News of the Countryside

From The Record's Correspondents

VARENCY

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Parkinson of Detroit spent New Years at R. Parkinson.

Miss Fern McKenzie has accepted a position as teacher in Tavistock public school forthcoming term.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lundy have returned to their home in Detroit after spending the holidays with relatives here.

We are sorry to report that John Banks is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Miller and family were guests of Mrs. William Law on New Years day.

Misses Mary and Kathleen Miller spent a few days last week with their cousins, Margaret and Jean Monson.

Evelyn and Gordon Saunders entertained a number of friends on New Years Eve.

RENTON

Arthur Secord is spending a few days with his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Secord in Detroit.

Our annual school meeting was held in the New school house on Wed of last week, Mr. W. House as chairman and Mr. J. M. Roxbury as sec. Mr. Will Brennan was elected to take the place of the retiring trustee Mr. Ora Lewis. There was a good attendance and the meeting passed off quietly.

Those who spent New Years with Mr. and Mrs. D. Secord at East Lynn Farm were as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. G. Almas, Lorne Bristo and Eva Secord of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Secord of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. John Rowntree and family of Hagersville, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Pease, Mr. and Mrs Geo. Steinhoff and family of Woodhouse and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilcox and son of Townsend and Miss Dorothy Giffard of Dunnville. All enjoyed a good time.

Mr. Percy Buck of Woodhouse and his brother, Mr. James E. Buck of Sask. spent an evening last week with Mr. and Mrs. D. Secord.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Potts and daughter of Toronto spent New Year day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Potts, Woodhouse.

CHEAPSIDE

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. McFarlane and family spent New Years with the Brittons.

Missg Stillwell received the sad news on Sunday of the death of their sister, Mrs. Ferguson of Springfield The sympathy of the community is extended to them.

Mrs. Metcalfe and family visited with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Metcalfe of Hamilton on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelly spent the Holiday with Mr. and Mrs. John Whitehead.

Mrs. Rosa Erwin is staying with her daughter Mrs Stewart for the winter.

Those who spent New Years with Mr. and Mrs. G. R. McBurney were Mr. and Mrs. R. Jepson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McBurney and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Welbrook Mr. and Mrs. W. Lint and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pond, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McBurney, and Mr. W. A. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Evans and family spent New Years with Mrs A. Metcalfe.

Mrs. Eric Atkinson has returned to Port Maitland.

St. John's anglican Church held their Xmas tree at Mrs. Arthur Evans This is the first Xmas tree ever held by the Anglican church which is 100 years old. Everyone reports a good time.

The Cheapside W. I. met in the hall on Tuesday, January 6th, with 12 present. In the absence of the president and 1st vice, Mrs. Geo. McBurney was in the chair. Meeting opened in the usual way. After the minutes were read and adopted, correspondence was read. It was decided to hold the annual pork and beans supper on January 23rd.

Mrs. H. Snider then gave an excellent paper on Education. Program committee for next month, Mrs. A. Pond, Mrs. H. Snider. Meeting closed in the usual way, followed by lunch served by Mrs. Melchan and Mrs. Silverthorne. Next meeting to be held on Feb. 3rd.

SELKIRK

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Pond Jarvis and Mrs. Stone were visitors at Geo. L. Deans on New Years day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lindsay spent Sunday in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. McChesney and family were visitors in Simcoe.

The school meeting was not very largely attended. A partial report of the Easter Convention in Toronto was given by the delegate, W. H. Smelser, who urged others to attend for their own benefit. The re-tiring trustee, J. J. Hoover, was re-elected.

Miss Alice Kindy attended the funeral of a relative in Michigan this week.

Mr. andd Mrs. M. F. Hoover, Hamilton, were New Years visitors here.

W. K. Smith and Miss Beulah Smith of Hamilton were visitors here for New Years.

Russell Hurst, Buffalo was here for the week-end.

Misses Marion Otterman and Jean Ross have returned to Normal school after spending the holidays at home.

Miss Dorcas Rushton entertained a number of friends at a Euchre party on New Years eve.

The late Thomas Cooper.

