Gyproc *Says*
"KEEP OUT"
to
Fire, Draughts, Rodents

GYPROC Wallboard that *does not burn* is the way of least expense when you desire to make alterations in your home, store, factory or on the farm. Use it for all walls, ceilings and partitions.

Gyproc is made from gypsum rock into sheets 4 to 10 feet long, 4 feet wide and ⅜ of an inch thick. It nails and cuts as easily as lumber with a minimum of waste or muss.

Gyproc is fire-resistant, easily and quickly erected, structurally strong and has insulation value. It is draught and vermin-proof as well as fire-safe.

Because it is ivory-coloured, it does not require decoration (when panelled) yet it is also a suitable base for Alabastine, Gyptex or wallpaper.

Consult your nearest dealer to-day. He will gladly supply you with a direction sheet on Gyproc. Or write for the interesting, free booklet, "Building and Remodelling with GYPROC". 373

GYPSUM, LIME and ALABASTINE, CANADA, LIMITED
Paris Ontario

The NEW IVORY
GYPROC
Fireproof Wallboard

For Sale By
W. J. Bailey - - Jarvis, Ont.
L. Hoover - - Selkirk, Ont.

GLASSCO'S
Your **FURS** Should be In
STORAGE Right Now

Particularly in GLASSCO'S BELOW FREEZING Vaults, where they receive the best protection possible, and are insured against loss by Fire, Moth and Theft—where you know they will be safe

Let us Remodel or Repair your coat NOW at our Special Summer Prices

We pay express charges on coats coming in to us for storage.

G. F. GLASSCO & CO., LIMITED
28 KING ST. EAST HAMILTON, ONT.
Opposite Gore Park — Established 1840

News of the Countryside
From The Record's Our Correspondents

RENTON

The recent rains have made things in general look good.

Road work in this vicinity is in full swing.

Mr and Mrs. George Secord of Detroit, Miss Eva M. Secord of Hamilton and their father, Mr D. K. Secord spent last week up north, fishing and visiting with Mr W. C. Burch of Cayerol. They went by way of Toronto, North Bay, Sudbury to Caperol, then by train to Laforest, up the river to the fishing grounds in a chain of lakes, where there is nothing but rocks, water and bush.

Mr and Mrs. Geo. Fisher of Toronto, Mr and Mrs. Geo. E. Secord and Mrs. C Erston of Detroit were visitors with Mr and Mrs D Secord at East Lynn Farm a few days ago.

Mr and Mrs. John Ford and son of Toronto spent the week-end with Mr and Mrs. Chas. Bennett.

Mr and Mrs. Geo Potts were at the 57th wedding anniversary of Mr and Mrs D. F. Myers at their home in Woodhouse.

Mrs. Willie Ross of Hamilton was visiting parents Mr and Mrs. W. D. Pence in Woodhouse recently.

VARENCY

Mr L. Marc of Marburg was a visitor in this vicinity on Monday.

Mr and Mrs. J. Gilbertson of Simcoe spent Monday with Mr and Mrs H. E. Miller.

Mr and Mrs. W. Gieling and family and Mr Lorne Parkinson of Toronto were guests at the home of Mr. R. C. Parkinson on Sunday.

Misses Doris, Jean and Peggy Ionson spent Wednesday of last week with their cousins, Misses Kathleen and Mae McIlwain.

Mr and Mrs. H. K Saunders and Miss Evelyn spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs J. Bannister, Port Dover.

Mrs. Wray Doughty of Simcoe visited Mrs. R. A. Miller on Monday of this week.

Across Canada

Port Arthur, June 8—After successfully completing 2,000 miles of the most hazardous and trying stretch of a4,000 mile trans-Canada auto ventura, the Nova-Columbia, which left Halifax bound for Vancouver last September, will now be held over at Fort William until winter temperatures make possible continuation of the pioneer journey by freezing over the Kenora Lake and Muskeg district.

This decision has been reached by the drivers, Charles McKenzie and Gus McManus. From their long experience in the North Country, they consider it impossible to push on further west at this time of year because of the miles of swamp land that must yet be covered before reaching Winnipeg.

Most of next winter will be devoted to travel through thick bush and muskeg country, and it will probably not be until the summer of 1932 that the car can proceed over better trails to the Rocky Mountain district and into Vanvouver.

