

BIGGER BETTER MEAT VALUES

from BUCK'S

Fresh Pork Legs <small>Half or whole</small>	lb. 29c
Front Quarters of Lamb	lb. 21c
Rib or Loin Lamb Chops	lb. 35c
Round Steak Roasts	lb. 33c
Porterhouse Roasts	lb. 32c
Blade Roasts	lb. 23c

THRIFTY GROCERY PRICES

TENDER LEAF TEA, 7 oz. pkg.	39c
JELLO PUDDING POWDERS	2 for 15c
MAGIC BAKING SODA, 1 lb. box	10c
COWAN'S COCOA, 1 lb. tin	25c
HEINZ TOMATO JUICE, 15 oz. tin	3 for 25c
TEXUN GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, 20 oz. tin	2 for 23c
QUAKER MUFFETS	2 for 19c
HONEY BUTTER, 12 oz.	25c — 3 1/2 oz. 10c
JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT, pint size	59c — qt. 98c
ODEX SOAP	4 for 25c
MOTHER PARKER'S TEA, 1/2-lb.	43c
AUNT DINAH MOLASSES	10c
MONARCH PASTRY FLOUR 24 lb.	84c — 7 lb. 29c

1st GRADE FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

JUICY ORANGES	39c & 49c Dozen	RALDWIN COOKING APPLES 6 qt. bskt.	35c
EXTRA LARGE LEMONS	3 for 10c	NICE SIZE GRAPEFRUIT 6 for	25c
B.C. EATING APPLES	3 for 10c	CARROTS	4 lb. 15c
		NO. 1 COOKING ONIONS	5 lb. 25c

Tomatoes, Celery Hearts, Iceberg Lettuce, Bananas, Grapes at Market Price.

C. J. BUCK

PHONE 28w GEORGETOWN

NOTICE!

On and after Monday, December 1st, milk will be delivered in the afternoons during the winter months.

PLEASE HAVE YOUR BOTTLES OUT

Tyers Milk Products
Maple Leaf Dairy

The Norval Junior Institute and Junior Farmers will hold their annual church service in Norval United Church on Sunday, Nov. 30th, at 7:30 p.m. St. Rev. T. V. Hart, of Woodbridge, will be guest speaker. Miss Joy Ruddle and Mr. Hartley Anderson will be the soloists. Collection in aid of the British War Victims Fund.

LOCAL NEWS

The Women's Institute will meet on Wednesday, December 3rd, at 3 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Walter Peck, Queen Street.

A modern and old time dance will be held in Hornby Orange Hall, on Tuesday, Dec. 2nd, under the auspices of St. Stephen's Church A.Y.P.A. Proceeds in aid of Evening Telegram B. W. Fund. Bennett's Orchestra, lunch served. Admission 75c a couple; single cents 40c.

Twenty-three Christmas gift boxes were sent last week to members and adherents of Georgetown United Church on active service overseas. The boxes, which were sent by the congregation and packed by the Women's Association of the church, contained candy, gum, razor blades, cigarettes, cheese, peanuts and fruit cake.

The Glen Community Club has asked that we print the following list of Glen soldiers overseas to whom cigarettes were sent recently by the Club: Ptes. J. Bluck, C. Clarke, J. Crawford, J. Gumbell, R. Edwards, Ed. Hill, R. Bludd, T. Williams, J. Williams, H. McMenamy, R. McMenamy, J. Dickson, W. Bennett, C. Ellis, J. W. Davidson, C. Winfield, A. Presswood, D. Appleyard, J. MacDonald, D. Bell, J. Everson, and B. Poole. Should anyone have been left out by oversight, please get in touch immediately with Mrs. R. Guyot or any member of the club, and cigarettes will be sent immediately.

To the people of Erin, Eramosa and Esquesing Townships

I take this opportunity to thank you for patronizing me during the past years. It has been a pleasure to serve you and trust that my successor Wilfred Kirkwood, R. R. No. 1, Glen Williams, will receive your continued support and patronage.

CARL E. WEITZEL
Rawleigh Dealer

TWO KEYS TO A CABIN

(Continued from Page 7)

"I shouldn't have. Kate heard me, I know, though she pretended to be asleep. And Todd feels so badly. I can't think of them. I can't think of anything except being with you." Her eyes lifted above his shoulder. "The moon," she cried softly, breathlessly.

"It's so peaceful." She sighed. "I can't imagine being in the city."

