News of the Countryside

From The Record's Corr spondents

ROCKFORD

Miss Mary Onifrichuk of Waterford spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Onifrichuk.

Miss Marjorie Smith spent Sunday as the guest of Miss Lillian Lundy.

Mrs. Shaver and daughter Grace of Brantford are visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. David Vickerman

Mrs. Ward is visiting her daughter Mrs. Peter Bauslaugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ward and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ward were guests at the home of Mr and Mrs Clarence Ward, Port Rowan, on Monday.

Miss Georgia Herron is spending sometime with her mother in Toronto

Miss Helen Smith entertained the young people to a tobogganing party followed by games and lunch at her home on Tuesday evening. Everyone had a jolly time.

The Young Men's Bible Class entertained the Young Ladies to a Social evening at the church on Friday evening.

VARENCY

Mrs. Bruce Smith and Mrs. D. Parkinson attended the Jarvis W. I. Banquet at Mrs. J. J. Parsons.

Mr Robert A. Miller was caled to the bedside of his sister, Mrs. Lea, who is seriously ill at Grace Hospital, Toronto.

Keith Stone is quite ill at pneumonia, Dr. Leatherdale is in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. R .E. Miller and Mr Richard Parkinson and daughter, Anna, visited at Dr. Bruce Smith's on Sunday.

Mr. andd Mrs. R. H. Miller entertained a numberof young people to progressive Euchre on Monday.

The play, "Cranberr yCorners" by the young people of this vicinity was held in Marburg on Wednesday night.

Mr and dMrs. Percy Ionson and Miss Doris Ionson spent Tuesday at Mr. R. E. Millers.

HAGERSVILLE

John and Mrs. Hoover spent Monday and Tuesday this week with Mr and Mrs. Melvin Robbins at Niagara Falls.

William and Mrs. Burbridge and children visited relatives in London on Sunday.

Charles and Mrs. Brown and children have returned from a visit with relatives in Toronto.

Ruby Lindsay of the Courier staff has been confined to her home on account of illness during the past week.

George and Mrs. Robbins spent the weekend at Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Olive Oakes of the public school staff has been on the sick list this week and Mrs. Orval Beckerson has been relieving.

Mrs. Basil Cook entertained the Ladies Euchre Club at her home on Thursday afternoon. Prizes went to Mrs. Maynard Slack, Mrs. William Shrub and Mrs. William Lampman. The club members will be entertained this Thursday at the home of Mrs. William Shrub.

THIS YEAR TRY Schweglers' THOR-O-BRED BLOOD TESTED BABY CHICKS

Our Super Layers — of big eggs are hatched in Canada in most modern type incubators by electricity. For Sale. Hens with records to 306 eggs. Every breeder blood tested. Write for catalog. Hatching every week throughout the year. Schwegler's Poultry Farm, Simcoe, Ontario. 01-20

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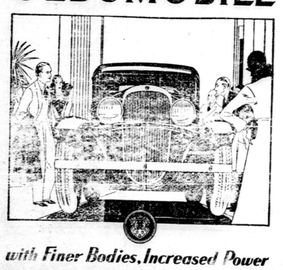

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SYNCRO-MESH TRANSMISSION — Gears shift silently and speedily. DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETOR WITH NON-FLOOD CHOKE gives more and smoother power, higher speed, faster acceleration, and greater smoothness. INSULATED FISHER BODIES are warmer in winter, cooler in summer, and exceptionally quiet. HARMONIC BALANCER of the latest type on the crankshaft, contributes to greater smoothness.

GENERAL MOTORS

01-20

F. W. REICHELD — ONTARIO

A Little Reasoning Reveals that Falls' Furniture Sale Is the Time to Buy Furniture

Hundreds of people are taking advantage of these values now Better, they say, "To buy furniture soon needed, than to be sorry later by missing the big opportunity." All the lowered prices in Falls' Store are down from the year-round low prices that have made this store famous. Our spot cash buying system makes for still greater thrift prices. Values that are almost beyond belief---your eyes the judge. Nearly 9,000 square feet given over to Furniture Rugs, Linoleum and Home Furnishings

Furniture delivered to any home in Brant Haldimand, Elgin and Norfolk Counties, placed and polished by careful men who know how to handle fine furniture. "The Store that Saves You Money."

