CHRISTABEL

By PEARL BELLAIRS

She went back to the nursing home. Nobody there either looked or made any comment on her having gone away.

She stayed all the evening, and went back to Marlborough Road for the night, as it was nearer, leaving her telephone number. When she returned in the morning Cavanagh was very much improved.

She talked to him in the morning and again on the following day, about the future; and her course began to shape itself for her.

He still wanted to go away. He wanted her to go with him, but he was loath to ask her to tie herself to him! Marriage was now out of the question. He was partly paralysed and thought he had not been told much, he could guess enough to know that after such an attack he could never be completely well again.

"I shall go away as soon as I'm well enough to travel," he said. "If Dora comes with me, could you—would you come with me for a little while? And when you're tired of it you can leave me. Is that too much to ask?"

"Of course I'll go with you!" said Christabel. "You know I want to go away; you know I shall be happy looking after you! It's the only thing that will make me able to bear all this!"

He brightened immediately, and a smile wreathed his purplish, discoloured lips.

"You make me feel that I've lost very little, after all!"

It was decided that he should spend three weeks in the nursing home, and then go to Geneva with Miss Cavanagh and Christabel, to a chalet he had rented there on several former occasions when he was taking an active interest in the League of Nations. He would go by sea to Genoa and from Genoa overland to Geneva, with a trained nurse and a doctor in attendance.

* * * * *

Often when she walked from the bus in Oxford Street, to Portland Place, with Cavandish Square so near on her left, Christabel thought about Hewitson.

It had occurred to her that the news of Cavanagh's illness might lead him to seek her out; but that expectation had soon died.

She had too much time for thinking, and the justness of her attitude towards Hewitson sometimes kept her awake at night, arguing with herself.

She didn't hate him in the old way, for what he had once done to her. She knew he had not really meant to do it; and that kind of hatred was not in her temperament. But the things he had said, particularly about her always having been in love with him, made her relentless. He was just the kind of person to take any sign of forgiveness on her part as an admission of the truth in what he said. And she would never give him that satisfaction, never.

Her face would grow hot and she would clench her fists as she lay in the dark.

And then one day she saw him as she was walking through from Oxford Street. The first thing she noticed was the dog which ran to her, wagging its tail as though it knew her. With a little shock she saw it Gip.

She looked up, and there was Hewitson, coming towards her along the pavement. Her heart gave a sickening jump; involuntarily, she composed her face into a stony formality.

He saw her, with a momentary startled checking on his step. He too tried to look formal.

He raised his hat. She bowed—they were past one another. She walked on with the ebb tide of the crowd and he was swallowed in its flow.

Her legs felt weak under her as she walked; there was a cool spot on her ankle where the dog had nosed her.

He had looked tired—older. Evidently he had been out to buy a paper, there was one unfolded in his hand. She wondered if she should have looked or done differently. But what did it matter? She would never see him again.

Three days later, looking at a new illustrated monthly in the waiting room at the nursing home she came upon a small photograph of a bride and bridegroom coming out of a church. Arrested as she recognized the faces, she paused to look more closely.

It was a photograph of Molly Hewitson and Dr. Sanders, married in the previous week. Molly Hewitson looked radiant. Both were smiling.

CHAPTER XXVII

AMONG STRANGERS

Late in August the great Dutch luxury liner bound for the East Indies put out from Southampton; and for the second time in her life Christabel watched the low coast of England sink away, under the faint grey clouds of a rainy day.

Certainly she felt a queer wrench in leaving England—felt it as she had never expected to feel it. In the dim line of shore, as the ship moved out into the Solent, she fancied the fields and woods, beyond them London, the dusty clamour of Bering Street, the drab, hostile walls of the prison.

Goodbye to the man who had said: "You will never escape!"

More than one of her fellow passengers, watching the graceful woman as she moved away from the rail, looked at her face and wondered what thoughts were going on behind its pale calm.

It was soon known among the passengers, English, Dutch and German, that she was travelling with Cavanagh's party and had been engaged to marry him before he was stricken down. The women shrugged, and said wasn't it obvious why she was devoting herself to the invalid? The men envied Cavanagh because money brought a man so much.

