Karin Ellis

(By Michael Jackson)
Author of Popular Stories in National Magazines

CHAPTER XXXIII

Lying in the dark, in the bed that was too large, Emily thought it not fair that she had only one life. Faced with any other problem you could experiment until you found the answer. You were always given at least two or three tries. But when they put you on earth and said, "O.K. Emily, make a go of living," you had to do everything exactly right the first time. And if you didn't get it right the first time, you might as well forget it, because at the second and third tries is an answer for a person who is no longer you.

Often, when things went badly, when a new product did not catch on or an advertising campaign failed to capture the note she intended, Emily would tell herself that, after all, she could retire and she could. With the insurance Billy had left her, and the business that she had built, she had ample for the rest of her life. But retire to what? she asked herself. She had no talent for leisure. To do nothing, to lose her power and identity, would be in itself a small death.

Emily saw many these days who had lost their success. And their chief grievance—greater than the loss of money or power—was that even their old friends no longer accepted them as they had. "After all" the failures said, or hinted in various ways, "I'm still the same person. I haven't changed." But the truth, which Emily could never bring herself to say was that they were not the same persons. Emily was well aware that she would be nobody without her work, nor was she anxious to discover that nobody.

But constantly, whether or not she allowed herself to dwell upon it, she felt the lack of something in her life. She was not complete. Though she could fill her days with work and business luncheons; though she contrived with pretexts of work and occasional shows to get through most of her evenings, there was always the hour or so before she went to bed. That could not be evaded. If she tried to read a long novel, her mind would slip from the pages. She kept always at her bedside two or three mystery novels, but in the end she gave these up too, and put herself to sleep with crossword puzzles and, often as not, a sedative.

Late one night, unable to sleep, she telephoned for a car and drove to Hilltown to see her mother. Slumped back in the seat, a robe about her legs, she told herself, sentimentally, that she should have done this much sooner. One needed roots, the feeling that one belonged to something, someone, no matter whom.

It was warm and cozy in the car, and although she did not sleep she closed her eyes. She felt better than she had in weeks. As they drove on, she felt both happy and virtuous that she was returning to her home.

She reached Hilltown early in the morning. Because she felt that her mother would not yet be up, she had the chauffeur drive about the streets she remembered. As she looked out of the window at the grimy town, gray and lifeless in the early light, Emily's glow began to leave her. It was entirely gone when she stood before her mother. At first, she could not make her mother understand that she had come to Hilltown merely on a whim. "I just wanted to see how you were," Emily said. And even though she had no great affection for her mother, Emily was ashamed that she had not, in all the years, come before. It was not a long distance from New York.

"Why, I'm all right, Emily. Fit as can be." Mrs. Tillotson was still perplexed. "Are you sure nothing's happened?"

When, over their tea in the kitchen, Mrs. Tillotson saw that Emily was going to unearth no real reason for her visit, the old woman told her of the meaningless town gossip. "Since I got Jeanne, the hired girl, I know everything that happens," Mrs. Tillotson said. "You sure you can afford to send me all the money you do, Emily? I suppose I could manage by myself if I had to. Every so often, I walk to the market by myself. We have one of those serve-yourself stores. Handy."

Mrs. Tillotson could not bring herself to believe that Emily had come all the way from New York in an automobile. Emily soon saw that a drive about town would be a treat for her mother. "It will be wonderful," Mrs. Tillotson said, placing the cups under the faucet. "I'll tell Jeanne to get ready."

Jeanne, plump and young and stupid, came down from her room, which had been Emily's room, and they walked out to the gleaming sedan. Mrs. Tillotson nodded a greeting to the chaffeur who held the door for them. "There's a new post office, Emily," Mrs. Tillotson said. "You ought to see that."

As they drove about, Mrs. Tillotson maintained her flow of talk. Emily listened to none of it until her mother, taking her arm said, "And worst of all, your Aunt Emily. She lost her mind. It's just a shame, that's what it is. Especially now when I have Jeanne and I could have your Aunt Emily in to have a nice cup of tea in the afternoon."