One of our pioneers was called to his eternal rest on Dec. 30th. Thos. Cooper, who was born at the place where he died in his 90th year. Most of his life was spent in this neighborhood. The last ten weeks he was confined to his bed with gangrene, but his mind was active till the last. He was married to Deborah Yager 66 years ago she predeceasing him 16 years ago. The family, two sons and five daughters survive; John, of Selkirk; Ernest, in Sask., Effie, Mrs. Anguish at home; Alberta, Mrs. J. J. Hoover, Rainham; Laura, Mrs. Russell Crego, Sandusky, N. Y.; Della, Mrs. Andrew Sherk, Rainham Mary, Mrs. John Sherk, Selkirk.

The deceased was a staunch supporter and one of the first members of the Diciple Church. The funeral service on New Years day was conducted by pastor S. M. Jones, Beamsville, interment in Selkirk cemetery.

CREAMERY MONOXIDE

Newt seems to be spending a great many of his evenings down Main St. N., in the vicinity of the Presbyterian church.

If Muriel and Lulrd don't get on better terms pretty soon on of them will have to move to China or be up for murder.

Mr. Beale and his staff were at the plant on Saturday erecting the new smoke stack.

We wonder where Muriel spent last week-end. Her actions certainly gave us the idea that she was looking forward to the occassion with evident pleasure.

Johnson, Stoney and Stewie had an argument the other day as to which one had the biggest mouth, but it was a failure because they all have such big mouths they couldn't find anything to measure with.

The boys welcomed Jim back to the job after being laid up for a week with a bad cold.

The office staff ought to be fit for the world's long distance running championship next year, judging from the number of times they ran downstairs to answer the phone.

All those who were nosey and went out to look at the smoke-stack after it had fallen over, returned fit subjects of Al Jolson's nationality.

Dept of Agriculture

Continued from front page

1; Single men, 3; Boys, 37.

Wages—Farmers have been unable to pay big wages and we find many men working for $10, $15, and $20.00 a monthandboard. The supply has been much greater than the demand particularly of late.

January Clearaway Sale

There comes to Falls' a disposal of every Fur Coat in stock. If interested at all in a handsome Fur Coat, all we ask is come Friday and following days and See the Coats and the Price Tickets on Them. Every coat abreast of the season and guaranteed. The savings are the biggest in the history of Fur Coat selling.

They are Just as Good as Though We had a Dozen of Each—You Will Surely Appreciate the Offerings.

One Only Japanese Mink Coat—Selected Skins. You will be proud to wear this garment. Value $750.00. Friday morning the price will be $350.00

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One Only Beaverine Coat—Good Looking, serviceable Fur Coat, nicely lined. Very much less than half price $39.00

One Only Grey Caracul Fur Coat—Wolf collar. Was $100. To be sold for $44.00

One Only Grey Caracul Fur Coat—Self trim. Sold for $100.00 In this remarkable clearance at $44.00

Fine Hudson Seal Coats

Plain and richly trimmed with contrasting furs. One of the most in demand and fashionable furs. In the clearance

At $175, At $190, At $195, At 225, At $235

Persian Lamb Coats

Never sold at these prices. All Persian and trimmed with contrasting furs. Bright, thoroughly matched skins. Long service

At $195, At $245, At $260, At $275, At $350

Money Back Without Conversation

French Seal Coats

Plain and Sable (Skunk) and other contrasting furs. Very attractive Fur Coats at notably low prices.

At $90. At $100, At $125

Natural Rat Coats

Coats of service and styles that are in demand. Various weights. Choice of stock $59.00

IF INTERESTED IN A FUR COAT

get one or two on approbation from a reliable city store and also from Falls' Store, Simcoe and compare values in your home. Terms of Sale cash.

Aftermath of a Year of Great Merchandising.

From All Sections of the Store

This, that and the other thing. Soiled items, clearing lines, odds, remnants, fews—Thirteen Tables of them and at the beginning of each day's business they will scarcely hold the merchandise. Tables replenished every day. Come as often as you can.

Falls' Department Store

Simcoe

EDUCATIONAL TOURS

No. of tours, 3; as follows—Agricultural High School Students, Dairy Cattle field Day, Teachers Institute. All of these groups were taken on a visit to the O. A. College.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

No. of Branches, 28; The Women's Institutes have continued to be a wonderful source of assistance and remain a strong force for good in the County. They have continued to support every measure that was for the betterment of Agriculture generally and farm life in particular.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES

No. Societies, 1929, 4; No. Organized, 1930, 1; No. Flower shows, 1930 2; Approximate membership, 450.

