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News of the Countryside

From The Record's Correspondents

CHEAPSIDE

Mr and Mrs John Whitehead spent last week with friends at St. William.

Mar. McFarlane, Miss Alice, and Jack and Donald spent the holidays at Mr S. Brittons.

Mr W.A. Johnson spent the past week with his daughter here.

Mr and Mrs. W. H. Hobbs were callers at Dr and Mrs. Shirks on Sunday.

Miss Mary Silby is spending her holidays at the Parsonage.

Mr and Mrs. C. H. McBurney and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lint and family, were callers at Geo. McBurney's on Sunday evening.

Several from here attended the County Orange picnic at Long Point on Wednesday.

Miss Marguarite Armstrong and Miss Edth Winters spent Sunday at Mrs. Metcalfe's.

Dr and Mrs. Sherk received the sad news on Tuesday morning of the sudden passing of their son-in-law, Mr. Ealdman of Queenston. The sympathy of the community is extended the bereaved.

Mr and Mrs. Austin Pond spent Sunday in St. Catharines.

Mrs. M. Kohler and Miss Mae spent last week with Mrs Silverthorn

ROCKFORD

The regular meeting of the L.T.L. will be held next Sunday afternoon at 3. S. No service on Sunday evening as our pastor will be attending conference.

The regular meeting of the W. A. will be held on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Ira Caswell.

Misses Florence Smith and Mary Angus spent Saturday in St. Thomas

Miss Eleanor Jones spent Sunday afternoon with Misses Fannie and Minnie Edwards.

Mr Harry Saunders spent the latter part of the week in Hamilton, attending the funeal of his mother.

Mr and Mrs Fred Grey (nee Jessie Wilson) of Toronto visited for a few days with the latter's mother, Ms. John Wison.

Mrs. Martin Anderson visited part of last week at her son's Mr Murray Andersons'.

Mr and Mrs. Wibert Howard, Messrs. Wm. and Gordon Howard and Mr and Mrs. Harry Paskins visited at Mr and Mrs. Edward Howards on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Walter Prisk of Detroit visited during the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Miller.

Mr and Mrs. Smith of Simcoe spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs. Arthur Flowerday.

Mr and Mrs. Floyd Lefler visited on Sunday evening with Mr and Mrs Allen Phillips.

Mr and Mrs. Will Edwards, Hagersville visited Mr and Mrs. Geo. Edwards on Sunday.

HAGERSVILLE

The annual meeting of the Hagersville branch of the W. I. was held at the home of Mrs Robert Nichol, King St., East, with a fair attendanc

Mrs. Ernest Buckley presided over the election of officers whihc were as Pres. Miss. Annie Hind; 1st Vice. Mrs. A. Beckerson. 2nd Vice Mrs. Ernest Buckley.s Sec. Treas. Mrs Bert Brooks. Ass. S.-T. Mrs. J. Bone Directors: Mrs. H. Keifer, Mrs Melborne Sheldrick, Mrs. C. Sutor, Mr W. Mason, and Mrs. Mrs. E. Hind. Home and School Com. Mrs. L. Bean Mrs. F. Ket:, Mrs. W. McRa. and Mrs. F. Winger.

Flower Com. Misses Etta Kelly and Ada Risdill

Press Cor. Mrs. Andy Laillaw. Dis. Dir. Mrs. A. Beckerson. Representatives to Annual district meeting Mrs J. Dixon, Mrs. Isaac Rank, Mrs. R. Seater, Mrs. E. Buckley, and Miss Annie Hind.

Pianist Mrs. Harvey Clark.

The summer meeting held in the United Church on May 22 was argely attended. Members of the Nelles Corners branch were entertained as guests. Miss Emily Guest, M.A. of Toronto was the special speaker.

Mr and Mrs. John Hoover have returned from a visit with relatives in Detroit.

Mr and Mrs. Orvil Sherwood of Niagara Falls were guests of Mr and Mrs William Edwards over the week end.

Mrs Canary of Chatham is spending some time with her sister, Miss Mary Ann Keys.

Mrs. S. W. Howard is in the Hamilton Hospital undergoing treatment.

Mr and Mrs. William Lampman are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter on the 18th of May.

