

A MOVING STORY OF A MAN WITH A PAST

# Second Chance

by  
**HOLLOWAY HORN**  
Author of "George," "Two Men and Mary," Etc.

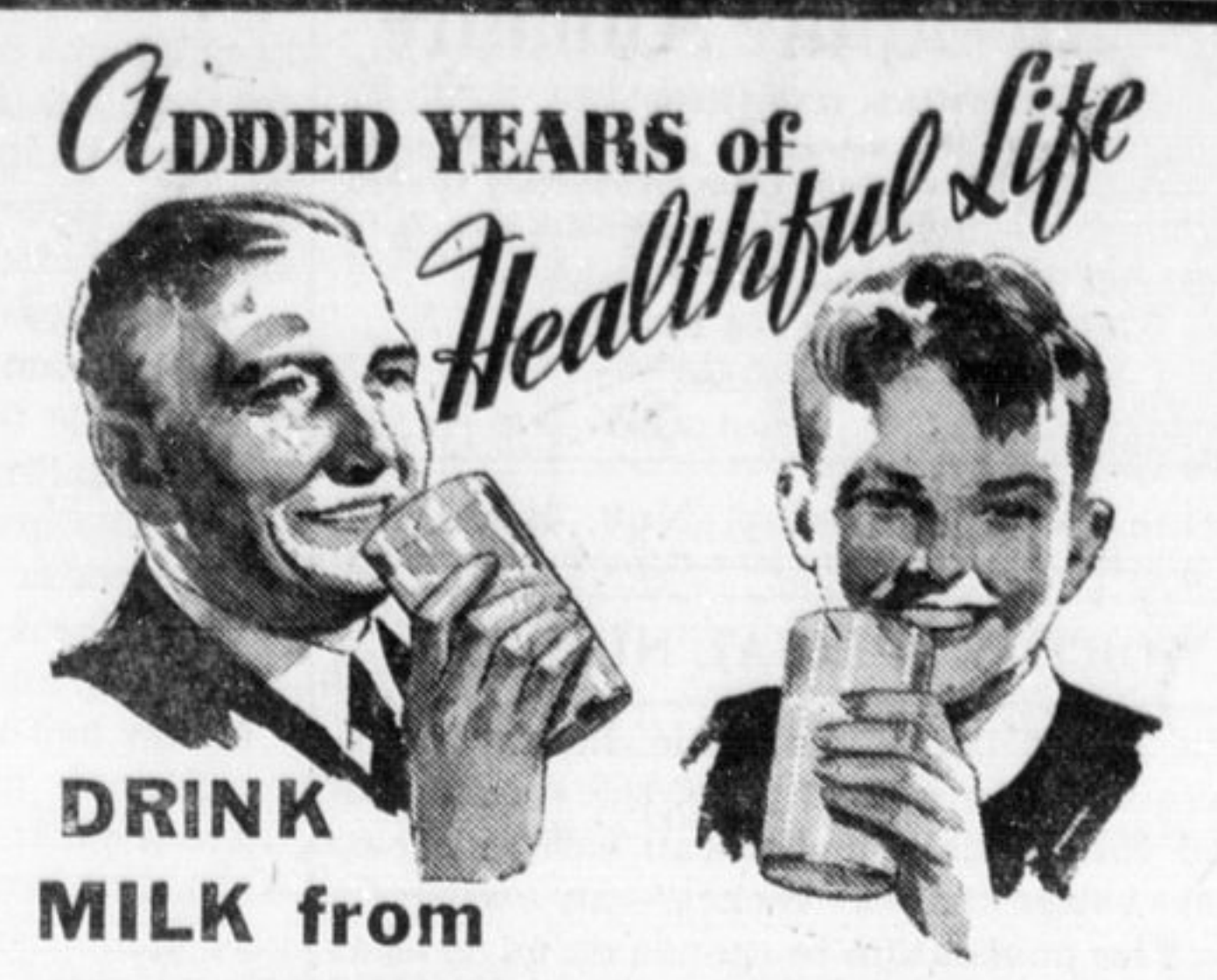
Copyright

"There will be a first class row when I get back."  
"I'm sorry about that. But in any case you couldn't have succeeded, because I really don't know anything about them. If I did I should hand them over to the police."  
She watched him quietly for a moment. "I shall remember you like you are now," she said. "Here in this room. Good-bye, my dear."  
She turned to the door and he followed her into the little hall.  
He opened the door for her and she passed out into the misty night without a word. From the open door he watched her as she hurried away until the bend of the road hid her from his sight. Quietly he closed the door. In a way, the act was symbolic.

