### 'As We See It''

writers seemed to have lost then days than used to be the case, or again cumuling at writing after visiting Eng- maybe Jack Frost is losing out in his land. Even the articles by Dorothy severity bouts. Anyway the job of interes they were prior to her visit to today. he old land. When Hugh first anthere we wondered if he too would lose that interesting manner that he seems to have that happy knack that earlier than they usually must appeal to about 99% of his readers. It is quite an achievement being Christmas music on the radio. able to interest the common people ing the whole series.

THE WRITER, that wrote about the seem impossible to get the kind wet in this 1941 November, wouldn't nice to be only used at the one seahe? Of course November still brings son of the year anyway. Somehow, along the odd chilly day but it would with the world still engaged in war. be difficult to beat the weather of this we don't think that we could get too month, this year. Even if the odd much Christmas music. day in the fall is a little chilly it is a very nice time of the year. The harvest has all been gathered in and the larder is full of all those nice things that nature, along with the cooperation of the larder owner, has pro- Build me a home. I am hungry, vided. The evenings are a little ion- For the sight of a dog in the lane,

ger giving us a chance to catch up with For the sight of a light in the winthe reading matter that may have been neglected all summer. The cool tang And the song of a roof in the rain. in the air makes one feel like pitching in and doing something extra. Build me a home, I am lonely, When cool weather comes along we al- Lonely for a chimney and cat. cordwood and bucksews went out of Life is too big for a flat. AFTER READING the first two of a feahion. The chap that never opseries of articles by Hugh Templin erated a bucksaw in dry cordwood has of the Fermus News Record, who missed something worthwhile. Anhas recently returned from a months' other November chore that has gone visit to England, where he represented out of date is the "Banking of the the Weekly Newspapers Association in house." It used to be a regular praca group of twelve Canadian writen tice to pile earth around the base-

who were guests of the British Govern- ment walls on the outside of course, ment. we've concluded that unlike in the fall to help keep the frost out many other writers that have made of the cellar. Perhaps houses are built that trip he can still write in an in- better today or again maybe there are teresting manner. So many other more furnaces in the basement now-a-Thompson are not nearly as interest- banking up the house is out-of-date

noniced his intention of going over WITH DECEMBER just around the corner and the Christmas season not so far away we wonder if we uses in his writings or descriptions, but | couldn't persuade the broadcasting stawe need not have worried .- Hugh tions to give us some Christmas carols never seem to get endugh of doubt there is a large demand when there are so many of them, as time on the air at Christmas, due to Lincoln, wasn't it, used to say. Hugh extra business, however, it should be seems to take the reader right along possible to feature Christmas mustu with him all the way there and back instead of some of that so-called music and we'll be looking forward to read- that we seem to get so much of. No doubt the broadcasting stations; find it difficult to suit all tastes but it does

"Chill November days being the program that we want at times. Most saddest of the year" would be all of the Christmas music is far too

> THE FOLLOWING verse, the author of which is unknown, could be entitled "The Renter's Lament."

We'll be glad to tell you how

You'll be you be you how

uncertainty. Enjoy now and all winter long the

unequalled comfort and heating satisfaction

of the world's finest anthracite. Phone us today.

"Listen to "THE SHADOW"—Radio's Master Detective.

W. H. Kentner & Son

PHONE 13

Where birds wake me up at dawn,

ways think that it was a mistake when I've been about, and I've found out,

With my window flush with the lawn, Where life overflows on the heart of

#### LIMEHOUSE

The Women's Institute held a euchre

party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. Shelbourne on November 21, raise funds for their war work. Seven tables were played, high scores falling to Mr. E. Miller with Mrs. Gowdy and Mr. Jamieson tied. Consolations went to Messrs. Steve Northe and John Scott. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. S. Wright, Mr. Harvey McDowell, Mrs. Osburn, Mr. and Mrs. F. Shelbourne, Miss Bertha Shelbourne, Mrs. A. Hill, Master Fred Hill, Mr. and S. Kirkpatrick and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. Norrie and family, Mr. Jack Davis, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. Harold Scott. Mr. Arthur Knowles. Mrs. O. Post, Mrs. W. Mitchell, Miss Doris Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Jamleson. Master David McVey, Mr. and Mrs. E. Miller, Mrs. J. Ellerby, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gowdy, Messrs. Joe and Russell McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Benton, Mr. Ritchie Benton, Master Glen

The ladies completed aonther quilt your Personal Greeting Cards. Our for bomb victims at Mrs. Mitchell's on samples are the best yet. Wednesday. Visitors with Mrs. R. Lane over the week end included: Mr. and Mrs. E.

to. Mr. and Mrs. R. Packer, George-Miss Winnifred Ivens. of Toronto, and Mr. Bill Newton, of Malton, spent the week end with Mrs. Gale and the

Morrow. Mr. Arthur Lane, of Toron-

Miss Helen Mills, of Toronto, visited Miss Ruth Norton over Sunday.