The Hagersville ball team played a schedule game with Selkirk on Thursday afternoon, winning by a score of 19—8. The next game will be with Fisherville on local diamond on June 3rd.

The local W. I. presented a new Union Jack to the Public School on Thursday afternoon. A public ceremony was held and was largely attended by the citizens.

Mr and Mrs Orvil Beckerson, and daughter Edna spent a day at Port Rowan, and Long Point recently.

Harvey Webb and Stuart Fenwick spent the week-end with relatives in Detroit.

Cutworms

Almost every spring cutworms do considerable damage to corn, cabbage tomatoes, tobacco and some other crops by cutting them off at the ground. The insects work at night and hide by day just beneath the surface of the soil or under rubbish or any good covering. They are stout smooth caterpillars and when at rest are usually curled up into a circle.

To control them use a poison bait. There are several formulae for this but the following is about as good as any:.

Paris Green or fine white mn 85 lbs. Bran, 1 lb. Paris green or fine white arsenic, 1 qt. cheap molasses., Water enough to moisten, about 3 gals.

Mix the bran and Paris green thoroughly until the green can be seen everywhere through the bran. Add the molasses to the water, stir then pour the sweetened liquid over the poisond bran and mix until all is moistened and will fall slm-ost like sawdust through the fingers.

If the plants have been set out and are being attacked, drop a small quantity of the bait—one-quarter of a teaspoonful—along side each plant Do this late in the evening so that it will be fresh when the cutworms begin to feed. If the plants have not yet been set out and cutworms are known to be in the soil, prepare the ground well and then an evening or two before setting out the plants scatter the bait thinly, as one would do in sowing grain, over the plot or field. The cutworms will feed upon this and be killed before they can do any damage.

One application is usually sufficient to control any ordinary outbreak.

CAUTION—Do not inhale the dust from the poison when mixing. and beware that cattle or other domestic animals do not get access to the bait.

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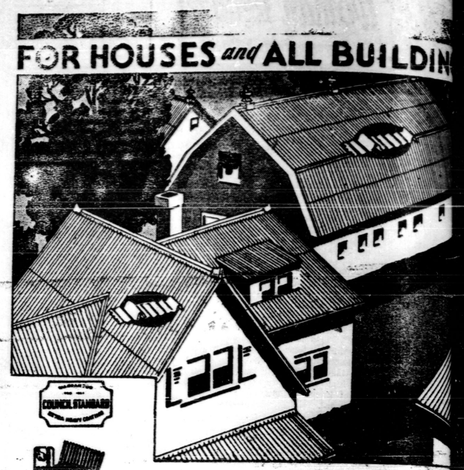

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To the durability of galvanized iron Colored Rib-Roll adds the beauty and appeal of color, as applied by our own special process. It cannot warp, shrink, peel, or curl or bulge. It is *permanent*.

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3. Do not cut in closely ahead of the car you have just passed.
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5. Be considerate of your passengers. In the event of a turn they invariably endeavor more uncomfortable than the driver.

COMMON SENSE

1. Drive at speeds in keeping with safety of others and will your neighbours as a driver. Bear that in crowded traffic or on curves or bad roads.
2. Keep on the right side of the road except when passing.
3. Never pass on blind curves or hilltops, approaching street or R.R. Always be sure there is ample time to pass safely.
4. Obey all traffic signals, stop at stop signs, signal your intentions to others, and only when you do so.
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PAWNED

Continued from last week

to appear. That gave Crang the clew, and he worked at it until he had brought out the message, and then he cut off the bottom before delivering the letter to Larmon, and

John Bruce stopped. Claire's face was buried in the cushions, and huddled in the corner of the car, she was sobbing bitterly.

"Don't! Don't cry, Claire!" John Bruce whispered, and laid his hand over hers where it crushed the letter in her lap.

"I believed it," she said. "I did you that wrong. There is no forgiveness for such meanness of soul as that."

"No," John Bruce answered gently, because there is nothing to forgive. It was only another piece of that miserable hound's cunning that tricked us both. I did not appreciate what he was after in that reference to you. I thought he was only trying to make the letter bullet-proof in its plausibility for Larmon's benefit—fitfully, "there is no forgiveness — because I thought that he would show it to you."

