Victory For Love

By

PAMELA WYNNE

CHAPTER I.

As Dr. Warner sauntered along, breathing in the exquisite beauty of the scene that stretched out around him—Downs that ran down to the edge of the sea and lost themselves in the gray jagged rocks now almost covered by the incoming tide—he wondered whether it wasn't almost too beautiful. Had one any right to remain in a places where there wasn't even a siren when the glory of immortal London was being smirched day and night by savages? Well . . . Dr. Winter raised his head and tried not to think. And now it was easier not to think, for here came Burwash, the postman, shambling along on his old flat feet.

"Good morning, Burwash." Dr. Warner had a very charming smile.

"Good morning, Doctor, and how are you?" Even old Burwash, who was never supposed to like anyone, was smiling. Dr. Warner was on his way to Pole Star House to see Mrs. Maturin. Everybody in Battle Point knew about Dr. Warner and Mrs. Maturin. They had been friends for years, and no breath of scandal had ever spoiled their enjoyment of it. Some day that pathetic vacant figure in the expensive nursing home would falter out into the Unseen, and then perhaps . . . And at that point Mrs. Maturin would shake back the curly hair from her face and decide it was wiser not to think any more. For to be his wife! What bliss! Never to have to say good night to that charming rather lazy figure that rose so reluctantly from her comfortable chair.

"Any letters for Pole Star House, Burwash?"

"Yes, sir, one from Sholto." Old Burwash was flicking through the packet of letters in his hand. "And one from [illegible] know who," ended old Burwash mischievously.

"I'll take them. Have you a walk, Burwash[illegible]"

"[illegible]" returned old Bu[illegible] his peaked ca[illegible]

"Dr. W[illegible] he [illegible] see [illegible] really [illegible] he [illegible] his hand [illegible] being [illegible] had developed [illegible] very brave young [illegible] could not [illegible] decided [illegible] toward [illegible] serving [illegible] firm of [illegible] elected to join [illegible]

"He may [illegible] had [illegible] Dr. Warner [illegible]

"So may you [illegible] the [illegible] are going," said [illegible] ously. And [illegible] ling plaint Mrs. [illegible] allowed herself. Because this was War, as she told herself again and again, War, and she was doing nothing at all to help in it. The only way she could help was to make no fuss even if her only son was in danger. She could take in refugees but she didn't want to, and if they came swarming over the house Grace would leave. Life without Grace would be unthinkable. Grace had been with her ever since her husband died. How long ago that had been, thought Mrs. Maturin. Fifteen years because she was not forty yet! Mrs. Maturin would smile her rather enticing little smile and think what fun it was to be forty. Because at that age you really enjoyed being comfortable. A lovely fire and tea on a low table so that you need not move away from it, and the knowledge that Grace could come smiling in with her early tea, and that some time during the day Dr. Warner would come to see her and sit sunk in his special chair with his whimsical smile and rather inscrutable gaze fixed on her, a gaze that one day would flame out into love as he told her that his pathetic idiot wife had at last got her release.

Part of the joy of Sholto's letters was reading them aloud to Dr. Warner. Mrs. Maturin had snatched at this one and let fall the other as Dr. Warner held out the letters to her.

"I thought you'd be pleased." Dr. Warner lowered himself into his special chair.

Mrs. Maturin bent over the sheet of notepaper in her hand. The firelight shining on her hair turned it to a reddy gold as she folded up the letter and put it back into the envelope.

"Who's your other letter from?" asked Dr. Warner.

"Oh, I'd forgotten about that." Mrs. Maturin was gazing rather vaguely round her. "Oh, yes, here it is; one of those scrubby, yellowy Government things. Like Income Tax. Do you suppose Income Tax will be ten shillings next year?"

"Probably."

"I shan't have any money left," said Mrs. Maturin childishly. "I shall have to keep a hotel or something. This house would do beautifully for a hotel."

"Read your letter," said Dr. Warner indulgently. He sighed while Mrs. Maturin tore open the envelope.

"Oh! No!" she gasped out the words, staring at him like a frightened child. "Listen."

"Madam.—On investigation we find that Pole Star House has accommodation for twelve evacuees with their parents, four sharing a room. Plans are not yet matured for evacuation on a large scale to Battle Point, but please hold yourself ready. No appeal is possible against a decision by your local council but if you have dependent relatives who may wish to avail themselves of your case at the above address before March the fifteenth."