Emily smiled inwardly. It was a bitter joke that life had played on her mother. Poor Mother, she thought, bringing her hand to her face, to wait all those years—to hope and hope—and now that she and Aunt Emily might have comforted each other in their old age, Aunt Emily had to go and lose her mind.

Still, in the few hours she had with her mother, Emily saw that she was as happy as she had ever been. Perhaps the money had not come too late at that. Jeanne, who was no housekeeper, was worth her small wages as companion. Emily looked at Jeanne, who sat in front with the driver, staring ahead stiffly, afraid to show interest in the drive for fear of exposing herself as one unaccustomed to luxuries.

Mrs. Tillotson, misinterpreting Emily's silence, took her hand and said, "You don't have to feel too bad about your Aunt Emily. She's right old. And anyway, she's comfortable, they say. They keep the house and the grounds right nice."

"That's good," Emily said. She turned to study her mother. There was about her the same old harsh soapy smell. There were blue veins in her red wrinkled hands and her rheumy eyes were red-rimmed. Despite her stiffness, she was as healthy as ever. Just as she had never been truly well, Emily supposed that she'd never be truly ill. "She'll live forever," Emily thought without feeling one way or the other.

The drive was not so long as Mrs. Tillotson would have liked. "But we can take in the rest tomorrow," she said brightly as they entered the dim parlor. "They're building four cottages behind the mill, they say." She let herself slowly and stiffly into a chair. "We can see them tomorrow."

"I have to go to work tomorrow," Emily said.

Mrs. Tillotson looked up, surprised and hurt. "Tomorrow?" she asked. "But tomorrow's Sunday. They don't make you work on Sunday, do they?"

"Something special I have to clean up." If Emily could have, she would have left the house at that moment. She did not know why she had come home, what she had hoped to find. She felt dispirited and restless.

Mrs. Tillotson clucked her tongue. "Ain't that a shame, though." She clasped her hands. "You don't have to go right now, do you? Not just this minute?"

"No. Not this minute."

It was a long, drab afternoon. Jeanne brought in thick sandwiches of tongue and cheese, and ate with them in the parlor. Later, Helene Boucher, now Helene O'Arcy, came in, and saying she thought she'd just look in on Mrs. Tillotson, something she had never before done. She remained only a short while, fat and middle-aged, awkward in her muddy overshoes and cheap, rabbit-collared cloth coat. She was embarrassed and talked with her hand to her mouth so that Emily could not understand her. But it did not greatly matter, for Helene had come, not to reminisce over the days when she and Emily had been classmates, but to see for herself the legendary Karin Ellis.

Helene was envious only of Emily's apparent youth; the tweed suit and the plaid topcoat thrown across the sofa's arm did not impress her. Emily sensed this and felt that Helene had rather expected a spangled dress and coronet.

Helene stood in an awkward silence and muttered, "I suppose Hilltown don't seem like much to you after New York, Emily—I mean Karin—but, anyways, we hope you'll come back again soon."

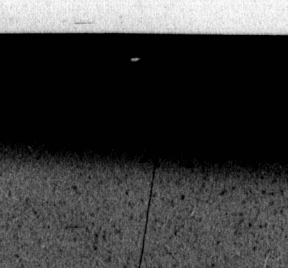
"Indeed I shall, Helene," Emily replied, and accompanied her to the door. Back with her mother Emily said, "I suppose I should have stood on my head or juggled something. Helene seemed rather disappointed."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Tillotson said quickly. "My, Emily, everyone's so proud of you. They have your picture on the perfume counter at Misch's drugstore and everyone talks about you and knows all about you. They were real sorry when Mr. Halloran died." Mrs. Tillotson settled back in her chair, and talked on as Emily gazed out of the window at the dull day. "My, wouldn' the Doctor be proud if he knew you invented lipstick?"

"I didn't invent it."