### Mrs. William Lane **Buried Here**

Funeral services were held last Thursday for Mrs. William Lane, who passed away in Peel Memorial Hospital, Brampton, on Tuesday, November 18th, after a short illness.

Mrs. Lane, who was 81 years of age, was born Sarah Ann Willcott, in Huron County. Her only surviving relatives are a sister. Mrs. Thomas Schenk, and a niece, Miss Sarah Ann Willcott, both of Balmoral, Manitoba. She was predeceased by her husband in 1916 and a son in 1904. She had ived alone for a number of years at her home on Queen Street.

Rev. C. C. Cochrane, of Knox Presbyterian Church, was in charge of the service, which was held from the home of H. C. McOlure, Maple Avenue, 'Interment was in Greenwood Cemetery. Georgetown.

SWEET, HOT, BRAND-NEW AND

Vaughn Monroe, America's young favorite new bandleader, selects a tune thrill of the year . . . "And So It Ended" . . . as Weekly Bong Hit No. . . . complete with WORDS and MUSIC . . . in this coming Sunday's issue of The Detroit Sunday Times. Don't miss it. You'll love it! Get The Detroit Sunday Times this week and every week for a NEW song hit.

-11 you haven't been one of the lucky ones, get your order in now for

### 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. bearing date of the 14th day of July. 1941, a sale of lands in arrears of taxes in the Town of Georgetown will be held at the Municipal Office in the Town of Georgetown at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 8th day of December, 1941, unless the taxes and costs are sooner paid.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the list of lands for sale for arrears of taxes has been prepared and the said list may be seen at the Municipal Office, Georgetown, and the said list is being published in The Ontario Gazette on September 6th, 1941, one insertion only.

Notice is also given that it is the intention of the Council of the Town of Georgetown to purchase any of the said lands for which the amount offered does not cover the taxes and costs thereon.

Dated this 3rd day of September,

P. B. HARRIBON.

# two keys to

Lida Larrimore

Gay took a cigarette from a box on the table. Todd, seated in a chair beside the hearth, snapped a lighter. John, standing, half leaning against the chimney, struck a match Both made a movement toward her. "Thank you, but never mind." Her bright strained glance went from one to the other. She rose from the couch. "I'll do it my way. They taste better." She held the cigarette over the lamp chimney until its tip glowed red. "Do you remember, Todd? I learned that trick at Tory Wales' camp, the week-end we were there and a storm cut off the electricity."

"Tory knows plenty of tricks." Todd sat back in his chair. "By the way, she's going to marry her Englishman."

"Do you hunt here?" Todd asked John, breaking a lengthening si-

"Not often, now," John replied civilly. "I used to when I was in school. That head there on the wall was my first trophy."

"It's a good one." Todd rose, walked across the room to examine the deer head on the wall. John joined him. They talked of hunting, diffidently at first and then with increasing interest.

Yes, Todd was attractive. He wore his well-cut clothes with a nonchalant air and his manner, even in this difficult situation, was poised, considerate, assured. In comparison John seemed a little clumsy, diffident, unsure. What was it in him that aroused a more devastating emotion than, in all the years of knowing him, she had ever felt for Todd? Her eyes moved along the back of his leather jacket to his crisp dark hair. One lock, blatantly waving, stood erect at the crown of his head. Looking at it her brief resentment melted and in the emotion which swept through-her further comparison was impossible.

John! she called silently, John! He turned as though she had spoken his name aloud. His expression softened. His mouth quivered. His hin dark face brightened at whatever it was he read in her eyes. Their long glance asked and answered before he turned again to

Todit.
Hif you'll excuse me," he said very courteously, "I'll go out and

get in some wood.' "Can I help you?" Todd asked. "No, thank you." John picked up the wood-basket and went out of

the room. Silence followed. Gay tossed her cigarette into the fire. Todd walked to the hearth, stood looking at Gay through the lamplight. Her eyes rested on her hands, clasped tightly

in her lap. "It's pleasant here," he said, pres-

ently. "Yes, isn't it?"

"Have you rested?"

"Oh, yes-" "You look very well."

"I'm feeling-" She glanced up at him. "Todd-" she said and was

silent. · "I know all about it, Gay," he said steadily. "You love him. You want to be free."

She nodded, then cried softly, "Todd dear, I'm so sorry."

His composure was shaken. An expression of pain darkened his bright hazel eyes. "What is it?" he asked in a low strained voice. "What have I done or not done?"

