

# THRIFTY Values

**Fresh Pork Shoulders** <sup>average</sup> lb. 25c  
**Pure Lard** <sup>deposit on pack</sup> 3 lb. Pail 45c  
**Legs of Lamb** lb. 35c  
**Stewing Lamb** 2 lb. 35c

**QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT** 2 for 15c  
**LIBBY'S TOMATO JUICE**, 20 oz. tins 2 for 18c  
**MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING** 47c

**CHRISTIE'S FRUIT LOAF** 25c  
**TEXAS GRAPEFRUIT JUICE**, 20 oz. tin 2 for 23c

**E. D. SMITH'S PURE JAMAICA ORANGE MARMALADE** 2 lb jar 33c  
**SUNLIGHT SOAP** 4 for 25c  
**JAVEX** 14c  
**HANDY AMMONIA** 2 for 11c  
**JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT** pt size 59c; qt. size 98c  
**JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX**, 1 lb. tin 59c  
**GILLETTE'S LYE** 2 for 23c  
**LUX FLAKES**, large 25c  
**WESTON'S FRUIT BLOSSOMS** 16 Marlets to box 23c

## FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

**SUNKIST NAVAL ORANGES**, 200 size doz. 35c  
**LARGE LEMONS** 3 for 10c  
**GRAPEFRUIT:**  
 Med. size 5 for 23c  
 Large size 4 for 25c  
**B.C. EATING APPLES** 6 for 19c  
**Spinach, Tomatoes, Rhubarb, Lettuce**, at Market Prices

**COOKING APPLES** 3 lb. 25c  
**Celery Hearts** bdl. 12c  
**CALIFORNIA CARROTS** 2 for 15c  
**GREEN CABBAGE** lb. 5c

# C. J. BUCK

PHONE 28w FREE DELIVERY



READY FOR HITLER!

## PURE FOOD STORE

"CANADA DET" GINGER ALE 6 Bottle Carton Contents only 30c

<b>HERR'S ROOT BEER</b> 6 bottles 30c Contents only	<b>CHRISTIE'S Madeira Bar</b> ca. 25c Fresh for the Week-end	<b>CLUB HOUSE BLANCHED SALTED PEANUTS</b> 6 oz. Tin 15c
<b>ALLEN'S APPLE JUICE</b> 48 oz. tin 20c	<b>Plain or Salted Weston's Sodas</b> 1 lb. long pkg. 19c	<b>WESTON'S English Quality MIXED BISCUITS</b> 1 lb. pkg. 39c
<b>AYLMER VEGETABLE JUICES</b> 10 oz. tin 10c	<b>CONCENTRATED SUPER SUDS</b> Granulated Soap Pkg. 22c	<b>1 Bar Maple Leaf Soap and 1 pkg. Maple Leaf Soap Flakes</b> Both for 20c

**WET-WE-WET Glass Cleaner** . pkg. 10c  
**Whiz Glass Cleaner** . 35c  
**JOHNSON'S CARNU** Cleans and polishes your car in one easy application tin 85c

**FRESH - 1/4 or whole PORK BUTT** lb. 30c  
**FORK - Friday and Saturday TENDERLOIN** lb. 38c  
**Machine sliced COOKED HAM** lb. 59c  
**BREAKFAST - By the piece BACON** lb. 34c

# A. E. FARNELL

PHONE 75 WE DELIVER

## LOCAL NEWS

—Remember the Red Cross bingo in the Legion Hall, Wednesday, April 22, at 8.30. Splendid prizes.

—Come to the L.T.B. bingo in the Legion Rooms, Wednesday, May 6th. Proceeds for war work.

—Blendor Tablets, harmless and effective. \$1.00 two weeks' supply at MacCormack's Drug Store.

—Mrs. Brynus will begin classes for children and adults in art appreciation, painting and outdoor sketching on Saturday, April 18th. Phone 419.

—For instant relief get Lloyd's Corn Salve. The only one containing Benzocaine, the new local anesthetic. At Chapman's Drug Store.

—The Daughters of the Church are holding a tea in St. George's Sunday School rooms on Saturday, May 9th. Proceeds will be used for purchasing curtains for the Sunday School rooms.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Local Council of Women will be held on Friday, April 17th, at 3 p.m. at the home of Mrs. B. T. Param. Mrs. M. H. Moyer will be the guest speaker.

—Don't miss the 3-act comedy, "The Improper Henry Proper," to be presented by the Limehouse Young People in the Limehouse Church, on Wednesday, April 22nd. Admission 25c and 15c.

—The public is cordially invited to attend a free sound film "Skyway Across Canada," presented by Trans-Canada Airways in the Public School auditorium, Monday, April 20th, at 8:00 p.m. Sponsored by Georgetown Lions Club. Admission free.

