



# Two KEYS to a CABIN

LIDA FARRIMORE

Kate did not question her sincerity. It was curious, though, she reflected. She would not have supposed that Gay would find pleasure in the solitude of the woods. Gay, she had thought, loved gaiety, lights, the theater, supper-clubs, dancing, moving from one scene of festivity to another with her smart young intimates. Her visits at "Dunedin," her brief stays at her father's town house, were quite obviously motivated by the same desire for excitement. She had given every indication of preferring to be with her mother and step-father on Long Island, at their apartment in the city, in Florida or Bermuda, now that cut dividends and deflated values had closed to them the play-gardens of Europe. She, Kate, had scarcely seen the child since her engagement had been announced at "Dunedin" late in June until three days ago when she had turned up there and had proposed this trip to Maine.

What had happened the summer she spent here to make so lasting an impression upon Gay? Why, after six years, should she have wanted to return just at this time? Kate's thought continued as Gay, standing beside her, remained silent. She spoke frequently, and with affection, of Dr. Lawrence whom she called "Uncle John," her god-father, her father's life-long friend, who had, at his death, left the cabin to her. Kate remembered him very well. He had a brilliant mind and great charm of manner. She knew that Gay's father had not understood why his friend should have been content to remain the dean of a small college in the remote state of Maine when more and more illustrious opportunities were constantly being offered him. That was explained, she decided. Dr. Lawrence had had a serious heart condition which had restricted his activities.

"The harvest moon, isn't it?" Gay stirred with a rousing motion at Kate's side.

"About half of it," Kate replied. "It should be full toward the end of the week."

"I haven't counted on that," Gay laughed and tapped her arm companionably. "I thought, Kate, I wasn't thinking of moons. It's nice when the sun shines, too."

"I'm sure it is," Kate said. "Feeling as cool as I feel now, was worth the trip."

"I thought you'd like it. You understand now, don't you, why I wanted to come?"

Kate was silent for a moment. Then, "Not entirely," she said.

She knew that the meaning behind the words was perfectly clear to Gay. The brief intimacy was shattered. Gay withdrew her arm. She was not resentful now, though, as she had been when Kate had first questioned her motives.

"Come along," she said, laughing, that shaken note of excitement trembling in her voice. "We have things to do. There are stones we have left to turn."

Gay walked directly to a closed door in the wall opposite the kitchen at the far end of the room.

"This is the master-bedroom," she said and opened the door.

Kate followed her into the room. It was considerably larger than the room off the kitchen and more comfortably furnished. The lamp, bright where she stood, fink into scones at the rim of the cone of light, disclosed at built-in bed at each end of the room. The mattress of one was covered with newspapers and upon it lay paper-wrapped bundles which might contain bedding. The other, beneath windows which overlooked the porch, was obviously prepared for use. Between the windows in the side wall on a square of scenic linoleum stood a small store with a length of jowled pipe.

"That looks familiar," Kate said. "It's called a chunk-stove, in case you're interested. There's one in the rectory study at home."

Gay gave no evidence of being interested in the stove. She stood looking down at the top of a low chest of drawers. Kate approached with the lamp.

"He shaves," she said, making note of a razor-case, a shaving brush, a wooden soap-bow. "Do you suppose he dresses for dinner?"

Gay ignored the question. She turned the brushes arranged with precision on the pine top of the chest. There were no moonbeams. "There's the closet," Kate suggested.

Gay turned from the mirror, walked quickly halfway to the door, opened a door. Kate, following tipped the shade of the lamp so that the light shone directly into the closet. A brown tweed suit, a tan pair of khaki trousers, tan pajamas striped in wine-color, seen service, a dark sweater with a letter stitched to the heavy ribbing, hung in a row from the hooks. A tan felt hat rested where it had been flung on the shelf above, and on the floor below a pair of brown oxfords stood beside brown leather moccasins laced with thorns. Nothing here, surely, Kate thought, and was about to voice the thought in words.

A sound held her silent, a quickly drawn breath audibly and slowly exhaled. Gay's hand touched the sweater. As Kate watched, her forefinger tipped with an almond-pink nail traced the letter stitched to

the ribbing. She turned after a moment. A completely anonymous person, she said and closed the door. But Kate was not deceived. The gesture of the finger with the pink-tipped nail had been very revealing. If she had not been very concerned and amused, Gay knew now, at least, who was here.

### CHAPTER II

She couldn't force Gay to tell her. Kate regarded with satisfaction a bun on one of the beds of embers in the fireplace. She would be obliged to the owner's curiosity until the owner the sweater appeared. She and Gay had unpacked the can of kerosene beside the lamp in the cabin. They had brought two pairs of water up from the lake. Preparations for the supper were well under way, now, and still he had not appeared.

