

Caldwell Food Store

SELF SERVE - PHONE 366

MEATS, FISH and POULTRY

SAUSAGE (large casing)	lb. 27c
PORK SAUSAGE (small link)	lb. 30c
LEAN HAMBURG	lb. 23c
LEAN STEW BEEF	lb. 23c
BACON SQUARE	lb. 23c
PORK LIVER	lb. 17c — PORK KIDNEY
GRADE A ROASTING CHICKENS	lb. 39c
COHOE SALMON, piece	lb. 37c
Steaks and centre cuts	lb. 39c
SMOKED FILLET	lb. 37c
SMOKED KIPPER	lb. 25c
COD FILLET	lb. 35c

We deliver orders \$2.00 and over

Business As Usual

In spite of damage caused by fire on our premises on Monday, we are open for business as usual this week and solicit the patronage of our customers.

B. A. SERVICE STATION
Guelph & Queen Sts. Georgetown.

THE LATEST IN Radio Tube-Testing Equipment

HAS BEEN ADDED TO MAKE OURS A
**COMPLETE
RADIO SERVICE**

FOR OUR CUSTOMERS

- Tubes are still scarce, but we may have that tube you need.
- New Radios coming soon.

CLARK'S Electrical Store

MAIN ST. PHONE 305; Res. 387j

FARNELL'S

RATION CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK
December 6th — December 12th incl.

BUTTER	116 — 133 incl.
SUGAR	46 — 67 incl.
PRESERVES	33—57 and P1—P21 incl.
MEAT	M1 — M16 incl.

**Gilchrist's or Westons' Rich
FRUIT CAKE**

IF YOU BUY . . .

IF YOU BAKE . . . **Finest Quality Raisins, Currants, Candied Peel, Shelled almonds, Filberts, Walnuts, Maraschino Cherries**

**Mixed Nuts - Oranges - Tangerines
Grape - Cranberries**

For Christmas . . .

**Fancy China - Glassware with
Sterling Silver Deposit**

Our Prices include SERVICE plus FREE DELIVERY

FARNELL'S

PHONE 75 WE DELIVER

Honorable Woman

By MEREDITH SCHOLL
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

HORACE CREIGHTON fought desperately to cast off the lethargy of deep slumber. Inside his head a dozen hammers beat against his brain. His throat was dryer than sun-baked parchment. There was a ringing in his ears. But definitely a ringing.

He rolled over and groaned. As usual he had taken one drink too many. What he needed was someone to take care of him. Someone like that dark-haired girl with the blue eyes whom he had seen and talked to at Sally Grant's party last night. What was her name now?

Horace's eyes popped open in horror. What was her name? Good lord, couldn't he remember? He must remember. Suppose he never saw her again? Suppose Sally (if she would again speak to him after the outrageous manner in which he had acted last night) refused to divulge the information? Or suppose Sally didn't know!

Horace sat up with a start. The ringing had suddenly become very real. He picked up the telephone beside his bed.

"Is this Horace Creighton?" asked a sweet feminine voice. Horace swallowed, or tried to. It was her. Or she, he corrected himself. It was her voice. Lord! What luck! "Just a moment," he wheezed. He laid down the phone and scrambled out of bed. In the bathroom of his bachelor apartment he consumed five glasses of water, gargled and rinsed his mouth. Then he splashed ice water onto his face and returned to the phone. "Hello, there!" he



"Darling," she said. "I am not an honorable woman."

exclaimed in a voice that was less rusty.

"Is this Horace?"

"Yes, it is," he cooed.

"This is Lita Daniels."

"I would have known your voice anywhere."

She laughed. "How sweet. I called," she added, "to ask whether it was one or two o'clock that you asked me to meet you at the Ritz today. I must confess that I wasn't—er—shall we say quite myself last night." Her voice was apologetic.

He glanced at his watch. Twelve-thirty. "The time I suggested was two o'clock," he admitted. "But if you'd rather come earlier—"

She proved to be even more beautiful than he remembered. He spotted her the moment he entered the Ritz cocktail lounge. She greeted him warmly.

"By jove!" he thought when they were snugly ensconced at a remote table, "she's gorgeous. This is my lucky day." Aloud: "I must confess I went over the top a bit last night. It isn't my accustomed habit, really. You must believe me."

She laughed merrily. "Nor mine. I'm afraid we were both—er shall we say, carried away."

"A neat way of expressing it."

"Let's celebrate by swearing off."

"Do you mean entirely?"

"Of course not. I merely mean—er—being carried away."

Horace felt weak and light-headed. He made a date for that night, and that night he made a date for the next night, and the next for the next and so on until there came a time a fortnight later when, in a daze of intoxication (from love) he put the question. Flatly "Lita," he said, "will you marry me?"

"But of course! How old-fashioned you are. I love you for it."

The night that Sally Grant gave a party to announce their engagement both were so eager to celebrate that they—er—almost allowed themselves to be carried away. Lita came to him with tears in her eyes.

"I cannot go through with it without confessing. Darling, I am not an honorable woman. You must know."

"Good heavens!" cried Horace, his world collapsing. "What have you done?"

"That morning—the day I called you and asked about our date at the Ritz. You had not asked me to meet you at the Ritz at all. I only did it because I was afraid I'd never see you again."

Horace gathered himself together. "Honorable woman," he declared patting her hand. "How nice it is to know, yes, to marry an honorable woman." He was never happier.

The Clue

By CARLTON JAMES
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

"LISTEN," I says, pulling the cork out of the bottle and emptying its contents into my hand, "I got a hunch this Lolita Ramon dame wouldn't go bump herself off, see? I got a hunch she was murdered, see?"