"Whatever you did, then. Wouldn't he be proud, though! And your Aunt Emily, if she only just knew. It's too bad the mill had to close down for good. Why, Emily—" and this was the pinnacle "—if the mill was going you could be managing it or something now." Mrs. Tillotson shook her head and thought about that.

(To Be Continued)



Maj-Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, 44 of Platte, Neb., youngest U. S. officer of that rank is chief of staff to Lieut.-Gen. Mark Clark of the Fifth Army now invading Italy. He was loaned by General Eisenhower who said, "I feel like I am losing my right hand."

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for photographs.

CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.

DO NOT LEAVE the payment of the 3rd installment of Civic taxes until the last day. 9-20-9i.

POLICE COURT — Yesterday at the Police Court a drunk and incapable had his $10 bail estreated Another on a similar charge whose bail was refused last week received a 20 day suspended sentence. A female charged with drunkenness was fined $20 and costs or 30 days in jail.

WE WISH at this time to remind all Civic tax-payers that the 3rd installment of taxes falls due on Sept. 30th. After that date interest must be charged. 9-20-9i.

A CHOICE FLOWER — The Guardian has received a very beautiful Mauve Sweetpea blossom of eight blooms on the one stalk picked in his garden by Mr. Reginald A. MacDonald, Mt. Stewart.

ATTENTION — Our car of poultry, hog and dairy concentrate has arrived. Unloading at Hunter River today and tomorrow. R. L. Dickieson. 9-20-2i.

RECEIVES PROMOTION — Mr. and Mrs. G.E. Ritchie have received word that their son Lieut. John Ritchie M.D. has been promoted to the rank of Captain. Captain Ritchie is at present stationed with the R.C.A.M.C. in British Columbia.

PRESENTATION — On Monday evening Sept. 6, a large number of friends and neighbors assembled in the Masonic Hall, Hunter River, to honor Lloyd Hickox of the R.C. Signals who was home on a two weeks furlough and has since returned to Barriefield, Ontario. Mr. Fulton Robertson brought Lloyd forward to the platform and expressed in a few brief remarks how proud this community was of its large number of men in the armed services. He also made special mention of the girls, one of whom was present at the gathering. Mr. Ben Pineau then read a nicely worded address and Mr. James MacDonald made the presentation of a well-filled purse. Lloyd in his usual manner thanked one and all for their kindness after which all joined in singing "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow." A pleasant evening was then enjoyed by all.

Personals

Mr. J.P. Crockett has returned from a business trip to Montreal Quebec, Toronto and points in Western Ontario.

Mr. Peter Perry of Glace Bay Gazette, Glace Bay, is spending his vacation visiting friends here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lund, Fitzroy Street.

Mrs. Hart Lidstone of Tyne Valley, P.E.I., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Silliker, Fort Monckton Port Elgin.

Mr. John M. O'Marah, who is employed in the steel plant, Trenton, N.S., spent a two weeks vacation at his home in Mitchell River P. E. I., and has now returned to New Glasgow, N. S., to resume his duties.

Mrs. Frank Ryan and two daughters Cecila and Helen Ryan after spending a pleasant week's vacation with the former's sister Martha M. O'Marah, Mitchell River, P.E.I., returned to their home in New Glasgow, N.S.

Miss Dora Darrach has returned to her duties at the Prince Edward Island Hospital after spending her holidays with her mother Mrs. Clara Darrach of Canoe Cove.

Mrs. R.L. MacPherson, of Oyster Bed Bridge returned home after spending a very pleasant two weeks holiday with relatives in Belmont Muss.

SUGAR AS ALTERNATIVE

There's nothing like having your own preserves and now that there is a price ceiling of grapes and they promise to be fairly plentiful, thrifty housewives in the grape belts are planning to "do down" quantities of the luscious fruit.

EXCHANGE LINER REACHES BRAZIL

RIO DE JANIERO, Sept. 17 — (AP) —The Swedish liner Gripsholm, chartered by the United States Government for exchange of Japan and American nationals, including Canadian and South Americans, arrived here today to pick up 89 Japanese citizens.