—George Baldock, Wellington St., Brampton, was winner of the \$25.00 Easter rabbit raffish recently by the Women's Auxiliary to the Lorne Scots. The rabbit was on display for a time in the window of H. C. McClure's Furniture Store.

—The N.C.O.'s and men of "O" Company 2 L.B. are holding a dance in the Georgetown Armouries on Friday evening, April 17th. Admission free. All servicemen and their ladies are cordially invited. Members of the Lorne Scots Ladies' Auxiliary will have a refreshment booth. Come and renew old acquaintance and make new.

Glenn Williams United Church  
 R. K. Lemkau  
 2:00 p.m. Sunday school  
 7 p.m. Mr. Lemkau will preach his farewell sermon.

## Orangeville Wins O.M.H.A. Juvenile Title

Harry Malone's Penetang Puck-Chasers Not Good Enough for Dufferin Lads—Banquet at Canada House Wins up Heaps

Playing heads-up hockey, and sparked by the Gillespie brothers, who are remembered in Georgetown for their appearance at the local ice-house last year, Orangeville Juveniles defeated Penetang 17-9 in a two-game series for the Ontario Juvenile Championship recently. The final game played in Midland, which was won by Orangeville 9-7, was marked by the unusual occurrence of four players scoring three goals apiece—the Gillespie twins, Walter and Ralph, and Art Hoare for Orangeville and Bill Armstrong for Penetang.

The Penetang lads, sponsored by the Lions Club, were coached by none other than Harry Malone, who once wore a Georgetown Intermediate uniform. Married to the former Margaret King, of Georgetown, Harry is now the general manager of Canada House in the northern town, and after the game the two teams were treated to a bang-up banquet at the Canada House, attended by officials of the Ontario Minor Hockey Association and sport leaders in the community.



## TWO KEYS TO A CABIN

(Continued from Page 7)

letter in her hand, then, moving swiftly and quietly, went out of the room.

The night doorman spoke to her at the entrance of the apartment. "I'm going to mail a letter, William," she said.

"Shall I mail it for you?" he asked.

"No, thank you."

"Must be mighty important letter," he said, with a drowsy grin.

"Very important, William." She went out through the door he held open for her into the quiet street where was a mailbox at the corner. Her high narrow heels clicked on the concrete pavement. The air was balmy and smelled of the river.

The sky was sown thickly with stars. The letter made no sound falling into the box, but the click of the lid against the slot when her hand released it startled her as though a shot had been fired through the night.

Walking back to the apartment house, saying good-night to the doorman, going up in the lift, she marked at her composure. Whenever, during the last three months, she had thought of making a clean break with John, she had anticipated the pain it would give her. Now that she had written and posted the letter, she felt only a sense of relief.

Had she gotten over it without being conscious of the process? she wondered as she prepared for bed. Nothing in the mechanical movements involved in writing and posting the letter had shaken her except the click of the mailbox lid. Her hand, as she brushed her hair, was steady. Her face, in the mirror above the dressing-table, was composed, thin as it had been all spring, the cheek bones accented, shadows under her eyes. No hint of the shattering emotion she had anticipated.

She felt more tranquil than she had for months, physically weary, as though she could sleep forever.

She lay beneath a light coverlet in the soft narrow bed, her arms crossed beneath her head, looking up at the disk of light that the bed-stand lamp printed upon the ceiling. At some time, during the past three months, had she stopped loving John? No, not that—but had she accepted the inevitable? Had she been covering all these weeks since she had returned from Maine? Had the decision she had avoided, finally made, brought tranquillity rather than the pain she had anticipated?

She didn't know. She felt sleepy, peacefully released from tension and strain. She turned, pulled the lamp cord. Darkness pressed against her closed eyelids, heavy and soft, blotting out objects, smothering thought, quieting as an opiate, blessedly well-earned. Her hand, moving to an accustomed position beneath her cheek, felt heavy. She sighed, murmured and was asleep.

## CHAPTER XVI

Gay dropped down on a bench in Central Park and glanced at her wrist-watch. Ten minutes of two. Kate would have had luncheon with her, wondering where she was. Kate would probably have called. He had said last night.

She sighed and put it out of her mind, got weary glance returning to the Park. So children rolled hoops again. Why did they combine pink geraniums with those striped green and dark red plants? Where did all the strange-looking people one saw come from? How long did it take a letter mailed at midnight to reach Portland, Maine?

Would he receive it in the late afternoon delivery today? Was there a delivery in the afternoon? Why couldn't she called the post-office this morning when she woke and realized that she had done? Wouldn't there have been time enough, then, to stop the letter? All sorts of red-tape, she supposed, and she hadn't been sure that she wanted it stopped. She wasn't sure now. In spite of the way her heart ached and the faintness which made her so weary, wouldn't she done the right thing, the best thing for both herself and John?