An effort to penetrate the Northwestern Ontario region, where small lakes are confrounted at intervals of a mile or less, and trails must be blazed through swamp land and bush would be unavailing at this season of the year, according to McManus. This, the drivers of the Nova-Columbia discovered whtn they made no encouraging advance from Itkarat, Ontario, last fall, and were forced to wait until the winter freeze-up to push on to Lake Nipigon thence across its 72-mile surface of ice and snow into Hydro, where they recently came upon the first roa din nine months of dogged travel. At times during the trip, impenetrable barrier of trees and bog were met with, and the railway right-of-way had to be used.

In spite of the strain placed upon the McLaughlin-Buick roadster in its strenuous travel since last fall, only minor repairs have been found necessary at this time, although a complete inspection and overhaul will be given the car at Fort William before resumption of the journey. It is felt that the auto is fully capable of withstanding the treatment it will get undergo in this two-year effort to cross Canada by motor car.

The 'Nova-Columbia' is a stock model car and has no extra equipment, outside of skis, to aid in the forbidding country it is traversing. It has made the whole of the trip from Halifax under its own power. The outstanding achievement of the journey to date has been the 72-mile crossing of Lake Nipigon. This was accomplished after skis were used to replace the front wheels of the McLaughlin Buick roadster. At times however, clush ice impeded travel and headway was made with tremendous effort. While halted in the centre of the lake because of the obstacle slush and deep snow presented, there was the ever-present danger of sudden thaw, compelling abandonment of the car by its crew and a hasty tramp of many miles to shore and safety.

It was on September 8th, 1930 that the 'Nova-Columbia' with its rear wheels touching the waters of the Atlantic, started out to cross the Continent by an all-Canadian route. No other automobile has ever made a similar trip.

FALLS—
DEPARTMENT STORE
LIMITED — SIMCOE

DRESSES
Just When You'll Appreciate It Most
Largest Purchase of
Summer Dresses
In Our History

Hundreds and hundreds of Summer Frocks made to our order. In scores and scores of styles for every summer occasion.

For Juniors, Misses, Women and Larger Women

There are fashions for promenading at the shore, Sports, Afternoon Teas, Garden Parties, Formal Dances, for Street Wear, Travelling and Office Wear

Never have we had a display of such wide scope—and never such smart dresses for so little.

Prices begin at $1.95 and scale up to $3.50 $4.95, $7.50, $8.50, $10.50, $12.50, $15.00, $16.50, $18.50 and a few exclusive models at $20.00 to $35.00

MORNING FROCKS
In gay, pretty styles. Exceptional at 59c, 98c, $1.19, $1.25, $1.59 and $1.95

Amazing Savings on
HOSIERY
Of Quality

For the varied activities of the smart women's day, try this number, 3760 Pure Silk in a light service weight, full fashioned, neither too sheer nor too heavy, but just the right weight. Newest shades. Sizes 8½ to 10. Price 95c pair.

No. 3780—Chiffon, full fashioned, have the narrow French heel and cradle foot. All good colors. Size 8½ to 10. Price ..... 95c pair

No. 3545—Rayon Silk, cotton top which gives you good vent; panel heel; eight shades to choose from; size 8½ to 10. Price TWO pairs for 95c

No. 3100—Women's Cotton Hose. At a glance you will appreciate its colorings. At a touch you are impressed with its fine texture. WORTH MORE MONEY. Four good colors to choose fr m. Sizes 8½ to 10. Price ..... 19c pair

Children's Lisle and Silk, 1-4 length in plain colors, ribbed tops; sand, yellow, sky, romper blue, white, pink, mauve, green. Size 4 to 8½. Unusual at the price ..... Pair 29c

A July line of socks for the kiddies. Ankle length; white with fancy cuffs; sand with fancy cuffs. Sizes 6 to 8½. Real quality sox. Pair 29c

Falls' Department Store Limited, Simcoe

NEW BARBER SHOP
Talbot street East

Asks for a Share of Your Patronage.

THANK YOU—
CALL AGAIN

J. B. McMILLAN

SAFE DRIVING
will save money

A new plan of Automobile Insurance, sponsored by two Canadian companies, provides *reduced premium rates based on the individual merit of drivers.*

10% REDUCTION for two years driving without accident.
15% REDUCTION for three years driving without accident.
20% REDUCTION for four years driving without accident.

Discount applicable to Public Liability, Property Damage and Collision Premiums.

Human Life Is In Your Hands

Our merit rating policy is offered with a sincere desire to encourage careful driving and to foster a keen regard for life and property. Remember, it's the man at the wheel that counts—in his hands lies the safety of children, pedestrians and passengers.