Mrs. Gaddesden came in to clear away a few minutes later.  
"So she's gone, I see," she said.  
"Yes."  
"She looked like an actress," she went on with an almost inaudible sniff.  
"She is an actress," he said. "She's the leading lady this week at the Theatre Royal."  
"An old friend of yours, she said she was."  
"I've known her several years," he said non-committally.  
"It takes all sorts to make a world," she said, at which he smiled, but remained silent.

"He DOESN'T KNOW"  
Lucia Desmond's face was white beneath her careful make-up as she hurried through the dismal streets and she reached the theatre before the first house was out.  
She had some time to herself before her husband came in.  
"Well, any luck?"  
"Not a bit," she said.  
"He wouldn't tell you?"  
"Of course, he wouldn't," she snapped.  
"I told him why I had come, if you must know."  
"What do you mean?" he demanded in an ugly tone.  
"What I say, I told him you'd sent me to bluff the secret out of him."  
"What did you do that for, you fool!"  
"Because I felt like it. And because it was a particularly dirty trick, even for you."  
"What's bitten you? You were all right when you left here."  
"I'm sorry for him. If ever a man in the world had a rough deal, he's the man."  
"Rubbish! He was a fool. And he's

**ADDED YEARS of Healthful Life**



**DRINK MILK from TIMMINS DAIRY**  
PHONE 935 and Our Driver Will Call

**WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY**  
**JOHN FINGAL FERGUSON**, otherwise Hallett, a man about 35; handsome, prematurely grey. His past history is something of a mystery.  
**WILLIAM TREVOWE**, head of Treowes, Ltd., of Mossford. When the story opens Treowes gives Ferguson a job in the office of his firm.  
**TEDDY WILSON**, otherwise Sternberg, manager of a theatrical company.  
**MRS. GADDESSEN**, a motherly woman with whom Ferguson lodges.  
**MARY DONOVAN**, a secretary on the staff of Treowes's. She is also a niece of Mrs. Gaddesden.  
**LUCIA DESMUND**, Principal actress in Wilson's company, and wife of Wilson.

**CHAPTER VIII**  
**LUCIA "DOES HER BIT"**  
Ferguson had reached home—as he was coming to think of Number Five—at the usual time, on the evening that Mary Donovan had traced his case in the files of the Courier.  
He was tired, for he was working really hard at the office, fully aware that he had to make good in the second chance that life—in the person of William Treowes—had offered him.  
His evening meal was ready and Mrs. Gaddesden having given up her rather irritating attempts to fathom the obscurity which hid the earlier part of his life was chattering pleasantly when the bell rang.  
"Now who can that be?" she said and paused to consider the matter.  
"Better open the door and find out," he suggested with a smile.  
"I will," she said. A minute later she returned. "There's a lady to see you, Mr. Ferguson."  
"A lady? To see me?"  
"Yes."  
"It's I," said a voice from behind Mrs. Gaddesden and Lucia Desmond came into the room.  
Ferguson had risen and stood watching her in silence.  
"Good evening, John," she said.  
"Er... good evening."  
"Won't you ask me to sit down?"  
"Yes. Of course, I'm sorry. You rather took me by surprise."  
"Would the lady like a cup of tea?" Mrs. Gaddesden asked.  
"I should love one," said Lucia with a quiet little effective smile.  
"I had to look you up, John," she went on when Mrs. Gaddesden had left them.  
"Why?"  
"For old times' sake. We're at the local theatre."  
"I know. I saw you."  
"We've never met since..."  
"Since that day at the Old Bailey. I saw you in court. I hear that I have to congratulate you. I'm afraid I haven't done so before."  
"What on?"  
"Your marriage."  
"Oh, that," she said, and laughed.  
Mrs. Gaddesden came in with the cup and saucer.  
"Thank you, Mrs. Gaddesden," said Ferguson.  
"There's nothing else you'll be wanting?"  
"No, thank you."  
"Ring if there is," the wise woman said and left the room, shutting the door behind her.  
"You've a very comfortable place here. The last time I had tea with you was at your flat in Red Lion Square."  
"I remember it."  
"Well, how am I looking?" she demanded.  
"Much the same."  
"You're looking younger."