Arrived in time for Our Great Kroehler Sale---

Kroehler Living Room Suites Davenport Bed Suites

Kroehler Bed Suite

AN EXTRA BEDROOM CONCEALED IN THIS SUITE ALTHO YOU WOULD NEVER KNOW IT

There is a full sized bed concealed beneath the spring filled reversible cushions of this good looking comfortable Chesterfield Bed. Here is double duty furniture. Prices that provide a good looking living room by day and an extra Bedroom by night. Bed has sagless springs and Spring filled mattress. Comfortable 3 piece suite covered in heavy Listers Mohair. Falls' February Sale $148.50

THE GREATEST VALUE WE HAVE EVER BEEN ABLE TO OFFER

Is this special Kroehler group of Chesterfield Suites we selected to feature during our February Sale at $98.50. Regular length, extra high comfortable backs, shaped fronts, centre leg support and spring filled cushions assure you of lasting comfort. Button back and Chesterfield Chair to match. Covered in genuine Listers imported Mohair, figured reversible cushions. Choice of Colors.

Falls' February Sale $98.50

PLEATED BACK CHESTERFIELD AND TWO LARGE INVITING CHAIRS

The simple graceful design of this attractive Kroehler Fan back Chesterfield. Button back chair and club chair make them ideal pieces for your living room. Very comfortable and with the best of Mohair. Complete 3 piece.

Falls' February Sale $115.00

YOUR HOME WILL BE MUCH BRIGHTER, MORE COMFORTABLE

If you have a new Kroehler Chesterfield Suite in your living room. Callers will be welcome. They will admire the beauty and comfort of these three pieces. Tailored in Mohair, Tapestry or English Wool. Good size suites with the Standard Kroehler construction. 3 pieces.

Falls' February Sal $89.50

Staple and Bedding Dept.

REMNANTS

On Saturday Morning at 9 a.m.

We have just received from the Manufacturers of our Rayon Silk Bedspreads a fine selection of Remnant Ends of "Bedspreads." In some cases these are large enough for a full spread and in others sufficient to make Drapes, Curtains, Runners, Cushions, Quilts, etc. It will be to your advantage to be early for a good selection.

KROEHLER PREPARED THIS GOOD LOOKING CHESTERFIELD SUITE TO OUR ORDER FOR THIS GREAT EVENT

One of the most unusual values that we have ever offered. Two good looking and comfortable chairs and a big comfortable Chesterfield with spring filled reversible cushions, covered all over in Tapestry. A limited number of these 3 piece suites.

Falls' February Sale $63.00

EXTRA SPECIAL FOR LAST WEEK OF SALE ELEVEN PIECE LIVING ROOM OUTFIT, $79.00

3 piece Kroehler Chesterfield Suite, good comfortable Chesterfield covered in heavy Tapestry or Jacquard, with reversible cushions, wing back and club chair. Good size mantle mirror, Walnut end Table, Bridge Lamp and Shade, 27x54 Axminster Rug, foot stool in Mohair covering, Metal Smoker and a nice shadow Lamp. Complete 11 piece outfit. Come and get your choice early as every outfit is different.

Falls' February Sale $79.00

Overheard In The Store

"We haven't a store in Niagara Falls that compares with This."—Niagara Falls has a population of over 18,000.

FALLS' DEPARTMENT STORE, SIMCOE

Haldimand W. I.

(continued from front page)

Health—Mrs. S. S. Moote, Dunnville

Legislation—Mrs. H. Arrell, Caledonia.

Immigration—Mrs W. S. Dunnet, Caledonia.

Home Economics—Mrs. J. R. Doyle Canfield.

Historical Events—Mrs. B. Carter, Canfield.

Community Activities—Mrs Anderson, Dunnville.

Canadian Resources—Mrs. J. Dalrymple, Dunnville, R. R. 2.

Relief—Mrs. A. Beckerson, Hagersville.

Publicity—Mrs. D. Parkinson, Jarvis, R. R. 3.

RESOLUTIONS

I—Resolved that this meeting go on record as recommending that the various Women's Institutes acquaint themselves with the provisions of the Weed Act, and the Weed Inspector of their municipality, so a ato be better able to create a favorable public opinion behind the Act.

II—In view of C. R. Biger's reference to certain facts vital to the well being of our young girlhood, that this meeting go on record advising the women of Haldimand to read the address by Dr. Margaret Patterson, as printed in the 1929 report, and urge their daughters to do likewise.

III—In view of the pleasure enjoyed by the branches from the summer speaker, Miss E. G. that this meeting request the tary to send a letter of appr to Mr. Putman.

IV—Resolved that this meeting on record voicing its sincere ap ciation of the services of A. G. St. Agr. Rep. to the rural inst the county.

Pawned

Frank L. Packard

What the devil was the matter with him, anyway? There was money in it, a princely existence. What more could any one ask? What did Claire, his love for a girl who was utterly worse than he was, have to do with it? Ah, she did have something to do with it, then! Nonsense! It was absurd!

