

# Honeymoon Mountain

By FRANCES SHELLEY WEEBS

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"You are happy to welcome me, my dear," Grandmother said warmly. "We are having such a pleasant time and I am very glad you have come to join us."

"Oh, thank you," Pilar murmured, and held Grandmother's hand quite unnecessarily long. She straightened.

Simon and Tubby and Bryn, all at least, came around the end of the veranda. Bryn's face, as he glanced at Deborah, was very queer and stiff; Tubby was white. Simon looked detached, as usual, but his eyes went at once to Pilar. And she stood there for a moment, beside Grandmother, beside Deborah. She put her hand lightly on Deborah's shoulder, before she moved, and Bryn looked at them together, as if they were beautiful and sophisticated and perfect down to the last gleaming finger-nail shining in the sun. Deborah small and insignificant in her faded gingham.

Pilar smiled. She went forward and held out both hands. "My dear Bryn," she said affectionately. "But how well you look, and how happy! Allow me to congratulate you; I think she is the loveliest thing I have ever seen."

Grandmother looked up swiftly at Deborah; and Deborah, calm now, with something cold and frozen where her heart had begun some short time ago to ache, smiled gently and contentedly back.

The rain, which had threatened for twenty-four hours, came at last on Tuesday night. Deborah lay awake and listened to the soft steady fall on the balcony floor outside her bedroom window. She found herself wishing ardently that it might rain hard and long, so that the road might be impassable to Stuart Graham, so that nothing further should break in upon the peace and loveliness of the summer days. But that was a useless wish, she knew. The peace and loveliness were already gone.

Pilar was very beautiful, but the most troubling thing about her was the so obvious fact that she belonged to Bryn's world, his real world, that she was part of his own life and always had been, and not just a chance passer by whose path had happened to meet his and for a time followed along close beside it. Madeline and Sally and Simon and Tubby were out of Bryn's life too, but somehow before Pilar came, Deborah hadn't realized what a different life it was from her own, how far away and impossible. Pilar was very kind, and she did her best to draw Deborah into the conversations, and at last she stopped carefully to explain any thing that she thought would be unfamiliar or strange to Deborah, in a way that Sally and Madeline never had thought of doing. But Pilar's very kindness and thoughtfulness seemed to emphasize Deborah's unfamiliarity with the world, Bryn's world, and its customs.

All the time she had felt hot and forlorn and alone, because this was Bryn's world and Bryn's life, a modern sophisticated pageant in which she had no part; and because it made her see how drab and dull and uninteresting her own life of cucumber frames and brook trout and made-over clothes must be to him.

And all his talk about knitting, and winter evenings by the hearth, and the kittens he would get for her . . . all his interest in that simple sort of thing was pretended for her sake. Bryn was a gentleman, and he lived up to his bargains to the last pencil stroke. Not by word or suggestion would he let her discover how bored and dull he was going to find the rest of his year here on the mountain, nor with what difficulty he was going to earn the money she would pay him.

Deborah slept very little that night. Life, that only yesterday had seemed so beautiful and serene, was becoming so complicated and unhappy. There didn't seem to be anything ahead but more difficulties and a lonely unhappy time. Because Bryn would go back to Pilar when the year was up, and when he did, there wouldn't be anybody at all. Nobody could ever be like Bryn, even if he were only pretending. But there would have to be a way to make him stop pretending. Deborah knew, because if he went on like this, even though the look in his eyes was only the tenderness one feels for a child, or a lost puppy, she wasn't going to be able to bear it when at the end of the year he drove out of the big gates to leave her forever.

The morning was cold and grey, although the rain had stopped at dawn. Deborah had them lay a fire in the small sitting room downstairs, so that Grandmother might not feel a chill. There, when breakfast was over, Pilar and Madeline and Sally and Grandmother and herself were sitting. The three men were outside.

Pilar, in a beautiful dress of some very fine woolen material in a dark crimson color, sat beside the doorway with her feet out on a low stool and a long cigarette holder between her fingers. She could see up into the orchard, too, and Deborah noticed that her eyes went to Bryn frequently, although she gave no sign. Grandmother was in a low chair beside the fire, listening to Pilar with the same fascinated interest she had shown last night, watching her, taking in every perfect detail of her grooming.

"I hope you don't mind my coming so uninvited like this, Mrs. Larned," she was saying in her low voice. "I found myself completely fascinated and lonely and I couldn't stand it any longer."

