

BUSES LEAVE GEORGETOWN

EASTBOUND to TOMORROW
 6:54 a.m. 8:34 a.m. 11:59 a.m.
 2:34 p.m. 4:54 p.m. 8:34 p.m.
 9:19 p.m. 11:50 a.m.

WESTBOUND to LONDON
 12:50 a.m. 11:56 a.m. 2:30 p.m.
 4:46 p.m. 6:40 p.m. 9:15 p.m.
 11:30 p.m. 12:30 p.m.
 1:05 p.m. 11:56 p.m.

a—Daily except Sun.
 b—Sun. and Hol.
 c—Daily except Sun. and Hol.
 d—Sat. Sun. and Hol.
 e—To Kitchener Only.
 f—To Stratford Only.
 (Eastern Daylight Saving Time)

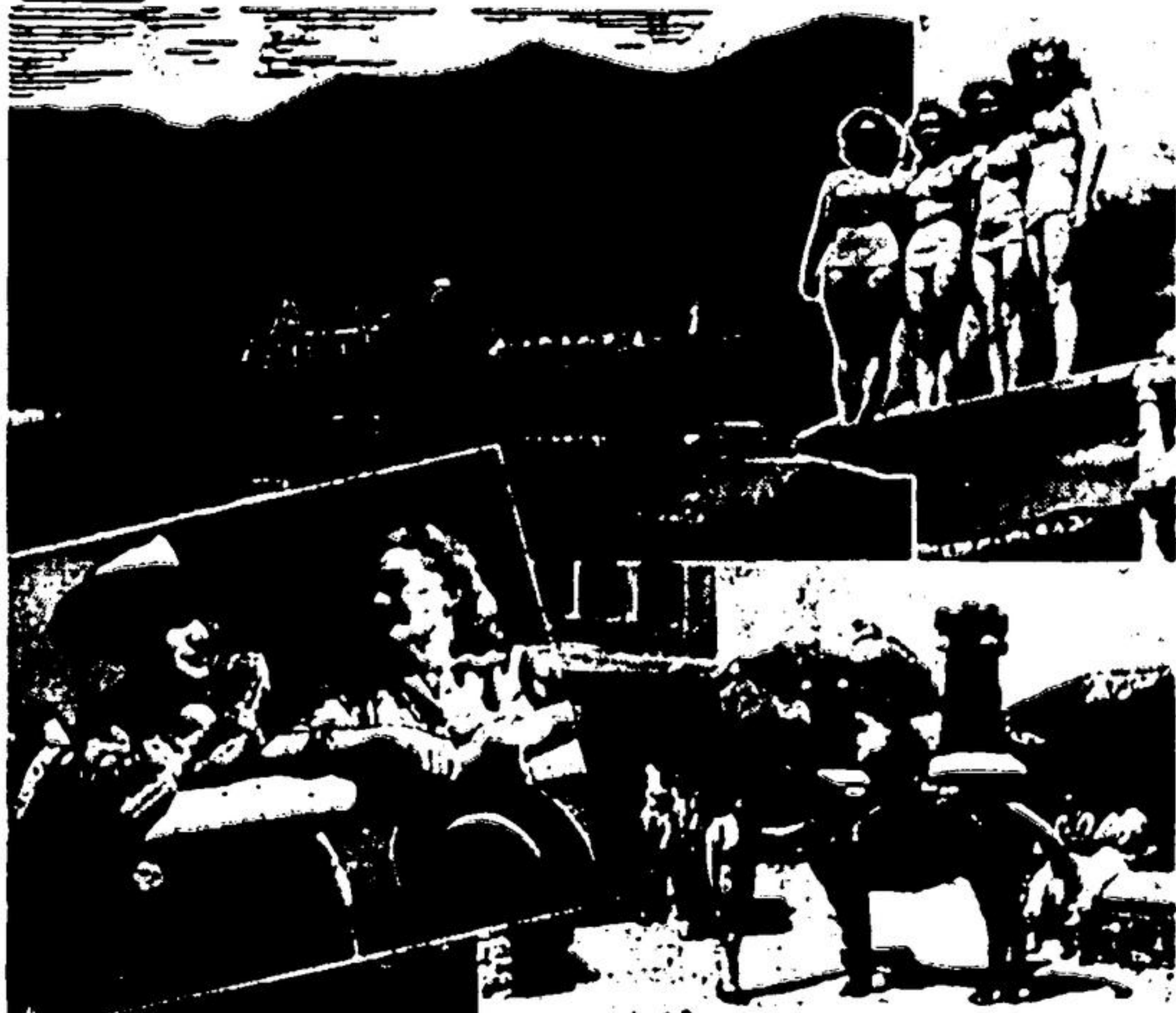
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The movie usher was in the dentist's chair.
 Dentist—Now, Miss, which tooth is giving you all the trouble?
 Usher—Second from the left in the balcony, she replied.