Gay was in the room which she'd called the master-bedroom changing her clothes. She'd written herself pretty wet bringing water up from the lake. Was it deliberate? Kate wondered, not without just reason for suspicion. What was she creating, now, before the mirror above the chest of drawers? Her hair was very blue and gay. Her voice, sweet and husky, thence, no doubt, by the night-club singer, who was the latest enthusiasm of through the open door. She was singing with the radio.

Appropriate, Kate thought. Whew! A smell of scorching recalled her attention to the bun. She removed it from the fork, placed it with three others on a plate keeping warm on the hearth. The coffee was boiling over. Kate rose from the foot-stool on which she sat and bent forward to lift the pot from the bed of embers. Pale brown bubbles foamed down over her hand. The exclamation she gave, sharp and unstudied, stopped the singing.

Gay came into the room knotting a scarf around her neck. "Sally language, my friend," she said. "Oh, you've burned your hand. Here, let me take it." She unknotted the scarf and padded it around the handle of the pot. "Does it hurt terribly, Kate?"

"I'll probably survive," Kate flapped her injured hand. So the key-note was to be simplicity, she thought considering Gay's appearance with a quizzically lifted brow.

She wore a dark wool skirt, a white wool jumper, knits and white angora socks. She had brushed her red-brown hair into a softly curling halo tied with a bright blue ribbon.

Her face had a scrubbed and shining look. The freckles across her nose, undisguised by powder, were young and endearing. Kate smiled. "Isn't the lip-stick out of key?" she asked.

"It points the contrast," Gay, unabashed, returned Kate's smile. "The coffee smells marvelous. It's certainly oil-free."

"No it isn't," Gay pulled an arm chair close to the table, settled herself, but into a sawnwood. "It's breathes of the great out-of-doors, crushed ferns, mossy dells, moorland heather. I bought it especially for the occasion."

Kate made a derisive gesture. "It breathes of Fifth Avenue and the Silver Room at the Ritz," Gay said amicably. "I adore hamburgers. Toasting them was an inspiration. I'm starved."

But she ate scarcely anything. She was listening, waiting, Kate thought preoccupied with heaven only knew what thoughts, memories, anticipations. The continuing ripple of irrelevant comment was a smoke-screen deliberately raised. In the intervals of silence when she lay back in the chair, her arms crossed under her head, Kate observed her warily. She was excited. That was obvious. But, though she smiled, her face in repose reflected some more tender emotions.

"Don't you think—" she began and stopped short. There were sounds outside the cabin, an expiring exhaust, a motor suddenly silenced, a brake perked on, a door resoundingly slammed. Kate, watching Gay, saw her start forward, saw the bright trembling expectation, unrelied by humor or bravado which, for an instant, illuminated her face. Then, conscious of Kate's intent and somewhat disconcerted gaze, she slowly relaxed. Compensatory slipped like a mask across her face. She sat back in the chair.

"Arriving in a cloud of dust," she said, her voice only a little shaken, her eyes turning from Kate to the door.

"Mud, which must certainly spoil the effect," Kate rose from the foot-stool. "Well let us be brave. Me, I feel braver standing." She walked to the end of the hearth and stood leaning against the chimney, her arm on the low mantel shelf.

(To be Continued)

## 1941 McLaughlin-Buick Cars Superbly Modeled

New and pronounced triumphs on the part of designers and engineers are reflected in the graceful lines of the aerodynamic bodies and in the spirited all-round performance of the 1941 McLaughlin-Buick cars announced in five new Series by General Motors Products of Canada Limited.

Outstanding among a hundred major and minor features introduced this year are Compound Carburetion and the advanced and distinctive styling of bodies from the modern treatment of the radiator grilles to the tip of the flowing tapered tails.

Now in full production at the Oshawa plant of General Motors of Canada, these new cars, offering a choice of twenty-two different body types, will be on display shortly at all dealers' showrooms across Canada.

The new McLaughlin-Buick models are unusually wide with five feet of shoulder room in the front seats. This year, General Motors engineers and stylists have made the most of the rear drop design to present a sweeping aerodynamic streamlined back which commands immediate attention and admiration. Contours are graceful and feet-looking with a continuity which is accentuated by the fact

that the front fender, headlamp, body and hood side panels are a single stamping without seams or joints. On the Series 40, 60 and 90 cars this unity of design is further emphasized by the concealed or inbuilt running boards which are visible only when the doors are open.

Of full die-cast chrome construction, the glittering new radiator grilles are massive in appearance and unbroken by painted lines, while the new fully chromed centre strip imparts a one-piece appearance to the whole front and near the top of which is the attractive McLaughlin-Buick crest. Horizontal grille bars are heavier than last year, and the new one-piece hood opens from either side, hinged from the opposite side, or may easily be removed for servicing.