"Thank you. Do you mind if I continue my meal? Perhaps you'll have some of that cake?"  
"No, thanks. I'm dieting. But you go on. You don't bear me a grudge because I'm married?"  
"Not in the least."  
"You're not interested?"  
"No. Why should I be?"  
She shrugged her beautiful shoulders.  
"You used to say you were fond of me." "Curious, isn't it?" he said with a smile.  
"That wasn't very gallant of you," she said, angrily.  
"Look here, Lucia, what is it you want?" Ferguson asked as he helped himself to another fillet of plaice.  
"I wanted a chat with you," she said quietly, with head slightly averted so that her profile was in evidence.  
"You know, you amuse me," he said.  
"What made you marry that nasty little rat-like husband of yours?"  
"I often wonder. You'd gone. You let me down and I was disillusioned and depressed. I thought he could help me in my work—he was an agent at the time."  
"He's been many things in his time." "And still is," she said bitterly. "When this tour is over, I'm through with him."  
"That's your affair, isn't it?"  
She nodded. "You've changed," she said.  
"Of course I have. A man cannot go through what I've been through without being changed. It makes him see things and people more clearly—far more clearly," he added.  
"Meaning me?"  
"If you wish to place that construction on what I said, I cannot prevent you."  
"But you were fond of me... once."  
"I thought so at the time. I see you're still wearing the ring I gave you. Remember how that infernal lawyer kept on about it?"  
She nodded. "I nearly screamed," she said.  
**STERNBERG'S ACTIVITIES**  
"Not you!" he smiled. "You were enjoying it!"  
"John!" she protested. "That's the beastliest thing I've ever had said to me."  
"Isn't it true?"  
"Not!"  
"Then I did you an injustice."  
"You never wrote to me... afterwards."  
"Ones literary activities are limited there," he said with a smile.  
"But you could have written."  
"There was nothing to say. You were sitting in court with the man you married shortly afterwards and his attitude toward you was, even at that time... proprietary."  
"He doesn't matter. I've only loved once in my life."  
"I know that. You were in love with yourself, Lucia."  
"I wouldn't have come here tonight if I had known that this would be your attitude," she said angrily.  
"What did you expect my attitude to be?"  
"A reasonable one," she said quietly.  
"I know that judged by ordinary standards I'm a washout where you are concerned—that I didn't stick to you—but I've only got one life and it all seemed too hopeless!"  
"I don't blame you."  
"But you do! I can see that you do! And yet I loved you," she went on more quietly. "I've always loved you."  
"You said that very effectively, Lucia. But you didn't put it across, as you say on the stage."  
"Ah, well!" she sighed. "I know. The smash didn't do me any good; you realize that?"  
"In what way?"  
"People thought that I was the cause, that you had wasted the money on me."  
"You know that I didn't."  
"But people thought that I was behind it. I was cold-shouldered. My contract at the Imperial was terminated. They paid me, of course—they had to—but they wouldn't give me another job."  
"But you had another job in London. Someone here saw you in it."  
"I was an understudy and appeared a few times only at the end of the run. No, your smash finished me as well. I thought it would at the time."  
"I'm sorry."  
"And it led me into the greatest mistake of my life—marrying Sternberg."  
"But you knew what you were doing. You knew he was a wrong 'un."  
"But he'd pulled up. He was going straight at the time. And I thought he could help me."  
"In any case he's never been in prison," said Ferguson bitterly. "Well, that's that," he went on as he got up from his chair. "Mrs. Gaddesden looks after me wonderfully well."  
"If she's listening at the door—as she probably is—she'll be pleased."  
"I'm quite certain she isn't. By the way, shouldn't you be on the stage now?"  
"Yes. But I'm sick of it all. I told Teddy that I was coming to see you and that he could play the part himself if he wanted to. The understudy'll be glad of the chance, anyway. And she's quite good."  
"Life's a funny thing, isn't it?" he said as he sat down by the fire.  
"Very funny!" she said quietly, almost as if she were speaking to herself.

