



• With the Holidays almost upon us, you'll want to save as much as possible. Investigate these holiday specials.

- CHRISTIE'S RITZ BISCUITS 14c
- CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP 2 for 19c
- AYLMER PEAS, No. 4's 2 for 21c
- WESTON'S CHOCOLATE MALLOWS lb. 25c
- READY CUT MACARONI 3 lb. 14c
- RICE 2 lb. 15c
- RED ROSE TEA ½ lb. 43c
- INTERLAKE TOILET TISSUE 3 for 25c
- SWEET PICKLES 23c
- Mustard Relish - Mixed - Tall Jar
- McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE JELLY POWDERS 3 for 17c
- AYLMER PORK AND BEANS, 15 oz. tin 2 for 15c
- MAPLE LEAF CAKE FLOUR, large pkg. 29c

**C. J. BUCK**  
PHONE 28w WE DELIVER

**Buck's Delicious MEATS**

- Blade and Shoulder Roast lb. 23c
- Porterhouse Roasts lb. 32c
- Round Steak Roasts lb. 33c
- RIB AND LOIN Lamb Chops lb. 35c
- Stewing Lamb 2 lb. 35c
- Legs of Lamb lb. 31c
- 5 lb. average
- Stewing Veal lb. 20c
- Breast or Flank
- FRESH Haddock Fillets lb. 23c
- Salmon Steaks lb. 22c
- FRUITS and VEGETABLES
- SUNKIST NAVAL ORANGES doz. 25c and 39c
- LEMONS 6 for 15c
- GRAPEFRUIT 6 for 25c
- Medium size
- CARROTS 4 lb. 15c
- CABBAGE Large 10c
- Medium size 2 for 15c
- HEAD LETTUCE 10c
- CELERY HEARTS bunch 13c
- GRAPES 2 lb. 25c

**LOCAL NEWS**

Ashgrove Public School concert in the basement of the church, Dec. 17, 8.30 p.m. S.T. A musical cantata is the chief feature. Admission 25c and 15c.

The Community Auction Sales which have been so popular recently, are being taken to Acton next week, when the Red Cross Society and the Acton and Vicinity War Service League will stage one of these events in Acton Town Hall. Miscellaneous articles too numerous to mention hardly describes these sales, and the Acton sale will have six auctioneers to dispose of the articles, on Wednesday, December 17th. The sale starts at 8 p.m. (D.B.T.)

**FIREMEN PLAN 69th ANNUAL BALL**

The Georgetown Fire-Brigade, under Fire Chief Donald Lettner, are planning their 69th annual ball, which will be held in the arena on New Year's Eve. Doris Hull's Orchestra has once more been engaged to furnish the music, and there will be both new and old time dancing, with the usual lucky number and novelty dances. Tickets will be on sale next week for the event.

**BORN**

DITCHFIELD—On Friday, November 28th, at the Memorial Hospital, Windsor, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Ditchfield, a son—Robert James.

HEPBURN—At Peel Memorial Hospital, Brampton, on December 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. John Hepburn, Glen Williams, a daughter—Maureen.



**TWO KEYS TO A CABIN**

(Continued from Page 3)

"Good-night, Gay. Good-night, Dr. Houghton. We'll see you Wednesday evening."

"Good-night, Dr. Houghton." Janice Howard extended a slender hand. "It's been pleasant to meet you."

"Good-night, everybody," Gay said. "Merry Christmas. Good-night."

John was standing at one of the long windows when Gay came into the drawing-room. She went to him, moving swiftly, noiselessly over the rugs which Suki had replaced.

"What do you see?" she asked, standing beside him. "Are you watching for Santa Claus? He doesn't come in a boat."

He turned when she spoke, glancing at her, looked out and down through the window again.

"Manhattan is an island, isn't it?" he said in a detached, distant voice. "I've never been able to believe it, but seeing water down under the windows—"

"John—" Her breath caught in her throat. He looked so unapproachably standing there with his back to the room in darkness, now except for the blue and silver dazle of the Christmas tree, the restrained glow of the birch-log fire. She tapped her hand into the pocket where his was thrust, and her cheek against his arm.