"You got ants up your chimney," says Sarge. "She was on the toby, gone down at the Paradise and she took the back door out. Else why would she have that bottle of poison tablets around?"

"Listen," I says, "I know poison, see; and these here pellets got enough strychnine in 'em to knock any dame for a row of ballet dancers the minute they hit her insides."

"So what?" says the Sarge.

"So let's go talk to someone," I says.

"So we rounded up the landlady."

"Sure," she says, "Miss Ramon had visitors. There was Lupe Pablo and there was Pedro Falcon."

"Did they come together?" I says.

"They did," says the landlady. "But they didn't leave together. Pedro left first, and Lupe about an hour later."

"Oh, I see," I says. So I turns to Sarge and goes on: "Sarge," I says, "you go down to headquarters and have these pellets analyzed and see if they ain't got the blast in 'em I think."

So the Sarge goes off with the pellets, looking disgusted, and I goes down to the taxi stand where this Pedro is sitting reading a newspaper.

"Listen," I says, flashing my shield, "whatcha do it for, huh? Come on," I says, "the jig's up and stuff. Break down and let me have it straight and I'll see what I can do."

Pedro folds up his newspaper careful-like and gives me the eye. "Copper," he says, "what's your name and number? I want to report you for bad manners."

"Oh, wise guy!" I says, "Well, get this punk—"

"Pardon me," says Pedro, "there's a mug over there looks like he wants a cab. I'll see you later, maybe."

So he drives away and I goes over to where Lupe Pablo lives.

"All right, baby," I says, "you look smart. What's the sense of stalling?"

"About what?" she says.

"Lolita Ramon," says I.

"Oh!" says Lupe.

"Aha!" says I. "Well, why did you do it? Jealous, eh? Jealous over that Pedro mug?"

"Is she dead?" Lupe cried. "Oh, my goodness! Did she do it? She talked about it all the time after Pedro left. I—she promised me before I left that she wouldn't!"

"She lived long enough," I says, "to tell us you slipped a tablet into her coffee mug."

Lupe laughs, sort of hysterical. "Oh, you poor sap!" she says. "Stop drooling at the mouth. Oh, why, why did she do it?"

So I calls up the taxi company and tells 'em to send Pedro around with his cab, and by the time Pedro gets there Lupe has got hold of herself and we go down and get into the cab.

"It's Lolita," Lupe tells him, busting into sobbing again.

Pedro don't say a word, but drives over to Lolita's rooming-house. Like I tell him. When we get there we find Sarge with the disgusted look still on his face.

"Well," I says, "how about them pellets?"

"They're dynamite," says Sarge. "Fer once you was right. She woulda gone out the minute one of 'em hit her tongue."

"Ha!" says I. "You can go, Falcon." I says swinging on Pedro.

"This lets you out," says Pedro.

"You dumbhead!" says Pedro. "Did you think I'd kill a girl I was in love with?"

"Well, why not?" I says. "This here dame," I says, pointing to Lupe, "woulda killed a guy she was in love with, rather than let some other dame have him. But she decided to kill Lolita instead."

Lupe looked up from the couch where she was having a fine time bawling into her handkerchief. "You're crazier than I thought, copper. Lolita was my best friend."

"And besides," says Pedro, looking at me coldly, "you're talking in bunches. Try and say something that sounds sensible."

"Listen," I says, "you get to hell out of here before I find an excuse for roping you into it, too."

"Don't be a sucker, feller," Sarge says to Pedro. "Scram!" So Pedro got out, and Sarge says to me: "Maybe the guy was right, at that. What are you talking about, anyway?"

"I'm telling you," I says, "that this here dame slipped a pellet into Lolita's coffee mug. For one thing, she didn't act scared when I told her Lolita lived long enough to spill the works. Why? Because she knew them pellets was dynamite and that Lolita couldn't live long to spill the works."

Lupe stopped bawling and looked at me. Sarge said: "Is that all?"

"Nope," I says, "that ain't all. If them pellets was as powerful as they says down at headquarters, Lolita couldn't have lived long enough to put the cork back in the bottle, after taking one which is what the dame here wanted us to think—grab her

WHITMEE'S TAXI

PROMPT SERVICE — HEATED CARS
24 HOUR SERVICE

RAY WHITMEE

PHONE 241

Georgetown Rehabilitation Council

(In Co-operation with the Department of Veterans Affairs)

MUNICIPAL BUILDING

(Rear Entrance Upstairs)

HOURS FOR INTERVIEWS

TUESDAYS 8 — 9 p.m.
FRIDAYS 3 — 4 p.m. and 6 — 9 p.m.

Other times by appointment

Veterans of this war should avail themselves of a visit to discuss their rehabilitation problems.

The Office will be closed from the 18th December until 1st January inclusive. Urgent matters will be dealt with by appointment.

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When you "Telephone Thompson's Taxi" you know that every passenger is

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- Courtesy.
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Visit our store at the McGibbon Corner, open
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PHONE 315 GEORGETOWN

It's That Terrible Sense of Frustration!!!

We find that the English language (or our use of it) is painfully inadequate when it comes to describing the beauty and quality of our stock of Christmas Gifts. If the "Herald" could print a whistle or a rap-turous sigh you'd be able to get the idea. But, as that is beyond the scope of the printing art, the only thing you can do is drop in and whistle and sigh (and buy) for yourself.

PHOENIX HOUSE

MAIN STREET PHONE 75