

Brys pet down his colles cup. Tary | that both men stiffeess themselves to having served them in the sitting room. He reached into his pocket mechanically for his cigarette case. "Mind if I A BOLST

Across the low round table, Deborah shock her beed. "Too told me . . and Mr. Hol

Writy told me, too, that . . . that e dirorre to casy to get cowadays."

"Very easy." "I didn't ask you," she went on slow ly, "something I should have asked In Grandmuther's day a disorre was dreadful I'd acurrely brand them men Honed A disurce was a diagraceful thing. Tell me, to it a diagraceful thing to be divorced? Dure it . . mert oper

"We can manage it so quietly that Bo one will know you've been marrie! Deborah."

"I wasn't thinking exactly of my she said, faint color in her cheeks "Nobody knows me. It wouldn't matter. I was thinking of you. I was wondering if the . . . the girl you . . . that is, the girl you care shoul won't mind rather dreadfully. I don quite understand three things," she burried on "but I think if I were she I should mind."

"Did I say I cared about a girl?" Bryn inquired, in surprise.

"Perhaps I saw for myself that there must be one. You spoke of sacrifices You couldn't have meant your career because you told me yourself it was at a standatili, and would be assisted by this agreement of ours. And . . . saw quite a lot of other young men. she said, scarlet, but determined, "and

it seems to me that you and your friend, Mr. Forbes, were much the the most attractive. So there must be a girl. I am glad, of course It will make Gary feel much better But has the world become so liberal minded that ahe won't mind your tak ing this way to earn money for her?

Her eyes lifted to his, waiting, Bryn considered. If he said there was no girl, Deborsh might take fright again. Gary, thoroughly conscious of the amount of loveliness and charm and innocence which Deborah possessed, would certainly do what he could to spoil this friendliness and trust which were beginning to spring to life.

"I must tell Tubby what you said about him," he said lightly. "He will she doesn't know. However am I go be extremely flattered, as I am. And I ing to tell her? What am I going to grateful. As for your other question | do?" -I can assure you that no complication will arise."

She had begun to meak, perhaps to question him further, when a bell tinkled inside the kitchen. She rose hastily. "That's Grandmother," she explained, and hurried down the steps to the narrow side door into the kitch en. Bryn sat down again and lit another cigarette, thinking.

He recalled himself with a start and got up hastily. He lifted the table, dishes and all, and carried it down to the kitchen door. He set it inside, went in, and drew it across the big room to the long white porcelain sink beneath the windows. Gary was there, with a big, clean apron tied over his trousers, washing up his own break fast dishes. Deborah was not in sight. "It's a beautiful day, Gary."

"Yes, air. We've days like this al through the summer. It gets very hot in the middle of the day in August, but the nights are always cool."

Bryn picked up a dish-towel, "What are you going to do today, Gary? Can you give me some kind of an idea of your routine? I've got to have something to do, too."

Gary glanced up at him from under his bushy brows. "There's enough to do," he said slowly. "But it's not likely the kind of work you've been used

"Well, I can pick cherries. Deborat said you could use them. I suppose the strawberries in the patch have to be picked, too, haven't they? And I heard hens cackling somewhere, al though I didn't see them. I presume your fowl have the usual set of sig-

nats. So I can collect eggs." Gary sighed. He rubbed vigorously at a plate. "All them things has to be done," he said. "And there's potatoes to hoe and corn to weed, and cucumbers and melons to water, and raspberries to tie up, and there's some branches of the apricot trees needing propping, I noticed yesterday." He propped his hands on the edge of the sink and looked up. "If you want to work," he said, "there's plenty to be continued to protest, her cheeks flam-

Bryn put a foot on the chair beside the sink, "Had your hands full, hadn't

you?" he said. Cary did not reply. He was still searching Bryn's face. Bryn met his eyes steadily. After a moment Gary turned away, without speaking, and grandmother will do. You know how finished washing the sink. He was terrified she is of fortune hunters. She just untying his aprop to hang it up when there was a light footstep at the you, and she'd be afraid to keep it all. other end of the room, and Deborah She wouldn't recognize this marriage. came in. She was very pale, and there It's too late to marry anybody else:

olustarily. "Grandmother liked the strawber rice." Deborah said dismaily, "She thought they were wonderful." She might have been announcing the end

Arow edt to "What's happened?" Gary asked egain, his face working. "What's the matter, Miss Deborah? Did you tell her? Did she guess about . . . " his was being banged with fury. Eliber

eres went to Bren. Deborah shook her head. From her inches she produced a long sheet of paper. "There," she said tremulously,

"That's our marketing list for today." cutter as if it were a message of destruction from Hara

"Five dozen was tapera of the best quality." Gary read out. "A cook and three bonsemaida" Gary groaned.

particularly those relating to ladies fashions and the new methods of en tertalping." Deborah ewallowed "A plumber to inspect all the plumb

"Copies of all the modern magazines.

ing of the bouse. A man to put the desirte plant in order." 'A catalogue of comfortable motor

"Fear or the gurdeners."