He took a key abruptly from his pocket, and unlocked one of the drawers of the desk. From the drawer he took out a large roll of bills. The hotel management had sent to the bank and cashed a check for him that afternoon. He had not forgotten that he would need money—and plenty of it—at the table this evening. Well, he was quite ready to go now, and it was time. It would be halfpast ten before he got there, and ——

"The devil!" said John Bruce savagely—and suddenly tossed the money back into the drawer, and locked the drawer. "If I don't feel like it tonight, why should I? I guess I'll just drop around for a little convivial visit, and let it go at that."

John Bruce put on a light overcoat, and left the room. In the lobby downstairs he posted his letter to Gilbert Larmon. He stepped out on the street and from the rank in front of the hotel secured a taxi. Twenty minutes later he entered Gilbert Larmon's New York gambling hell.

Here he received a sort of rhapsodical welcome from the exquisite Monsieur Henri de Lavergne, which embraced poignant regret at the accident that had befallen him, and unspeakable joy at his so-splendid recovery. It was a delight so great to shake the hand of Mr. Bruce again that Monsieur Henri de Lavergne complained bitterly at the poverty of language which prevented an adequate expression of his true and sincere feelings. Also, Monsieur Henri de Lavergne, if he were not trespassing, would be flattered indeed with Mr. Bruce's confidence if Mr. Bruce should see fit to honor him with an account of how the accident had happened. He would be desolated if in any way it could be attributable to any suggestion on behalf of the house which he had the honor to represent as manager, had made to Mr. Bruce which might have induced ——

"Not at all!" John Bruce assured him heartily. He smiled at Monsieur de Lavergne. The other knew nothing of Claire's presence in the car that night, and for Claire's sake it was necessary to set the man's mind so completely at rest that the subject would lack further interest. The only way to accomplish that was to appear whole-heartedly frank. John Bruce became egregiously frank. "It was just my own damned curiousity" he said with a wry smile. "I got out of that ingenious contraption at the corner, after going around the block, and, well, my curiosity, as I said, got the better of me. I followed the thing, and found out where Mr. Veniza lived. I started on my way back, but I didn't get very far. I got into trouble with a rather tough crowd just around the corner, who didn't like my shirt front, I believe they said. The fight ended by my being backed into a wine shop where I was stabbed, but from which I managed to escape into the lane. I was about all in, and the only chance I could see was a lighted window on the other side of a low fence. I crawled in the window, and flopped on the floor. It proved to be Mr. Veniza's house."

"Pour l'amour du dieu!" exclaimed Monsieur Henri de Lavergne breathlessly.

"And which also accounts" said John Bruce pleasantly, "for the apology I must offer you for my appearance this evening in these clothes. The mob in that respect was quite successful."

"But that you are back!" Monsieur de Lavergne's hands were raised in protest. "That is alone what matters. Monsieur Bruce knows I may attire it is the same here for monsieur as though he were at home."

"Thank you!" said John Bruce cordially. "I have only dropped in through the urge of old habits, I guess. I'm hardly on my feet yet, and I thought I'd just watch the play for a little while tonight."

"And that, too," said Monsieur Henri de Lavergne with a bow, as John Bruce moved toward the stairs, "is entirely as monsieur desires."

John Bruce mounted the stairs, and began a stroll through the roulette and card rooms. The croupiers and dealers nodded to him cordially; they did likewise. He was treated with marked courtesy and consideration by every attendant in the establishment. Everything was exactly as it had been on his previous visits. There were the soft mellow lights; the siren purr of the roulette wheel, the musical 'click, click click' of the ball as it spun around on its little fateful orbit; the low, quiet voices of the croupiers and dealers; the well-dressed players grouped around the tables, the hilarious and the grim, the devil-may-care laugh from one, the thin smile from another. It exactly the same, as exactly the same, even to the table in the supper room, free to all though laden with every wine and delicacy that money could procure; but somehow, even at the end of half an hour, where he was wont to be engrossed till daylight, John Bruce became excessively bored.

Perhaps it was because he was simply an on-looker, and not playing himself. He had drawn close to a group around a faro bank. The play was grim earnest and for high stakes. No, it wasn't that! He did not want to play. Somehow, rather, he knew a slight sense both of contempt and disgust at the eager clutch and grasp of hands, the hoarse, short laugh of victory, the snarl of defeat, the trembling fingers of the more timorous who staked with Chance and demanded that the God be charitable in its omnipotence and toss them crumbs!