The need for safety is imperative. Life and property are being sacrificed unnecessarily by careless and thoughtless drivers. Do your part. Help in the crusade for saner and safer driving. Talk, think and practise safety.

The SAFE DRIVER Comes Into His Own

Our merit rating policy rewards every safe and sane driver for his *care, courtesy and common sense.* He is no longer classed with reckless motorists. Instead, his premium rates are adjusted in accordance with his personal record of careful driving.

Under the New Financial Responsibility Law, no matter how careful you may be, you need the complete protection of our Automobile Policy.

CARE
1. Watch children—Slow down!—Sound horn!
2. Look out for pedestrians near street cars.
3. Read and observe all warning signs, especially at railway crossings.
4. Do not stop or park on highways, especially on curves or near the crest of hill.
5. Keep your car in good mechanical condition, especially brakes, steering, tires, lights and horn. Install a small light on your rear bumper so your car is perceived at least twice a year.

COURTESY
1. Do not crowd along a line of cars, keep your distance, giving traffic right of way.
2. Do not cut in ahead of others in a line of cars.
3. Do not cut in closely ahead of the car you have just passed.
4. Be considerate of all others on the highways. Don't be selfish or obstinate.
5. Be considerate of your passengers, in the event of crash they invariably receive more serious injuries than the driver.

COMMON SENSE
1. Drive at speeds in keeping with safety of others and with your own ability as a driver—avoid fast in crowded traffic or on curves or bad roads.
2. Keep on the right side of the road except when passing.
3. Slow down at the approach of when passing crest of hill. Always be sure there is ample clearance.
4. Obey all traffic signals, stop at through streets and highways, go through all intersections slowly and only when way is clear.
5. Give clear signals before turning or stopping in traffic.

"It's the man at the wheel that counts"

If you can qualify for this policy, see us today. Full details furnished gladly on request.

GEO. L. MILLER
Main St. Jarvis

CANADIAN GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY ◀ AGENT FOR ▶ TORONTO GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY

THE JARVIS RECORD

Published every Thursday morning at office in The Record Building, Main Street, Jarvis, Ontario.

THE RECORD PUBLISHING HOUSE — Proprietors

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Arrell & Arrell
HAMILTON—Sun Life Building
CALEDONIA—Rogers Block
HARRISON ARRELL, K.C.
County Crown Attorney
S. Cameron Arrell

Kelly, Porter & Kelly
SIMCOE, ONTARIO.
Solicitors for Norfolk County Council
DAVID E. KELLY
K.C., Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
D. E. Kelly, K.C. J. Porter
County Crown Attorney County Treas.
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates

PHYSICIANS

J. J. Leatherdale, M.D.
OFFICE HOURS
9 to 12 a.m. 2 to 5 p.m.
7 to 9 p.m.
JARVIS ONTARIO

DR. E. M. JONES
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Hours:— 9 to 10 a.m.
2 to 4 p.m.
PHONE 7 4
OFFICE—MAIN STREET, JARVIS

DENTISTS

Dr. R. G. Hyde
DENTIST
Office Hours:—9 to 12 a.m; 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.
Office above Shildrick,s Hardware
Phone 121
MAIN ST. HAGERSVILLE, ONT.

SERVICE

We pay the return charges on all mail orders.

Returned 24 hours after receipt of garments for cleaning.

BENNETT
CLEANERS & DYERS
12 Robinson St., Simcoe

PAWNED
Continued from last week

but he must warn Larmon to be on his guard against any past or present connection with John Bruce coming to light. Fortunately Larmon had come to New York and registered as Peters. He must make Larmon understand that Larmon and John Bruce had never met, even if he could not give Larmon any specific reason or explanation. Larmon would probably refuse at first and attribute it as an attempt to break, for some ulterior reason, the bond they had signed together that night on the bench at Apia.

John Bruce smiled gravely. The bond would be broken in any case. Faustus was at the end of his play. A few months in prison, an electric chair—how apt had been his whistling of that aria in his youth! Youth! Yes, he was old now; he had been young that night on the beach at Apia.

