



## Clear telephone lines for ALL-OUT PRODUCTION

Your telephone is part of a vast interlocking eyetem now carrying an abnormal wartime load. Don't let needless delays hold up messages on which production efficiency may depend.



Fathers of Heroes Buy Victory Bonds



Vard Foreman R. Smith, of | overseas on active service with Ottawa, one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's vol-unteer Victory Bond salesmen, selling a substantial bond to Conductor A. C. Trudeau before the latter starts on his morning way-

freight run. Yard Foreman Smith's son, Set. Pilot Donald Smith, of the E.C.A.F., was killed in air operations over Germany on August 18th, 1941. A second son, Lieut. Lerne L. Smith, is at present

the Glengarry Highlanders. Conductor Trudeau also had a son, Cpl. Joseph Keith Trudeau, R.C.A.F., killed on active service. This occurred during the blits over England in April, 1941. Another son, Basil Trudeau, who was a trainman with the Cansdian Pacific Raliway, at Ottawa, is at present training with the R.C.A.F. as a pilot. In picture left to right, Yard Foreman B. Smith and Conductor A. C. Trudeau.

COUPONS MUST BE VALID

Retailers who accept ration coupons which have not yet become valid are liable to prosecution, the Ration Division of Wartime Prices and Trade Board, pointed out today. Last week a Halifax grocer was fined \$15 for accepting sugar coupons before their valid

In addition, who purchases a rationed commodity and surrenders coupons which have not yet become validwhether it is done intentionally or inadvertently-will suffer later because when all the coupons are gone no more will be available until the next new books are laured.

Householders and retailers are rem inded that only Coupons No. 1, 2,3 4, 5 and 6 have become valid, the latter two having become valid Nov. 2. Counons No 7 and 8 will not become valid until November 30th No. 9 and 10, Dec 28: No 11 and 12, Jan. 25, 1943; and No. 13, Pvb. 22, 1943.

The Ration Division also points out to householders that they should make sure that the retailer with whom they deal does not detach coupons ahead of their valid date. Both retailer and her. Holworthy told her. Of course, in white tace mittens were not enough. The man looked across the table customer are responsible in this

# MACHINISTS

FOR VITAL WAR WORK

Stock Keeper For Aircraft War Work

Moulding

#### TORONTO SUBURB

Apply at Nearest Employment and Selective Service Office.

REFER TO R.O. 32

### **BUSES LEAVE GEORGETOWN**

EASTBOUND TO TORONTO 87.04 B.M. 934 a.m., 12.00 p.m. 2.24 p.m., 4.84 p.m., 6.34 p.m. 9.19 p.m., bl.50 a.m.

WESTBOUND TO LONDON 10.00 a.m., x11.25 a.m., 2.30 p.m ay4.45 p.m., b5.40 p.m., c7.15 p.m. x8.20 p.m., b8.30 p.m., dy10.06 p.m., x11.35 p.m.

a-Daily except Sun. b-Sun. and Hol. o-Daily except Sun. and Hol. d-Sat., Sun. and Hol. x-To Kitchener only. y-To Stratford only

(Hastern Daylight Baving Time) Tickets and information at

W. H. LONG - Phone 30 COACH LINES

Asthma Remedy 7885." CHAY-MAN'S PHARMACY pleased to show you weeks' supply, \$3. Get it new,

and got belier.

Peoriania, Existent Piles, Sich ole. Get "Davis" Provides Oreans Try is for BARY'S ECREMA Octorfeen, Oderlous, Geografian Wa. MAD: Boomson shop Miss

A retrieve to the following to the con-

make the state of the state of



ing me," Bryn said hindly. "I really explained it very nicely. She's marrying me to get a million dollars, one our from today when the conditions of the will are fulfilled and when her grandmother is convinced that I am no fortune-hunter and that I am a steady going young gentleman with no had habits and the ability to make leborah happy."

"Ob. so, she isn't," Tubby contra-

"Lan't sher" Tubby straightened hand on Bryn's arm "Look bere, Bryn," be said, "what's the use of your trying to bold out on me? Whi don't you come across with the whole story? I know what it is, anyway, It's another of these cresy quisotic notions of yours. What are you trying to put over now?" "Nothing."

"You lie. The girl can't be man rying you to get her grandfathers muney, because you're not Stuart Graham, and you said yoursalf that the will stated specifically that unless she married Graham and Graham only, on or before her birthday - today - she wouldn't get the money. Didn't you? And you've not Greham."

"Well," Bryn sald at leat, "not speefficulty. Not very specifically. Preread quite a few legal documents . . tide was a feroclously legal document, Tub, with a lot of whereases and inas muchases and party-of-the-secondparts, and that kind of thing If Industria grandfather hadn't told me what it was that he intended, I

wouldn't have fren too sure." "But is it ambiguous, after all the the world. They were the kind of fuse? Why make a will like that and leave it ambiguous? Can the girl get around it? Marry anybody at all and still get the money?"

"Well," Bryn admitted alowly, "po." "No? No? But . . ."