There was Todd, of course. But she was willing to take a chance—strange how calm she'd been last night, dancing with Todd, half promising to marry him, writing that letter to John and posting it. She'd slept, too, deeply and restfully. It was not until this morning when she woke that she had realized what she had done. This morning—How long would it take a letter mailed a little after midnight to reach Portland, Maine?

The words she had written recurred to her. "We have hurt each other too much and too often." That was true. But the hurts they had given each other were not comparable to the suffering she was enduring now, to what John would suffer when he read her letter. She imagined him tearing it open in the hall of Dr. Sargeant's home, eagerly, because he loved her letters, anticipating in the envelope which bore her hand-writing, a momentary release from work which was, to him, uninteresting and exacting. Sitting on the park bench, she tortured herself by watching his expression change, seeing the brightness fade out of his face, his lips quiver with pain, the agony in his eyes.

"I'm going to marry Todd, very soon, by the time you receive this, perhaps—" But she wasn't going to marry Todd, not very soon, not even so long as John lived and loved her, as long as she loved him with this aching intensity that throbbled with

every throbbing beat of her heart. She was not going to marry Todd, but was settled the night she and John had arrived at the cabin, when John came in and she had watched his expression change from brusque inquiry to astonishment, to the soft and joyous radiance that had shone in his eyes.

But why shouldn't she marry Todd? She loved him dearly, in quite a different way. But wasn't that way more lasting? She might hurt Todd but he could not hurt her. There would be children, lovely blond children in DePinna play suits filling her life.

Why shouldn't she marry Todd—? Two children ran toward her. One of them stumbled and caught at her to keep from falling. Dark eyes looked up at her from a thin dark face. Her heart gave a lurch. She smiled and started to speak, but the child raced on, beyond her, out of her reach.

A letter mailed at midnight—She would drive to Portland in ten hours or less. Leaving now, she would be there before midnight. Or she might drive as far as Boston tonight and go on to Portland in the morning. Her heart beat quickly, hopefully. She took a few rapid steps forward.

But John would have had the letter by then. Would he? She wasn't sure. And to go dashing up there would be a concession. He had not come to her here. They had parted, after the time she had spent in his mother's home, not entirely reconciled, a distance between them which both recognized but which neither had made an effort to close. If he loved her, and wanted her—He hadn't been able to leave, of course. But now that Dr. Sargeant had returned—Gay's chin lifted above the scarf knotted at her throat under the jacket of her dark flannel suit. She wouldn't humble herself to return to Maine. She wouldn't!

Why shouldn't she? Was it pride, false-pride, the wilful arrogance she had fought against, that was restraining her? Was it pride that, last night, had compelled her to half promise Todd she would marry him, to write the letter to John? Pretty stupid to let pride rob you of the thing you wanted more than anything in the world. Pretty stupid and obstinate to let something beautiful slip through your fingers because you were accustomed to having your own willful way.

She did not know when she made the decision. She was hardly aware that she had until she found herself running through the park to the nearest point at which she might hope to hail a cab, a tall beautiful girl in a dark tailored suit and a small bright hat, running along a paved walk beneath sun-dappled foliage, running breathlessly, excitedly, to a cab, to Maine, to John.

Kate came out from the dining-room as Gay burst into the hall of the apartment.

"Where have you been?" she asked. "I waited luncheon for an hour. You're out of breath. Have you been running?"

"Yes, I've been running. We mustn't lose any time."

Kate dropped down on a love-seat in the hall. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"We're driving to Maine." Gay tapped at her arm. "Come! Pack what you must but not much."

"I'm not going to Maine. I'm going to stay right here and finish Anthony Adverse if it takes the rest of my life."

"Don't be silly. We're going to Maine."

"I went to Maine with you once and you know what happened."

"All right, then. I'll go alone."

"Wait a minute." Kate quickly caught Gay's arm as she turned. "What is this all about? You're the most head-long young lady I've ever known."

"I've got to go, Kate. I wrote John a letter last night breaking it off, telling him I was going to marry Todd."

"And now you want to beat the letter to Maine?"

"If I can. Anyway, I'm going. I told Susan to call the garage and have my car sent around. I must pack."

"Oh, Gay! And I've only my Pullman case here!" Kate wailed. "It's as big as a trunk."

"What does that have to do with my going to Maine?"

"Well, you don't think I'd trust you to go alone, do you?"

"Will you go with me?" Gay caught Kate's hand and gave it a squeeze. "Kate, you are a lamb."

"Nonsense!" Kate pulled her hand away. "Go on and pack."

"It's nice, isn't it?" Kate said as Gay turned the car into the street on which Dr. Sargeant lived. "They're elms, aren't they? Did you ever see so many, so tall?"

