

two keys to a cabin

by Lida Larrimore

CHAPTER VIII

The last record in the electric Victrola whirled to a stop. John led the small vivacious brunette with whom he had been dancing to the davenport facing the fire where he had sat with Gay.

"You're a wonderful dancer," she said, settling herself in a swirl of scarlet chiffon.

"You sound surprised," John smiled. "We aborigines who live in Maine don't confine our amusement to war dances, by any means."

She glanced at him doubtfully, then laughed. "The mystery is clearing up," she said.

"Mystery?"

"Well, we have wondered, you know," she went on with an air of artless frankness too deliberate to be entirely sincere. "I mean, Gay goes dashing off into the wilds and then comes home and breaks her engagement and won't tell us anything about you except that you're a doctor and her godfather's nephew. You can't imagine how curious we've been to meet you."

Here it was again. John had been obliged to respond to that approach many times during the evening as Gay's friends had arrived and departed in restless, animated groups.

"You must find me very disappointing," he said, making no effort to re-phrase a reply which, so far, had appeared to be adequate.

"Not at all." Her bright brown eyes sparkled at him through curling lashes. "Of course most of us met you at Gay's debutante party but we didn't—"

"—pay any attention to me?" He felt that his smile was becoming fixed.

"I'd meant to say that we didn't dream all this romance was brewing. It is romantic, you know. I mean you never expect such a thing to happen to one of your friends."

On the surface, at least, it was all very friendly. Perhaps he only imagined that under their apparently casual acceptance of him, these friends of Gay's were deliberately making him feel an outsider in subtle ways of which he was conscious but which he could not define. That was natural, he told himself. Todd Janeway was one of them. His name had been mentioned, during the evening, in connection with Christmas Eve of last year, with reference to the Army-Navy football game, in casual reminiscence. Todd's sister, Ellen, was here, the slight graceful girl in the tailored hat who, coming in with the good-looking red-haired boy in tweeds,



On the surface, at least, it was all very friendly.

remained uninfluenced by the thought and behavior of his or her companions. You never entirely escaped the environment in which you had been reared. You were bound to the past by a thousand tenuous ties of habit, prejudice, affection, ties of which you were unaware, perhaps until when confronted by some opposite idea, you felt them sagging back into the safety of familiar ideas, values, habits. He'd felt them tug when

"I beg your pardon," he said, warned by a sustained upward inflection in his companion's voice that she had asked a question.

"It doesn't matter." He thought that she looked a little bored. Her eyes flicked past him toward the piano where the girl with auburn hair was singing, apparently for her own amusement since the group clustered about it continued to talk in a staccato tone, which carried across the room. "I asked you if you and Gay were spending tomorrow here or at her father's place in the country."

"In the country, I think." He wanted to add something to that. He wanted to apologize more fully for his inattention. What a dull lout he must think him. Not that he cared, except for Gay. He was as relieved as he felt his companion must be when he saw a group of four people come in from the hall and cross the room toward the davenport.

"We've been out on the terrace looking at the view," Tory Wales said as she came up to them. She dropped down on the davenport and a white fur coat, so soft that it crumpled like velvet as it fell, slid down over her bare brown shoulders and back.

"Your slippers are wet, I'm afraid," her companion, the burly but well-groomed young Englishman who was her fiance, said.

"Don't fuss. Hal. You can't kill an Indian with a little snow." She leaned back against the apricot leather of the upholstery and held up two fingers. Her fiance put a cigarette between them.

The girl in red laughed. "Don't you two talk the same language?" she asked.

"Well, you must admit that my English is a little different from Hal's," Tory Wales said, her light skin, twinkling with derisive humor which reminded him of Kate. "When his family was here in October we practically had to use deaf and dumb signals. I'm learning, though." She glanced up at her fiance who smiled as though he found her very amusing, relaxed against the upholstery, graceful legs crossed, and made a half turn toward John, seated between her and the girl in red, who, now that reinforcements had arrived, showed no inclination to leave. "When are you planning to locate in New York, Dr. Houghton?"

