

Georgetown Family Bereaved of Relative

Saturday morning, after a lingering illness, one of the late Mr. and Mrs. Crippa's and best-loved residents was called to his rest.

Mr. Crippa was the second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Paul Crippa and the day preceding his death had attained the age of eighty-six years.

His artistic nature was trained by the use of the artist's brush and his beautiful paintings of scenic and character and pieces of decorative pottery were the product of his free mind.

During her later years, she and her sister, the late Mrs. Cynthia, lived at home, for some years in the city and later at the home of her sister, Mrs. Crippa.

The funeral service was held in the late afternoon at the late Mrs. Crippa's home, 1234 Main Street, and was conducted by Rev. J. J. Lambert, pastor of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, Everton, of which Mrs. Crippa was a member.

Major Sanford spoke feelingly of his relationship with Mrs. Crippa, saying that she had been an inspiration to him and that he had always come from her presence a better and happier man.

Major Sanford gave an inspiring address on St. Paul's message, "For we walk by faith, not by sight, comforting the sorrowing friends with a comparison of faith and sight, as they apply to this life and that beyond."

Of the large family to which Mrs. Crippa belonged, all have predeceased her except the youngest member, William, of Regina, Sask., but a large group of nieces, nephews, relatives and friends will sadly miss the hospitality of this home which has been the scene of many happy family gatherings, and the living friendship of their favorite aunt.

During the service, Mrs. Lottie Plummer of Sumner sang very sweetly "The Old Rugged Cross," a hymn much beloved by Mrs. Crippa. The organist was Mrs. Charles E. Parker, of Georgetown, a niece.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Albert Crippa and Charles Parker, of Georgetown, Stanley Crippa, Darwin Crippa and Melvin Lambert, of Acton, and Thomas McCutcheon, of Everton. The flower bearers were Cecil Crippa, Henry Crippa, Fred Lemson and Raymond Lambert. Interment was made in Everton Cemetery.

Friends attended from Brantford, Ont., Brantford, Ontario, Toronto, Oshawa, Georgetown, Rockwood and Acton.

two keys to a cabin by Lida Larrimore

CHAPTER XV

Kate sat up straight in the chair beside the long triple window in Kitty Cameron's drawing room and closed the book she had been reading as Gay and Todd came into the room.

"Hello," she said, removing her reading glasses. "Hello," Gay returned her greeting cheerfully. "Hello, Kate," Todd said smiling.

"What are you reading?" "The Old Rugged Cross," she said. "Yes, aren't they?" Gay pulled off the scrap of straw to which Kate referred.

"That one looks like a fer without the tassel. Are you a Shriner?" "No, I'm an elk. Didn't you know?" Gay spun the hat on her forefinger. "Any word from Mother?"

"None. You're going out for dinner?" "Yes. And dancing afterwards." "Well, thanks for this fleeting glimpse of you."

"Do you mind? I won't go if you do. I know I haven't been home with you much and it was nice of you to come in and stay with me."

"Go on. I don't mind. I have Anthony here for company. Quite a lad, too, I've gathered from the portion I've read thus far."

"Do you mind, really? You sound—"

"Oh, go on," Kate regarded Gay in silence for a moment. Then, "I suppose you know what you're doing," she said.

"What do you mean?" Gay's glance turned to the windows through which showed a glimpse of blue sky and early June sunlight.

"You know what I mean. Don't pretend that you don't." "Todd understood." "It's more than I do. You break your engagement, upset the entire family, and then you proceed to spend a part of every day with him."

"Anthony Averse. Since I can no longer get a kick out of telling people I haven't read it, I thought I might as well. But riding in Connecticut, Kate's eyelids lifted. "Aren't you working these days?"

"This was business," Todd grinned at Kate with a light-hearted air which raised the eyebrow higher. "An estate the bank may risk a mortgage on. We were looking it over."

"Gay must have been a great help," Kate said dryly. "Moral support," Gay said, smiling.

"I've got to run along," Todd said. "Will eight be too early, Gay?" "Just about right, I should say."

"Just about right, I should say," Gay smiled lazily up at Todd. "Tell your Dad I think it's a safe risk, except that the well-sweep, though picturesque, is a fake."

"I'll remember that," Todd started toward the door. "Bye, Kate. Good-by, Gay. See you at eight."

"You should learn to control your voice, Todd." "What big ears you have, Katie." "Bye. Eight o'clock, Gay. Don't move. You look too comfortable. I think I can find my way out."

His footsteps sounded along the hall. The grill of the lift whirred and clicked. Kate looked at Gay leaning back in the chair beside the window.

"What are you getting crazier and crazier," she said. "Yes, aren't they?" Gay pulled off the scrap of straw to which Kate referred.

"That one looks like a fer without the tassel. Are you a Shriner?" "No, I'm an elk. Didn't you know?" Gay spun the hat on her forefinger. "Any word from Mother?"

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"We'd have something—" "A great deal. I'd try not to be too much in evidence. You could consider me a part of the landscape, until—"

"Todd!" she cried in soft protest. She turned to look at him, her eyes shadowed, thoughtful, a half-smile trembling across her lips.