She had not drawn her hand away and for a moment there was silence between them.

"Claire," John Bruce said in a low voice, "the night I left your house you said that rather than regretting your promise to marry Crang, you had come to be glad you had made it. Can you still say that?"

She lifted her face now, tear-stained, the brown eyes strangely radiant through the wet lashes.

"Yes" she said. "I am glad. So glad—because I know now that it was worth it all so many, many times over".

"Claire"—his voice was lower still —"I left your house that night, angry, jealous, misjudging you because you had said that. You asked for forgiveness a minute ago when there was nothing to forgive; I asked for forgiveness from you after that night, but even then I did not know how far beyond the right to forgiveness I had gone."

She stared at him in a startled way.

"What—what do you mean " she breathed.

And now John Bruce's face was a light.

"You have confessed your love, Claire!" he cried passionately. "It was not fair perhaps but I am past all that now—and you would not have confessed it in any other way. Glad! I was a stranger that night when you bought my life—and tonight you are glad, not because my life is new or ever could be worth such a sacrifice as yours but because love has come to make you think so, sweetheart, and you care—you care for me."

"You know!" her face was deathly white. "You know about—about that night?" she faltered.

John Bruce had both her hands imprisoned now.

"Yes; I know!" He laughed with a strange buoyancy; passion, triumph, were vibrant in his voice."Did Crang not tell you how near to death he came today? I choked the truth out of him. Yes; I know! I know that it was to save my life you made that promise, that you sold everything you held dear in life for me—but it is over now!"

He was beside her. He raised her two hands to draw her arms around his neck.

She struggled back.

"No, no!" she kried wildly. "Oh, you must not—you must not!"

"Must not!" His voice rang his challenge to the world. The blood was pounding in mad abandon thru his veins. His soul itself seemed a flame. Closer, closer he drew her to him. "Must not! There is only you and me—and our love—on all the earth!"

But still she struggled—and then suddenly the tears came.

"Oh, you are so strong—so strong she sobbed—and like some weary child finding rest her head dropped upon his shoulder and lay hidden there.

"Claire! Claire!" It was his soul that spoke.

He kissed the silken hair, and fondled it; and kissed the tear-wet eyes and his cheek lay against hers; and she was in his arms, and he held her there tight-clasped so that she might never go again.

And after a time she sobbed no more; and her hand, lifting, found his face and touched it gently and creeping upward, brushed the hair back from his forehead— and then suddenly she clung to him with all her strength and drew his head down until her lips met his.

And there was no world about them, and time was non-existent, and only they two lived.

It was Claire at last who put his arms from her in a wistful, lingering way.

"We have been mad for a little while," she whispered. "Take me back home now. John—and—good-bye must never try to see me again."

And something seemed to grow chill and cold within John Bruce's heart.

"Not that, Claire!" he cried out. "You do not mean that—that after this, you will go on with—with tomorrow morning!"

A brave little effort at a smile quivered on her lips.

"We have had our hour, John" she said; "yours and mine. It can never be taken from us, and I shall live in it all my life; but it is over now. Yes; I shall go through with it tomorrow morning. There is no other way. I must keep my promise.

"No!" he cried out again. "It shall never be! Claire, you cannot mean what you are saying! A promise like that! It was forced upon you inhumanly horribly. He would have murdered me."

"But tonight you are alive" she answered quietly.

"Alive! Yes!" he said fiercely. "I am alive and ——"

"It is because you are alive that I promised" she broke in gently."He kept his word. I cannot break mine."

"Alive!" John Bruce laughed now in sudden bitter agony. "Alive—yes! And do you think that I can walk about the streets; and talk; and smile; and suck the honey out of life while you have paid for it with a tortured soul? Claire, you shall not! That man is— No, wait! There is myself. He called me a snivelling hypocrite. You shall know the worst of me before you know the worst of him. There is not much to tell—because he has told you. I am a gambler. All my life I've gambled. As far back as I can remember I've been a rolling stone. My life has been useless, utterly worthless. But I was never ashamed of it; I never saw any reason to be ashamed until you came into my life. It hasn't been the same since then—and it will never be the same again. You have given me something to live for now, Claire."

She shook her head.