He took off his hat and let the sharp air sweep his head. He must think clearly. All this did not express what he meant. There was Larmon's safety. He must—that! Yes, he must see to it, first of all, that Larmon could not be implicated, aid by law as an accomplice through foreknowledge of what was to happen; then, almost as great in importance for Larmon's sake, the future, the intimacy between them their business relations of the past, must never be subjected to the probe of the trial that was to come.

cried out aloud in sudden agony of soul. It was to save his life that John Bruce nodded his head sharply. Yes, that was better. But there was still something else—that bond. He knew tonight, even if prison walls and a death penalty were to be about to nullify that bond, Larmon effectively than either he or Larmon ever could, that the one thing he wanted now, while yet he was a free agent, while yet it was not arbitrarily his choice, was to cancel that agreement which was so typical of what his life up to the present time had always stood for; and make cancellation for what little time was left, to have it typify, instead, a finer manhood. The future, promonitive, grim in its promise, seemed to hold up before him as in a mirror where no lines were softened, where only the blunt, brutal truth was reflected, the waste and worthlessness of the past. He had no wish to evade it, or temporize with it, or seek to palliate it. He knew only the pain and bitter remorse only the desire now to end, in so far as the could, to face death as a changed man.

He walked on and on. He was getting into the uptown section now. How many miles he must have covered since he had left Hawkins and stood the door of the one-time pawn-shop had closed on that little bare-headed figure with the loose cloak clutched about her throat—the woman he had had of Claire! How many miles. He did not know. It must have been many, many. But he felt no weariness. It was strange! It was as though his vitality and energy flowed into him from some wholly extraneous source; and as though physically he were non-existent.

He wondered what Larmon were say Larmon alone had the right to know the bond. What was the way it had been written. Would Larmon refuse? He hoped not, because he wanted to part with Larmon as a friend. He hoped not, though in the final analysis in a practical way, Larmon's refusal must be so futile a thing. Would Larmon laugh at him, and, not knowing, call him a fool? He shook his head. He did not know. At least Larmon would not be surprised. The conversation of last evening—

John Bruce looked up. He was at the entrance to the Bayne-Jillson. He entered, nodded mechanically to the night clerk, stepped to the elevator, and went up to his room. There was his resolve to be free. Afterward he would go down to Larmon's room. Somehow, even in the face of that other thing which he was to do, this interview which was to come with Larmon obsessed him. It seemed to signify some vital line of demarcation between the old and the new.

The new! He smiled grimly, with cynic mirth, as, entering his room, he switched on the light, stepped quickly to his desk, pulled open a drawer and took out his revolver. The new! There would be very little of the new! He laughed now in a low, raucous way, as he slipped the weapon into his pocket. The new! A few weeks, a few months of a prison cell, and then——. His laugh died away, and a half startled, half perplexed look settled on his face. For the first time he noticed that a letter, most obviously placed to attract his attention, lay on the center of the desk pad. Strange, he had not seen it instantly!

He stared at it now. It was a plain envelope, unstamped, and addressed to him. The writing was familiar too! Larmon's! He picked it up, opened it—and from the folds of the letter, as he drew it from the envelope, four torn pieces of paper fluttered to the desk. And for a long time, in a dazed way, he gazed at them. The letter dropped from his hand. Then mechanically he pieced the four scraps together. It was one of the leaves torn from Larmon's notebook that night in Apia—and here was the heavy scrawl where he, John Bruce, had signed with the quill toothpick. It was Larmon's copy of the bond.

And again for a long time he stared at it, then he picked up the letter again. He read it slowly, for somehow his brain seemed only able to absorb the words in a stunned way. Then he read it again:

11 P.M.

Dear Bruce:—

Something has come into your life that was not there on a night you will remember in the South Seas, and I know of no other way to repay you for what you did for me today than to hand you this. I knew from what you said tonight, or, rather perhaps, from what you did not say, that this was in your heart. And if I were young again, and the love of a good woman had come to me, I too should try—and fail, I fear, where you will succeed—to play a man's part in life.

And so I bid you good-bye, for when you read this I shall be on my way back West. What I lose another will gain. Amongst even my friends are men of honorable callings and wide interests who need a John Bruce. You will hear from one of them. Godspeed to you, for you are too good and clean a man to end your days as I shall end mine—a gambler.

Yours,
GILBERT LARMON.

The love of a good woman—and young again! John Bruce's face was white. A thousand conflicting emotions seemed to surge upon him. There was something fine and big in what Larmon had done, like the Larmon whose real self he had come to glimpse for the first time last night; and something that was almost ghastly in the unconscious irony that lay behind it all. And for a little while he stood there motionless, holding the letter in his hand; then with a quick, abrupt return to action he began to tear the letter into little shreds, and from his pocket he took his own copy of the bond and tore that up, and the four pieces of Larmon's copy he tore into smaller fragments and gathering these all up in his hands, he walked to the window and let them flutter out into the night.

