

## THE LIBERAL SHORT STORY

A SEA CHANCE

By Marie DeNervaux

Sonia's friends said she was suffering from an inferiority complex. Her enemies said she was unbearably conceited.

The truth of the matter lay half way between, in the impartial manner of truths.

Sonia did do things well, there was no denying that. Least of all did Sonia deny it. She'd won the golf tournament for the last three years, been runner-up in tennis, played the lead in the club dramatics.

But she wasn't so good at getting a husband. At 25 she still had a fair showing of beaux, but not a husband to her name.

Florry, Sonia's 17-year-old sister, was unpleasantly frank on the subject.

"If you don't step off before I come out, everybody'll think I'll turn out an old maid like you," she complained, swinging her long, slim legs over the edge of the club pool. "It'll be a regular hoodoo. Why don't you take David and be done with it?"

"Don't worry about being an old maid, Chick," Sonia carefully avoided the last question. Not for worlds would she have Florry know the humiliating truth that, in spite of all his attention David had never asked her to take him. "At the rate you're going, you'll have at least three husbands by the time you're my age. Who's the boy friend this week-end?"

"Suppose we drop the 'Chick,'" Florry said. "You can't get away with this little sister stuff much longer. I'm not joking about the old maid business either," she went on. "For all your brains, I could give you a point or two about getting a husband."

"Let's hear them, O Sage."

"All right." Goaded by Sonia's superiority, Florry plunged head-long into the luxury of truth telling.

"You're too perfect, that's what's the matter with you. You always have to win, and men hate that. You're so good looking they make a bee line for you, then when they find you're more interested in showing how smart you can be, than you are in them, they slide off. Look at the Hammet's cousin, last week. Staff Reynolds is all of 30 and darned attractive. He liked you, too, until you beat him at tennis and showed off all your fancy diving stunts. So, who did he take to the dance? The kid sister, and gave me a whale of a time at that."

"Silly cradle snatcher," Sonia commented. "You're welcome to him."

"There you go being superior, instead of seeing where you failed," Florry pointed out. "You never took the trouble to find out that he was getting over an operation and had to go slow did you? No, you—" she interrupted her words of wisdom with a gay "Hi" as a man appeared on the clubhouse porch. "There's Staff now! He said he'd be down again this Friday!" She scrambled to her feet and waved, then darted off, tossing one last thrust over her shoulder. "You may be a wizard at bridge, Sonia, but you're a dumb-bell at hearts."

Anger changed to a stab of envy as Sonia watched Staff Reynolds hurry to meet Florry. He tucked her arm through his, and the two sauntered off to the beach, their gay laughter floating tantalizingly on the summer air.

Sonia let her head drop on her crossed arms. She lay perfectly still contemplating the picture of herself that Florry had drawn. Humility flooded her. No, she never had taken the trouble to find out that Staff Reynolds was recovering from an operation.

Suddenly Sonia knew with an intensity that took her breath, that she didn't want David to drift away. Not because he was a last chance, it wasn't that. There would be others, just as there always had been. But she didn't want the others. She wanted David, with his attractive humorous face, and deep set brown eyes. The devotion and admiration in those eyes was giving away more and more, lately, to a puzzled uncertainty, she remembered in quick inner panic.

What was that Florry had said about being a wizard at bridge, but a dumb-bell at hearts? If only she wasn't too late to set her brains to the most important game in life!

"Hello there! Asleep? Florry said I'd find you here. I'm bringing bad news."

For a moment, David's voice seemed part of Sonia's thoughts, but his

laugh made her blink up at him.

"I believe you were asleep." He dropped down beside her. "Too soon to give you a shock?"

"What is it?" Sonia asked.

"You're out of luck; you've drawn me for the mixed doubles in the tournament tomorrow."

"Is that the best you can do in the way of 'bad news'?" she hoped he wouldn't hear the shaken note in her laugh. "We'll show 'em!"

"I suppose you'll be able to pull it out," he said gloomily. "That's what they all say."

Sonia was wise enough to add nothing to this prediction.