"It must be colder," he said steadily. "The snow isn't melting. See it on the deck of that scow there under the light."

"John—Darling—I know what you're thinking. Don't!"

He looked at her then and she saw the unhappiness in his eyes. His lips moved as though he meant to speak but no sound came.

"John," she said quietly. "Look at me."

He turned, silent, unsmiling, waiting for her to continue.

"Have you changed your mind?" she asked steadily. "Are you trying to tell me—" Her voice faltered, trembled, was stilled.

"Oh, Gay, no!" He made a despairing gesture. "I'm trying to see things clearly. We can't rush out blindly."

"Can't we be comfortable at least," she said wearily.

He followed her to the davenport before the fire, sat at a little distance from her.

"Cigarette?" she asked.

"Thank you." He struck a match to light hers. As he bent toward her, she saw that his expression had softened. "You're tired," he said gently.

"A little."

He did not touch her, though she willed him to with all her strength. When his cigarette was lit, he sat back against the upholstery. "I don't wonder," he said bitterly. "You've carried me on your shoulders all evening and I'm a pretty heavy load."

"Don't be an idiot, darling."

"You watched me, you watched your friends, as though you were afraid."

"I was afraid."

"That I'd do or say something that would humiliate you?"

"No, John. That they would try to make you feel uncomfortable, an outsider, someone who didn't belong."

He turned to her, puzzled.

"Deliberately?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I sensed something of the sort."

"You can't understand it, I suppose."

"I'm trying. I've been trying all evening." He crushed out his cigarette. "It's the assurance that wealth gives, I suppose. These friends of yours who were here tonight—"

"They can be loyal, too," she said quickly, more defensively than she knew. "It would have been loyalty to Todd if they'd been unpleasant to you, tonight."

"But what about you, and your cousin?"

"Re—" She was silent.

"You broke the rules. It's like a labor union, isn't it? Only instead of skill in a trade you must have wealth to be admitted. Money you must inherit or marry it."

"Don't speak that way of money," she said, her voice sharpened by weariness, by a consciousness of the distance widening between them. "We've all lost a great deal and are likely to lose more."

"I've learned that. Your friend Corne Belmont, told me that her family are practically paupers."

"It seems so in contrast with what they've had. Robert, Robert, Dad—they feel that their world is changing, that in their life-time, perhaps, things will never be as they have been. Oh, why do we talk of it? They, my friends, who were here tonight, aren't important."

She moved close to him and put her hand in his. "We're here together. It's Christmas Eve. Let's forget them."

His fingers closed around her hand but the pressure was negligent.

"They are important. You defend them. You were afraid they wouldn't accept me."

"I was afraid for you, not for myself."

"Is that true? Would you be content to go away with me and never see any of them again?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"You think so now. But in a little while, when being with me isn't a novelty any longer when I'd be at work and you'd have nothing to amuse you—"

"You have no confidence in me. You still resent me. How can I convince you?"

"Forgive me, Gay. I'm sorry." His arms went around her, drew her close to him. His lips followed the curve of her cheek to her lips. She clung to him, conscious of a sort of desperation in the embrace, more of fear than of passion or tenderness.

Gay laid down her crumpled square of heavy damask as Burton, at a signal from Aunt Flora stepped behind her aunt's chair.

The gentlemen rose as the ladies left the table. Gay glanced at John, standing very stiffly beside his chair at Aunt Flora's right. She smiled and his face brightened. She felt him watching her a little forlornly as she, with her aunts and cousins, followed Aunt Flora's measured steps out of the dining-room, as studied as when, wearing the traditional train and three feathers, she had walked along a strip of carpet which led to a throne.

Aunt Flora sat on the love-seat before the fire and Ernest, the footman, set a tray with the coffee service on a table before her. Aunt Lucy, Uncle James' wife, her fading prettiness extinguished by wine-colored satin and the jewels she wore, sat in a chair at the opposite side of the marble hearth. The younger women, Elsa Lancaster, Aunt Flora's daughter, Muriel Von Steedham, her daughter-in-law, Margaret Newland, Aunt Lucy's married daughter, and Jan Graham, her

unmarried daughter, roused themselves, respectfully or resentfully, around the room. Gay stood in the curve of the small piano, resigning herself to the half hour of boredom which was Aunt Flora's tribute to tradition.

