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With All My Love

(By Virginia Bowes)

(Continued)

They were near their table and Clay suddenly dropped his arms from around her and lurched toward the drink that was in front of his place. His feet were like leaden weights that he dragged behind him, and when he fell into the seat Clare didn't know for a moment whether he'd continue to fall all the way to the floor or be caught by the cushioned projection. But he sat up, quite erect, and looked at her as though wondering why she continued to stand in the middle of the floor. She bit her lip and slid gently into the booth opposite him.

"You and I would make a very good pair," Clay Hanley said slowly, his tongue thickening with every word. "I thought so the first time I saw you. I said to myself, 'Clay, there is the girl for you.' But I didn't like you, understand. I thought you were pretty snooty. I don't like snooty girls. But you aren't snooty, not at all. You're a regular girl. You're the kind of girl I like. I don't like Betty Crowell." He made a face. "I like you, Clare. I could go for you. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," Clare said. "Yes, I think I do. But I don't want to talk about that now. I think we ought to go home. We can talk about that tomorrow."

"Nope," Hanley said. "Tomorrow I'm goin' to be very busy. Very, very busy." He looked at her sharply, bending toward her across the table. "An' you'd like to know what I'm going to be busy on, wouldn't you? Yes, you would I know. But I won't tell you. It's a secret. I'm goin' to be a wealthy man."

"I'm glad to hear it," Clare said, disgusted. "Now come on, I'm going home. Do you want to take me or shall I call a cab?"

Clay Hanley's face darkened but he quickly downed his drink and pulled himself out of his seat. "When I take a girl out, I take her home," he said. "Don't you ever think I don't." He took her by the arm, holding her so tightly it hurt, and led her toward the door.

Hanley's car was a long, high-powered coupe and he drove it expertly despite his having drunk too much. Clare thought that, in a way, he was a lot like Roger. Things mechanical seemed to be a part of him; his understanding of a set of gears or a motor assembly would always be much keener, much more personal, than his understanding of another person.

Twice on her ride back to the Calridge estate, he reached out suddenly, roughly, and seized her arm and pulled her close to him. Both times she moved over toward him and then proceeded quietly to loosen his grip on her arm and move back to where she had been. The third time her anger got the better of her and she slapped the hand that fastened itself on her arm. At the same time she exclaimed, "Stop it, will you please? I don't like being mauled."

"Well, well," Hanley said, obviously taken aback. But then he slowed the car and after a moment brought it to a stop, pulling off onto the shoulder of the highway. He shut off the motor and quickly threw an arm around her, pulling her to him. "So you don't like to be mauled, eh? Well, well—"

Clare was furious and she could feel the blood mounting to her temples. She wanted to struggle but she knew it would be useless; resistance to his strength would be impossible. But she kept her head down and her chance came when he bent his head to find her lips. At that moment when his grip was made awkward by the lowering of his left shoulder she slapped him, slapped him hard. She felt the sting of the slap as her hand hit his cheekbone with her fingers crossing his eye and barely reaching his nose. And she felt his grip relax, and in that moment she wrenched free and grabbed the door handle, pushed it open, and leaped out onto the ground.

CHAPTER X

Clare lay in her bed for a long time that night before she went to sleep. It was the first time in her life that she'd ever walked home from a date, but it wasn't that that troubled her. They'd been within a half mile of the front gates when she'd got out of the car and the walk was more exhilarating in the cool night air than exhausting. And most of the way home she had laughed at the sudden feeling of freedom, and enjoyed the recollection of Clay Hanley driving off into the night, hesitating fully 10 times before finally grinding the car into gear and dashing away.

To be continued

Dentist Gets Cheer From Hornepayne Children

A rare sound for a dentist was the cheer that children of Hornepayne, Ont., gave Dr. Alex McLean. He arrived in the northern town on the mobile railway dental clinic operated by the Ontario department of health to treat, free of charge, children of school age and under.

Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

find happiness in marriage, after they have brought up their children. It is much better to settle down with a companion your own age than to hang onto your children like a millstone and make their lives, as well as your own, miserable. Companionable people in the twilight of life, who share similar interests such as music, books, gardening or even travel, can live out their days in usefulness and contentment, contributing the sum of their wisdom to the betterment of community life.

Such marriages seem an idyllic solution, but unfortunately the ever-present problem of middle-aged loneliness is not a simple one. The difficulty lies chiefly in the scarcity of men in the upper age age brackets as contrasted to the number of women who are long-lived. Man has a shorter life span than woman, which leaves most widowed mothers of grown-up famlies alone to combat the vicissitudes of age. Most of them, thank heaven, do a very creditable job of it!

DEAR MISS DIX: For some time I have been going with a fellow who has asked me to marry him, but I refused as I do not love him. My grandmother heard of his proposal and told me that I was silly not to accept his offer. She says these days you can't marry for love but must think of a husband who will give you a good home. I know this chap will do that but I think it is foolish to marry someone you don't love. I am 18, and this boy is 25.