Sir James Morton, discover of fast colors, died at his home near Cumberland, aged 76. He was one of Britain's leading industrialists.

London's Hyde Park is minus railings, (fences) but that doesn't stop the big iron gates being closed each night when one of the officials shouts an "all out" to people in the park. The reason is to keep motor traffic, mostly taxis, out of the park at night. There's nothing officials can do about pedestrians.

"Me for Player's"

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Only Female Engineer an Island Girl

The United Survey Camp at Truro, Nova Scotia, attended by second and third year engineers from all Maritime universities, is not quite the same this year. With a class of engineers from Mount Allison University, in Sackville, is Dorothy J. Heartz, of Montreal, a third year engineering student at the college.

Dorothy entered Mount Allison in the fall of 1942 and registered in the Bachelor of Science course. The following year she changed to engineering and became the only girl in a class of over ninety "sliderulers" and, as investigation later showed, the sole female engineer in any Maritime college.

Students at the surveying camp which last until September 20, put into practice theories of surveying learned in the lecture rooms and, as part of their work, are required to make a survey of portions of land around the Provincial Agricultural College at Truro. Miss Heartz will work with the Mount Allison surveying crew and, with the rest of her class, will prepare a blueprint of the land surveyed during the winter from notes and data collected at camp.

An excellent student, Dorothy can hold her own against male competition in the many subjects of the stiff engineering course. She is moreover, active in extra mural affairs and last winter was elected queen of the campus Ice Carnival.

She also played on the engineer's football team in their annual autumn classic with the co-eds known as the "Flounders Game," assisting in the victory by making an eighty yard run for a touchdown She is also one of the better badminton players on the campus and last year was a member of the Women's Administrative Council.

Miss Heartz is the daughter of Richard Heartz whose biography is given as follows.

RICHARD E. HEARTZ, B. Sc., M. E. I. C., assistant chief engineer of the Shawinigan Engineering Company Limited, who was elected chairman of the Montreal branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada, at the annual meeting at the institute's headquarters on Mansfield Street. Mr. Heartz graduated from McGill University in 1917. He has been very active in Institute affairs. He was a member of papers and meetings committee for 1936-1937, member of executive committee 1938 39 chairman, entertainment and smoker committee on the welfare and training of the young engineer 1939-1940, and was vice chairman of the Montreal branch in 1940.

Born in Marshfield, P.E.I., August 18, 1895, Mr. Heartz served as a pilot in the Great War. He won a commission and was apointed a flying instructor in 1918, being demobilized in 1919. That year he joined the Fraser Brace Engineering Company Limited, and was employed on the construction of Big Eddy dam on the Spanish River. He was appointed resident engineer at LaGabelle development on the St. Maurice River in 1922, having joined the staff of the Shawinigan Engineering Company Limited in 1920.

Later he directed various power developments in the province and since 1927 has been connected with the design and construction of different hydro electric projects. Besides being a member of the Engineering Institute of Canada, he is a member of the Professional Engineers of Quebec and the Canadian Electrical Association.

(Mr. Heartz is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Heartz, East Royalty.)

(Montreal Standard)

ODDS AND ENDS

Perhaps you've been wanting some table runners or new cushion covers for the couch pillows on the sun porch. Here are two likely suggestions on how you can have them without spending any money.

An extra length left over from your homespun drapes can be cut to the desired shape and fringed for a pretty table runner. A cross stitched design blocked out on a square of homespun also makes a practical chair back "tidy".

And one more point, your terry cloth beach robe, gone at the shoulders but with yards of good material in the skirt, will make durable cushion covers.

War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press)

SEPT. 21, 1918— The British collected 18,000 prisoners and 120 guns to date in Palestine, opening the way to Acre and Beirut. In the Balkans the Serbians reached the Vardar, seizing the railway from Salonica to Uskub The British made local thrusts at various points on the Western front

In Memoriam

JOHN J. BROWN

There passed away very suddenly after a few hours illness on Sept. 2 John J. Brown aged 84, formerly of Sea View, P.E.Island.