"It's nice now." Gay's eyes strained ahead for the square frame house which she had remembered was painted yellow. "When I was here in March it was pretty bleak. There was a blizzard."

"That must have been jolly." Kate regarded Gay's profile. "Aren't you glad I made you stay at that Inn last night? You look fresh and rested, though I still don't care for that hat."

"The house was yellow," Gay murmured, slackening the speed of the car.

"I don't see any yellow houses. Are you sure this is the right street?"

"I've written the address a good many times. Oh!" Gay gave a little cry. "There are Nat and Skippy. This is the house. They've had a painted white."

She drew in at the curb, pulled the brake, shut off the motor. "Hello, Admiral Byrd!" she called.

Nat, pulling Skippy in an express wagon, came up to the side of the car.

"Hello!" he said, his smile widening with recognition, displaying a missing tooth. "I'm Mr. Admiral Byrd now, that there isn't any snow."

"Of course not. It's stupid of me. I should have known. This is my cousin, Miss Oliver, Nat, and Skippy."

"Hello, Nat," Kate said. "Hello, Skippy."

"Hello." Nat grinned again and Skippy ducked his head.

"Is Dr. Houghton in now?" Gay asked, feeling her heart leap and tug.

"No, he's not here now."

"You mean he isn't here at the house?"

"He went away last week. Grandfather came home. He brought me a whole fleet of boats."

"Brought me a boat!" Skippy piped up.

"Is your mother here, Nat?" Gay asked.

"Aye, she's here. She'll be pleased to see you, I expect. Did you come the way from New York? Course I like boats better on account of my father's an officer in the Navy but she's some swell car."

"Drive them around a couple of weeks, will you, Kate?" Gay opened the door and stepped out. "I want to talk to their mother."

"Hop in, kids," Kate slipped over under the wheel.

"Whoopee!" Nat shouted and Skippy echoed his brother's enthusiasm, then ducked his head again.

The long tan roadster moved away from the curb. Gay walked up the steps of the house and sounded the knocker. Mary Adams herself, opened the door. Her brown face wrinkled with pleasure when she recognized Gay.

"Come in," she said. "This is a surprise."

The wide hallway was familiar, though now there were peonies and roses in the vases which in March had held bitter-sweet and feathery plumes of pine. Following Mary through the living-room to the porch which faced the lawn, she remembered her last day here, the day after John had brought her in from his mother's home. They'd been so distant, she and John, polite to each other, unhappy, remote. Mary must have noticed. Was she, too, remembering the end of Gay's visit here?

If she remembered, she gave no sign.

"Are you alone?" she asked. "It's marvelous to be able to use the porch again. You don't appreciate this weather unless you've spent a winter in Maine."

"My cousin is with me, Kate Oliver."

"Oh, I've heard John speak of her." Mary darted up from her chair. "Where is she? Why didn't you bring her in?"

"She's taking Nat and Skippy for a ride. Mary," Gay asked, "where's John?"

Mary curled herself into a wicker chair. "I don't know exactly," she said.

"Has he left here?" Gay's voice faltered, "for good, I mean?"

"Yes. He was in Boston last week." Mary glanced at Gay, then down at her small brown hands.

"I know. He wrote me from there."

"That there is a chance of his getting in the research department connected with the General Hospital?" Mary asked eagerly. "Father thinks it's fairly certain. John made a splendid impression when he interned there."

"But since then," Gay persisted. "He isn't in Boston now?"

"We've been forwarding mail to his mother's. I re-addressed a letter from you this morning. I've learned to know your handwriting pretty well. I—"

"This morning? A letter?"

"Yes. Why?" Mary asked quickly, in surprise.

"It was a letter which shouldn't have been written," Gay said. "I've come to head it off or explain. Could he be at his mother's in Rockland?"

"I don't know. Why don't you—? She paused, then said, "If you don't want to go there, or call, I'll call for you."

"Will you? I don't—There are reasons. I'd like to see Debby but I'm sure it would be better if you—"

"I will." She rose, smiled at Gay compassionately and went into the house.

She started up as Mary returned to the porch.

"He isn't at home," Mary said. "His mother thinks that he may have gone to a cabin down east near Machias—"

"John is at the cabin?" Gay's voice was light and breathless.

"They aren't sure. They've had no word. They're holding his mail."

"Of course he has. I didn't think—" Gay glanced at her watch. "We can make it before night. Thank you, Mary. I must find Kate."

"You're going there?" Mary asked doubtfully. "It's a fairly long drive. I had expected that you would stay for lunch, at least."

"No. We're going. Wish me luck, Mary. I'll need it."

Mary Adams smiled and pressed Gay's hand.

"I think you'll carry your luck with you," she said.