Christabel spent her time beside Cavanagh's couch in his suite. She read to him, talked to him, or sat sewing while he dozed. She would have been happier if there had been more to do for him in a practical way; but the trained nurse and the doctor and Lee did everything for him that there was to be done.

Every day, early in the morning, with Miss Cavanagh and alone after nine o'clock at night when Cavanagh had gone to sleep, she walked on the deck to get air. Then she was conscious of curious eyes staring at her from all sides—and again, the intense male interest, to which she was growing quite indifferent. Already the private secretary and the doctor found excuses to be with Cavanagh when she was there; Lee seemed to find that he needed air at the same hours that she did; the doctor told her foolish anecdotes of his student days.

But at the same time they looked at one another warily, she and the doctor and the nurse and Lee; because they were strangers to one another, with the expectation of monotony and difficulty to be shared. Three of them were in some way making a sacrifice; Christabel the sacrifice of the best time of her life, even though she would not admit it herself; the doctor was giving up experience and practice for the sake of a cushy job; the secretary was going where would be away from all opportunity but that offered by a private secretaryship to a dying man . . .

At times it seemed to Christabel that some such atmosphere hung round the luxurious suite, with the little Japanese stewards squatting outside on their mats, must have hung over the party which accompanied Napoleon into exile.

The journey from Genoa to Geneva was not quite so easy. It was impossible for Cavanagh to be made as comfortable in a wagon-lit as he had been aboard the liner. But when at last they arrived at the chalet and he was established in a room with wide glass doors opening on to a veranda, with a wide view over the lake, he was as well as he had been when he left London.

The doctor settled down to give Cavanagh electrical treatment, reading text books, practising billiards, and telling anecdotes to Christabel. Miss Cavanagh talked regretfully of the dogs she had left behind, but bought two new ones in Geneva. Lee kept Cavanagh in touch with his affairs, tried to write a novel, and now and again persuaded Christabel to have tea with him on the Quai de Mont Blanc, when Cavanagh insisted that she should go out for a change.

She spent many hours a day sitting on the veranda in the sunshine with Cavanagh. She walked in the garden every morning, up and down on the lawn above the bluff that dropped away to the lake, as soon as the sunshine came over the mountain tops. In the afternoons she rested, or she sewed, and conversed mildly with Miss Cavanagh.

(To be Continued)

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RINK MEETING CHURCHILL

A general meeting was held at Mack MacFadyen's shop on March 10th. On motion of Harris MacFayden, seconded by W. Gregg, Mr. Daniel MacKinnon was appointed chairman. A committee of six, including Mr. Percy McDonald, Mr. Robert MacKinnon, Waldron MacKinnon, Eric MacKinnon, Harry Wheeler and W. Buchanan were to interview Mr. W. F. A. Stewart regarding a site for rink, Moved by Dan MacKinnon, seconded by H. MacFayden that this committee wait on Mr. Stewart, Sat. March 11th. Moved by W. MacKinnon, seconded by Albert Lamont that we hold a meeting Monday March 13th to receive report of committee. Meeting was adjourned on motion.

Mr. Daniel McKinnon acting chairman, committee previously appointed to interview Mr. Stewart, reported success on being able to secure a site for rink, also a donation of lumber etc.

Committees to make general canvass of districts of Churchill and Riverdale, were as follows: Churchill, Eric MacKinnon, Bill Buchanan and Waldron MacKinnon; Riverdale, Garfield MacFadyen and Andrew MacFayden. It was suggested by Erma A. Bain that a play be presented to help finance building of rink, etc. Donations of cash, lumber, work, etc., are to be collected and turned over to the newly elected treasurer, Eric MacKinnon on or before June 1st, 1939. It was suggested that the members meet Tuesday night in Riverdale School in connection with play. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. M.F. MacKinnon for use of his shop.

ELMWOOD JUNIOR RED CROSS

The members of Elmwood School held their February Red Cross meeting in school. The meeting opened by reciting the third stanza of the children's song. The roll call was answered by a Valentine Box. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting. Under new business it was moved by Catherine McQuillan and seconded by Wilfred Campbell that Marjorie Buchanan and Mary McQuillan be on the portfolio committee. It was moved and seconded that Wilfred Campbell, Raymond McQuillan and Mary McQuillan be on the entertainment committee. It was decided to answer the Roll Call next day by exchanging gifts.

