

two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore

(Continued from page 2)

"We're accustomed to the cold," Ann Houghton, seated in a wing-chair at the opposite side of the hearth, took a long, knitting from a bag hanging on the arm of the chair. She was never idle, Gay had observed in the two days she had spent in John's home. Her housekeeping was a ritual meticulously performed. In those moments, as now, when she was not engaged in some active task, her long hands with prominent knuckles and nails, nicely shaped but unmanicured, were busy with knitting or sewing. It's heady, but not very comfortable, especially since you've just come from Florida.

"I don't mind at all," Gay said quickly. "Can't we go for a walk?"

"I'm afraid I can't spare the time," John's mother said in the cool, deliberate tone which held Gay at an impassable distance. "But you go, if you like. Only you must wear Debby's macintosh." Her glance fell to Gay's sturdy but daintily fashioned oxford. "It's so easy to get your toes frosted. I shouldn't want you to suffer from chilblains the rest of your life."

You would probably enjoy a winter's holiday, John's mother said after an interval of silence during which the needles had clicked and Gay had determinedly finished her breakfast. "It's dull for you while Sarah and Debby are in school. If we had known you were coming, we might have arranged something entertaining. Rhonda, even though she had been storm-bound during the past two days, it was inconsiderate of me to have brought blizzard coming a most directly from Florida. I should have done better."

Ann Houghton's faint smile was her only acknowledgement of the pleasantry.

"I don't ordinarily encourage gaiety during the week," she went on. "This is Sarah's first year of teaching in the high school. She is naturally eager to make a favorable impression and she isn't very strong."

Sarah looked strong enough, Gay thought, though a little subdued and unhappy. No, not actively unhappy, resigned. A little gaily, the thought continued, would do Sarah more good than her mother's persistent cooing. Still that was Sarah's concern—and her mother's.

"It's pleasant just to be here," Gay said. She pushed her chair back from the table, slipped her hand into the pocket that contained her cigarette case, considered. "I've enjoyed my breakfast."

Ann Houghton folded the knitting into the bag, rose briskly from the wing-chair with a Gay thought, an appearance of relief. She took a tray from the window sill and began to clear the small table from which Gay had eaten her breakfast.

"Let me help you," Gay, too, rose, stood watching Ann Houghton's competent movements.

"No, thank you. I know just where everything goes," Ann Houghton's voice was gracious but chillingly reserved. "Amuse yourself if you can with our limited resources. I suppose that John will come tonight."

"He said he hoped to when he called last night."

Ann Houghton glanced at the window through which sunlight streamed in, glanced across a frosting of snow on the sill.

"I hope he won't attempt it unless the roads are clear." She turned to place the tray containing the tea and perambol on the mantel above the fireplace.

"Was she going to tell her that John wasn't strong? Gay wondered. As though anything, other than an emergency call, would keep him from coming now that the storm was over.

"John is accustomed to toy roads. I suppose," she said, a faint note of asperity in her voice. "He drives all winter."

Ann Houghton took up the tray. "It's foolish of me to worry," she said, but when his work was involved, I don't like him to take unnecessary risks. Will you go for a walk now or wait until the sun is warmer? I do the upstairs work on Friday while Rhonda is cleaning downstairs. It's tiresome for you to be exposed to all the household machinery but when there are only two of us to keep the wheels turning we must observe routine. I try to spare Sarah, and Debby hasn't a natural bent toward housework. I'm afraid."

(To be Continued)

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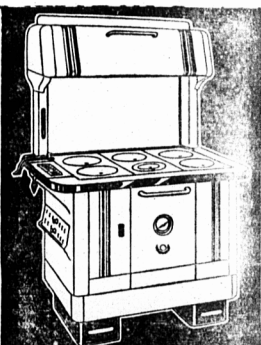
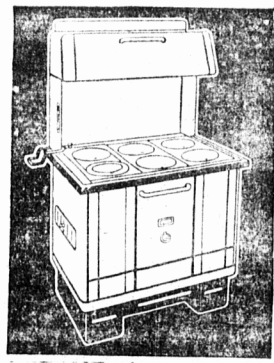
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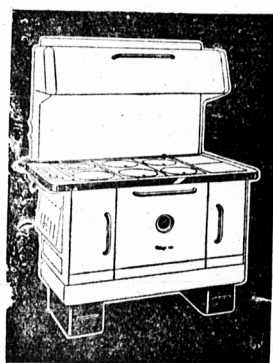
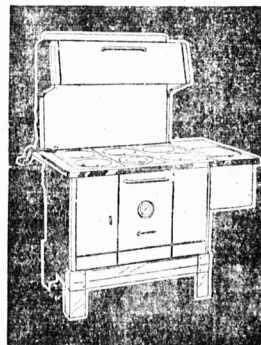
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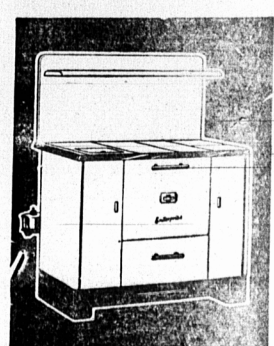
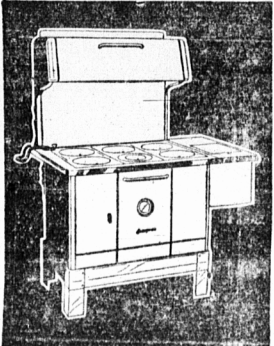
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HOLMAN'S 2 BIG STORES SUMMERSIDE & CHARLOTTETOWN



