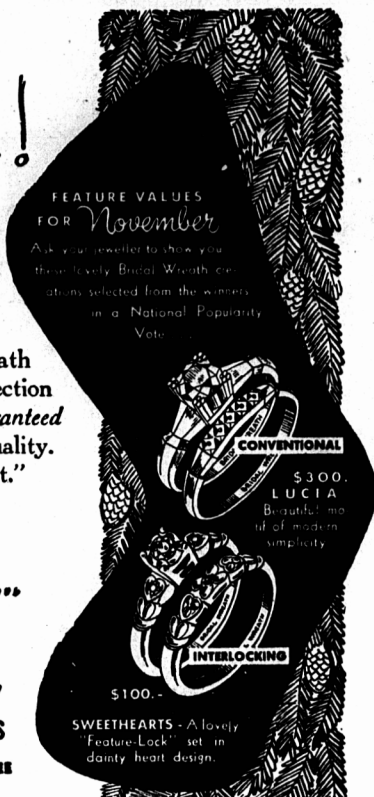


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ABOARD H. M. C. S. CAYUGA and a hospital ship were about to move through the area when the mine was sunk by gunfire. ST. JOHN'S Nfld., Nov. 22—(CP)—A group of New York financiers is considering possibilities of a new paper mill in the general area of Lake Melville in Labrador, it was learned from a reliable source here today. (The Goose Bay air base is at the end of Lake Melville, a salt water inlet.)

Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey

"I have been," Vicky said, "but I smelled smoke and came down." Elinor said, "It was the fireplace." "I'll go upstairs now," said Vicky. "I'm tired."

Francis stopped her with a motion of his hand. "No, Sit down, Vicky. I'm glad I found you here. I want to talk about Anne."

"Yes?" But Vicky did not sit down. "I've been wondering if you and she might not like a winter in the south of France?"

Elinor, who had been leaning back idly in her chair surveying the toe of her slipper, sat up. "What do you mean, Francis?"

"Oh, every girl ought to have a year abroad after she leaves school. And this is as good a time as any."

Elinor's face darkened. "Tell the truth, Francis. Why are you sending Anne to France?"

"It was honest. I want to get her away."

"From me?" "From both of us—if you will have it—and the life we lead."

"What's the matter with the life we lead?" "You know as well as I. It's good enough for you and me, perhaps. We've made our beds and we've got to lie on them. But it isn't good enough for Anne. So far she hasn't been spoiled by it, but it will get her in the end. And besides there's Garry."

"What's the matter with Garry?" "Nothing—as Garry. But a lot as Anne's husband."

Elinor's laugh was irritating. "You're locking the barn after the horse is stolen."

"You mean she's in love with him?" "Why not? She was out with him for hours tonight in the moonlight."

Francis spoke sharply. "Vicky, did you let her?" "Vicky did not answer at once when she spoke her calm voice showed no sign of perturbation."

"You can trust Anne. And may I say something about your plan for sending her away?" "Of course."

"I think if Anne goes at all, she should go with her mother."

They stared at her. "With me?" Elinor asked, amazed.

"Do you mean," Francis demanded, "that you are separating yourself from Anne? You can't do that!"

"Only for a time."

"Anne must learn to lean on her own strength. Not on mine."

Elinor interposed. "But I don't want to go away. I've planned my winter—and Anne's. And what does it matter if she marries Garry? He has money and good looks, and worships the ground she walks on."

"He worships himself, Elinor. Anne would be just an addition to his other possessions."

"Aren't most wives just that?" Elinor's hand went out in a little gesture of impatience. "And if it isn't Garry, it will be somebody else. Anne's had a half dozen men calling up for dances with her tomorrow night at Betty Lanvale's party."

"I don't like the Lanvales. They're a racketsy set."

"Darling, their grandfathers had grants from the king! There was a hint of mockery in her tone. "Who are we to sit in judgment on them?"

"That's just it, Elinor. Anne's too good for all of it."

"What's good enough for me is good enough for Anne. Oh, I'm too tired to argue, Francis. I'm going to bed." She stood up, slender and shining in her pink and silver.

Her husband, his eyes on her shining almsness, said abruptly, "I thought you were wearing black when I left."