"A man who understands horses knows where they may be obtained and can care for them'

liryn tooked up with amused eyes You're evidently going to be taught to ride, Deborah." His eyes went again to the list.

"Ten pounds of the best Jasmine

"Eight dollars a pound," Gary breathed. "That's her special blend "A cow, or sufficient cows to give plenty of rich creem."

"Well," Bryn said after a moment "it's a fairly good beginning I don't autipose abe's beard of electric refrig erators, or vacuum cleaners, or radios or any number of other modern inventions. The magazines will undoubted ly help, unless we go over them first and cut out all the advertisements."

Deborah aprang up. "Oh, what's the use of all this?" she cried. "I won't have you laughing at her. It's no une making fun. She thinks . . . she thinks we can manage anything now

Gary turned away and began to walk up and down the floor, desperate. In-horuh ran to the door and stood gazing

out over the lovely peace and quiet of the June morning. "It's all we can do to pay the taxes,"

tinry sald at last. There was a slience. Deborah came back to the table. "I'll

have to pretend I'm Ill," she said. "I'll have to say I've a pain in my heart, or something like that. Something that can't stand excitement. That's the only

Gary stared at her. But it was Bryn who objected. "You might as well tell her the truth," he said, "because speciulists come high. We wouldn't be any better off."

"Let's tell her the truth," Gary said sturply. "Let's tell her, Miss Deborah. We're getting in too deep."

Bryn rose and said, "the way out has just occurred to me. Mr. Holworthy.' Deborah caught her breath. "What could be do?"

"He knows the circumstances. He dale? If In the car?" could advance us the money we need." "But will he?"

"We can try. I think he will. In | er, let's go on a bust." the meantime, we can buy the smaller things. . . I have a little money of my own, a few hundreds. I am happy to put them at our mutual disposal. And when we go into town, Deborah, promised Bryn. we can mail a letter to Mr. Hol-

"We can't take your money."

"Nonsense. Of course you can take my money. You can give me a note, if you like, and pay me interest. I can't possibly use it myself up here, | did not wait. He ran downstairs and can I? So It's settled."

Gary drew a deep breath of relief "I'd thought of borrowing before," he said. "But until Miss Deborah was married, we didn't have any prospects of paying it back. Now it's all right. I can see it's all right. If you don't mind lending what you have, sir."

"I don't like borrowing," Deborah ing. "We're taking enough from you. We can't take any more."

Gary turned toward her. "If we don't go through with it, if you tel your grandmother now, then this gentleman won't get his money at the end of the year. You know what your can't keep a little bit of the money for behind his hand at the expression of was in her face such a look of misery your birthday is past. If we told your could not see. :... grandmother the whole truth, that your

stranger, paid to marry you, she would ele. It would kill ber, and then, was be yes totald got the asomer, but it would kill your grandmether."

Deborah listaged, her eyes dark and secondaring. She lifted them at last to Bryn. "So it's just as a safeguard for yourself that you're offering your money?" she maked icily.

"Something of the sort," Bryn said with truth - C' . Ke . - 67.

CHAPTEL IV

Brys west upstairs to the sout wing where his own room lay. He en tered, sat down at the small writing table before the window, lifted the leather case from the floor beside him unlocked it, took out writing paper and began a letter to Tutby. After the usual Jordiar greetings Bryn asked blu to procure ten pounds of leamine to from an old Chinese friend of theirs, a rook from an employment agency, three bousemaids and a butler.

With the letter sealed in his pocket firm went down the stairs in search of Deborah. He beard from the froat of the boase the sound of the plana. He west slowly toward th drawing room, listening. The plan-Deborah or Grandmother was playing the "Norwegian Brids! Procession" in such a way that it sounded like the march on Parts.