Well, what was he cavilling about? It was the life he had chosen. It was his life work. Wasn't he pleased with it? He had certainly liked it well enough in the old days to squander upon it the fair-sized fortune his father and le anh hitherto his father had left him. He directly had not gone into that infernal compact with Larmon but folded. Perhaps it was because in those days he played when he wanted to; and in these, and hereafter, he would play because he had to. Perhaps it was only that, tonight there was upon him the feeling, which was natural enough and which was immeasurably human too, that it was irksome to be a slave, to be fettered and shackled and bound to anything, even to what one, with one's freedom his own, was ordinarily out of choice most prone to do and delight in. Well, maybe! But that was not entirely a satisfactory or conclusive solution either.

He looked around him. There seemed to be something hollow tonight in these trappings of tinsel; something not only hollow, but sardonic in its connection with them—that he should act as a monitor over the honesty of those who in turn acted as the agents of Larmon in an already illicit traffic.

"Oh, hell!" said John Bruce suddenly.

The dealer looked up from the table, surprise mingling with polite disapproval. Several of the players screwed around their heads.

"That's what I say!" snarled one of the latter with an added oath, as a large stack of chips was swept away from him.

Some one touced John Bruce from elbow. He turned around. It was one of the attendants.

"You are being asked to go upstairs, Mr. Bruce" the man informed him.

John Bruce followed the attendant. In the hall below the white-haired negro doorkeeper came toward him.

"I done let him in, Mistuh Bruce, suh," the old darky explained a little anxiously. "'cause he done say, Mistuh Bruce, that it was a case of most particular illness, suh, and—"

John Bruce did not wait for more. It was Veniza probably—a turn for the worse. He nodded, and passed hurriedly along the hall to where, near the door, a poorly dressed man, hat in hand and apparently somewhat ill at ease in his luxurious surroundings, stood waiting.

"I am Mr. Bruce" he said quickly. "Some one is critically ill, you say? Is it Mr. Veniza?"

"No, sir" the man answered. "I don't know anything about Mr. Veniza. It's Hawkins."

"Hawkins!" ejaculated John Bruce.

"Yes, sir" said the man. He shuffled his feet. "—I guess you know, sir."

John Bruce for a moment made no comment. Hawkins! Yes, he knew! Hawkins had even renounced his pledge, hadn't he? Not, perhaps, that that would have made any difference!

"Bad?" he asked tersely.

"I'm afraid so, sir" the man replied. "I've seen a good bit of Hawkins off and on in the last two years, sir, because I room in the same house; but I've never seen him like this. He's been out of his head and clawing the air, sir, if you know what I mean. He's over that now, but that week he had me scared once sir, that he'd gone."

"What does the doctor say?" John Bruce bit off his words.

The man shook his head.

"He wouldn't have one sir. It's you he wants. You'll understand, sir, that he's been alone. I don't know how long ago he started on his spree. It was only by luck that I walked into his room tonight. I was for getting a doctor at once, of course, but he wouldn't have it; he wanted you. At times, sir, he was crying like a baby, only he hadn't the strength of one left. Knowing I could run her, me being a motor-truck driver, he told me to take that car he drives and go to hotel for you, and if you weren't there to try here — which I've done, sir, so you see and I hope you'll come back with me. I don't know what to do, though I'm for picking up a doctor on the way back whether he wants one or not."

John Bruce turned abruptly, secured his coat and hat, motioned the man to lead the way, and followed the other out of the house and down the steps to the sidewalk.

The travelling pawn-shop was at the curb. The man opened the door and John Bruce stepped inside—and was instantly flung violently down upon a seat. The door closed. The car started forward. And in a sudden glare of light John Bruce stared into the muzzle of a revolver, saw behind the revolver, into a bruised and battered face, which was the face of Doctor Crang.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The Two Pens."

John Bruce stared for a moment longer at the revolver that held a steady bead between his eyes, and at the evil face of Crang that leered at him from the opposite seat; then he deliberately turned his head and stared at the face of still another occupant of the car—a man who sat on the seat beside him. He was trapped—and well trapped! He recognized the other to be the man known as same Birdie, who had participated on a certain night in the robbery of Paul Veniza's safe. It was quite plain. The third man in that robbery, whose face he had not seen at the time, was undoubtedly the man who had brought the "message" a few minutes ago, and who was now, with almost equal certainty engaged in driving the car. Thieving, at least was in the trio's line! They must somehow or other have stolen the traveling pawn shop from Hawkins!

He smiled grimly. If it had been Birdie now who had brought the message he would never have fallen into the trap! Crang had played in gin, for Crang was naturally in it and won by a very narrow margin that he John Bruce, had ever seen either of the men before. And then John Bruce thought of the bulky roll of bills which by an equally narrow margin was not in his pocket at that moment, and his smile deepened.