SCHOOL FAIRS

No. of fairs, 7; No. of Schools, 88 number of pupils, 2139; number of entries, 6411; Attendance, 6075.

The fairs of 1930 showed an increase of more than 500 entries over the previous year. In spite of the unfavorable weather conditions for the production of farm gardens, interest seems to be on the increase. The Public School Inspector, Mr. J. L. Mitchener, School Boards, Trustees, Parents and Children have rendered every co-operation in making the Fairs more successful than ever before. An effort has been made to make these events as educational as possible.

CHAMPIONSHIP PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

The Championship Public Speaking Contest was again held in co-operation with the Trustees' and Rate Payers' Association and at this year's event the Championship classes in School Choruses and Duets were a popular feature together with the presentation of school fair and other trophies.

HOME GARDEN CONTESTS

Number of contests, 2; number of boys, 20; number of girls, 23; range in age, 11-12. The unseasonable weather conditions did much to retard the growth of gardens this year. In spite of this, however, the boys and girls took a very keen interest in the work.

Junior Farmers' Association

A County Junior Farmers' Association was organized early in the spring and already has proven its worth, by a most successful Judging Competition, Home Plowing Competition and Junior Banquet to its credit.

Live Stock Judging Competitions

Number of Competitors, 59; Prizes donated by County Council, 4 free trips to Royal Winter Fair and 4 free trips to Guelph Winter Fair; Prizes by Ontario Dept. of Agriculture—10 free trips to Royal Winter Fair. In addition, several cups and trophies were awarded through the generosity of kind friends.

Home Plowing Competition

Number of Classes, 5; number contestants, 23; prize money paid, $60.00.

Government Essay Competition

Number of Competitors, 8; number of winners, 3; prizes, books.

T. EATON SCHOLARSHIP

As a result of anexamination held following the 1929 Royal trip, Mr. Arthur Harvey was declared one of the 15 winners in the province of the T. Eaton Company Scholarship at the O. A. C. Mr Harvey is now in his first year at this Institute.

Inter-County Live Stock and Seed Judging

Standing of teams—Royal Winter Fair, 9th; Guelph Winter Fair, 10th in Stock: 17th in Seed.

MASSEY FUND SCHOLARSHIP

Number of boys applying, 1; name of winner, Arthur Harvey.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE JUDGING COMPETITION

Number competitors, 40; Prizes awarded by Haldimand County Council and Women's Institute—Four free trips to the C. N. E. and cash prizes amounting to $32.50. Prizes donated by Ont. Dept. of Agriculture—five free trips to Royal Winter fair. Standing of team at C.N.E. 18th.

COUNTY JUNIOR INSTITUTE

A County Junior Institute was organized in August and while this organization is yet young it has already done remarkable work as evidenced by the increased number of entries at the Judging Competition.

SHORT COURSE

BOYS—Jarvis 30, Selkirk 86, Sou. Cayuga 47, Canboro 41, total 204.

Girls—Jarvis 53, Selkirk 95, South Cayuga 49, Canboro 55. total 252.

Average attendance; boys 42 girls 48

The success of these courses is due largely to the support received from members of the county council, Women's Institutes in various towns and villages who co-operate to the fullest extent in securing halls, equipment and demonstration material.

Swine Course at Packing Plant.

Number of boys attending, 5; No. of prizes won, 1; 4th prize in dressed carcasses.

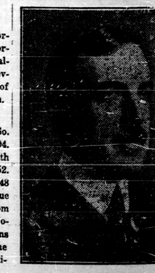
Girls' Garden and Canning Club.

Number of members, 36; number completing competition, 22; number of prizes awarded, 7; including two free short courses at McDonald Institute, Guelph, and three book prizes to the value of $10.00. This is the secondcompetition of this kind to be held in the county and the girls have shown increased interest and much enthusiasm.

The support of the County Council, the Women's Institute and all other organizations as well as individuals who have contributed in any way in furthering the interest of Agriculture in Haldimand is heredith acknowledged and greatly appreciated by the representative.

A. GORDON SKINNER,
Representative for Haldimand County

Gets New Post



Duxbury's Store

PHONE 47.