"Marketing : list?" Gary repeated, room door, but the plane did not stop with utter horror. He stared at the life opened the door and went in Deborab was pouncing angrily on handfulof keys and making them wince in nain Brys stood for a moment watch tag ber. He was restraining an im pulse to walk forward, allo his armunderneath ber, lift ber from the stool and hold her firmly against him while she bicked and stormed and rared at him, while he looked down into her dark eyes, emiling, waiting for her an ger to subside. There would be a moment then when she would lie, limp and beaten, to his arms; and then. with her face at his shoulder and her hair shaken toose over his arm, he could . . .

The music stopped abrupny, in the middle of a bar. Her hands dropped to her lap, and she stared at him

mute and angry. "Sorry to Interrupt." Bryn sald "the music was beautiful. Huch ex pression. But I'm going in to town and I wondered if you'd .w to go."

"It's a long drive alone," Bryn said plaintively.

"I'm sorry." She got up from the plane atool with a swish of starched tkirt "You may add something extra to your bill for the trip," she said cold



"But I Am Going to Town, and I Wondared If You'd Care to Go."

ly, and turned and went from the room without a backward glance. He went upstairs again and knocked on Grandmother's door. She opened it promptly.

"I have to go to town in the car." Bryp told her. "Would you care to put on your bonnet and come? could be back by dinner time." Her eyes opened wide, "Go to Lynn

"The road is pretty rough, but I'll drive carefully. Come on, Grandmoth-

"Why . . . I don't know." Her hands fluttered helplessly. "I haven't been away from here for many years." "You'll be comfortable. Really."

She lifted her chin. She drow a deep breath. "Very well," she said at lust. "Come exactly us you are, Grandmother. I'll give you five minutes, and not another second. Five minutes." "Really," she said helplessly, but he

out to the car. He started the motor, turned the car carefully, came to u halt again at the door, and Grandmother was there, her breath coming and going with excitement, the hut perched at a careful angle, a pair of i gloves in her hands. Bryn lifted her gently and put her down in the car.

Bryn stopped the car at the gate. He pushed the button of the horn.' A long melodious call rang out, Instantly Deborah appeared on the little bul cony before her room. Bryn opened Grandmother's door, and the old lady leaned out. She waved her handkerchief at the girl.

"I'm going to town, dear," she cried in her thin old voice, and sank back again with a sigh. And Bryn smiled like." horrified incredulity that had come over Deborah's face, an expression which, fortunately, her grandmother

Bryn had Snished all the important

buildes which had brought him to town. He had been to the bank, had identified himself as the owner of the account transferred from San Franrisco s few days ago, and had been bowed out obsequiously. by the massger himself. He had been to the post-Holworthy. He had taken Deborah's

office and had posted Tubby's letter. as well as a terse one of his own to letter to the lawyer from his pocket looked at it besitated, and then a smile had opened and read it. exactly a businesslike document. clear and to the point. At the bot tom a name was signed, and as be read it he received a severe shock.

"Deborah Mayte Brynildson." Deborah Mayne Bryniidson. Deborub was his wife. She had taken his name. She was conscious of her posttion, far more conscious than he was Deborah Mayne Brynildson . . . some how the fact that she bore his name hadn't occurred to him. Poor little In-burah. Perhaps she hated that name.

Grandmother was waiting in cur. Hhe had been sitting there ever since Bryn had parked the car when they had reached town, her eyes wide and excited. From time to time be came back to ber, two or three times longer angry. While they were away followed by white-aproped cierts with their arms piled high with packages ment with herself; liran decided, as which they placed in the trunk at the | alw amiled faintly and took the term of rear of the long car.

rushing board, "how would you like her, that he preferred her angry. He to come out and stroll down the street, had awang on his beel, leaving her He anocked lightly on the drawing Grandmother? Nothing shall happen | there with Grandmother, and gone out | to you. I promise."

