that he, too, was considering, choos-

too," Gay said with equal delibera-

tion. My last of-" She paused, then

added, smiling, "-of vacation prob-

The slanting smile, more mocking

"- should be a gentleman and

ably for some time."

getting well under way."

"Amateur photography?"

feeling again that reluctant but com-

pelling sympathy for John. Kate

was getting back at her. She de-

served, it, perhaps, but he didn't:

Even six years ago when he'd bare-

ly started, he'd been very earnest

about his work. Kate shouldn't have

-She wanted, somehow, to make

"I suggested photography," Gay

terials in your laboratory were

probably won't amount to anything.

but I want to see it through. If I

leave here now, all that I've done

"I suppose I should be a lady and

teave you in peace," Gay said qui-

etly, quite steadily, but with a silken

thread of retaliation running through

her voice. "Unfortunately, that isn'

so simple, either. I'm making an

"And you must make it here?"

"I came for that purpose. I must

was a truce, a break in active hos-

and picked up his pipe. Gay stood

half-leaning against the back of the

chair, watching the movements of

his hands in the yellow cone of

lamp-light. She remembered them

brown and strong, against a canoe

paddle, brown in lamplight as she

make my-experiment

make my-experiment here."

"Yes." she said, after a moment

things Uncle John had left."

will be lost "

experiment."

"I thought possibly the ma-

and the smile.

chimney.

laugh.

## two keys to

Lida Larrimore

THE STORY

CHAPTER I-Charming, wealthy Gabri-

Ils (Gay for short) Graham, engaged to I Janeway, returns to a cabin in the e woods accompanied by a triend, Kate moer. The idea of a stay at the cabin ocsurred to her when she received a key to it sollowing the death of her godfather, Uncle John Lawrence. The two girls notice immediately that someone has been, and probthat Gay knows the identity of the mysteri-

## CHAPTER II

She couldn't force Gay to will her. Kate regarded with satisfaction a bun on a long toasting-fork which she held over the bed of embers in the fireplace. She would be obliged to bear with her curiosity until the owner of the sweater appeared. He was taking his time about it. She and Gay had unpacked the rumble of the coupe. They had found a car of kerosene beside the back steps and had filled and lit every lamp in the cabin They had brought two

pails of water up from the lake. Preparations for a late 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 gotten herself pretty wet bringing water up from the lake. Was it deliberate? Kate wondered, not without just reason for suspicion. What effect was she creating, now, before the mirror above the chest of drawers? She sounded very blithe and gay Her voice, sweet and husky, influ enced, no doubt, by the night-club singer who was the latest enthusiasm of Gay and her intimates, floated out 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.

"Salty language, my friend," she said. "Oh, you've burned your hand. Here, let me take it." She unknotted the scarf and wadded 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 appearnce with a quizzically lifted brow She wore a dark wool skirt, a white wool jumper, ghillies 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." She poured the dark brown liquid into cups from the picnic-hamper arranged with plates and forks and spoons on the low table beside the hearth.

"Does it? I hadn't noticed." Kate returned to the foot-stool. "I can't smell anything except that perfume. It's certainly off-key."

"No it isn't." Gay pulled an arm chair close to the table, settled herself, bit into a sandwich. "It breathes of the great out-of-doors, shed ferns, mossy dells, moorand beather. I bought it especially

for the occasion." - Kate made a derisive gesture. "It breathes of Fifth Avenue and the Silver Room at the Ritz."

"Maybe you're right," 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 smokescreen 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 betwious: But, though she smiled, face in repose reflected some

paiore tender emotion. "Don't you think-" she began and stopped short. There were sounds outside the cabin, an expiring exhaust, a motor suddenly silenced, a brake jerked on, a door resoundingly slammed. Kate, watching Gay, saw her start forward, saw the bright trembling expectancy, unrelieved by humor or bravado which, for an ir nt, illuminated

her face. Then, c. clous of Kate's intent and somewhat disconcerted gaze, she slowly relaxed. Composure 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

