

The Herald British War Victims' Fund

Forwarded to Toronto Evening Telegram	\$ 3393.76
Cash on hand, acknowledged	130.07
Anonymous	5.00
A Friend	.25
A Friend	.50
A Friend	.50
Total, Dec. 6th	\$ 3539.08

The Georgetown Herald Soldiers' Comforts Fund

Forwarded to Soldiers' Comforts Committee	\$ 973.53
Cash on hand, acknowledged	201.03
Limehouse W. I.	20.00
A Friend	.25
A Friend	.50
Junior Red Cross, Public School	18.00
Total, Dec. 6th	\$ 1214.21

Christmas Trees For Sale

GEORGE BARBER
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JOHN FARMER
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The ACTON BOYS' BAND
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Magic Words

By J. J. O'DONNELL

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

THE Coast Guard officer shook his head. "The British are careful whom they hire."

Mark swung the launch to avoid the big ferryboat. "I get to know the crews better than the officials."

"Maybe I need training as a ship chandler," the officer grinned. "You're sure this cook is a spy?"

"No sir. I only told the commandant I was suspicious."

"And you also said the man knows it."

"Can't prove it, but those accidents came too fast."

The officer said: "Once a week some housewife in Norfolk reports a spy. We're used to it."

Mark's nostrils flared. "So I'm crazy! But being gassed is no joke. When I jumped off that chain I went looking for the cook—all the way down to the hold. When I opened the bulkhead door I smelled gas. You know—they get rid of the rats that way. All of a sudden the door started to slam, and I had to fit it with my shoulder quick—or be locked in."

"That would have been curtains for you."

"Right—and my lad was on the other side of that door."

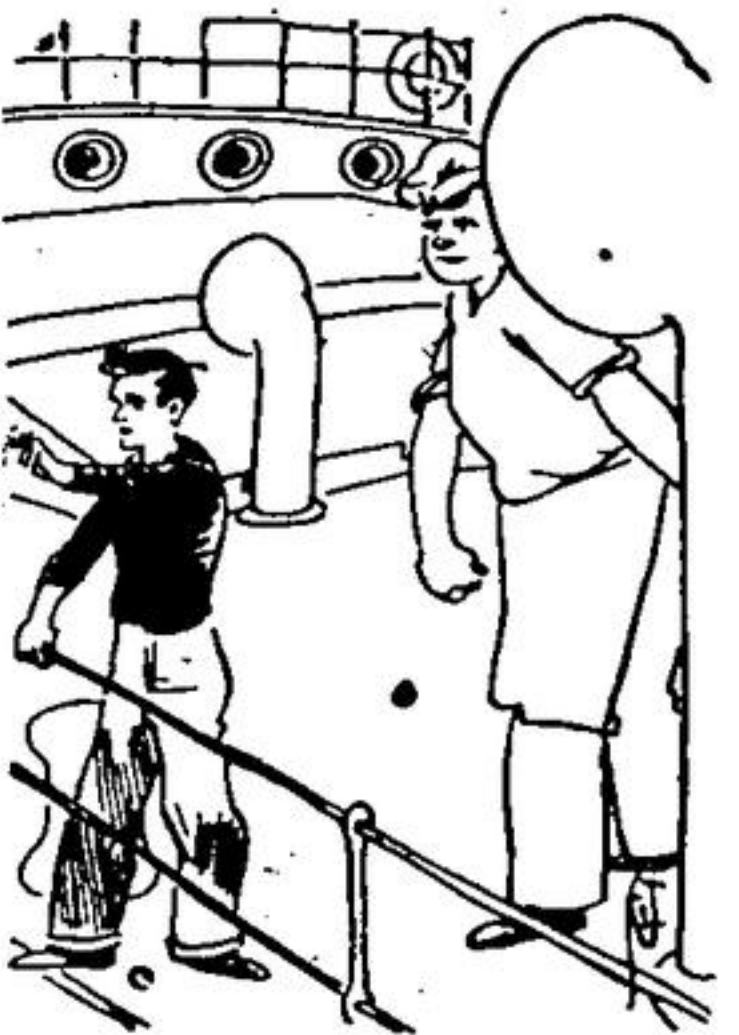
"What did he say?"

"Got kinda red and stammered something about the door should be closed."

"Listen, son, you haven't much to go on. I'm doing this because I'm on assignment. Has he filled his order yet?"

"The captain has to O.K. it. I'm to pick it up today."