Hhe tooked up, her eyes sparkling For a second she looked astonishingly | tuppy rulling over and over, wild with like Deborah. "I . . . I don't think excitement, and selping with for at would be afraid, Stuart," she said her release from the car. haltingly.

took her hand tightly in its black giore. Will you do me a tremendous favor?" "Certainly, my boy."

welf by 'Rtuart.'"

fully. "I don't understand why you're own fret and tumbled in a beap before called Bryp. But I don't mind using Indorub's. Instantly, unquestioning as It. As a matter of fact . . . 'liryn | . child, she had best to lift it in her lay, it suits you, somehow. 'Stuart' diseno't. I always felt queer saying it Itryp."

know how it is. When you aren't

". . . • eman a observed to a name He opened the door wider, and walt d. She gave a little flottering breath and emerged alowly from her long re tender. Bryn drew a deep breath. treat. She stepped out into the world When she spoke to him her voice with a besitating afr; but as she took the arm be offered and crossed the from, Gary?" curb, she drew berself up slightly, and became once more the shadow of an liryn brought her out from town." nusured woman of the world.

the window. It was a small window, glitteringly clean, and the hat hung thinking. inside the window. It was a small window, of a tiny millinery shop at the end of the street.

On a pedestal in the center was one but, a molded toque of gray velvet the exact shade of Grandmother's hair. liryn felt her hand move on his arm. He looked at the hat, and then down at her face. He turned, slowly, without a word, and they went into the illtle shop.

and then turned to Bryn. Her eyes were deep blue and shining; her checks were pink.

"We will take it," he told the girl, and handed her a bill. "And now," he said happily, "now

let's go shopping." Grandmother was a little intoxicated. She made no protests whatever She clung tightly to his arm and followed where he led, and Bryn enjoyed himself thoroughly. He bought her a long soft gray woollen coat. He took her to a florist's and bought her a hunch of purple, scented violets to pin on the new coat. He bought her five pairs of gray gloves and a gray suede purse to match. Grandmother, by the time they were through, was twenty years younger, and the pain in her heart had entirely disappeared.

They proceeded down the street toward the car. "I've got one or two more things to buy," he decided, and went into a confectioner's. Grandmother accompanied him and stood glory, I'll see what's to be done, Gary."

"I want," he told the proprietor, "a very nice box of chocolates and a pound of your best tobacco and a good pipe,"

The proprietor knew what meant. The articles were selected and pald for. He placed Grandmother carefully in the sent and got in himself.

On the sidewalk in front of the car a small boy in clean fuded blue overalls came slowly along with a very small dog on the end of a leash. The dog shone like silk in the late afternoon sun. It sniffed the sidewalk

The boy's eye caught Bryn. He called out. "You don't want to buy a good dog, do you, mister? This here one's for sale, Two dollars." "What is it, a cocker spaniel?" Bryn

inquired, regarding the floppy cars, the water-waved coat, the thumping tall. "Yousir, a real cocker. Ain't that a pretty color?"

"What's the matter with it?" "Well," the boy told him, dropping his voice, "it's a lady dog. And," confidentially, "you know what they're

clucking noise with his tongue. In rung cautiously, he went up the ladder. stuntly the dog sat up, paws crossed in the management limply before her, mouth clesed, allky-

fut and pleading. High tacket II-

want to laugh, whatly "Well." Bryo Maridet, "she's suit Here's your manages !

CHAPTER V

Bryn, on the morning after his trip to town with Grandmother, paused in his systematic and careful examination of the grounds, leaned against a tree down at the lower corner, lit a cigarette, and considered.

The men who were coming out from town to make a garden out of this wil deruses would have to work carefully All through the thick grass were scut tered rare stirubs, tieds of Sowering plants, plots of hyariath and crurus bulba, creacents of tris set toto the

But his main consideration was not directed toward the garden. He was remembering Deborah's face when they had returned praterday, he auditrandmother. White and rold, she had met them in the desiracy and led Grand mether into the small sitting room to rest for a moment before removing her new count and hat Deferrat was no she had obviously rome to some serve chardates, as she put it does without "Now," he said, with a foot on the a glance upon the small table beside

to Gary. Gary stood to the drive, his parcel laid on the grass, watching the

"Perhaps you'll tell Miss Deborah Bryn came to a sudden decision. He | that the puppy is for her." Bryn mid curtly, and went back up to his room. But the puppy wasn't having any dif-Sculty in penetrating these frosty lay-"Do you mind calling me by the 're and discovering the real Deborah. name I've always been called? If you I'rom his window yesterday afternoon can believe it, almost nobody has ever liryn had witnessed their first meetused the same Steart. Could you bring ing. Deborab had come out to Gary, sourself to call me Brynt It's what my and at her appearance the puppy had threatening growl which ended precipi-

a durling? Inn't it a darling puppy?" "Thank you, Grandmother. You chin Then it put out a plak tongue and kinned Deborah entirely without FINELIS.