"I don't expect to locate in New York," John said, a little startled at the question.

"Oh, aren't you going to practice here?" the girl in red asked. "We naturally assumed that you were."

"Why naturally?" John asked smiling, but with the uncomfortable feeling that he was being deliberately quizzed.

"Well, Gay's connections are here. We thought—that's very disappointing." The girl in red gave a ripple of laughter which held, John thought, some confusion. "I was planning to develop a chronic ailment. After all, one must be loyal to one's friends."

"I appreciate your interest," John said, "but I shouldn't have a private practice in any event."

"Dr. Houghton is a scientist, darling," Tory Wales said speaking across him to the girl in red.

"That's very interesting." The Englishman lowered his glass to look at John.

"Are you working with a foundation?" the boy in the tweed suit asked.

"Nothing so impressive," John laughed briefly. "Just now I'm assisting a physician in Portland. General practice. I'm hoping—"

The girl in red interrupted with a request for a cigarette. John felt both irritated and relieved. He didn't want to talk of his work, especially, but that was preferable to more personal references. In the flurry of providing the girl at his right with a cigarette, he glanced toward the group at the piano. Gay turned, as he watched, started across the room with Janice Howard. The others followed.

"Jan and Ruckey think they must go," Gay said, coming up to the davenport.

"You needn't, Tory," Janice Howard said. "We can call a cab. But if we're to join the family festivities tomorrow, steps must be taken at once."

"We must go too, Tommy." Ellen Janeway rose. "We're meeting the midnight train in from Chicago. Francie and Ned are arriving. Gay. Maybe we'll see you in the country tomorrow."

"I want to see Francie and Ned. Are they bringing the babies?"

"Oh, yes. We're driving them out to the country tonight. The roads are fairly clear. Todd phoned—"

She stopped and her soft color deepened.

"We're shoving off, Hal," Tory Wales said quickly. She rose and shrugged into the white fur coat. "We're going home and hang up our stockings. Maybe you'll get a bale of oats in yours, if you're good," she added, linking her arm through the arm of her fiance

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

Lesson for December 14

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education, used by permission.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP

LESSON TEXT—II Corinthians 8:1-9; 10, 7
GOLDEN TEXT—It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.—I Corinthians 4:2

The Christmas season, when there is so much thought about gifts, is a most appropriate time for a lesson on Christian giving. Dr. John Willis Baer was once asked: "How can we raise money for foreign missions?" Quick as a flash, he answered: "Don't raise it, give it." If all believers could come to a true knowledge of what the New Testament teaches regarding giving, and would seriously put this knowledge into practice, the Christian church could advance more in the next 10 years than it has advanced in any 50 years in its history" (Wilbur M. Smith).

I. An Example of Liberality (8:1-5)

For some reason people are overly sensitive when one speaks of money. The subject must be approached tactfully, so Paul skillfully directs the attention of the Corinthian church to their fellow Christians in Macedonia. They had been in great affliction and were in "deep poverty" (v. 2), but out of their sorrow and want they gave far above Paul's expectation (v. 5) and "beyond their power," and then pleaded with Paul that he should let them give more. The explanation is found in verse 5, where we learn that they had first given "their own selves to the Lord," and then "in loving co-operation with Paul himself, as the Lord's agent, in this matter of the offering."

Is it not strange that those who suffer most for the gospel and have the least to give are the most generous in their giving? Those to whom the gospel has come easily, who bear no special burdens for Christ, and who are well situated financially, are commonly the most stingy with their money. Could it be that they have not really given themselves to the Lord? One wonders.

II. An Exhortation to Faithfulness (8:6-9)

Apparently the Corinthians had made a promise or pledge to give for the poor at Jerusalem, but had become a bit forgetful and neglected to keep up a pledge for the Lord's work. Some folk even feel that they cannot make a pledge, they pledge to pay their rent, to make payments on a car, or a washing machine; but to the church they just can't pledge, or if they do, the promise is often neglected. Such things are dishonoring to the name of Christ.