CAPITOL THEATRE SIMCOE

FRIDAY 9 — SATURDAY 10
Matinee Saturday 2.30
HELL'S ISLAND
Jack Holt, Ralph Graves
Romance — Adventure — in North Africa
Comedy and Cartoon

MONDAY 12—TUESDAY 13
Matinee Monday 2.30
GIRL of the GOLDEN WEST
Anna Harding, James Rennie
Based on David Belasco's famous play.
Laurel Hardy Comedy.

WEDNES. 14 — THURS. 15
Matinee Wednesday 2.30
BROADWAY SCANDALS
Sally O'Neil, Jack Egan
A sparkling musical comedy
Comedy and Snapshots.

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Frank L. Packard

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Published every Thursday morning in its office in The Record Building John Street, Jarvis, Ontario.
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We are giving specials this week for your benifit. You will recieve 10 percent discount on the regular selling price on Men's Mackinaw coats Men's and Boys' Mackinaw Socks, mitts and gloves.
Harness and shoe repairing done here.

(Continued from last week)

Perhaps it was the strange, unusual characters that surrounded her that came and went in this curious place here, that fostered such thoughts; perhaps he was not strong enough yet to grapple with all these confusing things. He smiled a little grimly. The robbery of the safe, for instance—and that reptile whom he now know to be his own attending physician, Doctor Crang! He had said nothing about his knowledge of the robbery—yet. As nearly as he could judge it had occurred two or three days prior to the time when his actual convalescence had set in, and as a material witness to the crime he was not at all sure that in law his testimony would be of much value. They must certainly have found him in an unconscious state immediately afterward—and Doctor Crang would, as indubitably attack his testimony as being nothing more than the hallucination of a sick brain.

The luck of the devil had been with Crang! Why had he, John Bruce, gone drifting off into unconsciousness just at the psychological moment when, if the plan had been carried out as arranged and the other two had make their fake escape, Crang would have been left in the room with Claire and Paul Veniza—with the money in his pockets! He would have had Doctor Crang cold then! It was quite different now. He was not quite sure what he meant to do, except that he fully proposed to have a reckoning with Doctor Crang. But that reckoning, something, he could not quite define what, had prompted him to postpone until he had become physically a little stronger.

And then there was another curious thing about it all, which too had influenced him in keeping silent. Hawkins, Paul Veniza, Claire and Doctor Crang had each, severally and collectively, been here in this room many times since the robbery and not once in his presence had the affair ever been mentioned! And—oh, what, if it matter! He shrugged his shoulders as though to rid himself of some depressing physical weight. What did anything matter on this wonderful sunny afternoon—save Claire there in her white cool dress, that seemed somehow to typify her own glorious youth and freshness.

How dainty and sweet and alluring she looked! His eyes were no longer contented with stolen glances they had now masterfully, defiant of any restraint, upon the slim figure that was all grace from the trim little ankles to the poise of the shapely head. He felt the blood quicken his pulse. Stronger than it had ever known it before, straining to burst all barriers, demanding expression as a right that would not be denied, his love roe dominant within him, and ——

The tassel he had been twirling dropped from his hand. She had turned suddenly; and across the room her eyes met his, calm, deep and unperturbed at first, but wide the next instant with a startled shyness, and the color sweeping upward from her throat crimsoned her face, and in confusion she turned away her head.

John Bruce was on his feet. He stumbled a little as he took a step forward. His heart was pounding, flinging a red tide into the pallor of his cheeks that illness had claimed as one of its tolls.

"I—I did ont mean to tell you like that," he said huskily. "But I have wanted to tell you for so long—it seems as though I have always wanted to tell you. Claire—I love you."

She did not answer.

He was beside her now—only her head was lowered and averted and he could not look into her face. Her fingers were plucking tremulously at a fold of her dress. He caught her hand between both his own.

"Claire—Claire, I love you!" he whispered.

She disengaged her hand gently; and, still refusing to let him see her face, shook her head slowly.

"I—I—" Her voice was very low. "Oh, don't you know?"

"I know I love you," he answered passionately. "I know that nothing else but that matters."

Again she shook her head.

"I thought perhaps he would have told you. I—, am going to marry Doctor Crang."