(To be Continued.)

"Thank you," Deborah said sweetly, and put out her hand in welcome. "I am so glad you have come. I am sure you must be Pilar."

"I have heard so much about you."

Pilar looked a little startled, but the lost note of her voice. She looked at Madeline. "And aren't you glad to see me, too, Madeline?"

"Oh, rather," Madeline said coolly, and turned back toward the veranda.

"We must take you to Grandmother," Deborah explained, as Pilar's eyes lit to the delicate old face turned toward her.

"Lead," Pilar said, in an audible whisper. "Oh, lovely."

"Grandmother," Deborah murmured, "this is Miss D'Avila. She is another friend of Simon and Madeline's."



Her Eyes Were Black and Sleepy, Like a Cat's.

lacket. Gary plodded along behind the car, after he had shut the gates and locked them. The car came slowly up the drive, and stopped opposite the end of the veranda. The girl got out, and Deborah knew her. She was tall and very slim, with a long oval face and a very red mouth. Her eyes were black and sleepy, like a cat's, with slow black lashes drooping over them. Deborah rose, and found Madeline at her side. They went down the steps.

"It's Pilar," Madeline said under her breath, and Deborah nodded.

"Ah, Madeline!" Pilar said, in a voice that made a tussle. She moved forward, and let her hand rest lightly on Madeline's elbow, holding her, as she looked down at Deborah. "And this," she went on carelessly, "this will be little Deborah. My child, you are adorable."

"Thank you," Deborah said sweetly, and put out her hand in welcome. "I am so glad you have come. I am sure you must be Pilar."

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## CANADA NEEDS 40 MILLION POUNDS OF FATS FOR EXPLOSIVES

How is a day-to-day War Job for You!



### HERE IS HOW TO DISPOSE OF FATS AND BONES

The Meat Dealers of Canada as a patriotic effort, are cooperating with the Government in this important war work by contributing their collection facilities. Now you can dispose of your fat and bones in any one of the following ways:

- 1 YOU CAN BRING your fats and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee and/or to a registered local War Charity.
- 2 YOU CAN TURN THE PROCEEDS from the sale of your fats and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee and/or to a registered local War Charity.
- 3 YOU CAN DONATE your fats and bones to your local Voluntary Salvage Committee at any place where they collect them.
- 4 YOU CAN CONTRIBUTE to place out your fats and bones for collection by your local Voluntary Salvage Committee where such a system is in existence.

Every quantity of dripping, every piece of fat and every bone, cooked, uncooked or dry, must be saved. It's a day-to-day job. Your contribution may seem small and unimportant, but even one ounce of fat dripping per person per week will give us 30,000,000 pounds of fat each year for the project.

Hotels, Restaurants—Your support urgently needed!

THIS CAMPAIGN IS FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL WAR SERVICES

NATIONAL SALVAGE DIVISION

### OAKVILLE LIONS CLUB PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

The second Public Speaking Contest for the Secondary Schools sponsored by the Oakville Lions Club will be held Friday, March 12th at 8:15 in the High School Auditorium at Oak-

ville. Competitors from Acton, Appleby College, Burlington, Georgetown, and Oakville will compete for substantial prizes to the first three place winners. The decisions will be rendered by competent out-of-town judges. In sponsoring this contest the Lions Club recognizes that the ultimate success and effectiveness of this effort will depend largely upon the sympathetic cooperation of the school authorities and the general public. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to all interested in this worthwhile project. Admission is free but a collection will be taken for some worthy charity.

# IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL HOLDERS OF SLAUGHTER PERMITS and of LICENCES TO SLAUGHTER HOGS

Because of the urgent need of securing the quantities of BACON and other PORK PRODUCTS necessary to meet the wartime requirements of the United Kingdom, and the consequent necessity of curtailing slaughter for domestic use in Canada,

the following action has been taken under a new Order of THE BACON BOARD, concurred in by THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

ON AND AFTER MARCH 1st, 1943 . . .

Persons not already licensed to slaughter hogs under previous orders of THE BACON BOARD, but holding slaughter permits from THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD, shall not exceed 75% of their 1941 average weekly number of hogs, slaughtered by or for them for sale or further processing in Canada. (See following paragraphs for further explanation regarding areas concerned.)

THIS ORDER APPLIES . . .