"Nothing. Come, sit here," she said gently. "You look so tired," He sat beside her on the couch. His head dropped back against the cushions. His eyes closed. She took his hand, ran her fingers across the smooth tanned skin, the slender fingers. Presently he opened his

eyes. "Don't think I came to interfere." ne said. "Kate called me-was it

last night? I feel as though I'd lived a full life-time since then and died and-been buried." "I supposed Kate had. She's 'ooked so guilty all day. I don'

are, except for you. I-we had inended to leave for home today but here were repairs to be done on he car." "We?"

"Kate and I." He sat forward.

"Then you aren't-?" "I'm going home You don't sup-

wose, do you, that I'd let you face the-cataclysm alone? Besides, a promise is a promise and if you-"No!" His quick protest brought ber to a stop. "God, no! I don't want you to marry me from a sense of duty or pity or kindness." He bent forward, his face in his hands. "But Gay, dear, why couldn't you coming to meet her. His arms

"Did it-does it mean so much to you?" she asked wonderingly.

He sat erect, stared at her t though she were a stranger. "Don's you know-haven't you known what it's meant to me?"

"But it was all ,so-casual." "I thought you wanted it that way. You've always ridiculed sentiment. I was glad that'you wanted a church wedding. Not that I've enjoyed the clatter and fuss. But I wanted you to want all the old enchantments. Something old and something new-Isn't that the way it goes? And choir-boys and brides-maids and confetti. I wanted us to do all the silly things people used to before romance and sentiment went out of style. I thought that after we were married-"

"How little I've known you," she marveled.

"And how little I've known you. You've never spoken of this place, of Johns I had no idea that when he came to your debutante party.



"How little I've known you," she marveled.

you, he-Kate told me you didn't expect him to be here when you came-How long have you known nma Gay?"

"Since I was fifteen. Since the summer I spent here with Uncle

'Then that's the answer. I've known all along that you weren't

as certain as I was." "I tried. Forgive me-Oh, what must you think of me?"

He took her hands in his, looked at her steadily, very seriously. "I've always thought you were the loveliest person I've ever known. It's the nabit of a lifetime. I can't break it now."

Tears streamed down over her cheeks She made no attempt to check them.

"I want you to know," she said, 'that I feel toward you now, at his moment, just as I've always elt. This-this thing that has happened hasn't changed it. I love you as my best and my dearestfriend."

"But you love John more?" She nodded. "I'm so sorry," she ried pityingly "I'm too fond of vou to tell you less than the truth." He laid her hands gently in her

iap, rose, walked to the fire-place, stood with his back to her, lighting a cigarette. When he turned, his face was peaceful. "I like him, you know." He smiled

wearily through the smoke from the cigarette. "That put me at a disadvantage. I can't offer to knock his head off. I couldn't anyway. He's bigger than I am. It's all right, Gav."

"Is it?" Her voice was wistful. 'I'm so fond of you. I think of riding our ponies together and Miss Kitty's dancing class and your first sail-boat and tea-dances and football games and skiing and house oarties at Princeton."

His smile wavered. "And it doesn't do any good?" Her eyes fell away from his face, less peaceful now, drawn with fa-

igue and pain. "It only makes me more certain." she said scarcely audibly.

He drew a long shaken breath. Well, that's that " Glancing up she saw the corners of his lips lift in a difficult smile. "I should say, now, n a husky voice but with a smile. hat I'll always love you, little girl, and if you ever need me or want ne-" His voice altered. "I do say t, Gay. I've had considerable exserience getting you out of scrapes. f you ever need me-"

"You're a dear, Todd I wish-"

He flung the cigarette into the fire, went to the couch, dropped down beside her, drew her close in a strong embrace.

"Gay, darling, can't you?" his lips whispered against her cheek.

She put aside his eager arms. Her hands lifted to his face. Her eyes met his, bright, now, with sort of despairing hope that moved her to pity, gentleness, poignant re-

"Todd. Todd, darling," she said. "I wish I could."

Gay opened the kitchen door, stepped outside, closed the door cautiously. John's figure detached itself from shadows at the edge of the clearing. She ran to meet him caught her, lifted her, set her feet

I hoped you would come," he said, his lins again ther cheek.

on the ground.

Continued on Page D





# 1942 MOTOR VEHICLE PERMITS AND DRIVERS' LICENSES

will be available

# DECEMBER 1st, 1941

THE TERM of 1941 permits and licenses has been extended to January 31st, 1942, after which date they will be invalid and those operating with them subject to the penalties provided. There will be no further extension of their term.

Secure yours early and avoid the usual rush of the last few weeks.

For your convenience, permits and licenses are issued through the offices of 191 agents located throughout the Province.

Preserve your 1941 plates. Do not destroy or throw them away. During the first two weeks of February they will be collected through Gasoline Service Stations by The Canadian Red Cross Society..

Nevember 25th, 1941

T. B. McQUESTEN Minister of Highways

When driving along our highways give our Soldier boys a ride.