"I'm working in this town, as Sternberg probably told you."  
She nodded. "He's in a very ugly mood about you."  
"Why?"  
"Again she shrugged her shoulders. "I don't quite know. Something to do with an emerald necklace."  
Ferguson smiled. "Apparently he was behind the burglary at Murray's house that week-end. One of his varied activities."  
"He's through with that sort of thing now."  
"I think he'd better be. Has he given up drugs, too?"  
She looked around startled. "She isn't listening, is she?"  
"No. She's probably rather annoyed that you are here, though. It wouldn't seem quite proper to her."  
"Oh, that," she said contemptuously. He glanced at his watch. "You'll appear at the second house, I suppose?"  
"I don't know. The houses are rotten here, anyway. It's the infernal pictures! The people are spon-fed. They can't stand an interval even if it's only a few minutes. You mean to stay on here?"  
"I hope so."  
"Pretty dull, won't it be?"  
"I've got used to dullness," he said with a smile.  
"Poor boy!" she murmured. "I used to think of you."  
"Sez you!"  
"I wish you wouldn't adopt that stupid, cynical tone. I hate it!"  
"Sorry, I suppose I am cynical. But surely it's understandable."  
**WHO IS SHE?"**  
"Not with me. Your smash did for me, too, remember."  
"Particularly with you," he insisted.  
"There are genuine things in life, though. Genuine, loyal people. People worth while."  
"Will you believe me when I say that I wish I had waited for you?" she asked quietly.  
"If you say so. It would be rude not to, wouldn't it?"  
"I do say so. And it's true."  
"It would have been excellent publicity. Can't you see the headlines: 'Actress meets criminal at prison gate and marries him!'"  
"I've told you I hate this cheap cynicism."  
"That wasn't cynicism," he smiled.  
"It was irony. Still, I'm glad you came here tonight."  
"Why?" she asked in obvious surprise.  
"Because it showed me that the old life is dead. That it doesn't matter in the least."  
"You mean you don't love me? I'd gathered that," she said quietly.  
"I do not. It's incredible to me that I ever did. You're as beautiful as ever, but I seem to see you more clearly. And beauty, superficial beauty, anyway—just doesn't matter. There are other things far more important."  
She thought over this a moment before she said: "It was my husband who suggested that I should come here tonight."  
"Why?"  
She shrugged her shoulders. "I fancy he thought I could get the hiding place of the emeralds out of you."  
"Why do you tell me this?" he asked.  
"Because I've made a strange discovery to-night."  
"Oh?" he said doubtfully.  
"Yes. You won't believe it. You'll probably laugh. But I love you. It is funny, isn't it?"  
"It's certainly a strange statement."  
"You don't believe it?"  
"I don't quite see why you should lie to me. I can't see any object in it."  
"In the old days you were just like a dozen different men I knew. I thought that you were going to make money and that was all I wanted."  
"I gathered that."  
"But you're not the man you were. You're a different person."  
"To a great extent," he agreed.  
"To a very great extent," she said.  
"What a swine I was," she added with a sudden bitterness.  
"I've no hard feelings, Lucia. I didn't expect you to act other than you did."  
"I should have stuck to you! If I'd loved you then as I do to-night, I should have."  
"This is all very embarrassing," he said, uneasily.  
"Yes. The tables are turned, John. In the old days you loved me, remember. Ah, well," she went on as she stood up. "I may as well be going. You've got your revenge, if you wanted it."  
"I didn't. As far as the hiding place of the emeralds is concerned, I don't know anything about it."  
"He's got a bee in his bonnet that you do."  
"Well, I don't—I assure you."  
"Good-bye!" she said. "I hope that you have better luck. Don't think worse of me than you must."  
"We've both been perilously near the rocks, I'm afraid," he said.  
"You'll miss them," she said. "And I'm glad you've found loyalty in someone else. You always were loyal. Who is she?"  
"No one in particular."  
"There is," she said quietly. "And I'm glad. It's funny that I should have come here to-night to try to bluff you into telling me where the emeralds were and ended up by giving Sternberg away."  
"It is," he agreed.