Crang spoke for the first time.

"Take his gun away from him, he's got one!" he snarled tersely.

"It's in the breast pocket of my coat" said John Bruce imperturbably.

Birdie, beside John Bruce, reached over and secured the weapon.

John Bruce leaned back in his seat. The car was speeding rapidly along now.

The minutes passed. None of the three men spoke. Crang sat like some repulsive gargoyle, leering maliciously.

John Bruce half closed his eyes against the uncanny fascination of that round back muzzle which never wavered in its direction, and which was causing him to strain on intently upon it. What was the game? The man wasn't doped tonight. Perhaps he was even the more dangerous on that account. Instead of mouthing threats, there was something ominous now, it seemed, in the man's silence. John Bruce's lips drew together. He remembered Claire's insistence that Crang had meant what he said literally— and Claire had repeated that warning over the telephone. Well, if she were right it meant — murder!

From under his half closed lids, John Bruce looked around the car. The curtains, as they always were, were closely drawn. The interior trial light, only the light was high up, now near the roof of the car. Well, if it was to be murder, why not now The little velvet-topped table was not in place, and there was nothing between himself and d that sneering, sallow face. Yes, why not now—and settle it!

Idly in his seat, as impulse suddenly he straightened almost imperceptibly. Crang. Why not? The sound of a revolver shot would be heard in the street and Crang might not even dare to fire at all. And then John Bruce's glance rested on the man beside him—and the impulse gave way to common sense. He had no intention of submitting tamely and without a struggle to any fate, no matter what it might be, that Crang proposed for him, but that struggle would better come when there was at least a chance. There was no chance here. Birdie, by the seat beside him, held a deadlier and even more offensive weapon than was Crang's revolver, a slim thing—a black-jack.

"Wait! Don't play the fool! You'll get a better chance than this!" the voice of what he took to be co sense whispered to him.

The car began to go slower. swerved twice as though making sharp turns; and then, running slowly, began to bump over rough ground.

Crang spoke again.

"You can make all the noise you want to, if you think it will do you any good" he said viciously; "but if you make a move you are not told to make you'll be 'carried' the rest of the way! Understand?"

John Bruce did not answer.

The car stopped. Someone opened door on his side, and stepped to the ground. He was joined by the man who had driven the car, and who, as John Bruce now found he had correctly assumed, had acted as the decoy at the gambling house.

"Get out!" ordered Doctor Crang curtly.

John Bruce followed Birdie from the car. It was dark out here, exceedingly dark, but he could make out that the car had been driven into a narrow lane, and that they were close to the wall of a building of some sort. The two men gripped him by his arms. He felt the muzzle of Crang's revolver pressed into the small of his back.

"Mind your step!" cautioned Birdie gruffly.

It was evidently the entrance to a cellar. John Bruce found himself descending a few short steps; and then, on the level again, he was guided forward through what was now pitch blackness. A moment more and they had halted, but not before John Bruce's foot had come into contact with a wall or partition of some kind in front of him. One of the men who gripped his arms knocked twice with three short raps in quick succession.

A door opened in front of them, and for an instant John Bruce was blinded by a sudden glare of light; but the next instant, his eyes grown accustomed to the transition, he saw before him a large basement room, disreputable and filthy in appearance, where half a dozen men sat at tables drinking and playing cards.

A shove from the muzzle of Doctor Crang's revolver urged John Bruce forward into an atmosphere that was foul, hot and fetid, and thick with tobacco smoke that floated in heavy, sinuous layers in mid-air. He was led down the length of the room toward another door at the opposite end. The men at the tables, as he passed them, paid little attention other than to leer curiously at him. They greeted Birdie and his companion with blasphemous familiarity; but their attitude toward Crang, it seemed to John Bruce, was one of cowed and abject respect.

continued next week.

JARVIS RECORD

ished every Thursday morning office in The Record Building Street, Jarvis, Ontario.

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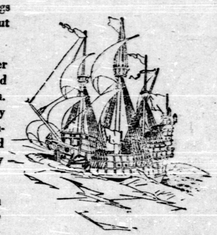

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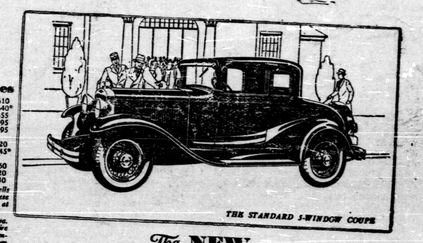

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