John Bruce stepped back involuntarily; and for a moment incredulity and helless amazement held sway in his expression—then his lips tightened in a hurt, half angry way.

"Is that fair to me, Claire—to give me an answer like that?" he said. "I love you. I know it. Isn't true, of course; it couldn't be—but—but it isn't much of a joke either, is it?"

"It is true," she said monotonously.

He leaned suddenly forward, and taking her face between his hands, made her lift her head and look at him. The brown eyes were swimming with tears. The red swept her face in a great wave, and receding, left it deathly pale—and in a frenzy of confusion she wrenched herself free from him and retreated a step.

"My God!" said John Bruce hoarsely. "You—and Doctor Crang! I don't understand! It is monstrous! You can't love that ——" He checked himself, biting his lips. "You can't love Doctor Crang. it is impossible! You dare not stand there and tell me that you do. Answer me, Claire—answer me!"

She seemed to have regained her self-control—or perhaps it was the one defence she knew. The little figure was drawn up, her head held back.

"You have no right to ask me that," she said steadily.

"By—God!" John Bruce echoed almost fiercely. His soul itself seemed suddenly to be in passionate turmoil; it seemed to juggle two figures before his consciousness, contrasting one with the other in most hideous fashion—this woman here whom he loved, who struggled to hold herself bravely, who stood for all that was pure, for all that he reverenced in a woman; and that sallow, evil-faced degenerate, a drug fiend so lost to the shame of his vice that he pricked himself wieth his miserable needle quite as unconcernedly in public as one would smoke a cigarette—and worse—a crook—a thief! Was it a coward's act to tell this girl what the man was whom she proposed to marry? Was it contemptible to pull a rival such as that down from the pedestal which in some fiendish way he must have erected for himself? Surely she did not know the man for what he actually was! She could not know! Right!" he cried out. "For, I have the right—both for your sake and for my own. I have the right my love gives me. Do you know how I came home that first night?"

"Yes," she said with an effort. "You told me. You were in a fight in Katti's place, and were wounded."

He laughed out harshly.

"And I told you the truth — as far as it went," he said. "But do you know how I came to be in this locality after leaving you in that motor car? I followed you. I loved you from the moment I saw you that night. It seems as though I have always loved you—as I always shall love you. That is what gives me the right to speak. And I mean to speak. If it were an honorable man to whom you were to be married it would be quite another matter; but you cannot know what you are doing, you do not know this man as he really is, or what he ——"

"Please! Please stop!" she cried out brokenly. "Nothing you could say would tell me anything I do not already know."

"I am not so sure!" said John Bruce grimly. "Suppose I told you he was a criminal?"

"He is a criminal." Her voice was without inflection.

"Suppose then he were sent to jail—to serre a sentence ."

"I would marry him when he came out," she said. "Oh, please do not say any more! I know far more about him than you do; but—but that has nothing to do with it."

For an instant, motionless, John Bruce scared at Claire; then his hands swept out and caught her wrists in a tight grip and held her prisoner.

"Claire!" His voiced choked. "What does this mean? You do not love him; you say you know he is even a criminal—and yet you are going to marry him! What hold has he got on you? What is it? What damnable trap has he got you in I am going to know, Claire! I will know! And whatever it is, whatever the cause of it, I'll crush it, strangle it, sweep it out of your life at any cost! Tell me, Claire!"

Her face had gone white; she struggled a little to release herself.

"You—you do not know what you are saying. You ——" Her voice broke in a half sob.

"Claire, look at me!" He was pleading now with his soul in his eyes and voice. "Claire, I ——"

"Oh, please let me go!" she cried frantically. "You cannot say anything that will make any difference. I—it only makes it harder." The tears were brimming in her eyes again. "Oh, please let me go—there's somebody coming."

John Bruce's hands dropped to his sides. The door, already half open, was pushed wide, and Hawkins, the old chauffeur, stood on the threshold. And as John Bruce looked in that direction he was suddenly and strangely conscious that somehow for the moment the old man dominated his attention even to the exclusion of Claire. There was something of curious self-effacement, of humbleness in the bent, stooping shouldered figure there, who twisted a shapeless hat awkwardly in his hands; but also something of trouble and deep anxiety in the faded blue eyes as they fixed on the girl and yet without meeting her eyes in return, held upon her as she walked slowly now toward the door.