STYLES MAY BE MUSEUMS' BEST — SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 27.—(CP)—The immortal Daley, who took her wedding trip on a "bicycle built for two," has been eclipsed by Ella-been Young. Soon after Elizabeth's marriage to James Philip Young, a fellow magazine worker in San Francisco, the couple mounted a tandem bicycle and spent five months and 10 days on the road. They dipped their machine in the Pacific, crossed the country and dipped it in the Atlantic. Then they pedaled back to their point of departure. They covered 7,100 miles, every inch of it by their own motive power. They had two punctures, several blowouts. Chief mechanical trouble was the breaking of spokes. After initial stiffness and soreness were over, they made from 70 to 100 miles a day.

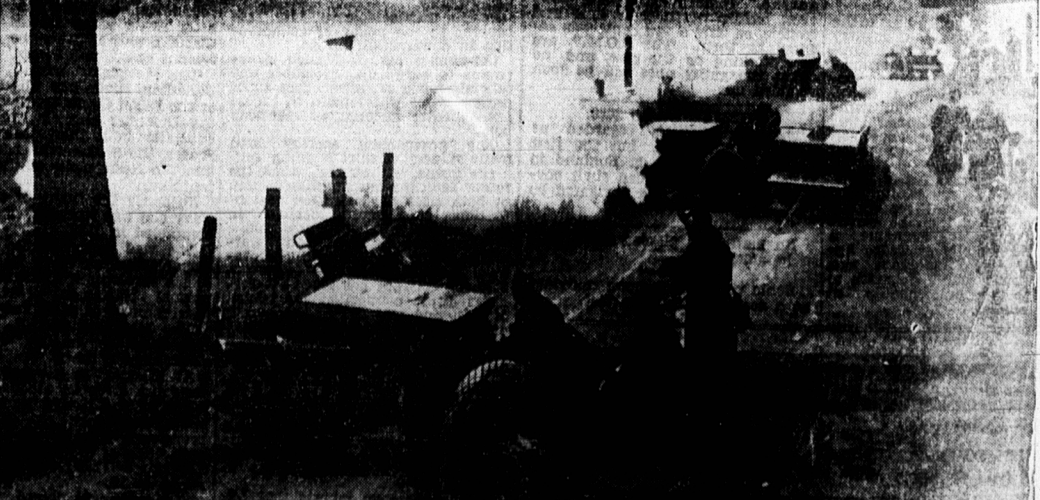
WAR DISTURBS CLUBS — LONDON.—(CP)—Notices in London clubs require servants to go to air raid shelters at the sound of gunfire. Club members are asked to co-operate by dining early, before night raids begin.

CLOISTER INTERNEES — MADRAS.—(CP)—With Italy at war against the British Empire, a number of Ursuline nuns and missionary priests of Italian birth have been directed to confine themselves to their residences.

People who refuse to take your advice will accept your favors with ease. The person who insists upon having everything generally gets nothing.

The dumber the followers, the greater seems the leader. Apple growing is the mainstay of the fruit-growing industry in Canada, the value of commercial production averaging about \$10,000,000 annually.

Petawawa Forces Roll Through Rural Quebec, "Capture" Montreal in Battle of Manoeuvres



Zero hour for the big-scale "attack" of the Petawawa forces on Montreal came in the cold gray dawn, and found "C" squadron of the 3rd Canadian Motor Cycle Regiment lined up in a patch of clearing, their maps checked and their motors warmed for the start. Late the day before they conducted their preliminary reconnaissance, and they were hard at work all day as the advance screen of the attack. One squadron camped in the bush around the clearing—but there were no give-away traces of occupancy which could be seen by air observers above. LEFT are Montreal's famed 17th Hussars, Montreal "fell" to the invaders from Petawawa, who moved in column after mechanized column, perfectly synchronized. At the end of the day every unit was in the place assigned at the exact time set, and the city was in the hands of the 4,000 "attackers." Captured (RIGHT), shortly after dawn, is D troop of 97-100 Battery, 7th Canadian Army Field Regiment, R.C.A., ready for action behind advancing infantry.