The way was clear. There was nothing to connect Gilbert Larmon with the man who to-morrow—no today!—would be in the hands of the police charged with murder. Nothing to bring to light Larmon's intimate affairs, for nothing bearing Larmon's signature had ever been kept; it was always destroyed. Larmon was safe—for, at least, they could never make John Bruce talk.

There was a strange relief upon him, a strange uplift; not only for Larmon's sake, but for his own. The thing that had bound him to the past was gone, broken, dissolved. It was free—free for the little time that was left he stood free—to make a fresh start in the narrow confines of a prison cell. He smiled grim. There was no irony here where—come at—irony. It meant every thing—all. It was the only atonement he could make.

He switched off the light, left the room and went down to the desk. There he consulted the directory. He requested the clerk to procure a taxi for him.

Minutes after six by the clock over the desk.

He entered the taxi and gave the chauffeur the address. He was unconscious of emotion now. He knew only a cold, fixed, merciless purpose.

He was going to kill Crang.

The taxi stopped in front of a frame house that bore a dirty brass name-plate. He dismissed the taxi, and mounted the steps. His right hand was in the pocket of his coat. He rang the bell, and obtaining no response rang again—and after that insistently.

The door was finally opened by an old woman, evidently aroused from bed, for she clutched tightly at a dressing gown that was flung around her shoulders.

"I want to see Doctor Crang," said John Bruce.

She shook her head.

"The doctor isn't in" she answered.

"I will wait for him" said John Bruce.

Again she shook her head.

"I don't know when he will be back. He hasn't been here since yesterday morning."

"I will wait for him, said John Bruce monotonously.

"But——— "

John Bruce brushed his way past her into the hall.

"I will wait for him" he repeated.

A door was open off the hallway. John Bruce looked in. It was obviously Crang's office. He went in and sat down by the window.

The woman stood for a long time in the doorway watching him. Finally she went away.

John Bruce's mind was coldly logical. Crang was not aware that his escape was known to any one except Claire, and he had been cunning enough to keep under cover. That was why he had not been home. But he would be home before he went out to be married.

Even a man like Crang would have a few preparations to make.

John Bruce sat by the window. Occasionally the old woman came and stood in the doorway—and went away again.

There was no sign of Crang.

At fifteen minutes of eight John Bruce rose from his chair an left the house.

He was to be at Paul Venizas at eight," said John Bruce to himself with cool precision.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Best Man.

Hawkins sat at the table in his room, and twined and twined one old storm-beaten hand over the other. For hours he had sat like that. It was light in the room now, for it was long after seven o'clock. His bed had not been slept in. He was dressed in his shiny best suit; he wore his frayed black cravat. He had been dressed like that since mid night; since he had returned home after Claire had fled into her house and John Bruce had strode by him on the sidewalk with set, stony face and unseeing eyes; since on reaching his room here, he had found a note whose signature was unless—it read "Paul Veniza." when he knew that it came from Crang. Crang was taking precautions that his return should not leak out! The note only corroborated what he had heard through the door. He was to be at Paul Veniza's at eight o'clock with the trembling pawn-shop.

He had said nothing about any marriage; yet, then, he knew. He was to be the best man. And so he had dressed himself. After that he had waited. He was waiting now. "I'm first" said Hawkins, with grave confidence to the cracked mirror. "Yes, that's it—the first in one because I am her old father, and there ain't nothing can claim him."

His own voice seemed to arouse him. He stared around the shabby room that was his home, his eyes lingering with strange wistfulness on each old battered, and long familiar object—and then suddenly with choking cry, his head went down, buried in his arms outflung across the table.

"Pawned!" the old man cried brokenly. "It's twenty years ago. I pawned her—twenty years ago. And it came to this because—because I ain't never redeemed her—but, my God, I love her—I love my little girl—and—and she ain't never going to know how much."

His voice die away. In its place the asthmatic gasps spat venomous defiance at the daylight that was so contumaciously deriding its pungent flame.

And after a little while, Hawkins raised his head. He looked at his watch.

"It's time to go" said Hawkins—and cleared his throat.

Hawkins picked up his hat and brushed it carefully with his coat sleeve; his shoulders, and such of his attire as he could reach, he brushed with his hands; he readjusted his frayed black cravat before the cracked mirror.

"I'm the best man," said Hawkins. Oblivious to the chattering gaslight, he descended he' stairs, and went out to the shed in the rear that housed the traveling pawn-shop.