A successful and well known farmer, retired 17 years ago on account of ill health and moved to Kensington where he retired until his death.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. A.D. Stirling, assisted by Flt. Lt. E.R. Woodside and Rev. Mr. MacGowan, and held from his late residence.

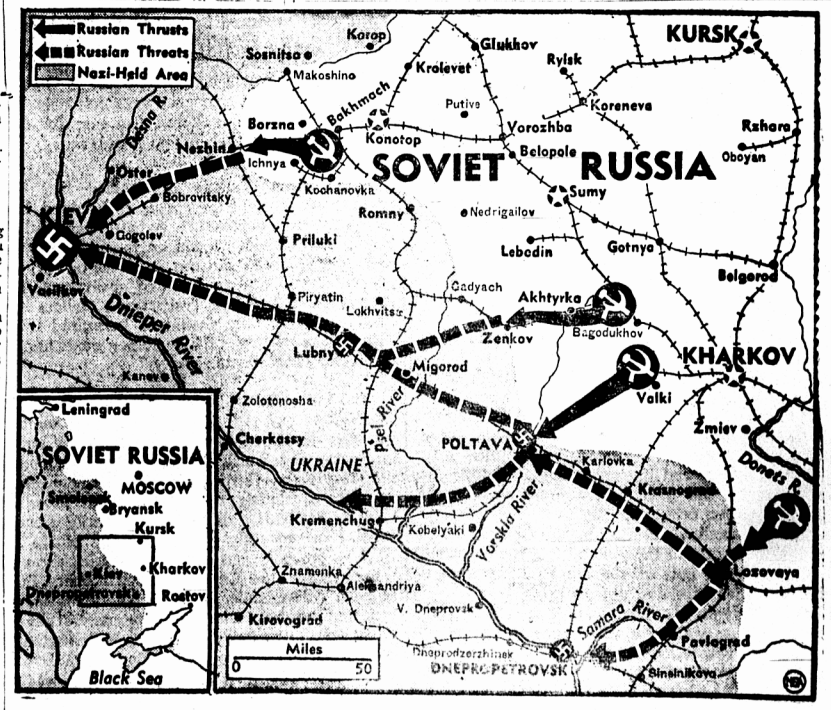
The hymns sung were What A Friend We Have In Jesus. Shall we meet beyond the River, and a solo by Russel MacKay, Will The Circle Be Unbroken, a favorite of the deceased.

The respect and affection of his numerous friends and relatives was amply proved by the largely attended funeral and many beautiful floral offerings and messages of sympathy received.

Besides his wife there are left to morn one daughter Mrs Fred Semple of Kensington; also one sister, Mrs. Bella MacEwen, of South Granville P. E. Island, to whom sympathy is extended in their sudden beravement.

The pallbearers were: Messrs. Leslie Mann, George MacNeill, C. E. P. Yeo, Alex Hiltz, Stanley Brown, Arthur Henry. Interment in People's Cemetery, Kensington.

Pest destruction in Huntigdonshire during May, June and July yielded 11,000 rats, nearly 900 sparows; more than 2,000 sparrow eggs; 18,000 butterflies; 2,500 jackdaws and 4,000 eggs; 1,265 magpies and nearly 6,000 eggs.



Thrusting steadily across the great Ukraine, the Red potential attack routes to this city which fell to Army is edging ever closer to the Nazi stronghold and Germans two years ago. In the south, Russians drive key communications center of Kiev. Map shows toward Dnieprpetrovsk and the Dnieper.

Among the warships of the Italian fleet, the bulk of which is safe in Allied ports, the great battleship Italia, formerly the Littorio, was reported to be at Malta. The 35,000-ton ship's main and secondary batteries include nine 15-inch guns and twelve 6-inch ones. Like her three sister ships and other modern Italian warships the Italia was designed for defense against air attack, carrying nine 3 1-2-inch anti aircraft guns, forty anti-aircraft machine guns and two catuaults for launching the three planes she carries abroad.