"All right. While you talk to him, I'll ask the captain to help me search his cabin—and I hope you're right."



"You can see those flags from here."

The stocky, kindly captain shook his head. "Nothing there, boy," he said.

Mark's eyes were pleading. "But I know there's something wrong. Did you look well?"

"So well we didn't pass up so much as a tobacco crumb."

Earnestly Mark said: "Captain, do you know the skipper of that British tanker yonder?"

"Indeed. He served under me as first mate."

"Please, sir, we've got to make this man give himself away. A friend of mine in that crew has been all over the world. He'll be able to wigwag a message. If I'm wrong the signal won't mean anything."

"Mystery, eh? Come along then, we'll have a try."

When they returned to the freighter, Mark turned anxiously to the captain. "Is your mate still checking that list of provisions with the cook?"

"I fancy he's finished now."

"Good, that means he hasn't seen the Coast Guard officer. Will you please keep out of sight, sir?" He swung on his heel and hurried to the mate's cabin and met the cook at the door. He tried to appear casual, though the words began to trip over his tongue. "Oh, hello—say, while I was waiting, I saw somebody on that tanker wigwagging."

The cook sneered. "Kid games, eh?" He stalked up to the deck, then he froze. "Who is that man in uniform?"

Mark dropped his voice. "That's a Coast Guard officer. Said he had to see the captain right away."

The suspect slipped behind a ventilator. "Know what he wants?"

As if he hadn't heard, Mark said: "You can see those flags from here. Can you tell what they say?"

The man's black brows came together as he looked. Mark watched his body stiffen and his eyes shrink to pin points. He whirled to run and Mark sensed his purpose. He yelled breathlessly: "Captain—quick, grab him." But the wary skipper and two crewmen had him before he reached the companionway.

Mark ran up excitedly. "Captain—his shoe. The sole's loose."

It took only a second to extract the telltale identification card. As they dragged the culprit away the Coast Guard officer turned to Mark.

"Son, how did you trap him?"

Mark grinned expansively. "Just had my friend say, 'Officer coming to arrest you. Destroy your papers.'"

"But surely he didn't fall for that—anybody could read it."

The captain's eyes twinkled. "Not the way this lad did it. Seems his friend is something of a linguist. He said it in German."

Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. O'Neill of Toronto spent Sunday here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. O'Neill.

Mr. Leonard from the Bank of Commerce staff at Brantford, is now on the staff of the local bank. We welcome him to Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. George Herrington and Mrs. Don Herrington attended the funeral of Mrs. Alex. Leslie in Everett last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Herrington visited relatives in Rochester, N. Y., last week.

Mr. William Stubbs won the quilt raffle off by Verdun Rebekah Lodge at their bingo last Monday night.

F.O. and Mrs. Bruce Kennedy, of Oshawa, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George Herrington. F.O. Kennedy has been posted to Trenton.

A group of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson, Alf and Beatrice, of Cheltenham, held a surprise party at his home last Friday for Mr. Harvey Dewhurst on the occasion of his birthday.

Mrs. R. W. Robb and Mr. S. W. Orr were prize-winners in the marathon bridge which concluded last week, having a total score of 30,220. Major and Mrs. Arnot Early were second with 29,040, and Mrs. R. F. Barber and Mrs. G. S. Mallett third with 28,300.

A prize was also given for the nearest score to half the first place score, and this was won by Mr. and Mrs. Sid Silver with 15,500.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Wilson, accompanied by Mrs. A. S. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Garfield McClure, motored to Windsor last week to be with Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Shipp, when they celebrated the occasion of their silver wedding anniversary on November 25.

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. T. Grieve, that their son, AGI Alva Grieve is in hospital in Brussels, Belgium, with an ear trouble. Alva has been serving on the continent with the RCAF since shortly after D-Day.

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SHIRTS	\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
SOX	39c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00
TIES	50c, 75c, \$1.00
BRACES	50c to \$1.00
WOOL GLOVES	\$1.00, \$1.15, \$1.25
HANKERCHIEFS	10c to 59c
COAT SWEATERS	\$2.25 up
SCARVES	\$1.00, \$1.25 up
BOYS' GOLF HOSE	60c

Ladies', Misses and Children's Goods

HANDBAGS	\$2.50 up
BABY'S CHENILLE CRIB COVERS	
BABY'S SATIN CARRIAGE SETS	
LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS	15c to 50c
LADIES' BOX HANDKERCHIEFS	75c, \$1.25
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