"Millicent and Grace were unable to be with us today," Aunt Flora's diamonds flashed as she poured coffee into porcelain cups set in cases of filigreed silver. "Grace has a touch of neuritis."

"The weather has been so changeable," Aunt Lucy contributed brightly.

Gay glanced at Kate, seated in a chair a little removed from the group about the fire. Kate's eyebrow lifted and her glance, meeting Gay's, twinkled with derisive humor. Aunt Flora had not invited Cousin Millicent and Cousin Grace, two elderly and impoverished spinsters who were, ordinarily, present at family gatherings.

She hadn't long to wait.

"Well, Gay," Aunt Flora said, as Ernest left the room. "I suppose you won't mind telling us your plans."

Gay felt the sudden hush that fell upon the room, felt her aunts and cousins watching her, though no one, except Aunt Flora, who had asked the question and young Janet, who admired her, looked at her directly. She felt a familiar resentment, an emotion which extended far back through adolescence to her turbulent childhood. She felt exactly as she had felt then, but she was too old for tantrums now.

"I have no definite plans," she said quietly.

Aunt Flora looked at her in silence. Then, "You mean that you prefer not to discuss them with us."

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• IT WILL CERTAINLY PAY YOU TO COME AND SEE OUR DISPLAYS OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS... WE HAVE BEEN TOLD BY CUSTOMERS WHO HAVE SEEN OUR DISPLAYS THAT IT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY FOR THEM TO GO TO THE CITY THIS YEAR TO DO THEIR SHOPPING.

FOR HER	For the Home	FOR HIM
YARDLEY SETS \$1.00 to \$11.50	ELECTRIC HEATING PADS \$4.95 and \$6.95	CIGARS 25c to \$5.00
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BATH SALTS All Prices	You can always Shop to advantage at YOUR Rexall Store.	YARDLEY SETS \$1.00 to \$4.85
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**Robb's Drug Store**  
PHONE 76 "THE REXALL STORE" GEORGETOWN



Aunt Flora looked at her in silence.

**Wanted**  
METALS, RAGS, PAPER, BONES -  
5¢ per lb. THIS WEEK

**PURE FOOD STORE**  
ONLY 12 MORE FOOD SHOPPING DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

CHRISTIE'S IMPERIAL FRUIT CAKE \$1.60 4 lb. block	CHRISTIE'S—Cloth Wrapped PLUM PUDDING ea 65c
CHRISTIE'S FRUITED 15 oz. PUDDING ea. 30c	GILCHRIST'S—Plain for Food FRUIT CAKE lb. 30c
SHIRRIFF'S FRUITED—15 oz. PUDDING 27c	CANADA BREAD 40c English Style Plum Pudding in Bowl
Patrick's Brand Prepared ALMOND ICING 35c 1 lb. pkg.	Silver Cachous 5c - 10c Cake Decorals Bottle
SHORTBREAD FINGERS ea. 35c Packed in Fancy Tin	CANDY CANES 10c 10 in Cello Bag
MAPLE LEAF MINCEMEAT 2 lb. 29c	DEVON BRAND MINCEMEAT 2 lb. 25c
ALLEN'S APPLE CIDER 65c 100 oz. Glass Jug	CANADA DRY—6 Bottle Carton GINGER ALE 30c Ftm Deposit

**CHRISTMAS WRAPPED CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO AT REGULAR PRICES.**

FRESH PORK TENDERLOIN lb. 38c Friday and Saturday	Sweet Pickled COTTAGE ROLL lb 28c By the Piece
Wellington Brand Pure Pork SAUSAGES lb. 25c	Maple Leaf Brand BACON 25c ½ lb. Cello Pkg.

**CHOOSE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM OUR ASSORTMENT OF FINE ENGLISH CHINA**

**A. E. FARNELL**  
PHONE 75 FREE DELIVERY