Following is the programme: Recitations by Roma McPhee, Catherine McQuillan, Marjorie Buchanan, Blanche Docherty, Raymond McQuillan, Alvin McPhee, Hazel McPhee; dramatization of the "Mercury and the Woodman" by Wilfred Campbell, Roma McPhee and Marjorie Buchanan. The meeting was closed by reciting the National Anthem.

Keep Minard's in the home.

HAZEL GROVE SCHOOL

Honor Roll for February:
Grade X—1. Catherine MacLean.
Grade IX—1. Georgie Buchanan; 2. Melvin Pound.
Grade VIII—1. Dorothy Bagnall; 2. Annie Pound; 3. Stephen McConley and Thelma Nicholson (equal).
Grade VII—1. Helen Pound; 2. Waldon Bertram; 3. John Bertram.
Grade VI—1. Marjorie Buchanan; 2. Vivian Craswell; 3. Ora Pound.
Grade IV—1. Hazel Craswell.
Grade III (Sr.)—1. Merrill Nicholson.
Grade III (Jr.)—1. Flo Bagnall; 2. Reagh Pound.
Grade II—1. Erroll Bagnall.
Grade I—1. Alice Craswell and Eleanor Nicholson (equal); 2. Betty Bertram and Norma Pound (equal).

Perfect attendance: Erroll Bagnall, Hazel Craswell, Vivian Craswell, Marjorie Buchanan, Eleanor Nicholson, Merrill Nicholson, Ora Pound, Helen Pound, Lloyd Pound.
Teacher, Barbara Pound.

FRESH CARROTS

Quarter cup shortening, 3-4 cup thinly sliced onions, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 cups thinly sliced raw carrots, 1 1-4 cups water, 1 1-2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1-8 teaspoon pepper.

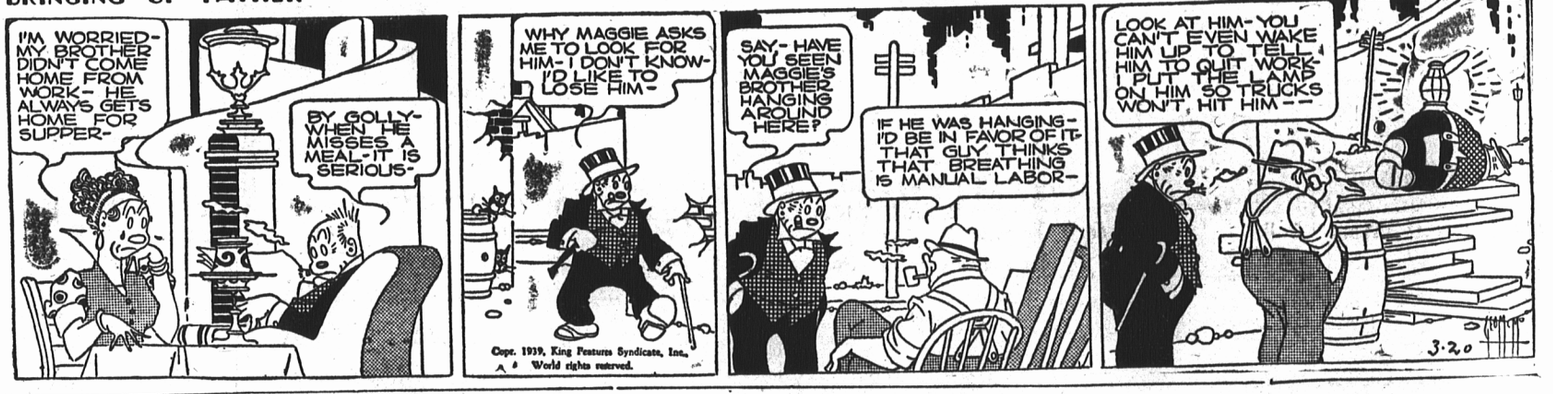
Method: Cook onion in shortening until golden, drain. Brown flour in fat in pan. Add onions, carrots, water, salt, sugar, pepper. Turn into casserole. Cover closely and bake at 350 until carrots are tender, about 30 minutes.

Old Kentucky CIGARETTES

OUT OUR WAY — — By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With — Major Hoople

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus



Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE—

TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER — UNEXPECTED COMPETITION By Westover