"I was, but I hate black." She threw the words over her shoulder as she left him, but when she reached the threshold she turned. "We had a rotten game. I suppose it's useless to ask you for any more money?"

"I gave you all I could spare."

She shrugged her shoulders and went slowly up the stairs. Left alone in the library with Vicky Francis said, "She put on that dress for David?"

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"Yes." "But why with Anne?" "Anne loves her. And it will give her time to think."

"Elinor?" "Yes."

"But where will you go, Vicky?" "To my home on the Eastern Shore."

"Some day you must have a home of your own."

Vicky gave a little laugh. "Your wife has just been telling me that love and life have passed me by," she said.

"The more fools the men!" Then, after a pause, "What will Anne say?"

"She won't let you go, Vicky."

"What will you tell her?" "That her mother needs her."

"You think," Francis asked tentatively, "that it isn't too late?"

She spoke with a certain serene confidence. "Sometimes life works out our problems for us."

"What a fatalist you are!" She smiled wistfully. "Perhaps it isn't fatalism. Perhaps it is faith. And don't worry about Anne. She's a strong little thing, with all her softness."

She saw his face quivering with deep emotion. "I worship her," he said. "She's the one lovely thing in this rotten world."

She had no words for that, and she left him standing by the fire, his eyes on the dying flames.

Meanwhile the man in the meadow had not found sleep under the stars. There had been so much to think about. But when he was always thinking, thinking. Trying to find a way out for himself. And there was no way.

It had been an enchanting adventure with that child in the moonlight. A rare moment to tuck away in one's memory. And that was all. Yet if things had been different he would have tried to see her again—to savor once more her

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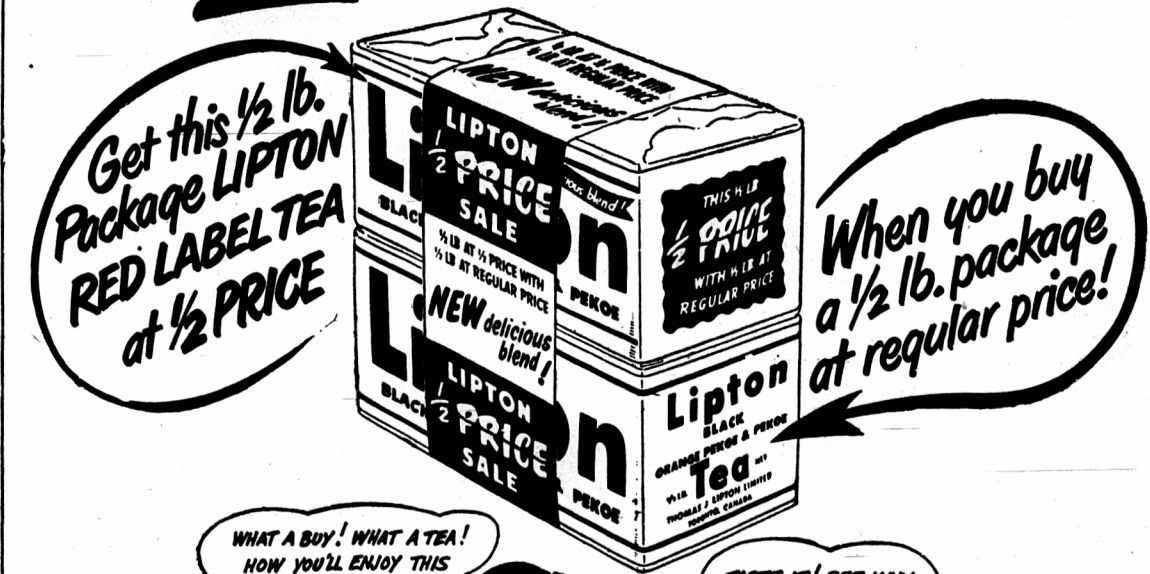
IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of MRS. JOHN WILLIAM BRADLEY Died November 24, 1948. Lovingly Remembered by Her Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear grandfather, James Leard, who passed away November 24th, 1948. Just a thought of sweet remembrance. Just a memory sad and true, Just the love and sweet devotion Of ones who think of you. Ever Remembered by His Grandchildren Gladys, Warren and Ruby, Toronto, Ont.

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