"Will you be?"

"I don't know. Mother and Robert, my step-father, are still in Southampton, I suppose. They'll be moving into the city, though, now that there isn't to be a wedding. Dad and Aunt Flora may not open the town house this winter. They're thinking of staying on at 'Dunedin.' I want to be where time will pass quickly. I don't know."

"When you talk of your family—" John paused.

"What?" she asked quickly. "You sound—"

"I lose you," he said diffidently. "Here we are so close. When you go away—I can't even imagine what your life is there. If I could say every hour during the day, now Gay is waiting for the post-man, now she's playing tennis, now she's having lunch, now she's walking down town to get a soda at the drug-store, I would feel closer to you. But I can't imagine your life. It wouldn't be more difficult if you were a Chinese princess. It's just—I've nothing to go by," he finished lamely.

"You still resent me, don't you?" she asked.

"Not you as you are here with me."

"My life, then. I saw it tonight, when Todd and I talked of mutual acquaintances, of things that were happening in New York."

"But I was afraid—Seeing him here with you—He's known you always. You have things in common. And he is attractive. I was jealous and I despised myself for being jealous." He gave a short mirthless laugh. "I was—stuffy, wasn't I?"

"You were and it was silly of you."

"I know. I'm sorry and ashamed."

"I can't discard the years before now all at once as a snake sheds its skin."

"Of course you can't. I'm unreasonable. But when I've nothing to go by—"

"I'll give you something. Every hour of every day we're apart you can say, wherever Gay is she's loving me and thinking of me and wanting time to pass quickly."

"Sweet!" His voice trembled. "I love you so."

"And I love you. Remember that and nothing can spoil it. Nothing!"

CHAPTER VII

Gay roused at a touch on her shoulder. She opened her eyes and blinked up into the pleasant placid face of Mathilde, her mother's mid-aged maid. For an instant she lay drowsily smiling, not fully awake, then her eyes widened, she sat erect.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"Half past seven, Miss Gay," the woman said, smiling. "You asked to be awakened."

"There'd have been murder done if I hadn't been." Gay tossed back the covers and swung herself into a sitting position on the side of the bed.

"It's snowing." Mathilde held a blue silk negligee embroidered with daisies, knelt with blue satin mules for Gay's feet.

"Grand! A white Christmas." Gay drew the negligee around her, wriggled her feet into the mules. "That makes everything practically perfect."

"Your bath is ready." Mathilde smiled at Gay's excitement. "Will you have a breakfast tray?"

"Orange juice and coffee." Gay disappeared into the bathroom. "I won't have time for anything else."

On the walls of the bathroom wild orchids grew lush among tropical trees. The alcove in which the tub was set was paneled with mirrors. Gay, splashing vigorously, made none of her customary mental observations upon the results achieved by the young interior decorator who was her mother's latest protegee. All of her attention was centered upon the fact, incredible but excitingly true, that John was arriving in New York on this the morning of Christmas Eve, for a holiday visit.

"Noel, Noel," she sang, rubbing herself with a soft warmed towel, or an instant the song recalled the Christmas Eve she'd spent at school in Switzerland. She'd like to go into a Catholic church this evening, at twilight, a French Catholic church, where candle-light would shine on brightly painted figures in the manger scene and a choir-boy with the voice of an angel would sing the carol, running now, through her mind. That symbolized Christmas for her, had as far back as she could remember, before the school in Switzerland, since Made-moiselle Dupin, the governess of whom she'd been fond, had taken her, as a child, to her church on succeeding Christmas Eves.

Back into the bedroom again, Mathilde had laid out her underthings.

"Noel, Noel," she sang, rubbing herself with a soft warmed towel, or an instant the song recalled the Christmas Eve she'd spent at school in Switzerland. She'd like to go into a Catholic church this evening, at twilight, a French Catholic church, where candle-light would shine on brightly painted figures in the manger scene and a choir-boy with the voice of an angel would sing the carol, running now, through her mind. That symbolized Christmas for her, had as far back as she could remember, before the school in Switzerland, since Made-moiselle Dupin, the governess of whom she'd been fond, had taken her, as a child, to her church on succeeding Christmas Eves.

Back into the bedroom again, Mathilde had laid out her underthings.