The new aerodynamic bodies featured in the Series 40 Special and the Series 60 Century provide luxurious seating comfort for six passengers and adequate luggage space under the streamlined tail. In the new Sedan body, which is an aerodynamic coupe-sedan of the two-door type, accommodating six passengers, the rear drop design has been carried to its most complete detail.

This year, it is also announced,

a completely redesigned car has been introduced to the fine car field in the new McLaughlin-Buick Series 90 Limited.

Wheelbases of the five new lines are as follows:—Series 40 Special and Series 50 Super, 121 inches; Series 60 Century, 126 inches; Series 70 Roadmaster, 126 inches; Series 90 Limited, 139 inches. Oil bath air cleaners and oil filters are standard on all the 1941 McLaughlin-Buick engines. In addition, the Series 50, 60 and 70 models feature as standard equipment such accessories as flexible steering wheel, clock, license plate frames, wheel trim rings, foamtex cushions, rear seat centre arm rest, extra bumper guards and panel lights.

All models offer matched interior finishes, while the front and rear seat courtesy lights having door jam switches, are standard except on the 40 Series. Another feature is the attractive new instrument panel with switch controls on the face of the panel and the instrument cluster directly in front of the driver as near as possible to eye level.

An exclusive McLaughlin-Buick development this year, Compound Carburetion is hailed as an outstanding contribution to the super-all-round performance of the new cars. This type of carburetion involves the use of two dual carburetors per engine with a resulting step-up in horsepower, yet a marked improvement in fuel economy. Used in combination with the value-in-head straight-eight engines, which are of "fireball" design, the result is reported to be a marked improvement in performance, particularly in the lower speeds.

Engineering specifications and data show that the new McLaughlin-Buick engines develop 115, 125 and 165 horsepower. Those powering the Series 40 Special and the Series 50 Super cars have a bore and stroke of 3 3/32 inches by 4 1/8 inches with a piston displacement of 248 cubic inches. With single dual carburetion this engine develops 115 horsepower at 3,500 r.p.m. compared with 107 horsepower last year, and with Compound Carburetion the horsepower is increased to 125 horsepower at 3,800 r.p.m. The bore and stroke on the larger engines powering the 60 Century, 70 Roadmaster and 90 Limited are 3 7/16 inches by 4 5/16 inches, the piston displacement in each case being 320.2 cubic inches.

Improvements in the front end suspension of all series are designed to assure still greater riding comfort, ease of handling and greater safety while increasing the life of the various parts. New coil springs, whose action is controlled by double-acting shock absorbers with new valve settings and linkage also contribute to a more comfortable ride. The rugged but stately beauty of the front end of the new models is emphasized by the heavy chrome bumpers which have four guards, the centre two of which hold the license plate bracket.

This year McLaughlin-Buick offers a choice of eight solid colors or two two-tone combinations.