With hands that trembled, Sonia adjusted the band about her head and took one last look at herself in the dressing room mirror.

Not even when she'd won the state tournament had she been so excited over a game. Would she be smart enough, subtle enough, to carry out her plan? Could she fool not only David, but the whole watchful gallery that knew her and her game so well?

Only they didn't know her. Sudden color flooded Sonia's cheeks. How could they know her, when she hardly knew herself, in these last 24 hours?

"What did Shakespeare call it?" she whispered to the glowing image in the mirror. A sea change! Into something new—and strange—"

Wonderful, as well as new and strange, that talk with David yesterday. They had gone for a walk along the cliffs instead of playing golf. Guided by her awakened perceptions, and interest, Sonia had learned to know him better in one afternoon than in all the last three summers put together.

Imagine never having found out before that he had put himself through law school! Never having known of his dream of studying international law, of being, eventually, the London representative of the firm.

A hail from outside cut through her reverie.

"Yes, I'm coming."

She dashed on a last dab of powder and ran out, racket in hand.

"Will you mind awfully if we lose?" David's attractive face was wrinkled in worried lines, the uncertainty back in his eyes. "I'm nervous as a cat!"

"We won't lose."

That was the old Sonia; confident, assured. She must keep up the established role a bit longer, to be convincing.

Her heart missed a beat as she saw David turn to the court, his mouth set in grim determination. If she could only tell him that she didn't care. But he wouldn't believe her, nobody would believe that she could lose a tournament and not care.

It wasn't easy to lose points skillfully. It was even harder to throw them David's way, without anyone suspecting. But it was the most thrilling game that Sonia had ever played.

Time and again, she would let David win the point, when ordinarily she would have rushed in to take it. Balls that she knew he couldn't get she managed to drive a few inches behind the back lines, or to send crashing into the net.

Sonia's heart warmed at David's sympathetic glances. His murmured "hard luck" as he retrieved her lost points, was tinged with an inevitable masculine triumph that brought Sonia an inner pride and glee in the success of her scheme. She'd never dreamed she could love anyone so much!

At last the culminating moment arrived; point, set, match against them, on Sonia's receive. It was a magnificent return, but it missed the side line by a few inches.

It was Sonia, this time, on the way back to the clubhouse, who said, "Did you mind losing, David? I'm sorry I failed you. I was a bit tired, I guess. You almost pulled out."

Her eyes fell before the eager protective devotion in his.

"Sonia tired!" he marvelled. He bent close above her, his tone a lingering caress. "Of course, I don't mind losing. You're sweet when you're tired, Sonia. Let's get out of this mob, and go down to the cliffs. I've something I want to tell you."

With a singing certainty of what that "something" was Sonia tucked her arm in his.

Abbie: "I don't understand baseball at all, do you?"

Lou: "You don't have to understand it. Everything is decided by a man they call the vampire."

## Thornhill District News

A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gwillim on Saturday when their daughter Margaret was married to Mr. A. A. Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Davis of Toronto.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, looked lovely in a gown of white satin with a shoulder length veil of tulle trimmed with tiny pearls and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

The bride's attendant was Miss Jean Brillinger of Thornhill who wore pink chiffon with pink and blue trimmings, a cluster of red roses in her hair and carried a bouquet of the same. The groomsmen were Mr. David Lee of Toronto, Rev. E. B. Cooke of Thornhill conducted the ceremony and Miss Olive Davis, sister of the groom, played the wedding march.

The bride's mother received the guests in flowered pink chiffon and wore a corsage of red roses. The groom's mother wore mauve sheer.

After the reception the couple left on a short motor trip to Buffalo, the bride wearing a black crepe ensemble trimmed with gold with matching accessories.

Miss Muriel Williams of Uxbridge was married to Mr. Robt. Hewitt Thompson of Toronto on Friday at Thornhill Trinity Church.

At the Grace Hospital on Monday a baby son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harrison, Thornhill.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Nuttall of Thornhill on Sunday a baby daughter, Joanne Margaret.

