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Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the Estate of ANNIE LANE, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, widow, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all persons having any claims or demands against the late Annie Lane, who died on or about the eighteenth day of November, 1941, at the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton and Province of Ontario, are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to the undersigned Solicitors herein for Janet McDougall and William George Marshall, the Executors of the last Will and Testament of Annie Lane, widow, deceased, their names and addresses and full particulars in writing of their claims and statements of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the tenth day of January, 1942, the said Janet McDougall and William George Marshall, will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and that the said Janet McDougall and William George Marshall will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person whose claim they shall not then have received notice of.

DATED at Georgetown, Ontario, this ninth day of December, A.D. 1941.

DALE and BENNETT,
Solicitors for the said Janet McDougall and William George Marshall.

**two
keys to
a cabin**

by
Lida Larrimore.

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"Why should she? Janet asked warmly. She was fifteen tall and with the same awkward grace that Gay herself had had at that age Janet was going to be the Graham beauty of her decade. Gay thought amused and touched by her young cousin's eager partisanship she had bright brown curls that tumbled over her head, peach-colored skin, eyes as green and translucent as emeralds fringed with brown lashes tipped with gold. "Why should Gay hush over everything, if she doesn't want to? I mean, it's her business. Good heavens!"

"Really, Mother—" Margaret's flower blue eyes were reproachful. "Janet, dear," Aunt Lucy said imploringly. Aunt Flora's glance moved from Janet to Gay. There, see what an influence you have, the glance said, but the words she spoke were more conciliating. "We're only trying to help you," she said. "I won't pretend that it all hasn't been very painful and embarrassing, but the thing to do now is to help you all we can. There's no doubt, of course that we can do a great deal to establish Dr. Houghton in New York. If people know that your father's family is—"

"Excuse me, Aunt Flora," Gay's voice was steady, a little remote. "I'm sorry to interrupt but you have been misinformed. John has no intention of locating here."

"Where, then?" Aunt Flora asked. "Certainly he doesn't intend to remain in Maine. Any practice that he might establish there would necessarily be limited. And frankly, Gabriella, I can't see you living in Maine."

"John is a scientist," Gay said patiently. "That is, he hopes to be. He has no intention of establishing a private practice anywhere."

"But I thought—"

"Yes, he is assisting a Dr. Sargeant in general practice now, but that is a temporary arrangement."

"And after that—"

"I really don't know, Aunt Flora."

"But what are we to tell people?" A flush suffused Mrs. Von Steedham's handsome features and irritation sharpened her voice.

"Must you tell them anything?"

"That's what I say," young Janet broke in. "Why must you explain what's purely and simply Gay's business, to a lot of old moss-backs who think Victoria is still the Queen of England. What does it matter who Gay marries as long as it suits her, that's what I'd like to know?"

"Janet!" Aunt Lucy wailed helplessly.

"I can hardly expect you not to be obstinate, Gabriella," Aunt Flora said. "You've been that since the day you were born, but I do expect you to show us a little consideration. After all we've gone through!" She paused.

"I know, Aunt Flora," Gay's eyes lifted. "I'm truly sorry, as I have told you before, not that it happened, but that you should have had to suffer for something which wasn't your fault."

Her aunt's expression softened. "Then you'll understand that we don't want to interfere but to help you," she said more gently. "We think it would be wise for you to persuade Dr. Houghton to establish a practice in New York. He's had excellent training, I understand, and shows great promise. With the family influence behind him, he might go far."

"He's really very attractive," Elsa Lancaster's bright, competent glance moved around the circle, rested with especial brightness upon Gay. "If he gets the right start, I shouldn't wonder if he'd be popular, socially as well as professionally."

"I think he's swell," Janet said defensively. "I like strong silent men."

"He has a pleasant voice," Muriel lifted eyes-like brown pansies from contemplation of her slender white hand. "I think it's important that a doctor should have a pleasant voice."

"Such a sweet mouth," Aunt Lucy said. "I suppose that sounds odd in speaking of a man," she added, as though she expected to be contradicted, "but it is, I don't think that a young man with a mouth like that could be any of the things—"

"He faltered, flushing. "Could be other than kind and—sincere," she finished in some confusion.