her peace of mind that she could not see the look on his face as he went along the corridor to his own room.  
(To be continued)

**Kapuskasing Band Buys Paddy Green Uniforms**  
Kapuskasing band has been making good progress as a musical organization and recently helped themselves in the good work by purchasing uniforms. The uniforms are to be "Paddy green".

Sudbury Star:—Word has come that a newspaper is being published in China's No Man's Land. Obviously it is being published for folks who read between the lines.

**BABY'S WEAR SPECIALS**  
Quality Woolen Goods  
Everything for Baby—Blankets, Booties, Bonnets, etc. The finest of materials in every one. Visit our Baby's Wear Shop on your next trip downtown. We also have Baby's long sleeved dresses.  
**WOOL — HOSIERY — Linens**  
Flowers for Every Occasion  
**Mrs. Shephard**  
20 Cedar St. N. Timmins



**NOW—A BOY OR GIRL IN CANADA CAN WIN**



**A COLLEGE EDUCATION FREE!**

**CONTEST RULES**

1. Any boy or girl who would like to go to college is eligible for Royal Yeast's Dominion-wide Popularity Contest. You can enter your own name or that of any other person.
  2. Each front from a Royal Yeast package counts as 10 votes.
  3. Send the fronts direct to Royal Yeast, Box No. 5, Toronto, Ontario. On the back of each label write the name and address of the person you are voting for.
  4. Contest closes May 31, 1938. Winners will be announced in time for the opening of the college year.
  5. It is not necessary to enter college immediately. We will pay the expenses whenever you wish to go.
  6. In case of a tie, the same prize will be awarded both winners.
- If you have questions regarding this contest, write Royal Yeast, Box No. 5, Toronto, Ont.

**PRIZES**

- 1st Prize**—The boy or girl receiving the highest number of votes will receive, free, 4 years tuition, board, room, and all normal expenses at any college in Canada. Or \$3,000 in cash.
- 2nd Prize**—1 year free tuition, board, room, and all normal expenses at any college in Canada. Or \$750 in cash.
- 3rd Prize**—\$250 in cash which will pay a year's tuition in many colleges.
- 4th Prize**—\$100 in cash—enough to pay room rent at most colleges for 1 year.
- 5th Prize**—\$50 in cash—which will buy many of your clothes for the first year.
- Next 20 highest will each receive \$25 in cash—enough to buy your first year's text books.
- Next 100 will each receive \$10 in cash.

**YOUR VOTES IN ROYAL YEAST'S POPULARITY CONTEST MAY GIVE SOME EAGER YOUNG PERSON A REAL START IN LIFE!**

**TUITION, BOARD, ROOM, ALL EXPENSES PAID for 4 years at any university in Canada. OR \$3,000 IN CASH! 124 OTHER GREAT CASH PRIZES!...**

to help some deserving boy or girl... in your church or neighborhood. Save your Royal package fronts.