## Whitley-FitzGerald

Miss Mary Leonard (Molly) FitzGerald, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. FitzGerald, was married quietly to Mr. Thomas Francis Whitley, son of Mrs. T. R. Whitley, in Trinity Church, Thornhill, on Saturday afternoon. Canon H. J. Cody, president of the University of Toronto, assisted by Rev. J. Colclough, conducted the ceremony. Gladioli and ferns decorated the church.

The bride given in marriage by her brother, Mr. John L. FitzGerald wore a gown of gold and white lame with gold and pearl headpiece and tulle veil. Mrs. Gordon Wetherpoon, her attendant, was in American Beauty crepe with feather hat and muff of pink lilies. Mr. Thomas Phillips was best man and the ushers were Mr. Sydney Saunders, Mr. Harold Mockridge and Mr. David Rea. At the reception at University Farm, Downsview, Mrs. FitzGerald received in green crepe with kolinsky trimming. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Whitley left for a trip in the United States. The bride travelled in a Molyneux green and kolinsky ensemble.

A meeting will be held in Lawrence Memorial Hall on Tuesday evening, Sept. 26th, at 8 p.m. for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Red Cross.

Rev. J. H. Colclough, pastor of Thornhill Anglican Church, Rev. E. B. Cooke of Thornhill United Church and Rev. J. D. Cunningham of Thornhill Presbyterian Church will officiate at the meeting. The invitation to attend this meeting is extended to every woman in the community.

## Trinity W. A.

The regular meeting of Trinity Anglican Women's Auxiliary will be held in Lawrence Memorial Hall, on Thursday, September 28th, at 2:30 p.m. Following the meeting the members will decorate the church for the Harvest Festival to be held that evening.

Mr. E. Grainger spoke on "Famous Gardens" at the York Pioneer and Historical Society meeting held on Tuesday at the Foresters Hall. Recalling the early days of Toronto Mr. Grainger told of the first beautiful gardens owned by Col. Gzowski, Hon. D. I. McPherson and Sir John A. Macdonald. He illustrated his lecture with coloured slides showing scenes of gardens all over the continent.

Mrs. Wellman, Mr. Melvin Wellman and Miss Ruth Wellman of Headford and Miss Eva Rosier of Toronto spent Sunday with Mrs. George Dean and Miss Mary Dean, John St.

The Misses Bird and Mr. Bird, Georgetown, visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Carleton and daughters of Toronto visited on Sunday with Miss Annie Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Pratt, Teston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Brillinger.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Sharoles and Joan visited on Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Smellie.

Rev. J. Oke and Mrs. Oke of Toronto spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bert Oke. Mr. Oke was guest speaker at the Sunday School ses-

sion in the afternoon.

Mrs. Wisner of Aurora spent the week-end with her sisters, Mrs. J. Wells and the Misses Clubine.

Rev. B. R. and Mrs. Strangways of Toronto visited on Sunday with Misses A. and M. Boyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith of Newtonbrook and Mrs. Elson of Toronto visited on Sunday with Mrs. W. J. Wesley.

## GERMAN STUPIDITY

German stupidity seems beyond comprehension. The official German mind does not understand the psychology of the democratic world. There was nothing the Germans could have done which would so set the whole world against them at the very outbreak of the war than the sinking of the Athenia by a submarine attack. It was not the fault of the Germans that 1,400 lives were not lost. It was the sinking of the Lusitania which finally drove the United States into the war. A few more Athenias and the Republic will forget its isolation policy and its neutrality.

What the Germans hoped to accomplish by such a brutal and callous attack on a ship filled only with civilians, women and children it is hard to understand. If they thought they would terrorize the British they had the experience of the last war. Such cruel and savage warfare only made the British more determined.

Incidentally the sinking of passenger ships without warning is contrary to international law. It was only in 1936 that an effort was made to humanize submarine warfare. Germany signed along with Great Britain and the United States an agreement which provided that no ships were to be sunk without warning or at least until the crew and passengers were safe. The very first day of the war Germany tears up this pact and launches its war of frightfulness.