Holidays at Banff in the Canadian Rockies



Happy, carefree expeditions into the Canadian Rockies, comfortably far from the routine of civilization, are among the many health-giving amusements available to visitors at the Banff Springs Hotel, at Banff, Alberta, this season. These expeditions can be made on horseback with the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, or on foot with the Trail Hikers. Both organizations are based in the Banff Springs Hotel, where riding, hiking, golf, tennis and swimming are but a few of the vigorous activities which contribute to the success of a mountain holiday.

Physical fitness must be among the first personal rules of every citizen of the Allied countries in these days when the stress and strain of war makes exceptional demands on everyone. Holidays this year are being planned with increased fitness in view, and this is particularly true of Canadians, and visitors from the United States, who are including Banff in their holiday itinerary. The Canadian Pacific Railway, in keeping with this spirit, has arranged extremely low American Plan rates on a weekly or monthly basis, and these cover a really

magnificent holiday and provide a complete escape from the spectre of gas, oil, and rubber. There is no joy greater than riding a sure-footed mountain pony along far-flung scenic trails, or in hiking above the clouds along what is literally the sky line. The Banff-Springs Hotel golf course is internationally famous and justly so and is a continual challenge to experts and amateurs alike. There is much to do at Banff and a splendid holiday in the doing.

"Thank you so much, and—you must let me have your card."
 "Oh, please—"
 Her voice had an edge of sharpness. "Of course it must be a loan."
 He handed her his card in silence. She read the name. "Mr. Barnes, you have been very kind. I am tremendously grateful."
 "It was not kindness—but now and then a princess passes."
 For a breathless moment her amazed glance met his—then the clang of a bell heralded an approaching car.
 As he helped her out hurriedly she stumbled over the rug. He caught her up, lifted her to the ground, and motioned to the motor-man.
 The car stopped and she mounted the steps. "Good-by, and thank you so much." He stood back and she waved to him while he watched her out of sight.
 His work at the office that morning had dreams for an accomplishment. He went out at lunch-time but ate nothing. It was at lunch-time that he bought the violets—paying an unthinkable price for them, and not caring.
 It was after office that Baldy carried the flowers to his car. He set the box on the back seat. In the hurry of the morning he had forgotten the rug which still lay where his fair passenger had stumbled over it. He picked it up and something dropped from its folds. It was the gray suede bag, half open, and showing the roll of bills. Beneath the roll of bills was a small sheer handkerchief, a vanity case with a pinch of powder and a wee puff, a check-book—and, negligently at the very bottom, a ring—a ring of such enchantment that as it lay in Baldy's hand, he doubted its reality. The hoop was of platinum, slender, yet strong enough to bear up a carved moonstone in a circle of diamonds. The carving showed a delicate Psyche—with a butterfly on her shoulder. The diamonds blazed like small suns.
 Inside the ring was an inscription—"Del to Edith—Forever."
 Del to Edith? Where had he seen those names? With a sudden flash of illumination, he dropped the ring back into the bag, stuffed the bag in his pocket, and made his way to a newsboy at the corner.
 There it was in startling headlines: Edith Towne Disappears. Deceased Simms' Yacht Said to Have Been Sighted Near Norfolk.
 So his passenger had been the much-talked-about Edith Towne—deceased at the moment of her marriage.
 He thought of her eyes of burning blue—the fairness of her skin and hair—the touch of haughtiness. Simms was a cur, of course! He should have knelt at her feet!
 The thing to do was to get the bag back to her. He must advertise at once. On the wings of this decision, his car whirled down the Avenue. The news which, after much deliberation, he pushed across the counter of the newspaper office, would be ambiguous to others, but clear to her. "Will passenger who left bag with valuable contents in the car call up Sherwood Park 40."
 "Is she really as beautiful as all that?" Jane demanded.
 "As what?"
 "Her picture in the paper."
 "Haven't I said enough for you to know it?"
 Jane nodded. "Yes. But it doesn't sound real to me. Are you sure you didn't dream it?"
 "I'll say I didn't. Isn't that the proof?" The gray bag lay on the table in front of them, the ring was on Jane's finger.
 She turned it to catch the light. "Baldy," she said, "it's beyond imagination."
 "I told you—"
 "Think of having a ring like this—"
 "Think," fiercely, "of having a lover who ran away."
 "Well," said Jane, "there are some advantages in being—unsought. I'm like the Miller-ess of Dee—"
 "I care for nobody—
 No, not I,
 Since nobody
 Cares—
 For me—!"
 She sang it with a light boyish swing of her body. Her voice was girlish and sweet, with a touch of huskiness.
 Baldy flung his scorn at her. "Jane, aren't you ever in earnest?"
 "In earnestly," she smiled at him, came over and tucked her arm in his. "Baldy," she coaxed, "aren't you going to tell her uncle?"
 He stared at her. "Her uncle? Tell him what?"
 "That you've found the bag."
 He flung off her arm. "Would you have me turn traitor?"
 "Heavens, Baldy, this isn't melodrama. It's common sense. You can't keep that bag."
 "I can keep it until she answers my advertisement."
 "She may never see your advertisement, and the money isn't yours, and the ring isn't."
 He was troubled. "But she trusted me, I can't do it."
 Jane shrugged her shoulders, and began to clear away the dinner things. Baldy helped her. Old Merrymaid mewed to go out, and Jane opened the door.
 "It's snowing hard," she said.
 The wind drove the flakes across the threshold. Old Merrymaid danced back into the house, bright-eyed and round as a muff. The air was freezing.
 "It is going to be a dreadful night," young Baldwin, heavy with gloom, prophesied. He thought of