"Dear old Hawkins," she said softly, and laid her hand for an instant on the other's arm as she passed by him, "you and Mr. Bruce will be able to entertain each other, won't you? I—I'm going upstairs for a little while."

And the old man made no answer; but, turning on the threshold, he watched her, his attitude, it seemed to John Bruce, one of almost pathetic wistfulness, as Claire disappeared from view.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Alfies."

Claire's footsteps, ascending the stairs, died away.

John Bruce returned to his chair. His eyes were still on the chauffeur.

Hawkins was no longer twisting his shapeless hat nervously in his fingers instead, he held it now in one clenched hand, while with the other he closed the door behind him as he stepped forward across the threshold, and with squared shoulders advanced toward John Bruce. And then, quite as suddenly again, as though alarmed at his own temerity the old man paused, and the question on his lips, aggressively enough framed, became irresolute in tone.

"What—what's the matter with Claire?" he stammered. "What's his mean?"

It was a moment before John Bruce answered, while he eyed the other from head to foot. Hawkins was not the least interesting by any means of the queer characters that came and went and centered around this one-time pawn-shop of Paul Veniza; but Hawkins, of them all, was the one he was least able, from what he had seen of the man, to fathom. And yet, somehow, he liked Hawkins.

"That's exactly what I want to know," he said a little brusquely. "And"—he eyed Hawkins once more with cool appraisal—"I think you are the man best able to supply the information."

Hawkins began to fumble with his hat again.

"I—I—why do you say that?" he faltered, a sudden note of what seemed almost trepidation in his voice.

John Bruce shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly it is but a hunch" he said calmly. "But you were the one who was driving that old bus on a certain night—you remember? And you seem to hang around here about as you please. Therefore you must stand in on a fairly intimate basis with the family circle. I'd like to know what hold a rotten crook like Doctor Crang has got on Claire Veniza that she should be willing to marry him, when she doesn't love him. I'd like to know why a girl like Claire Veniza drives alone at night to a gambling hell to ——"

"That's enough!" Hawkins voice rose abruptly, preemptorily. He advanced again threatening on John Bruce. "Don't you dare to say one word against my—against—against her. I'll choke the life out of you, if you do! Who are you, anyways? You are asking a lot of questions. How did you get here in the first place? You answer that! I've always meant to ask you. You answer that—and leave Claire out of it!"

John Bruce whistled softly.

"I can't very well do that," he said quietly, "because it was Claire who brought me here."

"Claire brought you!" The old blue eyes grew very hard and very steady. "That's a lie! She never saw you after you got out at thecorner that night until you came in thru the window here. She didn't tell you where she lived. She didn't invite you here. She's not that kind, and, sick though you may be, I'll not keep my hands off you, if ——"

"Steady, Hawkins—steady!" said John Bruce, his voice as quiet as before. "We seem to possess a common bond. You seem to be pretty fond of Claire. Well, so am I. That ought to make us allies." He held out his hand suddenly to the old man. "I had just asked Claire to marry me when you came to the door."

Hawkins stared from the outstretched hand into John Bruce's eyes, and back again at the outstretched hand. Bewilderment, hesitation, a curious excitement was in his face.

"You asked Claire to marry you?" He swallowed hard. "You—you want to marry Claire? I—why ——"

"Why?" John Bruce echoed helplessly. "Good Lord, Hawkins, you are a queer one! Barring beasts like Crang, why does a man ordinarily ask a woman to marry him? Because he loves her. Well, I love Claire. I loved her from the moment I saw her. I followed her,or rather, that old bus of yours, here that night. And that is how, after that fight at Katti's when I got out back door and into the lane, I crawled over here for sanctuary. I said Claire brought me here. You understand now, don't you? That's how she brought me here—because I loved her that night. But is is because of Crang"—his voice grew hard—"that I am telling you this. I knew her now—and a great deal too much, whether she could ever care for me or not, to see her in the clutches of a crook and her life wrecked by a degenerate cur. And somehow"—his hand was still extended—"I thought you seemed to think enough of her to feel the same way about this marriage—for I imagine you must know about it. Well, Hawkins, where do you stand? There's something rotten here. Are you for Claire, or the dope-eater?"