As they abound in other graces (v. 7), Paul exhorts the Corinthians to abound in "this grace also." So giving is a Christian's grace! And why not? Consider Christ (v. 9), who left the glory He had with the Father and came to the poverty of the One who had not where to lay His head, that we through Him might be eternally rich.

Christian friend, when that truth says hold of your heart and life your purse strings will loosen, your check book will open more easily, you will gladly give—for Christ's sake.

III. A Principle of Christian Giving (9:6)

The harvest is always in proportion to the sowing of the seed. The man who is stingy with his seed at sowing time will reap that kind of a harvest. The opposite is also true. It works in the field of business too. The merchant who gives the fullest return for one's money and who is most liberal measure of service is bound to prosper, while the stingy one is left to lament the fact that his goods rot on his shelves.

In the spiritual realm it is even more true. But, someone may say, we ought not to do good that we may profit by it. No real Christian will give just that he may prosper, but, mark it well, if he does give for Christ's sake and His glory, God will prosper him. "You can't beat God giving."

IV. The Spirit of Christian Stewardship (9:7)

Our giving is to be done according to the purpose of our heart—not grudgingly, nor with grief, nor yet by compulsion, because someone put on pressure.

God loves a cheerful or (as it may be translated) hilarious giver. When done in the right spirit, giving for Christ can be one of the happiest experiences of the Christian life. Let's make offering time in our church services the most joyful time in the meeting. Then we shall be liberal as well as cheerful in this grace of stewardship.

Faith in Christ

"Martha said, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' Of all the true disciples of Christ this may with perfect confidence be said. 'He is here, therefore they shall not die.' Faith causes Christ to be present in the heart; and where Christ is, eternal death cannot be." —Dean Howson.

CARROLL'S CHRISTMAS BAKING SALE!

SILVER STAR PASTRY FLOUR 24-lb bag 69¢

CUT MIXED PEEL pound 29¢
RED GLACE CHERRIES ¼-lb. 12¢
PINEAPPLE RINGS Assorted 2 for 13¢
CUT PEEL and Cherries ¼-lb. 3 pks. 25¢
RAISINS with SEEDS Lexia 2 lbs. 25¢
SEEDED RAISINS Lexia lb. 15¢
BLEACHED RAISINS lb. 19¢
CURRANTS Australian 2 lbs. 25¢
CITRON PEEL CAPS ¼-lb. 12¢
CASHEW NUTS Shelled ¼-lb. 19¢

Fearman's Pure LARD 1-lb. pkg. 12¢

SEEDLESS, AUSTRALIAN RAISINS lb. 10¢

Ask for ROMAR Coffee 1-lb. bag 39¢

LARD Maple Leaf Pure 2 1-lb. pks. 25¢
SHELLED WALNUTS, ¼-lb. 19¢
CINNAMON or CLOVES oz. 4¢
Vanilla Extract Alliance 2-oz. 2 btl. 15¢
Almond Extract Alliance 2-oz. btl. 10¢
ALMOND PASTE Bows's ¼-lb. tin 21¢
ICING SUGAR The Best lb. 10¢
MINCEMEAT Maple Leaf 2 lbs. 27¢
JELLY POWDERS Sherriff's Lushus 3 pks. 23¢

CARROLL'S OWN BAKING POWDER 16-oz. tin 17¢

EAGLE BRAND MILK 15-oz. tin 18¢
CHOCOLATE PUFFS Biscuits lb. 19¢
LIPTONS TEA - At Popular Prices
TODDY ¼-lb. tin 25¢, 1-lb. tin 45¢
OVALTINE 4-oz. tin 39¢, 16-oz. tin 98¢
KLEENEX pkr. 10¢, 25¢, 29¢
CHAMPION DOG FOOD 2 tins 19¢
SHINOLA FLOOR WAX 1-lb. tin 23¢
TOILET TISSUE B&W 6 rolls 19¢