Edith in the storm in her buckled shoes. Had she found shelter? Was she frightened and alone somewhere in the dark?
 He went into the living-room, whence Jane presently followed him. Jane was knitting a sweater and she watched while Baldy read to her. He read the full account of Edith Towne's flight. She had gone away early in the morning. The maid, taking her breakfast up to her, had found the room empty. She had left a note for her uncle. But he had not permitted its publication. He was, they said, wild with anxiety.
 "I'll bet he's an old tyrant," was Baldy's comment.
 Frederick Towne's picture was in the paper. "I like his face," said Jane, "and he doesn't seem so frightfully old."
 "Why should she run away from him, if he wasn't a tyrant?" he demanded furiously.
 "Well, don't scold me," Jane was as vivid as an oriole in the midst of her orange woods.
 She loved color. The living-room was an expression of it. Its furniture was old-fashioned but not old-fashioned enough to be lovely. Jane had, however, modified its lack of grace and its dull monotony by covers of chintz—tropical birds against black and white stripes—and there was a lamp of dull blue pottery with a Chinese shade. A fire in the coal grate, with the glow of the lamp, gave the room a look of burnished brightness. The kitten, curled up in Jane's lap, played cooly with the tawny threads.
 "Don't scold me," said Jane, "it isn't my fault."
 "I'm not scolding, but I'm worried to death. And you aren't any help, are you?"
 She looked at him in astonishment. "I've tried to help. I told you to call up."
 Young Baldwin walked the floor. "She trusted me."
 "You won't get anywhere with that," said Jane with decision. "The thing to do is—tell Mr. Towne that you have news of her, and that you'll give it only under promise that he won't do anything until he has talked it over with you."
 "That sounds better," said young Baldwin; "how did you happen to think of it?"
 "Now and then," said Jane, "I have ideas."
 Baldy went to the telephone. When he came back his eyes were like gray moons. "He promised everything, and he's coming out—"
 "Here?"
 "Yes, he wouldn't wait until tomorrow. He's wild about her—"
 "Well, he would be," Jane mentally surveyed the situation. "Baldy, I'm going to make some coffee, and have some cheese and crackers."
 "He may not want them."
 "On a cold night like this, I'll say he will; anybody would."
 Baldy helped Jane get out the round-bellied silver pot, the pitchers and tray. The young people had a sense of complacency as they handled the old silver. Frederick Towne could have nothing of more distinguished history. It had belonged to their great-grandmother, Dabney, who was really D'Aubigne, and it had graced an emperor's table. Each piece had a monogram set in an engraved wreath. The big tray was so heavy that Jane lifted it with difficulty, so Baldy set it far her on the little mahogany table which they drew up in front of the fire. There was no wealth now in the Barnes family, but the old silver spoke of a time when a young hostess as black-haired as Jane had dispensed lavish hospitality.
 Frederick Towne had not expected what he found—the little house set high on its terraces seemed to give from its golden-lighted window squares a welcome in the dark. "I shan't be long, Briggs," he said to his chauffeur.
 "Very good, sir," said Briggs, and led the way up the terrace.