"I can't have evacuees here; Grace would leave." Mrs. Maturin sat down hurriedly. "Oh, here is tea."

"Yes, wait; we'll talk it over afterward. Well, Grace, and how are you today?" Dr. Warner had turned in his chair and was smiling over the back of it.

"Very well, thank you, sir." After laying the tea she went out again. She had drawn a low table up close to the fire, and it was cozy and delightful, thought Dr. Warner, stretching out his long legs.

"Yes, but what am I to do?" Mrs. Maturin suddenly felt perplexed and cross. "Mrs. Mills had refugees at the Mill House, and they behaved exactly like savages."

"I know they do. I know that a good deal better than you do," said Dr. Warner and laughed. "If you do not want to take evacuees you'll have to fill the house with dependent relatives," he said. "And as you haven't any but Sholto, that will not be easy."

"But where are all the people of our class who are dying to get away from London and can't?" said Mrs. Maturin, after a little pause. "Who helps them?"

"No one. No one ever does help that sort of person except his immediate friends."

"But supposing they haven't any immediate friends rich enough to help them?"

"Then they stay where they are to be bombed."

"I see," and now there was silence in the charming drawing room overlooking the sea. The sky was beginning to change color; it was flushed with rosy streaks. Rose and jadegreen, splashed on the gray background with a daring brush.

"And now let's give our minds to this evacuee business." Dr. Warner spoke after a silence, in which Grace had been in and out and taken the tea away. They often sat silent like that; it was part of the charm of their association. After a busy day Dr. Warner knew he would find at Pole Star House the mental refreshment he was craving. Joan Maturin sat so still and looked so sweet. Mentally she was not so still; that, Dr. Warner knew very well. But he had set his course and meant to adhere to it. Poor Lydia was failing fast and could not last much longer. But while she lived he was still her husband and owed her fidelity.

"I really cannot face taking in evacuees." Mrs. Maturin was groping in her cretonne bag for her knitting.

"No, I see that. And honestly I don't think that you are fit to cope with what taking evacuees would entail. But you will have to do something and do it quickly. The point is what?"

"What I do depends so enormously on Grace."

"Naturally. But you know the Government won't care a rap about Grace. They'll simply say you have accommodation for so many people and proceed to provide you with them."

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Maturin had found her knitting and was dismally staring at it.

"Cheer up!"

"Everything suddenly seems to have got horrid," said Mrs. Maturin childishly.

"A great many people found it began to be horrid a long time ago," said Dr. Warner gravely.

"Oh, I know you think I'm disgusting," said Mrs. Maturin explosively, "and I know I am. But it is so heavenly at it is; this house, and a lovely fire and you coming in, and Sholto's letters, and he perhaps coming down; one never knows. And then the idea of filling it all up with revolting people whom one will instantly loathe, and Grace leaving and not being able to get anyone to do the work and all the bother about feeding them. And if they pay even only a little they will fuss; people always do. I just feel as if I can't stand it," said Maturin, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Come here." Dr. Warner spoke quietly as he held out one hand.

With a little rush Mrs. Maturin was on her knees at his chair. She caught hold of his hand and held it to her face.

"Now, now!"

"Let me."

"Well . . ." Dr. Warner took a long breath. How little she knew, he reflected quickly. For how many years had he kept it up? Ah, but when you didn't see an end to a thing it was far easier. Now it might only be a matter of months—his wife! This little delicate, sensitive thing his wife. To have and to hold . . . in sickness and in health.

"Listen to me," he said; and so that he should not be tempted beyond his strength he leveled his inscrutable gaze on the fire. "Listen to me and go back to your chair like a good girl because I have a plan. And I want to explain it to you."