"And being Dr. Lawrence's nephew is an asset," Aunt Flora said. "It isn't as though he's just somebody Gay happened to meet somewhere. After all, Dr. Lawrence was Gay's godfather, though I could never quite understand why David was so fond of him."

Gay looked at Kate, who was looking at her. As their glances met,

Kate smiled. The smile widened into an encouraging grin. Gay laughed.

"What's so funny?" Elsa Lancaster asked.

"You are, all of you. I'm sorry, Aunt Flora," she added, seeing her aunt's face assume an offended expression. "You're talking about John exactly as you would speak of a servant you were considering engaging. You're right. He has excellent references, but he isn't looking for a job."

The sun-burst of diamonds on Aunt Flora's bosom glittered as she drew herself erect. "I don't see what cause we've given you to take that attitude, Gabriella. We're merely trying to help you."

"I appreciate your intentions," Gay said. "I know that it seems important to you to whitewash a scandal. But John and I aren't having any, thank you."

"You have no sense of responsibility toward your family. It's only to be expected, I suppose. Your mother—"

"Leave Mother out of this, if you please. She, at least, has some respect for personal independence."

"But have you never heard of conduct?"

"I think I'm conducting myself very well," Gay made an effort to control her temper, rising now, flushing her cheeks, giving warmth to her voice, quickening her breathing. "I brought John here today because I—we want to show you all deference and consideration. But you aren't going to arrange our lives for us. John will make his own decisions and I will accept them."

She made a half-turn toward the door. "And now if you will excuse me—"

Mrs. Von Steedham stayed her with a peremptory gesture. "Something must be decided," she said, insistently. "We can't go on like this, making excuses, trying to explain—"

She waited a moment, then, abandoning high-handed methods, "What are we to tell people?" she cried despairingly.

"Tell them, as you have been telling me, that I am my mother's daughter," Gay said and, holding her head very high, she went out of the room.

John stood beside the chair in which he had been seated while Gay's Uncle James, his two sons, James and Andrew, handsome Dirk Von Steedham and Reginald Lancaster, filed out of the study. The door closed. David Graham seated himself in his chair beside the hearth.

"Sit down, John," he said. John sat in the chair at the opposite side of the hearth. He had felt fairly confident while the others were there, but now that he was alone with David Graham, constraint locked his jaws and made a vacuum of his mind.

The butler closed the door. David Graham cleared his throat. "Gay tells me that you must return to Maine tomorrow night," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"You're located in Portland?"

"In Portland. Yes, sir. At present," John glanced at David Graham and was surprised, almost shocked, to discover that he, too, felt a certain amount of constraint. His blue-gray eyes regarded him, John, kindly but with diffidence through the lenses of Oxford glasses which sat with scholarly dignity upon the bridge of his slight nose.

"I suppose I owe you an apology, sir," John said hesitantly, wanting for David Graham's sake, as well as his own, to get on with the interview and have it over. The older man appeared to be as embarrassed as he, John, felt. He sat forward in his chair, his tall well-groomed figure fixed in an uneasy attitude.

"For falling in love with my daughter?" A twinkle of humor shone through the lenses of the Oxford glasses. "I should have expected you to apologize if you hadn't."

The twinkle in the gray-blue eyes was reassuring. John realized, gratefully, that Gay's father, whatever embarrassment he suffered, bore no resentment against him. The constraint lessened a little. David Graham leaned back in his chair. John lit a cigarette.

"I meant an apology for my share in the great deal of unpleasantness," he said, smiling.

"It's a pleasure to meet someone who employs the use of understatement," Gay's father returned the smile. "The only apology you owe me personally," he went on, "is for making me rush home from London before I'd had a chance to bid on a painting I very much wanted."

"I'm sorry about that, sir," John was beginning to understand the life-long friendship between this man and his Uncle John. He even felt that he understood why Kitty Schuyler, at eighteen, had married him.