Herr Hitler says that the Germany of 1939 is not the Germany of 1914. It has not changed its ways as far as cruelty and brutality are concerned. If it has changed at all it seems to be for the worse.

## SAVE COUPONS - WIN VALUABLE PRIZES

A large number of local and district merchants are co-operating in The Liberal Good-Will Shopping Club and sales campaign and at the conclusion of the contest valuable cash prizes will be distributed. One purpose of the campaign is to stimulate local business and encourage business for your friend, the local business-man.

By co-operating in this campaign the local business man invites you to deal at his store or garage or whatever the case may be and reminds you that he is at your service. Your local merchant is more than a merchandizing machine or cold blooded profit organization, he is a citizen with a stake and interest in your community.

The stores listed below are co-operating and give you coupons on all purchases. Save the coupons, win prizes yourself or save the coupons for your friends.

You get coupons at the following places:

GEORGE ALLISON, Grocery, Richvale.  
H. F. AUSTIN, Druggist, Richmond Hill.  
BRATHWAITE HARDWARE, Richmond Hill.  
R. J. CRAIGIE, Men's Wear, Richmond Hill.  
F. CHARLTON, Groceries, Dry Goods, etc., Thornhill.  
CITIES SERVICE GARAGE, Richmond Hill.  
DAVIES' DRY GOODS STORE, Richmond Hill.  
G. A. DONNELLY, Lunches, Groceries, etc., Richmond Hill.  
A. A. EDEN, Groceries, etc., Richmond Hill.  
GLENN'S DRUG STORE, Richmond Hill.  
E. W. GRAINGER, Barber, Richmond Hill.  
W. LAUDER GLASS, Meat Market, Richmond Hill.  
N. D. HICKS, Grocery and Service Station, Langstaff.  
KERR BROTHERS, Bakery and Grocery, Richmond Hill.  
ALEX KERR, Butcher, Richmond Hill.  
LITTLE BROTHERS, Ford Sales & Service, Richmond Hill.  
CECIL MABLEY, White Rose Service Station, Richmond Hill.  
A. J. MANSBRIDGE, Meats, etc., Richmond Hill.  
MORTSON'S STORE, General Store, Victoria Square.  
PARIS AUTO SUPPLY, Richmond Hill.  
RICHMOND TAILORS, Richmond Hill.  
RICHMOND HILL DAIRY, Richmond Hill.  
I. D. RAMER & SON, Fuel and Builders Supplies, Richmond Hill.  
ANDREW E. SNIDER, General Store, Maple.  
THORNHILL MEAT MARKET, Thornhill.  
THORNHILL HARDWARE, Thornhill.  
VAUGHAN GARAGE and SERVICE STATION, Thornhill.  
VICTORIA SQUARE GENERAL STORE, P. Willows, Prop.  
JOE WEBBER, General Store, Elgin Mills.  
JAMES YOUNG, B.A. Service Station, Richmond Hill.

## HORSES

Market prices paid for worn-out live Horses  
Delivered Our Plant

Dead Horses and Cattle picked up free of charge

**GORDON YOUNG Limited**

PHONE Adelaide 3636 - 166 Keating St., TORONTO

NORTH YORK TOWNSHIP POULTRY ASSOCIATION

## ANNUAL SHOW

September 22nd, 23rd

Poultry, Pigeons, Ducks,  
and Petstock

TO BE HELD AT

**Willowdale Arena**

STOP 6A YONGE STREET

COMMERCIAL DISPLAYS  
Auction Sale of High Class Poultry  
LUCKY ATTENDANCE DRAWS

EACH EVENING

ADMISSION FREE

FOR FULL INFORMATION WRITE OR PHONE:

L. F. BEVAN	-	Thornhill P. O.	-	Thornhill 14, R. 1-1
W. R. DEAN	-	Thornhill P. O.	-	Thornhill 54
C. L. HIGGS	-	516 Perth Ave., Toronto	-	LL. 3313
J. H. GREEN	-	Finch Ave. E.	-	Phone Willowdale 962
CHAS. ELLIS	-	Talbot Rd.	-	Phone Willowdale 236