"But we told her she could. I told If she's gone off and tried marrying her hair was of red gold, curling and anyone else, he'd have been Yorced to explain to her that on second reading . . and so on."

"So," Tubby said with the manner f a talkie villain. "Well," Bryn said for the third time,

"what of it? It gets her out of a Jam. down't it?" "And you pay over a million of your own dollars at the end of a year, and she gives you fifty thousand for your services. Is that the way it works, no-

ble Sir Galabad?" "Oh, I don't know. I think we can week ago that her thoughts were like break the will. Holworthy's going to the thoughts of a stranger; she looked Moulders and Men to Learn do his damnedeat. And, if he can't at her old life and everything that well, the money means quite a

bit to her. If-when you meet her | clear, wondering, critical. you'll understand a little better, Tub." "Humph," Tubby said. They both stood up. Bryn looked

at his watch. Ten minutes past nine. The grandfather clock choked, muttered, cleared its throat and gasped out that it was nine o'clock. "Just the same," Tubby said ex-

plosively, shaking down his trouser leg. "just the same, a year is too long. An ignorant, unsophisticated, dowdy backwoods country girl, who's never been anywhere or seen anything . and water, as uninteresting . . . after

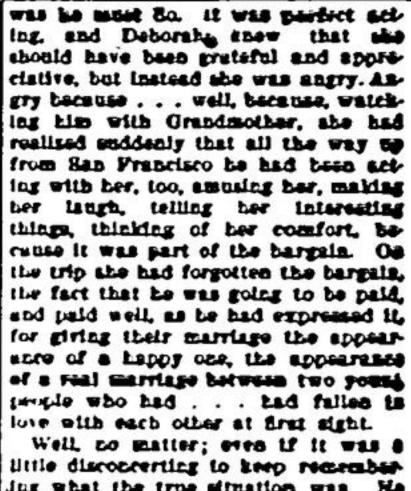
"Sh!" Bryn said quickly. He took three steps toward the door at the end of the long room. Tubby stood a strong odor of impure wax. up, too. The door was opening.

the door open and held it. Behind him across at Grandmother. Grandmothcame Mr. Holworthy, his smile aston- | er was wearing her gray satin dress ishingly serene and content. For for the first time since Grandfather's years - Mr. Holworthy had guarded death. Her white hair was pinned Bryn's interests with the stern fidel- more loosely than usual, and fluffed ity of the dragon who guarded the out softly around her face. Her eyes Golden Fleece; yet here he was, calm were sparkling, alight, happy. There and undismayed, tending his arm and was pink in her checks, and a thread his moral support to this menace to of it in her lips. It was as if she had Bryn's peace of mind, this girl who could wreak the most dire havoe in when they had come up the weed-Bryn's affairs.

stunding at the side door, dressed from . Tubby looked at the girl. He choked. Bryn stood without moving.

Holworthy as she came through the her heart in the old familiar gesture, door on his arm. Tubby did not hear and a look of fearful questioning in like him, Miss Deborah, don't you have the words, but he caught the melody her eyes. The man had stopped the anything to do with him. We'll get of her voice. It was tike that of a big battered-looking motor-car, and very young child, with an appealing helped Deborah out, Grandmother had looks, don't you do it. We'll just look break in it; one thought of small birds not looked at Deborah at all, except around for another way." . tearning to sing, of hyacintha in apring for one quick encompassing glance as gardens, of silver bells at twilight. She was a very small girl as she stood hesitantly there. A very small girl, and she was dressed in white, smilling that faint steady smile of his, a year-for fifty thousand dollars. Her skirt was so full that it stood seen below it " She held it off the

was low, and above it her throat was | bargain, hasty, duched look late the mirror!



Jug what the true situation was. He harm had been done. Hhe had been reserved through it all, and had not also assured berealf, allowed barealf to is anything but impersonal with him That was the note one must remember in sight: impersonality. Deborah straightened her shoulders and issued tuck in her chair, raim, rook in full rustrol of berealf.

Grandmother was gasing at him ngalo as if she could scarcely take her ryes away. It was unfortunate that is meant so much to her if Grand mather approved of him too highly. might make it difficult, at the end o he year, to explain why Deborah would be happier without him. And Grandmother in the meantime might ININ . . . she might expect . . . lisborah moved sessally.

"My dear boy," Grandmother was saring. I cannot see that there is the sitebient remembleass between you and your father. You are so much taller than he was so much more hape I mean athletic lanking. But nonhaum I shouldn't have expected you to luck like the Grahams. My bushand told me years aso, after he had been liast to see you, that you looked very much like your mother's people."

"Did be?" the man murmured. "A number of people have mentioned it. never could see it myself."

"And I rennot see IL" Orandmother said decidedly. "Your mother's pasthe were very dark. Why, her two brothers were quite swarthy, and \$ sever thought of her as being in the irust fair, or clean-shinned. I never could understand . . . Grandmother wild and stopped. "But of course," ste went on hastily, appalled at what she had almost said, "she was a very now woman, my dear Stuart." "I always believed so."