(To be Continued)

Home Service

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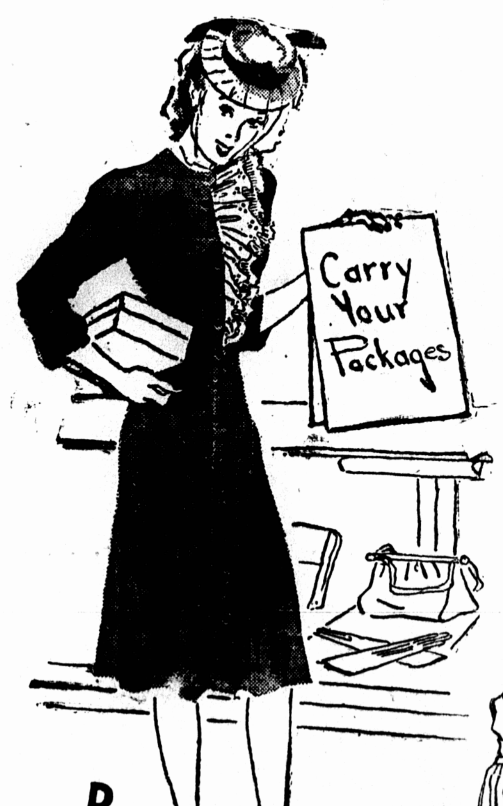

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In Memoriam

MR. FRED W. E. HASLAM

Seldom if ever has Springfield and surrounding districts been plunged into such sudden gloom and sorrow as when it was learned that Fred W. E. Haslam had passed away in his sleep in the early morning of Sunday, January 24, 1943.

Mr. Haslam had been slightly indisposed for a few days but had recovered, and was about his usual work on Saturday. He retired that evening at his usual hour and it was indeed a great shock to his immediate family on going to his bedside on the following morning to find that he had gone to his eternal rest Death was due to a sudden heart attack.

He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haslam, Stone Cottage, Springfield, where he was born September 12, 1876, and always resided. His father passed away leaving the care of the homestead to him while still in his early teens.

Mr. Haslam was a Christian gentleman, a man of sterling integrity and deep religious convictions, a very active and consistent member of St. Elizabeth's Church, always diligent in attendance and taking a great joy in the musical service of the church as he was gifted with a rich tenor voice which was much sought after and freely given, and as a soloist he will be kindly remembered throughout this province.

A great lover of beauty and fine art, flowers appeared to bloom more fragrant under the tender touch of his hand.

Every movement for the uplift of humanity or the social advancement of the community received his whole-hearted support. He was a life long member of the Order of the Sons of Temperance and gave of his time and talent to the work of this organization.

Upright and honest in all his ways, ever ready to write the errors of his associates in sand, but always engraving their virtues on a tablet of enduring memories.

He leaves to cherish the memory of a loving husband and brother his wife formerly Ethel Henderson of Fernwood, P. E. I., and the following brothers and sisters: George L. Springfield; Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, D. D., Rector of St. John's Church, St. John, N. B.; Mrs. Mary Howard, Springfield; Carrie, Charlottetown; Matilda, Ada and Maude C., Springfield; Florence, Mrs. Rev. Basil Colclough, Toronto. Four sisters and one brother Rev. Leonard H. of Yarmouth, N. S., predeceased him.

The funeral was held on Tuesday, January 26th and was very largely attended. A short service was held at his late residence thence to St. Elizabeth's Church. In the absence of the rector through illness the service was conducted by Rev. H. F. Newman of Kensington who spoke words of hope and comfort. He was assisted at the church by Rev. Canon Haslam. Interment followed in the family plot adjoining the church. Rev. Mr. Newman officiated at the grave side.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Fred J. Haslam, J. E. Haslam, Charles Green of Bedeque, D. N. MacKay, M. L. A., Everett Haslam, John S. Haslam, Carleton. Beautiful floral tributes bore silent testimony to a loved one called to higher service.

The whole countryside mourns with the bereaved loved ones; for his place is empty and it cannot be filled; but Heaven is richer and God is much nearer because in his keeping this loved one has been left, until the Resurrection morning breaks upon the world and shadows forever flee away.

(Patriot please copy.)

Fined For Breaking Potato Ceiling

VANCOUVER, Feb. 13 —(CP)— For selling potatoes at prices above the ceiling set by the Prices Board, Samuel Moskovitz was fined $600 and costs or three months in jail by Magistrate G. R. McQueen in Police Court. Moskovitz pleaded guilty.

W.H. Campbell, special prosecutor for Prices Board, said the charge involved transactions between Moskovitz and city wholesalers and cafes, in which he sold potatoes at $50 and $55 a ton instead of the ceiling price of $48.