

# two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore

He went on to speak of John's uncle who had been his friend, quietly, appreciatively, in a pleasant, unhurried voice. The anecdote he told was familiar to John. Though he gave the appearance of listening intently, his mind was occupied with the task of fitting together, from what he had heard of him, from what he had observed, a clear understanding of Gay's father.

As he thought of her, he heard her voice.

"Are you getting along, you two?"

"Splendidly," her father said.

"Have you been telling John disgraceful episodes in my past?" She came toward them, walking quickly and lightly through a shaft of sunlight, touched John's arm in passing, went to sit on the arm of her father's chair.

"The young are self-centered," David Graham said. "No, my dear, I've been talking about the days when I was young and not so handsome. I've enjoyed it but John has probably been bored."

"Not at all, sir."

"I expected that you'd either be leading John through the art gallery or that you'd be sitting here in utter silence."

"You underestimate the privilege it is to me to be permitted to talk without being interrupted."

"I suppose so." She was silent for a moment, then asked, "Have you told John, Dad?"

John saw David Graham's expression alter. The diffidence he had lost while he had talked of John's uncle returned. He glanced at John, almost, he thought, watching, in apology, then up at Gay, considering. "No," he said. "I haven't."

"It's about getting a place for you in the research department at Johns Hopkins," Gay said, eagerly.

"That is what you want?" John heard the hesitancy in David Graham's voice, saw the considering expression in his eyes.

"I'd hoped that I might work and study there," he said slowly. "It's seemed pretty far in the future to make definite plans."

"There will be an opening for you the first of the year. I've been in communication with the authorities. Your training and ability will be investigated, of course, but that's largely a matter of course."

"Grandfather had an operation there." Gay's voice was excited and happy. "Considerate of him, wasn't it?"

John looked directly at David Graham.

"I appreciate what you've done," he said, "but I couldn't accept a place there the first of the year."

"Gay has told me—" David Graham's embarrassment visibly increased. "But I—we—she seemed to think that some arrangement might be made."

"Isn't it possible, John?"

"I'm afraid not." He saw a little of the brightness go out of her face but continued, "I've given Dr. Sargeant my promise to remain in Portland until October. You see, Mr. Graham, I'm discharging an obligation. Dr. Sargeant made it possible for me to complete my medical course and that was the stipulation."

"But it's only a question of money," Gay's color deepened and her eyes were very bright. "Couldn't you—" She paused at a warning glance from her father, looked down at her hand.

"It isn't entirely. I've been working with Dr. Sargeant since October. He's leaving for a cruise the first of the year. There wouldn't be time to break in another assistant even if—"

"Even if you could swallow your—" She broke off, her eyes blazing, her chin held high.

"Gently, Gay." David Graham's face was very troubled. "This is a decision which John must make."

"They were staring at each other like strangers, John thought, antagonism humming between them in vibrations across the dim, richly furnished room. But he could not, he would not yield. It was not, he told himself, entirely pride, not only stubbornness. There was a deeper reason, something he was unable to analyze fully. It had to do with all the other pressures being exerted upon him by this life into which he had been plunged.

"I'm sorry," he said, conscious of David Graham's eyes fixed upon him in compassion. "I can't break that promise, Gay. Dr. Sargeant is depending on me. I can't let him down."

There was silence for a moment. Then Gay's expression softened. She gave a low shaken laugh.

"I'm as bad as Aunt Flora," she said. "I've just been despising her because she very kindly offers to arrange your life for you. I'm doing the same." Her breath caught on a gasp. "Give me, I'm sorry." She took the arm of her father's chair and came toward him.

"I'll be patient. I can wait."

He looked down at her as she stood beside him, lovely in the changed and softened mood.

"You do understand, Gay?" he asked, wanting to take her in his arms, to heal the hurt he had seen on her face in the only way at his command. Diffidence heed him motionless, self-conscious in the presence of her father.

Her eyes fell away from his pleading glance. "Of course I understand." She laughed too quickly to be brightly. "It's just that Grandfather's offspring have always had too much of everything, I suppose. We don't accept disappointments gracefully. Except you, Dad. You're the only one of us who doesn't snatch and grab." She linked her arm through John's. "Have you finished with John?"

"I hope not." David Graham smiled but his eyes were grave. "I hope to have the pleasure of a prolonged acquaintance."

"At the moment, I mean. This house swarming with relatives. No wonder we're all on edge. Will you excuse us, Dad? John and I are going out and walk five miles."