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

On the radio a baritone sang meltingly of a rendezvous on the Isle of Capri. Through the music came the sound of a door explosively opened. resolute footsteps thudding across the kitchen floor. Kate's eyes turned butfrom Gay's profile to the door. "Impetuous," she murmured, "He

eems to be in a hurry." He appeared almost before she had completed the thought, a tall rangy young man in corduroys and a leather coat, the brim of a dark felt hat pulled down over his eyes. He halted abruptly in the doorway, stood surveying the brightly lit room with an expression which changed. as Kate watched, from brusque inquiry to blank amazement. His sace, lean and brown, with prominent cheek-bones and jaw line, was vaguely familiar. She had seen him somewhere, in a quite different setting. Somewhere-

"Hello, John." Gay's voice sounded completely natural, neither very cordial nor very aloof, certainly not at all surprised. Kate heard her rise from the chair. The young man in the door-way slowly removed his hat. His hair was thick and dark and cut short to thwart, Kate suspected, a tendency toward waves. She doubted whether, after the first quick glance, he was aware of her presence in the room. His eyes re-

mained fixed upon Gay. "Gay-" he said slowly, incredu-

He had a beautiful mouth. "Beautiful" wasn't a word you used to describe a man, Kafe told herself. It was beautiful, though, generous, sensitive, expressive. Wondering recognition kindled in his dark eyes. For an unguarded moment some strong emotion gave his dark, rather grave face a glancing brilliance. Kate found herself, in that moment of silence, almost holding her

"I have the advantage, John," Gay said. "I knew it was you who was here."

The brilliance faded out of his tace. Kate saw his mouth set a little grimly. "You usually have, haven't you?"

he asked quietly. "Not always." The question seemed to have shaken Gay's composure. She turned to Kate. "Kate," she said, "Miss Oliver, may I present-Is it-Doctor Houghton now?" she asked, turning again to the tall

young man in the doorway. "Doctor Houghton," he affirmed. He smiled at Kate a little diffidently. "I've met Miss Oliver," he said.

"Certainly. How - do - you - do?" Kate remembered now. She had the answer. This was Dr. Lawrence's nephew, John, who'd come with him to Gay's debutante party. This was the young man with whom Gay had stolen away from the party that night. She, Kate, had seen them returning. She remembered now. Gay's face, soft and bright, framed in the collar of a white fur coat, upturned to the tall young man bending to speak to her in the dimly lit passage that led to a side-door of the ball-room.

She had the answer but it did not relieve her concern. There was something between Gay and this young man. Kate felt it vibrating in the air of the room though the words they spoke were casual. This was the motive, then, whether she'd known he was here or the meeting was a coincidence. This, he, was why she had wanted to come.

Kate gave a distracted thought to Gay's family, to a blond young man with charming manners whom she liked very much.

"Heaven help us!" she said silently, the shadow of events to come lying darkly across her mind. And then, because her rectory past would pop up now and then, "The prayers of the congregation are requested,' she added.

"Of course you've met Kate." The singing vibration was in Gay's voice.

"I'm sorry. I had forgotten." "I hadn't." He took a few steps forward into the room. "Miss Oliver rescued me, on one occasion, from a fate worse than death."

"I remember." Kate said. Gay glanced at her quickly. Kate was lighting a cigarette. Her eyes in the spurt of flame from the match were twinkling under the frown that knotted her brows. "You had," she added, speaking to John, "a tendency to bolt into empty rooms."

"It was my first debutante party," he said. His diffident half-smile widening into an engaging grin, excluded Gay. That studied indifference enraged her now as it had when she was fifteen. She had, she discovered, exactly the same impulse to do something, anything, to attract and hold his attention.

"You're looking well," she said. "You're looking well, too." His eyes, regarding her steadily across the space which separated them, held a faintly ironical expression which ing. "But I can ask you to go." she remembered very well. "I'm relieved." The engaging grin slantec side-wise. "Your photographs have given me the impression that vi 'd been skipping your vitamins haps." and losing too much sleep."

"My photograph -- ?", Gay ques-

"The press has been giving you considerable space recently."

said in reply. The press! Had they done something stupid at home? Gay's eyes flew to meet Kate's startled glance. Kate's expression was not reassuring. She looked as though she was resigning herself to some inevitable disaster. Gay turned again to

"This time you have the advantage," she said. "We haven't seen the papers for two days."

She fancied, for a moment, that he, as well as Kate, knew the thought which had flashed into her mind. His expression was wholly ironical.

"I was referring to the rotogravure sections," he said, "and the fifty-cent magazines."

He hesitated, then, "May I wish you happiness?" he asked.