The music had stopped. It began again, a familiar tune. A voice, meltingly tender, sang— "Red sails in the sunset Far out on the sea—"

Their eyes met. "Our tune. You bribed them to play it."

"You bribed them to play it. When you spoke to the waiter a few minutes ago—"

"All's fair in—" He smiled with a twinkle in his hazel eyes. "Will you dance with me, Gay?"

In silence they walked to the edge of the floor. She slipped into his arms, so accustomed to his dancing technique that her position, her steps, conformed instinctively with his. They circled out across the floor, rhythmically, with practiced ease, moving as though they were one person, her red-brown head close to his blond head, her dress of cream-colored lace, starched to crispness, as fragile as frost-work, a delicate silhouette against the black of his evening clothes.

"That's the way it is with us, Gay," he said after a moment. "No false starts, no stepping on each other's toes, no necessity for apologies."

"I'd rather dance with you than anyone. But life isn't all dancing, Todd."

"Dancing is a symbol. We understand each other." Her head turned, drew a little away so that she could look at him. His eyes met hers steadily.

"There'd be sailing and dancing," he said gently. "Friends, a home, children, if you want them, friendship. They're good things, Gay."

"Very good things, Todd. But are they enough—for you?" "I told you, I'm contented." He smiled.

"You're a darling." "Will you, Gay?" "I'll think—I'll try—I'll see" . . .

Gay's evening wrap slipped from her shoulders, fell to the floor. She walked across to the desk between the windows. When you killed a thing, you killed it quickly. She scented herself, selected a sheet of note paper, drew the pen from its holder.

"John, darling" The pen moved steadily across the sheet of cream-colored paper, beneath the engraved address of her mother's apartment. "We have hurt each other too much and too often. It isn't your fault or mine. I love you. I have tried as you have tried, but trying does no good. I'm going to marry you, very soon, by the time you receive this, perhaps, we will have been married. He understands, as you must and will. There can be no peace for either you or me while we continue to fight something that is too big for us, something which we cannot alter or control."

I want peace for you, for myself. You will find it in your work. I will find it, eventually, in the life which Todd and I, together, will create. Don't be bitter or self-reproachful. I don't regret having loved you. You must not regret what has happened. Keep the memories of the happy times we've had and forget the others . . .

The pen came to a stop. She read what she had written. It seemed adequate. There was nothing to add except her name. She wrote it quickly, folded the sheet of note-paper, enclosed it in an envelope, found a stamp. "Dr. John L. Houghton," Dr. Sargeant's address in Portland. Her writing was clear, each letter distinct and carefully formed. It betrayed no sign of emotion. She was glad of that. There was nothing to indicate hesitancy. She glanced at the clock on the night stand beside her bed. Better to mail it now than to wait until morning. She rose, stooped, picked up her evening wrap. Standing before the mirror, she slipped it on, secured the fastenings with deliberation and smoothed back her hair. When she turned, she saw the letter, a cream-colored oblong on dark desk pad. She returned to the desk, stood for an instant holding the

Don't Let Your Liver Make You an Invalid

People who are off colour say they're worried or their liver is bad. Do you know how certain this is — that it may lead to permanent ill health — your whole system poisoned and broken down? Your liver is the largest organ in your body and most important to your health. It produces energy to muscles, tissues and glands. If it is healthy, your body takes its energy and becomes energetic — youthful vim disappears. Again your liver pours out bile to digest food, get rid of waste and allow proper nourishment to reach your blood. When your liver gets out of order proper digestion and nourishment equipment is required with the wear that drains power from your liver. Nervous troubles and rheumatic pains arise from this position. You become constipated, stomach and kidneys can't work properly. The whole system is affected and you feel "rotten," headaches, backache, dizziness, tired out — ready prey for sickness and disease. Thousands of people are never sick, and have been promptly relieved from these miseries with "Improved Fruit Liver Tablets." The liver is tuned up, the other organs function normally and lasting good health results. Tablets "Improved Fruit Liver Tablets" are Canada's largest selling liver medicine. They must be good! To show you, send for a free trial. Put a liver pill back on the road to living health — put back a new person. 25c, box.



LOYAL CITIZENS DO NOT HOARD! Hoarders are people who buy and store away goods beyond their immediate needs. They want to be in an unfair position over their neighbors. Hoarders are traitors to their country and their fellow citizens, because by creating excessive and unnecessary demands for goods, they slow down the war effort. There is no excuse for "panic buying" and hoarding. Everyone will have enough, if no one tries to get more than a fair share. Hoarding must stop! Every unnecessary purchase makes it more difficult for Canada to do a full war job. THERE'S A LAW AGAINST HOARDING It is against the law to buy more than current needs. Violation of the law is punishable by fines up to \$5,000, and imprisonment for as long as two years. AVOID ALL UNNECESSARY BUYING — AVOID WASTE MAKE EVERYTHING LAST THE LONGEST TIME POSSIBLE In cases where it is advisable for you to buy in advance of your immediate requirements—such as your next season's coal supply—you will be encouraged to do so by direct statement from responsible officials. THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD OTTAWA, CANADA

You Roll Them Better With OGDEN'S FINE CUT CIGARETTE TOBACCO