"You do not argue well" she said softly. "If I have brought this to you, John, I am so glad—so glad for this' too. Oh I cannot tell how glad I am, for, because I loved you, the knowledge of what your life was hurt me. But I had faith in you, John, as I always shall have. You don't—you see"—the brave little smile came again—"that this is a reward, something tangible and good to make still more worth while the promise that I made?"

He stared at her. He swept his hand across his eyes. She seemed—she seemed to be slipping away from him — beyond — beyond his reach.

"That man!" he said desperately "You said you knew him—but you do not know him. He is the head and front and brains of a gang of crooks. I know. He held me a prisoner in their dirty lair, a hidden place, a cellar over in the slums—like rats they were. He is a criminal, and a dangerous one—while he manoeuvrades with his medicine. God alone knows the crimes, if there are any, that he has not committed. He is a foul, unclean and filthy thing, debauched and dissolute, a moral leper. Claire, do you understand all this—that his life is pollution and defilement, that love to him is lust, that your innocence——"

With a broken, piteous cry, Claire stopped him.

And again he stared at her. She did not speak, but in her eyes he read the torment of a far greater and fuller appreciation of the price than he, he knew, though it turned his soul sick within him, could ever have.

And suddenly he covered his face with his hands.

"Bought!" he said brokenly in his agony. "Oh, my God, this has bought me!"

He felt his hands drawn away, and her two palms laid upon his cheeks. He looked at her. How white she was!

"Help me, John" she said steadily. "Don't—don't make it harder."

She reached out and touched the bell button beside the seat. In a subconscious way he remembered that was the signal for Hawkins to bring the travelling pawn-shop to the end of its circuit around the block in its old-timer trips to Persia. He made no effort to stop her. There was something of ultimate finality in her face and eyes that answered before it was uttered, the question that stumbled on his lips.

"Claire! Claire!" he pleaded wildly. "Will nothing change you "

"There is no other way" she said.

He stretched out his arms to draw her to him again, to lay her head once more upon his shoulder—but now she held him back.

"No!" she whispered. "Be merciful now, John—my strength is almost gone."

And there was something in her voice that held him from the act.

The car stopped.

And then, as the door was opened and she stood up, suddenly she leaned swiftly forward and pressed her lips to his—and springing from the car, was gone.

John Bruce grope his way out of the car. Across the sidewalk the door of Paul Venizx's house closed. Hawkins, standing by the car door, clutched at his arm. And Hawkins' hand was trembling violently. Slowly his eye met Hawkins'.

He shook his head.

The old lined face seemed to grey even in the murky light of a distant street lamp.

"I'd rather see her dead" said the old cab driver brokenly.

John Bruce made no answer.

Then Hawkins, gulping his words, spoke again:

"I—where'll I drive you?"

John Bruce started blindly on past Hawkins down the street. "Nowhere" he said.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Through the Night."

A gaunt and haggard figure stalked through the night; around him only shuttered windows, darkened houses and deserted streets. The pavements rang hollow to the impact of his boot-heels. Where the way lay open he went. But always he skirted, guilted incessantly, without pause, hurrying—hurrying.

There came a raw, biting chill in the air, till his hands, ungloved, so that evening at his side, were blue with cold. But sweat in great beads stood out upon his forehead. At times his lips moved and he spoke aloud. It was a hoarse sound.

"Or him!" he said. "Or him!"

On! Always on! There was no rest. It was conscious. The grey came into the east.

And then at last the figure halted.

There was a large window with wire grating and a light burned within. In the window was a plate mirror and a time-piece. It was a jeweler's window.

The man looked at the time-piece. It was five o'clock. He looked at the mirror. It reflected the face of a young man grown old. The eyes burned deep in their sockets; the lines were hard, without softness; the skin was tightly drawn across the cheek bones, and was colorless. And he stared at the face, stared for a time without recognition. And then as he smiled and the face in the mirror smiled with him in a distorted movement of the lips, he swept his hand across his eyes.

"John Bruce," he said.

It seemed to arouse him from some mental absorption in which his physical entity had been lost. It was five o'clock and he was John Bruce. At eleven o'clock—or was it twelve?—last night he had left Hawkins standing by the door of the travelling pawn-shop, and since then—

He stared around him. He was somewhere downtown. He did not know where. He began to walk in an uptown direction.