"Why not?" "I do wish that for you." He continued to regard her steadily but the slanting smile had vanished and his eyes were very grave. "Thank you, John."

His steady gaze presently altered. He glanced around the room. "I'm a very poor host," he said. You've had to bring in your lugage and get your supper. I've been alking politics up at the village store. Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

The question had, for Gay, only ene implication. Resentment, like a fresh breeze blowing through a room :00 warm and perfumed, cleared the onfusion from her mind.

"Did you think I knew you were ere?" she asked quietly but with warmth kindling in her voice He turned to look at her in sur-

"But if you didn't, why did you come?"

Resentment flamed into anger But anger was stupid. She returned his glance directly, her chin unconsciously lifting, her eyes bright and scornful.

"You haven't become less-fatuous, have you?" she asked.

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded," he said quickly. "I'm not that fatuous. I meant, how did you expect to get in unless someone was here?"

Her level glance did not waver. His momentary confusion gave her the advantage. She pressed it resolutely, still smarting from humiliated pride.

"Why should I have had the faintest idea that you, especially, should be here?" she asked.

"But who else would be?" His expression was frankly puzzled. "I've never rented it. My kid sister had a house-party here this summer. Otherwise it hasn't been occupied except when I've been here."

She pressed her advantage stubbornly, incensed by the possessive tone in which he spoke of her property. "Who gave you permission to use the cabin at any time?" she asked.

"Permission-?" He stared at her in perplexity. "Didn't you know that Uncle John left the cabin to me?" "To you?"

"Yes." It was the granddaughter of David Graham speaking, the granddaughter of Peter Schuyler, secure in her inherited assurance, quite obviously taking pleasure in the routing of an intruder. "But that's impossible," he said

"His lawyer sent me a key three years ago nearly," Gay said, "just

after Uncle John died." She watched him intently, expecting some attempt at justification, explanations, an apology, perhaps. She did not expect the smile of somewhat incredulous amusement which crept slowly upward from his lips into his eyes.

amusing?" she asked with dignity. 'Uncle John was my god-father. There's no particular reason, is there, why he shouldn't have left

the cabin to me?" "I suppose there isn't," he said, as her eyelids though that point was of small importance. The smile deepened. "I was just wondering how many other people are likely to pop in here with keys. You see," he continued in reply to her questioning glance, "Uncle John's lawyer sent one to me. I naturally assumed that the cabin was mine and have used it whenever I've had a chance."

She had not considered that possibility. It was true, of course. It was the only logical explanation. She felt, for a moment, in sympathy with John, who, as well as she, was the victim of some sentimentality or eccentricity contrived by a member of an older generation. But Uncle John, as she remembered him, had been neither sentimental nor eccentric. The lawyer had made a mistake, perhaps. At any rate, it wasn't John's fault any more than

"I understand that," she said, "because I assumed that it belonged to me." Neither pride nor resentment was entirely proof against the humor in the situation, against the charm of his rare slow smile. Her eyes met John's in laughter and sympathy. Then-

it was hers.

"So you can't turn me out after all, can you?" he asked. "No," she said slowly, consider-

His smile faded a little.

- Are you planning to stay-indefinitely?" he asked. "Not longer than a week, pe

"I have another "ek." She knew

## ing his words with deliberation, trying to gauge their probable effect upon her. "It's rather an important week," he went on, "my last vacation, probably, for some time." "This week is important for me,

IT IS QUITE A GIFT, being able say a great deal in a very few words. Winston Churchill is good at it and besides that he uses such simple words, usually. Some years ago than amused, told her that he underat a Baptist World Wide meeting stood the implication of the pause which was held in Stockholm, question arose as to where the next World Wide meeting was to be held, clear out, I suppose," he said slowand a representative from Washington, ly. "Unfortunately, it isn't as simple D.O., spoke for over an hour telling of as that. . I'm .making an experithe grandeurs of Washington. Acment," he said diffidently. "It's just cording to his idea his city was proper place to select. Immediately following him the Reverend Cameron, of Toronto, was called to say a few asked from her position against the words for his home city. Instead of the usual long speech he merely told "Probably of no greater importhe following story. A young lady tance." he said with a deprecating confessing to her priest told him that "A young man kissed me last night," Kate shouldn't have, Gay thought, and the priest asked her "How many

ALTHOUGH THE Tomato Soup Strike

times?" to which she replied: "Fa-

ther, I came here to confess, not to

boast." Needless to add, Toronto was

chosen as the meeting place of the

next conference.