"Noel, Noel," she sang, rubbing herself with a soft warmed towel, or an instant the song recalled the Christmas Eve she'd spent at school in Switzerland. She'd like to go into a Catholic church this evening, at twilight, a French Catholic church, where candle-light would shine on brightly painted figures in the manger scene and a choir-boy with the voice of an angel would sing the carol, running now, through her mind. That symbolized Christmas for her, had as far back as she could remember, before the school in Switzerland, since Made-moiselle Dupin, the governess of whom she'd been fond, had taken her, as a child, to her church on succeeding Christmas Eves.

Back into the bedroom again, Mathilde had laid out her underthings.

"Noel, Noel," she sang, rubbing herself with a soft warmed towel, or an instant the song recalled the Christmas Eve she'd spent at school in Switzerland. She'd like to go into a Catholic church this evening, at twilight, a French Catholic church, where candle-light would shine on brightly painted figures in the manger scene and a choir-boy with the voice of an angel would sing the carol, running now, through her mind. That symbolized Christmas for her, had as far back as she could remember, before the school in Switzerland, since Made-moiselle Dupin, the governess of whom she'd been fond, had taken her, as a child, to her church on succeeding Christmas Eves.

Back into the bedroom again, Mathilde had laid out her underthings.

"Noel, Noel," she sang, rubbing herself with a soft warmed towel, or an instant the song recalled the Christmas Eve she'd spent at school in Switzerland. She'd like to go into a Catholic church this evening, at twilight, a French Catholic church, where candle-light would shine on brightly painted figures in the manger scene and a choir-boy with the voice of an angel would sing the carol, running now, through her mind. That symbolized Christmas for her, had as far back as she could remember, before the school in Switzerland, since Made-moiselle Dupin, the governess of whom she'd been fond, had taken her, as a child, to her church on succeeding Christmas Eves.

Back into the bedroom again, Mathilde had laid out her underthings.

This year, as in the past

SILVER'S

will be headquarters for smart, practical

'XMAS GIFTS

• Yes, folks! Only 24 shopping days until Xmas and it's time to get busy on that gift list. We are glad to announce that many shipments of lovely new GIFT SUGGESTIONS have now arrived. Come in and look around. A small deposit will hold any purchase for you until desired.

SILVER'S DEPT. STORE

PHONE 375

"Where Good Clothes Cost Less"

GEORGETOWN

or her neck straightened in with the tray.

"Would you like me to ring for Carl?" she asked, placing the tray on a low table beside the windows looking out over the river.

"No, I'll use a taxi." She didn't want her first moments with John to be spent under the discreet but interested scrutiny of Carl's lively blue eyes, behind Carl's attentive whipcord back. The servants, both here and at 'Dunedin' were curious about John.

No wonder, after she and Kate returned from Maine. Not that she cared, especially, but if it could be avoided—

"It's eight o'clock, Miss Gay," Mathilde, hovering said.

"It is? Good Heavens! I must fly." She slipped into the coat Mathilde held, tilted the fur cap over one eye, caught up purse and gloves, paused for an instant to admire her reflection in the mirror and went hurrying out of the room.

Lights glowed in the hall of the apartment. Her step-father called to her through the open door of the dining-room.

"Good-morning," she said, standing poised for flight in the doorway.

"It's the early bird that catches the worm." Robert Cameron, in a silk dressing gown with a scarf knotted under his chin twinkled at her somewhat sleepily over a section of melon.

"Worm!" she exclaimed. "I hate you. Aren't you up rather early yourself?"

"I didn't heed the ads," he said mock-tragically. "I failed to do my Christmas shopping early."

"Poor Robert!" Gay smiled. Though to her father's family it was a mystery, she understood very well why her mother had married Robert. He had, as her mother had, an ingenious zest for living. He was no longer the handsome figure of a man-about-town he had been when he became her step-father. He was getting stout and somewhat florid and his blond hair was receding at the temples, but his spirit was buoyant and his nature restfully uncomplicated and his enjoyment of good food, good sport and gay company remained undiminished. He was kind, and fond of her. His expression, now, as he looked at her across lace and silver and crystal flowers which splintered the light into glittering sparkles, was admiring and interested.

"Go to it, kid," he said. "I'm all for romance myself. If you need moral support you can count on Uncle Robert."

He was a dear or maybe in her blissful state she felt tender toward all the world. She blew him a kiss and went on along the hall.

In the drawing-room Suki was hanging wreaths made of silvered leaves and bunches of blue glass berries. She knew it was Suki because Togo's province was the kitchen. It occurred to her that it was a little incongruous that small heathen Suki with his flat lemon colored face and black bead eyes should be decorating the apartment for a Christian festival.