"Of source you did. / Although you would acases seminates the think

"He doesn't remember b - at all," leborah said quickly. "She died when he was only three, Grandmother. He couldn't possibly remember her." ills eyes were twinkling, amused,

breaking into a million misty tendrils Imborah looked back at him, coolly. It wasn't going to be exactly easy to carry off this situation. But no matter how difficult it might be it was better than marrying Stuart Graham Anything was better than marrying Stuart Graham. Deborah shut ber eyes for a moment as she remembered that other face, dark and angry and eneceing. There had been very little dissembling on Stuart Graham's part. even in Mr. Holworthy's presence. Apmi much more than she had known's parently it hadn't seemed necessary to him to pretend gentleness and courtesy even for the few necessary hours. It had been perfectly obvious that he had been in it with a stranger's eyes, hadn't dreamed for a moment that she could or would refuse to marry him, They were at luncheon, she and refuse to go through with the horrible hargain. When she did summon up the long table in the middle of the her courage, after two hours of listening to his talk with Mr. Holworthy, when the words sprang to ber line and she heard herself saying in a quees cold little voice that she could never marry him no matter what happened. he had been terrible. He had called her prudish, ignorant, insane.

Grandmother wouldn't have believed tiful dulled old silver candelabra it, couldn't have believed it, if she which had once been altar pieces in a had been told. It would have killed cuthedral; now they held the cheapest her to bring Stuart Graham here and let her see him as he was. She and tirandfather had told themselves for coursely and unevenly, and gave off years that in a 'miscrably unhappy world one star would always shine as bright as the sun; no matter what A tall gentleman in black passed ver spoon beside her plate. She looked happened, the Grahams were gentle-

l'erhape they were, by birth and tradition, but they didn't always act as gentlemen in books acted. Gary had guessed what might happen. He hadn't been so sure of the Grahams after all Deborah remembered his words as he had helped ber into the rickety wagon down at their neighbor's farm, when he was hurrying her off so that he could go back to Grandmother, alone on the mountain. He had tucked the dust-cover around her and stepped back; and then, suddenly, he had come She was finishing a remark to Mr. for so long, with one hand pressed to up close, his old face worn and tron bled, and he had said, "If you don't along some way. If you don't like his

This was the other way. The tall young man at the head of the table. tuct. Her eyes had gone to the man, willing to sell his gentlemanty appear and he had stood tall and straight and lance, his good manners, his smiles, for

walting. The sun had glinted on his Of course, since one must be fair around her in a circle, and only the brown hair, and had made his brown and just, he had not been considering tip of one tiny white slipper could be ukin look very clear and wholesome. his own opportunities there in Mr. Grandmother had looked into his eyes | Holworthy's office, not just at first, dusty carpet with the tips of careful for a long time, a tense, silent, search. After Deborah had stood up and told fingers. The hodice was slim and ing took; and then she had drawn a Stuart in that strange voice that she deep breath and put out her hand. She | couldn't possibly marry him, after she a pass | usq. Smiled pack at pin, a unitabilit lung sebested it stain and stain and spanned by a man's two hands. There relieved happy smile, and he had take made him see that she meant it, he were little puffed sleeves below her en both her little chite hands in his had been in a wild rage. It was then white shoulders; the neck of the dress own. Oh, he was Lying up to his that he had said such horrible things ..... Ito her. His words had come out in creamy white and soft. She had pinned He seemed to understand the altus. such a terrent that Mr. Holworthy rosebuds against, it in front, after a tion at a siance and decide what it couldn't stop them. After a messent



Looked Like a Misisture of One's Chandrother.

and they has place and fregrent against

inv delicate flush. Around her neck

was a short strand of they pearls, and

from her mass bung little sound pour!

drive. She tooked like a miniature

of one's grandmother, paletted on her

A small white ovel face, without a

hint of outer in the cheeks, but with

a pair of the softest, reddest lips to

tips which look like the bad of a red

ruse when they say "no" and there

was something about the firm little

might often say "no." Eyes like pur-

tile pension soft and velvety and dark

and as if eyes and lips and tiny hands

Tubby looked at Bryn. He drew a

deep breath. "Noble Sir Galahad," he

said under his breath, and moved for-

Deborgh was married and at home

uguin. It was less than a week since

she had gone away from the moun-

tain, but it seemed a thousand years.

the was so much older, now. She knew

Grandmother and the man, scated at

vast shadowy dining room. The cell-

ing was high and supported by dark

heavy oaken beams; at one end was

a great fireplace with a carved oak

mantelpiece and a stone bearth. The

western wall was plerced by a row of

six square casement windows shut

with lvy. On the table stood the beau-

and most ordinary thick white candles

whose fiames wavered and burned

Deborah sat up and moved the sil-

come to life again, too. An hour ago,

grown drive, Grandmother had been

head to foot in the black she had worn

If to make sure that she wag still in-

round chin which suggested that she

widding day.

And her facet

around her face.

ward to be presented.