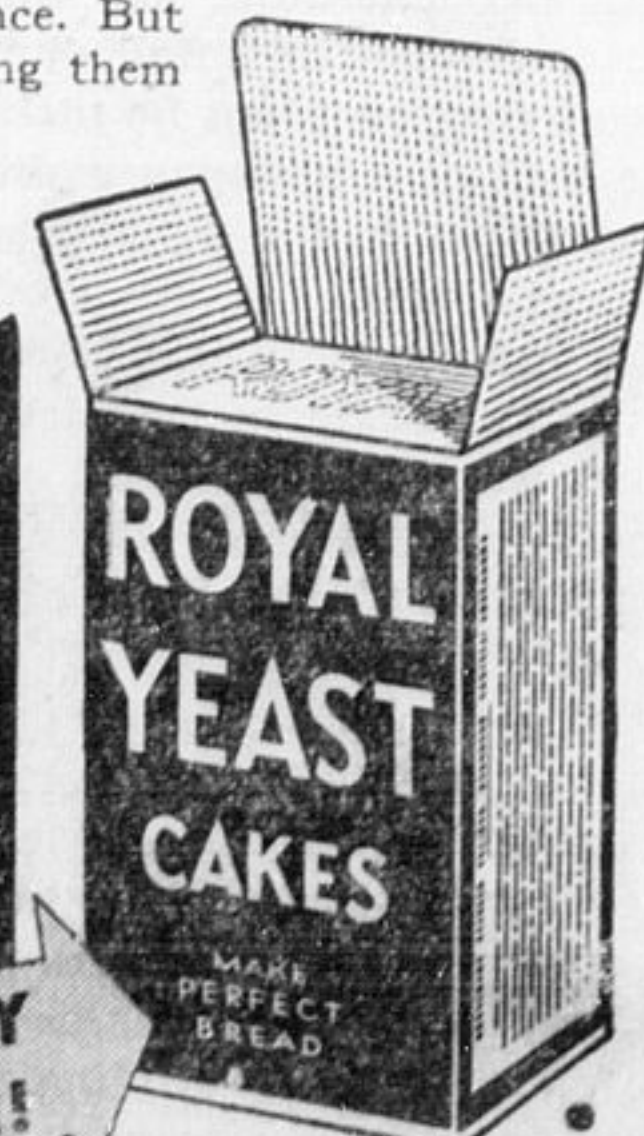
**Organize a "Helpers Club"**

Organize your friends, neighbors, church members into a group to back your candidate. Many of them already use Royal Yeast for all their home baking. For Royal is the high quality dry yeast 7 out of 8 Canadian housewives already use.

Be sure they save the package fronts. Mark each with the name and address of your candidate and mail to Royal Yeast, Box No. 5, Toronto, Ont. You can send the fronts as you get them or save and send several at once. But start saving them today.

**Guard against Spoiled Bread! BAKE WITH ROYAL YEAST!**

Every cake of Royal is sealed in an air-tight wrapper that assures full strength and purity. Royal is the only dry yeast that has this special protection. For 50 years, Royal has stood for dependability. Today, 7 out of 8 Canadian women rely entirely on it when they bake with a dry yeast. Don't risk baking failure. Always use Royal. Buy a package today—and be sure to save the front!



**SAVE ROYAL YEAST PACKAGE FRONTS! THEY MAY MEAN SOMEONE'S COLLEGE EDUCATION!**

MADE IN CANADA

**The MYSTERY OF THE DESERTED KITCHEN**

THERE was no one in the kitchen. A number of fresh, crusty-brown loaves and a batch of delicious-looking rolls were the only evidence that it was baking day, although it was at a time when baking operations would normally be in full swing.

Where was the housewife?  
Had she risen earlier than usual, to get her baking finished so soon?  
Had she retired worn out from her work?  
As a matter of fact, the housewife has gone to town. She hadn't risen any earlier than usual, she isn't the slightest bit tired—and there isn't any mystery about it. She merely uses Quaker Flour and The Quaker Easy Method of Bread Baking.

You too can get in on this secret and out of your kitchen if you will just write to The Quaker Oats Company, Department S-77 Saskatoon, Sask., for their FREE booklet telling you how to bake better bread and rolls in half the time with hardly any work at all.