What would John make of it all, of Suki and Togo who had been with Robert for years, of Mathilde whom her mother had brought back from

France, of her mother, of Robert, of Christmas Eve at the apartment? What would he make of the Victorian elegance of 'Dunedin' when they went tomorrow? Could he, as she did, ignore Aunt Flora's disapproval, the curious but premeditated coolness of the relatives who would be there? Panic seized her again. Her spirits sank with the descent of the elevator. She regretted, for an instant, that John was coming now, at this moment, while their meeting was still in the future, the feeling they had for each other was secure. Now—

But that was absurd. She shook off frightening fancies. Her spirits lifted when the Negro doorman opened the door for her.

"White Christmas, William."

"Merry Christmas, Miss Graham."

"It's nice, isn't it?"

"Luck for certain." The Negro's face was lit by an ivory grin. "Good times comin' pretty soon."

The train from Boston, unless it was late, was already in. Gay made her way through the concourse of the station toward the gate where John would be waiting. Expectancy gave wings to her feet. She hurried on, jostling and being jostled, heedless of admiring glances cast at her, impatient of any delay. Then through people passing, she saw him and reluctance checked her eager-ness. Her flying pace slackened.

She advanced slowly, caught in panic again, walking mechanically, all feeling suspended.

He did not see her. He stood beside the gate, his eyes searching

through the groups that eddied past him. But was that John? She hadn't remembered—it was the overcoat he wore which made him look so tall. She'd never seen him in the winter before. The new hat he wore was not becoming. She didn't know him. It wasn't that tall young man, obviously ill at ease, whom she had come to meet. She couldn't move or speak to him. She felt paralyzed, frozen inside.

He saw her and smiled. She started toward him as he started toward her.

"Hello." He removed his hat, smiling diffidently.

"Hello." Her voice sounded thin and unnatural. She felt her mouth stretch in a mechanical smile.

He bent to kiss her. She lifted her face. "A redcap, carrying luggage,

bumped into them so that his lips, glancingly, touched her cheek.

"We must find a taxi." She did not look at him. "I didn't bring a car."

His hand cupped her elbow but she led the way. A porter followed with his luggage. "Did you have a good trip?" she asked after an interval of silence.

"Not bad. We were on time."

"I'm sorry I was delayed. I left the apartment in time but traffic was heavy."

"That's all right. I haven't waited long."

They stood waiting for the porter to call a taxi.

"How are you?" he asked.

She glanced up at him, then quickly away.

"Splendid, thank you. Isn't it nice to have snow?"

"If it keeps on like this the train won't be coming in on time."

"No, probably not. Have you had breakfast?"

"No. It doesn't matter, though. I'm not hungry."

A taxi slid in beside them. The porter opened the door. John put her in, supervised the stowing of his luggage, sat beside her. The cab moved out into traffic. She glanced up at him. He was looking at her. The hurt bewilderment in his eyes, the difficult smile that moved across his lips, restored warmth and a feeling of tenderness.

"Hello!" she said softly.

"Hello!" His arms went around her. Their lips met and held. Presently, she drew away.

"Is this scandalous behavior for New York?" His voice sounded happily, relieved.

"Who cares?" She winked to clear her vision. "Oh why are we always such idiots?"

"I didn't know you. You looked—I was terrified."

"So was I. Darling, that hat—"

"Don't you like it either?" He turned to open the window. "We'll throw it out."

"Idiot!" She pressed close to him, her face against the rough cloth of his coat. "It's all right, isn't it?"

"The hat? You change your mind so—"

"Us; I mean—Your being here—We're going to have fun."

"Of course we are. Breakfast first, though. I wasn't hungry when you asked me, but I'm starving now."

"Are you?" She laughed. "So am I. Let's send your luggage out to Mother's apartment and stay down town all day. We'll have breakfast at Child's and walk in the snow and drop quarters in all the Santa Claus kettles and sing carols on street corners and—"

"You darling! I'm so happy, so glad to be here."

"Are you? Darling! John!"

(Continued next week)

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR THE HERALD

PICOBAC
Pipe Tobacco
FOR A MILD COOL SMOKE

Dancing
EVERY WEDNESDAY
O'Connell's Hall,
BRAMPTON
GIBSON-BOYD ORCHESTRA
Dancing 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. DANCE
REGULAR ADMISSION
G. HENRY, Manager