Something had been born in those hours. Something cataclysmic. What was it?

"Or him!" The words came again aloud— without apparent volition.

What did that mean? It had something to do with Hawkins; with what Hawkins had said, standing there by the travelling pawn-shop. What was it Hawkins had said? Yes—he remembered: "I'd rather see her dead."

"Or him!"

Then cold judicial precision now the hours spoken about to him.

"Or him!"

He was going to kill Crang.

The horror of mental anguish of torment through which he had passed, gave way as the cold of some rock upon which the sea had beat. Of a force. They had come back vividly, now, every minute in that living eternity. His soul had shrunk back aghast at first, and called it murder, or, if it was, it was justifiable. It was the line of a foul viper on Claire's. It was the foul viper on a clean thing that must be crushed all decency, that the horrible challenge at every raw, both human and divine—or the use of power, clean soul made the plaything of this beast, and dragged into a mire of unutterable abomination to suffocate and strangle in its noxious surroundings and die.

And that soul was in jeopardy because at this moment he, John Bruce, had the power of movement in his limbs, the sense of sight, the ability to stretch out his hand and lift it to touch that lamp-post there, and, if he would, to speak aloud and designate that object for what it was—a lamp-post. She had bought him these things with her life. Should she die—and he live?

And he remembered back through those hours since midnight when his soul had still faltered before the taking of human life, how it had sought some other way, some alternative—and had failed and fallen at times for Crang. There was enough, more than enough now with the evidence of Crang's double life, to convict the man for the robbery of that safe. But Claire had answered that in the long ago: "I will marry him when Crang is out." Or, then, to get Crang away again like this afternoon—my yesterday afternoon. It was this morning, in a few hours, that they were to be married. There was no time left in which to attempt anything like that; but ——if there were, he knew now, that it Claire would wait. Crang would come back.

He was going to kill Crang.

If he didn't, Crang would kill him. He knew that, too. But his decision was not actuated, or even swayed, by any consideration of self preservation. He had no thought of his safety. That was already settled. With his decision was irrevocably coupled the forfeiting of his own life. Not his own life! It belonged to Claire. Claire had bought it. He was only giving back that the abysmal price she had agreed to pay should not be extorted from her. Once he had accomplished his purpose, he would give himself up to the police

He was going to kill Crang.

That was what had been born out of the travail of those hours of the night. But there were other things to do first. He walked briefly now. The decision in itself no longer occupied his thoughts. The decision was absolute: it was final. It was those "other things" that he must consider now. There was Larmon. He could not tell Larmon what he, John Bruce, was going to do.

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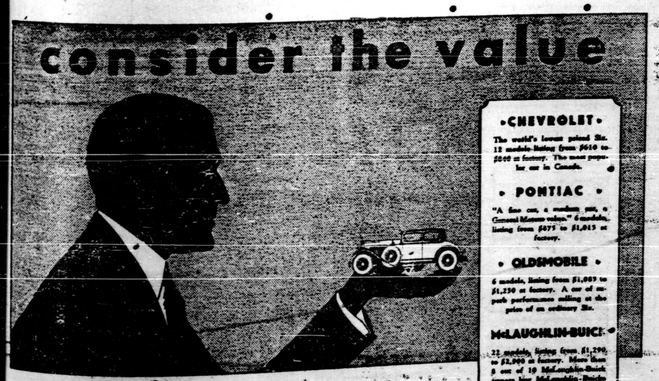

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FRIDAY, JUNE 5th, 1931

for

1. Supplying crushed stone and screenings, F.O.B. trucks or railway cars, at quarries.
2. Supplying and delivering crushed gravel, ¾" and under, on County Roads.
3. Hauling and spreading crushstone and screenings on County Roads.
4. Supplying and applying tar or asphalt (including application of stone chips) on approximately five miles of County Road.
5. Supplying and delivering crushed stone and screenings on County Roads.

Specifications may be seen and forms for tendering obtained at the office of the County Road Superintendent, D. W. McBurney, Hagersville, Ont. or from Thomas Jepson, Warden of County, Hagersville, Ont.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

County Clerk, Caledonia, Ont.
Harrison Arrell, K.C.,