> "You're a bad dog," she scolded, but her voice was soft and laughing and war o't like that. "Where did it come "She's for you, Mas Deborah. Mr

"Oh," Deborah said. "Of course, I Both together they naw the hat in might have known." But she did not drop the puppy. She stood silent.

"Now look, Miss Deborah," Gary be gan, "I don't think he means any harm. after all. He's only acting natural." "Oh, hush!" Deborah cried stormily stamping her foot. She held the puppy close and run off with her, back of the house, down to some hidden pook of her own which always seemed to be her chosen place of refuge.

That had been yesterday. Bryn went down and got into the "The hat in the window, please," he car, standing on the drive. He drew said. The girl put the soft gray toque from his pocket the worn piece of paon the silvered hair. Grandmother, per which . . . was it only yesterday startled, looked at herself in the glass, morning? . . . had caused Deborah

> lin eyes traveled down the list on the paper in his hand. Magazines, cat alogues, tes, servants. Gardeners, yes The bank manager was sending them out as soon as he could find them.

Gary came out to him. "I must say," he said to Bryn, "you got a way of getting things done. And I'd like to thank you for that

tobacco, air." "I suppose the electric light situation is next," Bryn said, unheeding. "Well, I think I can fix that myself. Several years of engineering ought to prove of some value. Lead on, Gary.'

In the small square house where the dynamo stood greasy and unresponsive, Bryn detached a pair of overalls from a peg on the wall and climbed into them. "Now," he said, when Gary had given him the pathological history of the electric plant, "if you'll go and prepare a large and delectable dinner, and leave me alone in my

There was, as Bryn had suspected, nothing seriously wrong with the engine of the electric plant. He opened the cocks to drain out all the old oil cleaned the connections, and made a note of the few parts it would be necessary to replace. Before the motor was started, he decided, it would be wise to inspect the connections at the house. He removed the greaty overalls, hung them on the peg.

He went to the kitchen and got drink. Gary was shelling peas. All morning, as Bryn knew, he and Deboruh had spent making strawberry fam and now every window-sill was filled with small ruby jars which caught and held the sunlight.

"Where's there a ladder?" he asked. "Out on the edge of the orchard," Cary told him. But you better be careful of it. It isn't as good as it might be."

Bryn went out behind the house and followed with his eye the line of the electric wires as they crossed the trees and the brook. He went out to the orchard, lifted the ladder lying half-hidden in the grass, carried it "Oh. A lady dog. What's her name?" back and propped it up against the "Garbo." . The boy grinned. "Just | wall of the house, beneath the place take a look at her." He made a little | where the wires entered. Trying each



CADET DIRECTOR Ool C. O. M. Orier, E.D., formerly of the Canadian Army Staff in Washington, and in private life Headmanter to Bishop's College School at Lannosville, Quebec, who has been appointed dir-

sotor of Army Oadets for Oanada.

County Salvage Campaign Making Excellent Progress

The County Salvage Drive for scrap tron, scrap steel, and rubber which being conducted under the ausploss of the Halton County Council, the Halton Agricultural War Service Committee. in co-correction with the volunteer salvage organizations, is getting under way in all scuci sections of the County, scoording to Warden John Blatr. During the past week keymen have been appointed in all school sections where volumteer salvage committees are not already in existence, and farmers have been requested to get their salvage ready for a truck to pick up during the current friends say, and I scarcely know my. rushed upon her with a feroctons week. As indicated in the press last week, supplies of scrap fron and scrap "It's very strange," she said thought | tutely as the little dog fell over her | steel in Canada are only sufficient for two or three months at most, and furthermore, lack of rubber may cripple our war effort so consequently the need is most urgent. We realise it is most Hryn," she repeated. "You know, m) arms. "Oh, Gary," she cried, "lan't it difficult under present conditions for farmers to find the time to get helf She hugged it close, and it snuggied secrap ready and we can only point for a moment comfortably under her out that the necessity is vital to our war effort, and consequently it is one job that cannot be put off for three months or a's months or whenever time is available. In other words the Job must be done NOW. Many reports are already coming to hand of farm folk who not withstanding previous salvage collections have anywhere from 500 lbs. to 1000 lbs. or more of scrap metal ready for the drive this week. That's the spirit which is going to HELP, so let's go and put Halton over the top. Halton's record in Victory Loans to date is an envisble one,-The co-operation of every resident of the County is required if the Salvage Drive is to meet with the same success.

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