DEBBIE

ANSWER: I have a tremendous respect for grandmothers, and usually find their advice of great value, so I am sorry indeed to have to disagree with your grandmother. Nothing could be worse than her suggestion that you marry someone you don't love. You're only 18 and have lots of time to find a man you'll really love and who can also give you a good home. Have your good times for a while yet. Grandma in this case is a little out of line.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

very well" she chuckled "to keep the place clean and them fed and tidy — and help some with the lessons of the three that go to school. And if I do say it, they're real careless about their school work. "Her words came to mind as we chatted with a successful teacher and mother, who spoke of a bright and talented scholar on a recent day, "You see, she's fond of reading — and" she said with conviction gained from lengthy experience in her profession "give me the student who likes to read — yes, every time!" In her paper entitled: "How Should One Read a Book." Virginia Woolf concludes with: "I have sometimes dreamt, at least, that when the Day of Judgement dawns and the great conquerors and statesmen come to receive their rewards —their crowns, their laurels, their names carved indelibly on imperishable marble — the Almighty will turn to Peter and will say, not without a certain envy when he sees us coming with our books under our arms, 'Look, these need no reward. We have nothing to give them here. They have loved reading.' "

Until Monday — — Diary — — Good-night. . . .

RIDDLESDEN, England -(CP)- Inn proprietor Harry Foulds knows how to use a soda siphon to the best advantage. He used up a case of them recently in putting out a fire which broke out in his bedroom.

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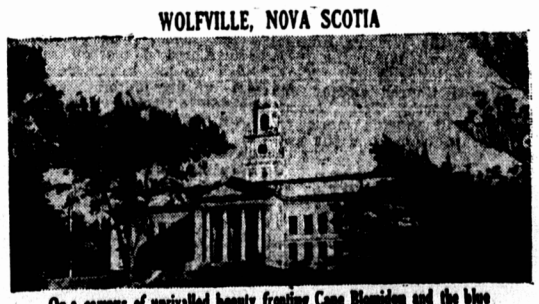

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IN MEMORIAM

MR. A. W. STEWART

There passed peacefully away at his home in Hunter River on March 21st, one of the oldest and most respected residents of this community in the person of Mr. A. W. Stewart. The late Mr. Stewart although advanced in years, being within a few months of his 89th birthday enjoyed remarkably good health until a few moments before his passing, for that reason his demise came as a great shock to his family.

The late Mr. Stewart was a faithful and kind husband, a loving father. He will be sadly missed in his home and in the church and community. His cheerful disposition, quiet and unassuming manner endeared him to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. He could be justly called a Christian gentleman. The late Mr. Stewart knew in whom he had believed, he lived to give witness to Christ's saving and keeping power. The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian Church, Hunter River and served as Elder in both Brookfield and Hunter River Churches.

The late Mr. Stewart was married to Berdie Arthur of Alberton Four daughters and one son were born to them, namely, Olive, Mrs. George V. Att, California, U.S.A.; Marion, Mrs. Ernest Crabb, Milton; Jean, Mrs. Clayton F. Elderkin, Ottawa; Helen, Mrs. George B. Foster, Charlottetown and Earle in the Canadian Infantry Brigade, serving in Korea, at present in Japan. Also ten grand children and two great grand children.

The funeral service which was largely attended was held at the home and was conducted by Rev. Donald Nicholson a former pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Hunter River, assisted by Rev. Howard Christie of the United Church, Hunter River.

Pallbearers were: Messrs. George Smith, Robert Smith, Brenton Dollar, Charles Proud, Ambrose Rodd and Lea Stewart. The remains were tenderly laid to rest in the Hunter River Cemeterry.

Card Of Thanks

Mrs. A. W. Stewart and family wish to thank neighbours and friends who helped in many ways during their sad bereavement and all who sent cards, flowers and messages of sympathy.

ENERGETIC CHILD

BEDMINSTER, England -(CP)- Six-year-old Chris Sargent took out his scooter and ended up three hours later at a friend's home nearly eight miles away. Tired and one shoe worn out, he explained he wanted to view the television on his friend's set.

BURGESS BEDTIME

Continued from page 10.

I will love to do it."

He licked his lips as he said this but the little Chipmunk didn't see him do it.

"If I want to go home I won't need company," said Little Stripes, trying to appear very sure of himself, when all the time he was itching to be shown the way.

"You are not afraid, are you?" replied Reddy.

"Of course not. Why should I be?" retorted the little Chipmunk.

"You shouldn't be," replied Reddy. He grinned.

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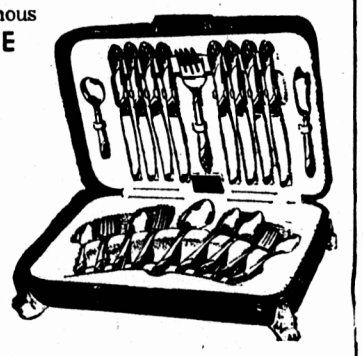

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SUMMER WARNING

1.—KILL FLIES. Screen windows, doors and outside toilets. Use fly sprays around house and barns. Protect food, dishes and cooking utensils from flies and insects. Keep garbage and waste covered. FLIES ARE CARRIERS OF DISEASE—perhaps of polio (infantile paralysis).

2.—USE SAFE MILK and WATER. Milk should be pasteurized or boiled.

3.—WASH FRESH FRUITS and NEW VEGETABLES before eating.

4.—KEEP OUT OF CROWDS—Stay away from persons with nose and throat infections.

5.—AVOID GETTING OVERTIRED—Too strenuous play, long swimming periods, late hours cause fatigue. Extreme fatigue makes an individual more susceptible to polio infection.

6.—AVOID CHILLING — Don't stay too long in cold water or play too long in wet bathing suits. Don't swim in polluted waters.

7.—KEEP CLEAN — Especially keep hands clean. Wash hands before eating and after going to toilet.

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