"Oh, my God!" Hawkins whispered huskily. And then almost blindly he snatched at John Bruce's hand and wrung it hard. "I — I believe you're straight," he choked. "I know you are. I can see it in your eyes. I wouldn't ask anything more in the world for her than a man's honest word. And she ain't going to marry that devil! You understand?" His voice was rising in a curious cracked shrillness. "She ain't! Not while old Hawkins is alive!"

John Bruce drew his brows together in a puzzled way.

"I pass you up, Hawkins" he said slowly. "I can't make you out. But if you mean what you say, and if you trust me ——"

"I'm going to trust you!" There was eagerness, excitement, a tremble in the old man's voice. "I've got to trust you after what you've said. I ain't slept for nights on account of this. It looks like God sent you. You wait! Wait just a second, and I'll show you how much I trust you."

John Bruce straightened up in his chair. Was the old man simply eccratic, or perhaps a little irresponsible—or what? Hawkins had pattered across the floor, had cautiously opened the door, and was now peering with equal caution into the outer room. Apparently satisfied at last he closed the door noiselessly and started back across the room. And then he stopped—suddenly an indefinable remorse at having somehow misjudged the shabby old chauffeur, whose figure seemed to totter now a little as it advanced towards him. Hawkins' face was full of misery, and the dull blue eyes were swimming with tears.

"[illegible] — Hawkins' voice quavered—"to say what I got to [illegible] no one on earth but Paul Veniza knows it; but you've said. And I've got to tell you for Claire's sake, too, because it seems to me there isn't nobody else in [illegible] her the way I am. She's [illegible] little girl. I—I'm [illegible] father."

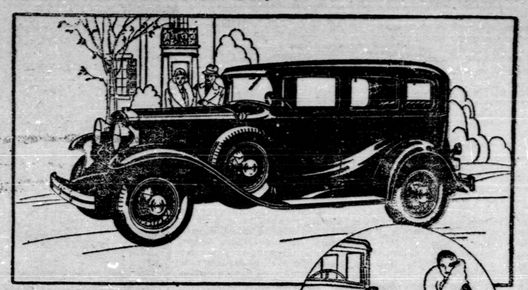
John Bruce stared silently at the other. He could find no words; he could only stare.

"Yes, look at me!" burst out the old man finally, and into his voice there came an infinite bitterness.

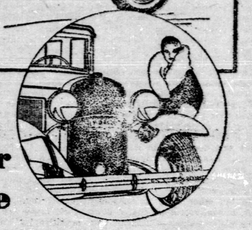
(Continued next week.)

General Motors announces a

NEW CHEVROLET SIX



SPECIAL SEDAN—A de luxe car . . . six wire wheels, two in fender wells, and chrome-plated radiator grille standard equipment.



Bigger . . . Finer Lower in Price

CHEVROLET

TODAY General Motors and Chevrolet are proud to present a new Chevrolet Six. The new car has a lengthened, 109-inch wheelbase . . . beautiful new bodies by Fisher . . . de luxe wire wheels . . . and important mechanical improvements. Yet it sells at new reduced prices . . . the lowest at which any Chevrolet has ever been introduced.

With all its new beauty and added value, no departure has been made from the basic principles of six-cylinder operation and extreme economy which have won 2,000,000 owners to the Chevrolet Six . . . and made Chevrolet the world's largest-selling six-cylinder car.

Bigger—finer—lower in price . . . the new Chevrolet Six is now on display at the showrooms of dealers everywhere. Come and drive this bigger, finer Six today. If you can afford to buy any car . . . the new Chevrolet Six, at its extremely low prices, is easily within your reach.

The GMAC plan of deferred payments offers the lowest financing charges available . . . and the General Motors Owner Service Policy pledges lasting satisfaction.

NEW LOW PRICES

The Standard Roadster	$610	The Standard Five-Window Coupe	$705
The Sport Roadster	640	The Sport Coupe (with Rumble Seat)	745
The Phaeton	653	The Super Sport Roadster	725
The Coach	695	The Standard Sedan	850
The Standard Coupe	695	The Special Sedan	925

Prices at factory, Oshawa. Taxes, freight and spare tire extra.

The NEW CHEVROLET SIX

GENERAL MOTORS

CZ-86

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