"You look like a snow-maiden." He laughed with her. "No, that's too poetic. You look as though you'd fallen head first in a barrel of soap flakes. I can't see anything but the tip of your nose. Here, wait."

His arm held her while, with the other hand, he brushed the snow from her face. As he bent toward her, he saw the laughter dim in her eyes. A half-smile trembled across her lips.

"I've been—Can you forgive me?"

"Oh, darling—Yes!" His arms held her but did not draw her toward him. "But," he said steadily, "you must understand."

"I do. I've been despising myself for—I'm hateful to you because I love you. That long stupid dinner and then Aunt Flora. I told you that we Graham's don't accept disappointments gracefully. It was a disappointment."

"But you know I was obligated."

She smiled ruefully. Her eyes were shy. "I wanted it so much," she said. "When I was away from you, I thought that when we were together again, you'd want it as much as I did, that being together would mean more to you than keeping a promise."

"I do want it. You know that, Gay."

"Yes, I know. But—"

"I could not love you, dear, so well. I loved I not honor more."



"We don't accept disappointments gracefully."

Only one of us who doesn't snatch and grab." She linked her arm through John's. "Have you finished with John?"

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## CHAPTER IX

The sun, dropping toward the horizon, laid a dazzling sheen on the snow, which covered the wide lawns sloping away from the gray stone towers and turrets and Victorian embellishments of the house, but when they entered the grove the glow was dimmed by the foliage of evergreens, striped and filtered by the runks and bare branches of trees. Rabbit tracks printed the path before them, whorls, scalloped indentations, like waves on sand, where the snow had been blown by the wind they ploughed through, kicking up a fine white mist that sprayed their faces with stinging cold.

"It's like a Maine snow," John said, as Gay became silent.

"Yes, isn't it?" she said, brightly. "Dry and like powder. We don't often have them like this."

"Do you ski near here?" Why wouldn't she look at him? Her arm, linked through his, was unresponsive beneath the thick fur coat-sleeve. When he glanced sideways and down, he saw only tendrils of ed-brown hair curling out under her cap, the curving line of her cheek half-buried in fur. He had thought that here, alone, out of doors, he would find her again, but she had ignored or deliberately misinterpreted his diffident attempts to effect a reconciliation so that he no longer made an effort to break through the brittle gaiety of her mood.

"We have," she replied. "On the slope just beyond the grove, between the Janeway place and ours. It isn't very exciting though. Constant there is more fun."

"The Janeway place is beyond the grove?" John asked. Why should he apologize again? He asked himself. Gay had known that he was obligated to Dr. Sargeant until the coming October. She shouldn't have made plans for him which she knew he would be unable to endorse. She'd always been able to buy what she wanted. Well, in this instance, there was something more important than money. It was his services the doctor needed. Besides—

"Yes, Highcliff." Gay said in reply to his question. "It was a how-place until 'Dunedin' was built. Originally—I don't remember, but I've seen photographs—people spoke of it as an Italian villa. It looked like a steel-engraving with terraces descending in a series of steps and balustrades and urns and clinging conifers. Our family are ardent in comparison with the usual ways. The land was granted to one of Todd's ancestors in 1830 that's why they can live simply now, without observing all the silly conventions that Aunt Flora struggles to maintain."

A hemlock branch, weighted with snow, cut across the path.

"Duck!" he cried and reached forward, too late, to thrust it aside. He caught her as she stumbled.

"Heavens!" she gasped and looked up at him, snow covering her face like a mask. She blinked, then laughed, a gay laugh, free from constraint. "You look like a snow-maiden," she said.

He blinked to clear his vision.

"You look like a snow-maiden." He laughed with her. "No, that's too poetic. You look as though you'd fallen head first in a barrel of soap flakes. I can't see anything but the tip of your nose. Here, wait."

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"Yes, I know. But—"

"I could not love you, dear, so well. I loved I not honor more."

(Continued on Page 8)

## HALTON PLOWMEN'S ASSOC. RE-ELECT ROSS SEGSWORTH AS PRESIDENT

The annual meeting of the Halton Plowmen was held in the Farmers' Building, Milton, on Saturday afternoon last with the largest and most enthusiastic group in a number of years. J. A. Carroll, Secretary of the Ontario Plowmen's Association and Superintendent of Ontario Agricultural Societies was the guest speaker and as usual brought his audience a sound and timely message. The programme also included pictures of the 1940 International Match at St. Thomas and of the Victory Loan Cavalcade on its journey through Halton County which was shown through the courtesy of the Niagara Brand Spray Company.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Past President—John McCormack.  
President—Ross Segsworth.  
1st Vice-president—J. A. Elliott.  
2nd Vice-president—Victor Hall.  
Secretary-treasurer—J. E. White-lock.