. . . to all who hold slaughter permits from THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD and who are located in what is generally known as Old Ontario; to all those holding such permits and located in or slaughtering for sale in any town or city with a population of over 5,000 in the Maritimes, Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and that part of British Columbia known as greater Vancouver.

THIS ORDER DOES NOT APPLY . . .

. . . to holders of slaughter permits in any part of what is generally known as New or Northern Ontario, or British Columbia excepting the greater Vancouver area;

. . . to those who slaughter hogs for consumption on their own farms only. (These do not require slaughter permits and are not subject to this new Order.)

Persons already licensed to slaughter hogs under previous orders of THE BACON BOARD will continue operations under their present permits. That is, they are still restricted to 50% of their 1941 average weekly average for distribution or sale in Canada.

Approved and Concurred:  
D. Gordon, Chairman,  
The Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Approved  
J. G. Taggart, Chairman,  
The Bacon Board.

## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Lesson for March 14

LESSON TEXT—John 13:26-30; 14:1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT—John 13:34-35. I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me.—John 14:6.

Calvary and crucifixion were just ahead. Jesus gathered His disciples for a time of communion and instruction as they spent their last evening together. On the morrow would come betrayal, but now they and their Lord were together in the upper room.

But even here strife and discussion had apparently come in. There was probably some difference of opinion as to who should have the place of honor. To teach them the virtue of humility Jesus gave them an example, after which He continued with the precious counsel and prayer which are found in John 14 to 17.

Our lesson presents three things which our Lord gave to His disciples and to us (see John 17:23):

- I. His Example—"Be as I Have Done" (13:15-17).
- The act of Jesus in washing the disciples' feet placed Him, their Lord and Teacher, on the level of the most menial servant. It was an astonishing thing that He did, lowering Himself below their level to serve them.
- His application of the object lesson was equally startling. "Ye call me Teacher and Lord, and ye say well," said He. Then as learners and servants He required of them the humility which would make them eager to do lowly service in His name.

There are more than enough folk who are willing to do the nice, pleasant things in the church, where they will be given recognition and praise. All too scarce are those Christlike folk who will serve in the hidden places where darkness, suffering, disease and sin make the natural man recoil in distress or fear.

- II. His Assurance—"If I Go I Will Come Again" (14:1-3).

Following His resurrection Jesus was to go to the Father. He wanted them to be prepared for that time by making known to them the fact of His coming again. In that day His own shall be received unto Himself to abide with Him forever.

The second coming of Christ is not a strange doctrine held by little groups of people who are riding a theological hobby. It is one of the most blessed truths of Scripture. The hope of the Christian—yes, the only real hope of this disordered world—is the coming of Christ to reign. The New Testament is full of plain and helpful teaching on this subject.

While we await His coming, then, is there any encouragement for us as the burdens bear down and the way seems long? Yes, He says: "Let not your heart be troubled" (v. 1). There is little question that this passage has comforted more people than any other word in Scripture.

Countless bewildered and broken souls in all lands and times have here found the steady assurance of the one who has the power to give them rest and comfort.

There is good foundation for their composure of heart in a troubled world. They believe in God, and in Christ, who is one with the Father. Here is real security—infinity superior to aught the world can give.

Then at the end of the road are the eternal dwelling places. What they are like is sufficiently revealed in the fact that they are in the Father's house. How shall we reach them? That is our last point. We have:

- III. His Guidance—"I Am the Way" (vv. 4-6).

To Christ's declaration that they knew the way, Thomas responded with a request for a definite statement. He wanted to be sure, and Christ responded by reminding him that He, their Lord, is the "way, the truth, and the life." Surely there could be no more complete provision for the guidance of the heavenly pilgrim.

Christ is "the way." If one takes the right road he will reach the right destination though he "cannot at first see it clearly. Perhaps this is the commonest mistake of the Christian. He frets too much about what lies ahead . . . and not enough about taking the right road" (Lesson Commentary).

He is "the truth." He is the final and complete revelation of God, and is therefore the One who will lead all those who walk the way by faith into the fullness of the truth. To know Christ is to know God.

He is "the life." He is life, and He alone can give eternal life to man. There is none other to whom man may turn for life, but in Christ it is found, and from Him it may be received by faith.

We have only touched the briefest beginning of what took place on that remarkable evening in the upper room. It was a time of richest spiritual significance, of dark betrayal, but also of closest communion. We continue next Sunday.