Aylmer or Allen's APPLE JUICE 2 20-oz. tins 15¢

SURE-LITE MATCHES 3 300 boxes 23¢

STOCK UP NOW! NO FREE DELIVERY ON THIS ITEM
POTATOES Per Dozen 75-lb. bag \$1.19
ORANGES doz. 20¢, 25¢, 30¢ SEEDLESS—Large Size GRAPEFRUIT 5 for 25¢
TENDER CRISP CELERY HEARTS bdl. 10¢ CARROTS or PARSNIPS 3 lb. 13¢
B.C. DELICIOUS EATING APPLES 6 for 17¢ and 6 for 21¢
Fruit and Vegetable Prices Until Saturday Night Only

PHONE 357 Free Delivery MAIN ST. Georgetown

THE WEATHER

By H. L. Hutt

The first week of December has passed and we are still enjoying fine open fall weather with very little sign of winter until the last couple of days. The average daily temperature for the week was 38.4 degrees, which was higher than for two of the weeks in November.

Sunday morning the temperature had fallen to 16 degrees, the lowest so far this winter and the ground was frozen hard all day for the first time. An inch of snow Monday afternoon made things look more like winter.

Following are the local records for the week:

Date	H and L Temp.	Precipitation
Tues., Dec. 2	48 31	
Wed., Dec. 3	47 38	
Thurs., Dec. 4	59 43	
Fri., Dec. 5	59 40	
Sat., Dec. 6	37 22	
Sun., Dec. 7	34 16	
Mon., Dec. 8	34 22	1 inch Snow

8 scarves
1 Balacava helmet
3 pr. socks, navy blue
1 pr. stockings, navy blue
25 pr. seamens boots
41 pr. seamens stockings
1 pr. seamens socks
Army and Air Force
3 pr. plain mitts
10 pr. gloves
5 turtle neck sweaters
1 pullover
1 ribbed helmet
2 scarves
40 pr. socks
6 pullovers, Air Force
3 scarves, Air Force
1 pr. gloves, Air Force
2 pr. plain mitts, Air Force

Miscellaneous
32 large quilts
4 large blankets
1 small afghan.

HALTON GARAGE OPERATORS ELECT OFFICERS

On Thursday evening, December 4th, another year in the life of Halton Branch of the Ontario Garage Operators Association came to a close with their regular meeting held in Milton. It was with great pride the officers were able to report to the members the best year in all departments of the Branch since its inception. A very large number of members and visitors turned out for the meeting and a keen interest was shown during the discussion of the many items of business. Quite a number of the members of Wentworth Branch were welcomed visitors. Mr. Wm. "Bill" Bailey, the Provincial President, gave a short but interesting address and was the choice of the meeting to conduct the election of officers for 1942.

Mr. J. L. McKindley of Burlington, the president of the Branch, who has successfully and harmoniously piloted the affairs of the Branch for the past three years declined to stand for another term and retires from that office having served well and faithfully. The following were elected to hold office for 1942:

President—Mr. A. C. Patterson, Georgetown.
Vice-president—Mr. F. Sinclair, Georgetown.
Secretary—Mr. E. R. Macklin, Burlington.
Treasurer—Mr. G. Dolby, R. R. 2, Milton.
Board of Directors—Mr. R. G. McDuffe, Milton; Mr. J. L. McKindley, Burlington; Mr. H. Gillingham, Trafalgar; Mr. Vern Dines, Oakville; Mr. K. Johnston, Bronte; Mr. J. Cain, Georgetown.

—Don't forget Santa will be in town on Saturday, Dec. 20th, at the Lions Community Christmas Tree. Candles for every boy and girl.

J. COOKE FLOOR CONTRACTOR

FLOOR LAYING SANDING RESURFACING FINISHING

WE SPECIALIZE IN OLD FLOORS Good Workmanship Reasonable Prices

3 NEW ST. PHONE 388 BURLINGTON

Large Red Cross Shipment

The Georgetown Branch Canadian Red Cross are shipping to the warehouse in Toronto this week the following large shipment of knitted comforts and quilts:

- Seamens Comforts
- 5 ribbed helmets
- 28 pr. plain mitts
- 22 aero caps
- 1 pullover sweater
- 13 Turtle neck sweaters