Directors:

Esqueting—J. C. Cunningham, Wm. H. Robinson, Malcolm McNabb, Clebert McDowell.

Nassagaweya—Geo. Finney, A. S. Mahon, L. W. Chisholm.

Nelson—W. J. Robertson, Wm. Dales, E. M. Readhead.

Trafalgar—J. A. Dixon, John Lister, Harold Pickett.

County Directors—Gordon Chisholm, Claude Pickett, Stanley Hall.

Honorary Directors—J. H. Wilson, E. Robinson, P. D. Salter, John Coulson, Wm. A. Robinson, Peter Peattie, F. H. Gilroy.

Auditor—John Irving.

## TERRA COTTA

(LAST WEEK)

Mr. Miller has moved into Mr. George Duncean's house at Main St. Mr. and Mrs. A. Dawson have moved to the C.N.R. station.

Mr. Olyde Edge, of Toronto, spent Sunday with Terra Cotta friends.

Mr. B. Messenger has secured a lucrative situation at Port Credit. We are pleased to learn that Mr. James Marchmont, who has been seriously ill for some time, is now on the mend. We hope to hear of his complete recovery.

Our enterprising merchant, Mrs. K. Ican, reports trade brisk at present. Mr. Walter Hayward, of Guelph, was a pleasant caller in the hamlet recently.

Mr. W. F. Hunter purchased a fine span of horses recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Young have moved to their new home on the 5th Line. We kindly welcome them to our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McDonald have moved to their new home on the Town Line. We kindly welcome them to our midst.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. A. Dawson who has been in the hospital for some time, has returned home somewhat improved in health. We hope soon to hear of her complete recovery.

Mrs. R. J. Stringer spent the week end with friends in town.

Your correspondent wishes the Editor and Staff of the Herald a very Merry Christmas and a very happy and prosperous New Year.

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## "As We See It"

By J. A. Strang

RUBBER GOODS, especially new tires, is another class of articles that war has affected and this regulation will bring the war home to most of us in one way or another. New cars will be equipped with just the four tires instead of including a spare, as has been the usual equipment for some time. Another product that is four tires instead of including a spare, daily delivery we may be asked to do with a delivery three times each week. At the moment it is difficult to see where the advantage of this arrangement comes in. The bread salesman would have twice as much to do each day he would have under the daily delivery system, it would take him longer to make his rounds and then he would have nothing at all to do the other three days. It would be the same with the baker. He would likely be idle three days each week also. The delivery of bread has been overdone during these last few years anyway, due to competition and perhaps a slowing up in this service was coming to us. The person that was brought up on home-made bread that was baked once a week is the one that wants bakers bread every day. No doubt the idea is that they think that they have eaten their share of stale bread. Less fresh bread should be an advantage as it is much easier digested when older. As though restrictions regarding delivery wasn't enough, we understand that fewer kinds of bread and fewer shaped loaves will likely be the rule before long. When the slicing of bread was prohibited that ruling was received without any kicks at all and no doubt these later rulings will go over just as easily. At the moment it looks as though there may be a good many more restrictions made before this world war is won.

AS WE WRITE these lines the weather is not at all "Christmasy." We associate snow and cold weather with Christmas and yet lately the holiday season seems to be milder than it used to be. Last year the weather was especially mild at Christmas time. Christmas turns one's thoughts to the Christmas of other years, and we recall the pre-car days when the team and sleigh was the usual means of going out for dinner. The sleigh box was filled with straw and the tobes tucked in around us and we were off for the yearly visit. Of course we had sleigh bells on the harness and altogether it was a happy ride. The trip that took a couple of hours in those days can be made in a few minutes in the car today. While this does seem to be an improvement yet we don't think that we enjoy the dinner any more today, and we very much doubt if we are any happier. One advantage those old days was that the whole world wasn't engaged in war at least. The word "War" seems to be the exact opposite of the word "Christmas." Perhaps by the time that another Christmas has rolled around its war may be over. We sincerely hope that this may be so.



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