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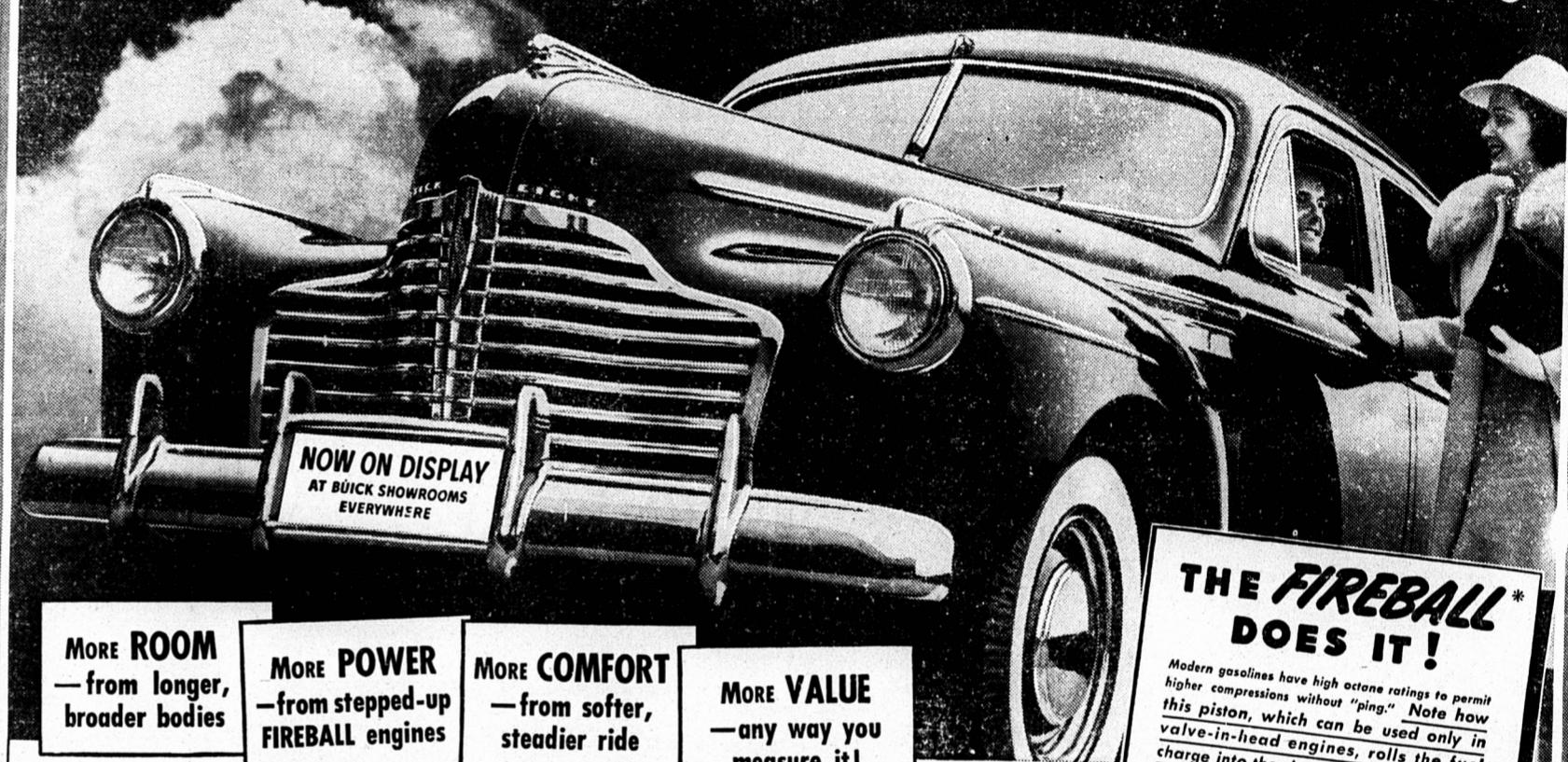
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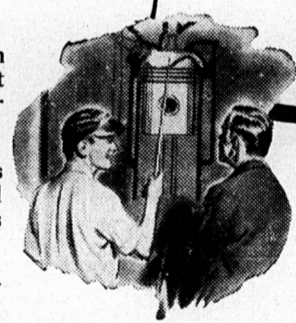
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## THE FIREBALL\* DOES IT!

Modern gasolines have high octane ratings to permit higher compressions without "ping." Note how this piston, which can be used only in valve-in-head engines, rolls the fuel charge into the shape of a flattened ball hot centers around the new, smaller, racing-car type spark plugs. Fired at its very heart, this more highly compressed fuel lets go with such full-force, "ping-free" wallop that any gasoline of 75 octane rating (now available at standard fuel prices) may be used in the 115-hp. engine. Any fuel of 80 octane rating serves in the 125- and 165-hp. engines.



\*According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, a super meteor which travels with such a series of explosions like the shock waves of a great projectile is called a "FIREBALL."

With this advertisement, McLaughlin-Buick ushers in a brand-new automobile model year.

We've dreamed and schemed the last twelve months in our experimental and engineering divisions, constantly searching for new ideas and new values.

You don't stand still in this business. You go ahead or you fall back. And we're putting in what it takes to keep us on the march.

We've taken our greatest all-time Buick and steadily and carefully brought it forward to

a perfection of action, ease, goodness beyond anything ever offered under our name.

We honestly mean that, as you will see when you look it over — more, when you drive it — most of all, when it serves you as your very own.

It's hard to picture the new 1941 Buicks fairly with old adjectives. Every car in all five series of the whole new line deserves unused fresh-minted language.

Stylewise, their suave and dynamic beauty refreshes the jaded eye as would sight of a hydrant in the desert.

They move and function like young wild things. They're all grace and poise and eagerness. They bring to driving and handling a keener pleasure and a new thrill.

Go see these superb new cars at your dealer's — they make plain why Buick is rightly called "exemplar of General Motors value."

Ask especially about the new micropoise-balanced FIREBALL engines — the 1941 furtherance of Buick's Dynaflex design and kingpin of all the features that make Buick the sensation of the new automobile year.

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- COMPOUND CARBURETION—reserve twin-barrel carburetor that cuts in as needed; greater torque with 30-mile economy at 50-mile speed.
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- MASSIVE BUMPERS—with four front bumper guards, built-in front license frame, and new gravel guards.
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