is now ancient history, yet we TO WIT: might be pardoned for wondering what these strikers would think if instead of them going on strike at the bearing date of the 14th day of July. peak of the tomato harvest for higher 1941, a sale of lands in arrears of taxes wages, it had been the growers of in the Town of Georgetown will be "I'm sorry. It's just that—" He those tomatoes who had decided to go held at the Municipal Office in the ran his hand with an impatient ges. on strike and had refused to pick or Town of Georgetown at the hour of ture across his crisp dark hair. "It truck in to the factory any more of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the the ripe tomatoes. Of course the 8th day of December, 1941, unless the Company might have been able to taxes and costs are sooner paid. purchase tomatoes in the open market, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that however, they would not likely have the list of lands for sale for arrears been as uniform and it might have of taxes has been prepared and the been difficult for them to have se- said list may be seen at the Municicured enough for their needs. When pal Office, Georgetown, and the said we read of the wages that these strik- list is being published in The Ontario ers are getting and compare them to Gazette on September 6th, 1941, one what the average grower is getting insertion only. for his tomatoes we wonder what the factory worker had to kick about. Or intention of the Council of the Town again we wouldn't be surprised if these of Georgetown to purchase any of the same strikers, during these last ten said lands for which the amount ofyears wouldn't have been awfully glad fered does not cover the taxes and of even half these wages per week, had costs thereon. they been able to get work. If it was A pause followed, not warm and only the strikers that suffered during 1941. intimate as the first had been. This these hold-ups it wouldn't be so bad. but everybody loses, the company, the 13t tilities. John walked to the table strikers themselves, and the innocent public as well. One would almost think that by 1941 there should have been some better way devised to settle disputes, than by this out-dated method of refusing to work.

> v. v v THE BIG WIND last Thursday afternoon did a good job of pruning out the dead wood on the shade trees. It also took its toll of apples and cleaned up on the leaves that had begun to fall. It also shook down the horse chestnuts so that the squirrels can now gather them for the winter ahead. We didn't notice any serious damage around here, although it did

blow down the street."  $\mathbf{v} \quad \mathbf{v} \quad \mathbf{v}$ THE VISIT OF the Duke of Windson to his ranch at High River, Al

berta, recalls the following to our mind. The fall following the Duke's abdication we were stayin at a motor camp over night and our next door neighbor in camp that night was an American. He wanted to know if we could tell him the average Canadian's opinion regarding the Duke's action. We told him that we thought that most of us were of the opinion that the Duke had "let us down," however, we weren't worrying very much about it. He had been on quite a long trip through Canada and he told us that in his opinion his fellow Americans were much more disappointed in rerard to his abdication than were any

Canadians that he had met.

The Duke's last visit to his ranch in Alberta was in the summer of 1927 when his title was The Prince of Wales. He was accompanied on that trip by his brother George, the present Duke of Kent. We drove through to the Pacific Coast that same summer and although we did visit Calsaw them now, moving chess-men gary on the trip west we didn't drive across a waxed apple-wood board, down to High River to see the Duke's lean and brown but unsteady as they ranch. We were staying in the City were now, on the sleeve of a white of Victoria though when the two "Does that impress you as being fur coat. Hands had an identity of Princes were visiting that city. They used the Lieutenant Governor of Britheir own. She would have recognized them anywhere. Strange and tish Columbia's car while staying very disquieting. Her throat ached there. We could easily distinguish it and, suddenly, humiliatingly, she as it carried no license plate. The felt the hot sting of tears behind two young men would drive out each morning to the Colfax Golf Links to an accommon common control of the Colfax Golf Links to

play golf. Judging by their appearance at that time we thought that the Prince of Wales looked as thousts he was fed up with the fues that was always made of him when he appeared in public and his brother, Prince George, appeared as though he was getting quite a kick out of it. That of course was only our opinion,

YOU MAY HAVE read this one fore. A back-woods mountained one day found a mirror that tourist had lost on the road. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror, "I never knowed he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home and stole up to the attic to hide it. His actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night as he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "Mun-um." she said looking in the mirror, "so that's the old hag he has been chas-

## Treasurer's Sale Land for Taxes Town of Georgetown County of Halton

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant issued by the Mayor of the Town of Georgetown,

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