"Perhaps it is I who owe you an apology," David Graham said, presently. "Gay calls my attention to the fact that I, originally, was at fault. I invited John Lawrence to be her godfather. Of course I had no idea that the nephew he spoke of so often was going to grow up into a menace, or I should have made other arrangements."

"Gay has told you," John said, "that our meeting at the cabin was not pre-arranged?"

"But it was pre-arranged, wasn't it? Yes, Gay has told me. I refer to the arrangement John Lawrence made. No one ever suspected him of his genius for pulling strings. He had it, though, to a remarkable degree. I remember when we were in college—"

TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA

Here is One Big War Job which You Alone Can Do

"Ceiling Prices" Must Be Maintained

This is an appeal to the women of Canada. There is one vital part of our war effort which depends on you. Your government has placed a "ceiling" on retail prices. You are the buyers of four out of every five dollars worth of all the goods sold in this country. Your whole-hearted help is needed in this price control plan. If every woman does her part, it cannot fail.

Its success will be a big step on the road to victory. Its failure would be a serious blow to our war effort. You can tip the balance towards success.

Will you, then, undertake to make the successful control of commodity prices an established fact? We know you will. And we know that when you undertake this task it is as good as done.

This is the work you are asked to do

- 1. Make a list of commodities**
We want you to sit down today and make a list of the things you buy from week to week and from month to month. Write down food and clothing items in particular, because these account for the biggest share of your expenditures. But we want you to list those articles you buy at the drug store, hardware store, and other stores, too.
- 2. Make notes about quality**
Now go over your list again and mark down the necessary details about quality, type, grade and size. Then when making future purchases you will be able to compare values as well as prices.
- 3. Write down prices**
After each item we want you to write down, if you can, the highest price charged at your store during the period September 15 to October 11, 1941. If you cannot remember the prices charged during that period, fill in your list with today's prices. Our survey shows that retailers, with few exceptions, are keeping prices well within the "ceiling" levels. As exceptions are being discovered they are being quickly brought into line.
- 4. Keep this list—use it when you buy!**
Make up this price list neatly and accurately. You will not be able to get all the items at once. Keep adding to your list from day to day. Make it your permanent check list—your personal safeguard against any further rise in prices.

A Few Points to Remember

1. The ceiling price is not necessarily the price you paid. It is the highest price at which the store sold the particular item between September 15 and October 11.
2. A merchant may reduce his prices for sales or other reasons—he may also raise them provided they do not go above the ceiling price.
3. Variations in seasonal prices on fresh fruits and vegetables are permitted. Ratings on seasonal markets will be announced from time to time by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board in newspapers and over the radio.
4. Fill out your price list without bothering your merchant. In many cases he is making a financial sacrifice to sell under the price ceiling. The war has left him short-staffed and the Christmas rush is on.

Items most frequently bought

This is not intended as a complete list. It is simply offered as a guide. Add to it the other items you buy or expect to buy.

Item	Description (e.g. Quality, etc.)	Store	Price	Item	Description (e.g. Quality, etc.)	Store	Price
FOOD				CLOTHING (Men's, Women's, Children's)			
Milk				Coats			
Butter				Sweaters			
Eggs				Suits			
Sugar				Dresses			
Tea, Coffee				Skirts, Blouses			
Flour				Shirts			
Cereals				Underwear			
Bread				Boots and shoes			
Meat				Rubbers, Goggles			
Canned Goods				Stockings			
OPERATING EXPENSES				Socks			
Laundry and cleaning				Hats, Gloves			
Soaps and other cleaning agents							
Blankets, Sheets, Towels							

Why you must do your part

To ensure the success of this price control plan, every woman in Canada should make a list. Retailers are showing a splendid spirit of co-operation. The great majority of them are determined to make this plan work, but if you do not cooperate the whole plan might fail—prices might start to skyrocket. So keep your list handy. Check the prices you pay against it.

If a price seems higher than the ceiling, ask your merchant about it. If further information is necessary, report the full details in writing. Address your letter to the Prices and Supply Representative, Wartime Prices and Trade Board at any of the following: Vancouver, Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg, North Bay, London, Toronto, Rockville, Montreal, Quebec City, Saint John, Halifax, Charlottetown.

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