

# "SALADA" TEA & COFFEE

Both are Superb

## The Unlatched Door

By Frank Price  
CHAPTER IV

"I'm sorry to have been so long," she said before he could speak, "but I—I was feeling queer and I waited, hoping it would pass off." "Waited in there?" He waved his hand towards the ladies' room and she thought he was looking strangely at her. "Of course. Where else could I wait?" she replied. "Of course. Where else?" She



wondered if she were right in thinking she detected sarcasm in his tone. "Have you—quite recovered now?"

"I'm better, but I don't feel up to much. Would you mind very much if I went home at once? I don't want to spoil your evening, but—"

"Don't worry about that, please!" His voice was coldly formal and polite. "I'll get my things. Suppose you ask the chap at the door to whistle up a taxi."

"But I don't want you to come," she said as he was turning to descend the steps again. "I can go alone."

"I promised the Wintertons that I would look after you," he said. "If I haven't done it to now I can at least see you safely home!"

He ran down to the counter. Barbara stood for a moment looking after him with an expression of puzzled alarm. Why had he spoken like that? What did he know or suspect? Then she gave herself a shake. Her nerves were all to pieces, she told herself, and she was finding boogies in everything! She went to the commissionaire and asked him to find a taxi. As she watched his gorgeously uniformed figure pass out to the street she tried to remember if she had any recollection of Borden's flat or of the returned. She had no memory of him whatever. Had he seen her? Had he observed her haste and agitation? Had he . . . ?

She was at it again! Boogies. Boogies. Was it going to be like this with her all the time for the future?

Roy came as a taxi drew up outside and they went down the steps. Barbara glanced up at the big clock which seemed to have played so important a part in her dolours that night. Twenty-five minutes past 11. Surely time had never crawled with such dragging footsteps before! Not more than 40 minutes since she had entered Danvers Mansions. If Borden's servant had been told to deliver that packet personally he might not have reached Martin Winterton's house yet. A taxi would have got him there long ago but he would hardly take one. A bus might have done it by now—but perhaps he had walked. If so . . .

Her speculations broke off. They had entered the taxi and were now passing down Parliament Street on the way to Westminster Bridge. Roy had been silently watching the play of emotion over Barbara's face at first with an expression of "loomy solemnity." But something he saw seemed to have softened him and still silent, he had laid his right hand gently on her left. She started at the touch and looked at him. Longing and sympathy were in his eyes and she averted her head with a short, half sobbing gasp.

There were tears in her eyes. She felt suddenly lonely and desolate among horrors with which she was totally unable to cope—and he looked so kind; so understanding. More than she had ever wanted anything, she yearned to cling to him, to feel his arms round her and to ask for help and comfort

and support in the troubles that crowded so thickly upon her. But that was impossible! She had to think not only for herself, but for Nancy!

"What is it, Barbara?" His fingers had closed on hers and his lips were at her cheek. "I can see you are in trouble. Won't you tell me what it is and let me help you? I'd do anything for you—any single thing. I love you—"

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she cried. "You mustn't tempt me with kindness!"

She snatched her hand away and shrinking into her corner, burst into a fit of passionate weeping. Instantly his arms were round her, gathering her to him with gentle strength, and she was clinging to him convulsed by uncontrollable sobs. He was kissing her eyes, her lips, her hair, murmuring soft loving words, trying with might and main to reassure her and stem the tempest of her emotion; but for a long time her sobs continued as her overstrained nerves found relief in

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"Wait!" he said pleadingly, his hand on her arm.

"Not now," she almost panted. "I—I'm afraid I can't ask you in—"

"I know," he said. "But when shall I see you again? Look here, will you lunch with me to-morrow?"

"I'd love it!" She would have assented to anything to be free. "Ring me up in the morning and now good night and millions of thanks for—"

She held out her hand. There was a brief, firm pressure on both sides and then she ran up the steps, opened the door and went into the house. There was a light in the hall by which she saw a large envelope in the letter-box. Taking it out, she glanced at the address. It was directed to Martin and she knew the writing. She had seen it more than once on notes her father had received from Roger Borden. She had retrieved Nancy's letters after all.

Concealing the packet in the wide sleeve of her evening coat she stole noiselessly up stairs to her own room. The latch clicked as she shut the door, startling her in the silence of the house. She crossed the room and stood beside her bed, looking doubtfully at the packet. What was she to do with it now that she had it?

The door handle rattled softly. She thrust the envelope under her pillow and turned as Nancy came into the room with a tragic face.

"What is it now?" Barbara cried, certain that her friend's expression forebode some fresh trouble.

"What shall I do, Barbara?" Nancy threw out both hands with a hopeless gesture. "Martin wouldn't listen to me! He wouldn't believe anything I said. He rushed out of the house ten minutes ago, vowing that he was going to get the truth!"

"Going where?"

"To Roger Borden's flat!"

"Oh, no! He mustn't go there! He—"

Barbara's voice died and she slumped back to sit on the bed, staring, wild eyed, at the other girl.

To Be Continued

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### IN MEMORIAM

MR. ALBERT CRASWELL

Relatives and friends were saddened to hear of the death of Mr. Albert Craswell on Sunday, the 11th of May, 1952. He was able to be up and around until last Fall when he fell and never regained his health. He was endowed with a quiet cheerful nature and won the esteem and confidence of a host of friends and was highly respected by all classes and creeds. Throughout his long, useful life, he faithfully upheld the fine traditions of his ancestors and was always in his seat at church when able.

His home was one of genuine hospitality where friends and strangers alike were assured of a hearty welcome. He was in his eighty-seventh year, the youngest and last surviving member of a family of four sons and two daughters born to the late William Craswell and his wife, Janet (Buntain) Craswell, and lived all his life in Rustico.

Left to mourn are his wife, Lydia A. Stead, formerly of Wheatley River, and an adopted son, Charlie Craswell of Rustico, also a number of nephews and nieces.

There were many beautiful floral tributes from the family and sympathizing friends. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon from his late residence. The service at the home and grave was conducted by Rev. Mr. Piercy.

Funeralbearers were Paige Nunn, Ira Craswell, Gerald Stevenson, Victor Buntain, Cyril Toombs and Gordon Carr. Interment was in St. Marks Cemetery, Rustico

### Card Of Thanks

Mrs. Albert Craswell, Charlie and Family, wish to thank kind friends and neighbours, and all who sent flowers and messages of sympathy to them in their hour of bereavement.

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