 Baldy ushered Towne into the living-room, and Frederick, standing on the threshold, surveyed a coziness which reminded him of nothing so much as a color illustration in some old English magazine. There was the coal grate, the table drawn up to the fire, the twinkling silver on its massive tray, the violets in a low vase—and rising to meet him a slender, glowing child, with a banner of orange wool behind her.
 "Jane," said young Barnes, "may I present Mr. Towne?" and Jane held out her hand and said, "This is very good of you."
 He found himself unexpectedly gracious. He was not always gracious. He had felt that he couldn't be. A man with money and position had to shut himself up sometimes in a shell of reserve, lest he be imposed upon.
 But in this warmth and fragrance he expanded. "What a charming room," he said, and smiled at her. Jane felt perfectly at ease with him. He was, after all, she reflected, only a gentleman, and Baldy was that. The only difference lay in their divergent incomes. So, as the two men talked, she knitted on, with the outward effect of placidity.
 "Do you want me to go?" she had asked them, and Towne had replied promptly, "Certainly not. There's nothing we have to say that you can't hear."
 "But doctor, you gave me an entirely different diagnosis yesterday."
 "Well, that just goes to show how rapidly medical science advances."

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THE DIM LANTERN

By Temple BAILEY

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On the last steep rise of the hill he lifted her over a slippery pool, and as his hand sank into the soft fur of her wrap, he was conscious of its luxury. It seemed to him that his mustard-colored coat fairly shouted incongruity. His imagination swept on to Raleigh, and the velvet cloak which might do the situation justice. He smiled at himself and smiling, too, at her, felt a tingling sense of coming circumstance.
 It was because of that smile, and the candid, boyish quality of it, that she trusted him. "Do you know," she said, "I haven't had a thing to eat this morning, and I'm frightfully hungry. Is there any place that I could have a cup of coffee—where you could bring it out to me in the car?"
 "Could I?" the morning stars sang.
 "There's a corking place in Georgetown."
 "Without the world looking on?"
 "Without your world looking on," boldly.
 She hesitated, then told the truth. "I'm running away—"
 He was eager. "May I help?"
 "Perhaps you wouldn't if you knew."
 "Try me."
 He helped her into his car, tucked the rug about her, and put up the curtains. "No one can see you on the back seat," he said, and drove to Georgetown on the wings of the wind.
 He brought coffee out to her from a neat shop where milk was sold, and buns, and hot drinks, to motor-men and conductors. It was a clean little place, fresh as paint, and the buttered rolls were brown and crisp. "I never tasted anything so good," the runaway told Baldy. "And now I am going to ask you to drive me over the Virginia side—I'll get the trolley there."
 When at last he drew up at the little way station, and unfastened the curtain, he was aware that she had opened the suede bag and had a roll of bills in her hand. For a moment his heart failed him. Was she going to offer him money?
 But what she said, with cheeks flaming, was: "I haven't anything less than ten dollars. Do you think they will take it?"
 "It's doubtful. I have oodles of change." He held out a handful.

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