golf. Judging by their appearance at that time we thought that the Prince of Wales looked as though he was fed up with the fuss that was always made of him when he appeared in public and his brother, Prince George, appeared as though he was getting quite a kick out of it. That of course was only my opinion.

Treasurer's Sale Land for Taxes Town of Georgetown County of Halton

TO WIT: BY VIRTUE of a Warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Georgetown, bearing date of the 14th day of July, 1941, a sale of lands in arrears of taxes in the Town of Georgetown will be held at the Municipal Office in the Town of Georgetown at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 8th day of December, 1941, unless the taxes and costs are sooner paid. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes has been prepared and the said list may be seen at the Municipal Office, Georgetown, and the said list is being published in The Ontario Gazette on September 6th, 1941, one insertion only. Notice is also given that it is the intention of the Council of the Town of Georgetown to purchase any of the said lands for which the amount offered does not cover the taxes and costs thereon. Dated this 3rd day of September, 1941.

P. B. HARRISON, Treasurer.

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A car with Nova Scotia license plates hangs into a service station in Winnipeg, St. James is speaking from under the hood. "It's your water pump," says the mechanic. "We can have a new one on in a jiffy—won't hold you up long."

Only a water pump—perhaps assembled in Oshawa or Windsor from parts made in half a dozen different towns, yet it fits to a T when this Manitoba mechanic puts it on a car from Nova Scotia.

Uniformity—standardization—these are big factors in telephone service, too. You can talk practically anywhere, any time, for one reason, because telephone equipment made with meticulous care fits to a T in all parts of the system. Operating methods are co-ordinated, too, so that your call is put through quickly and accurately—your voice spans the miles direct to your listener's car. To a nation at war, such standardization is a great asset.

On Action Service Giving Things to Think