"I'm first in line" said the old cab driver, as he climbed into the seat.

Five minutes later he drew up in front of the one-time pawn-shop. He consulted his watch as he got down from his seat and entered the house. It was twenty-five minutes of eight.

Hawkins his hat awkwardly in his hands, as he entered the rear room. He felt a sudden, wild rush of hope spring up within him because there was no sign of Crang. And then—Claire. He was smiling, and, besides, Claire had her hat on and was dressed to go out. Paul Veniza, also dressed, lay on the cot.

Then Paul Veniza's frame was racked with a fit of coughing, and he put a face aspen in pallor his handkerchief Hawkins' in silent appeal. Then he turned his head away.

Hawkins twisted his hat.

"I came a little early" he said wistfully, "because I thought maybe you might—that maybe—that maybe change—that maybe—that might not—"

He stopped. He was looking at Claire. He face was—strange. Her smile seemed to cut at his heart like a knife.

"No, Hawkins" she said in a low voice; "there is no change. We are going to Staten Island. You will drive Doctor Crang. There is a limousine coming for father and me, that will be more comfortable for father."

Hawkins' eyes went to the floor.

"—I didn't mean that kind of a change," he said.

"I know you didnt, Hawkins. But—but I am trying to be practical." Her voice broke a little in spite of herself. "Doctor Crang doesn't know—that you overheard anything last night, or that you know anything about the arrangements, so—so I am explaining them to you now."

Hawkins eyes were still on the floor.

"Ain't there nothing"—his voice was thick and husky—"ain't there nothing in all the word that any of us can do to make you change your mind? Claire, ain't there nothing, nothing at all? John Bruce said there wasn't, and you love John Bruce, but——"

"Don't, Hawkins!" she cried out pitifully.

The old shoulders came slowly up, and the old head; and the old blue eyes were of a sudden strangely flint-like

"I've got to know," said Hawkins, in a dead stubborn way.

"There is nothing" she answered.

Hawkins' eyes reverted to the floor. He spoke now without lifting them.

"Then—then it's—it's like saying good-bye," he said, and the broken note was back again in his voice. "It's—it's so many years that maybe you've forgotten, but when you were a little girl, and before you grew up, and—and were too big for that, I used to hold you in my arms, and you used to put your little arms around my neck, and kiss me, and—and you used to say that—Hawkins would never let the bugaboos get you, and—and I wonder if—if—I—"

"Oh, Hawkins!" Claire's eyes were full of tears. "I remember. Dear, dear Hawkins! And I used to call you Daddy Hawkins. Do you remember ?"

A tear found a furrow and trickled down the old weather-beaten face unchecked, as Hawkins raised his head.

"Claire! Claire!" His voic trembled in its yearning. "Will—will you say that again, Claire?"

"Dear Daddy Hawkins" she whispered.

His arms stretched out to her, and—she came to them smiling through her tears.

"You've been so good to me," she whispered again. "You are so good to me—dear, dear daddy Hawkins."

A wondrous light was in the old cabman's face. He held the slight form to him, trying to be so tenderly careful that he should not hurt her in his strength

He kissed her and patted her head and his fingers lingered as they smoothed the hair back from where it made a tiny curl about her ear.

And then he felt one drawing him toward the couch—and he became conscious that Paul Veniza was holding out his hands to them both and Claire—both of them—sat on the couch and took one of Paul Veniza's hands, and Hawkins took the other, and—and—each of them looked into the other's face.

"I—I—" Doctor Crang paused, and for an instant surveyed the scene, a half angry, half sarcastic smile spread over his—face, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, you're here, like me, ahead of time, Hawkins. I see—" he said shortly. "You're going to drive me to Staten Island where ——"

Claire rose to her feet.

"I have told Hawkins." she said quietly.

Hawkins' hand tightened over Paul Veniza's for a moment, and then he turned away.

"I—I'll wait outside" said Hawkins—and brushed his hand across his eyes as he went through the doorway.

continued next week

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE MATTER of the ESTATE of ROBERT DOUGHERTY, late of the Township of Walpole, in the County of Haldimand, Farmer, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given in pursuance of R.S.O. 1927, Chapter 150 that all creditors and others having a claim or claims against the estate of the said Robert Dougherty, deceased, who died on or about the 18th day of October, 1930, are required to deliver or send post prepaid to Arrell & Arrell, Caledonia, Ontario, the solicitors for the executors on or before the 27th day of June, 1931, their names an daddresses and a full statement of particulars of their claim or claims and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that immediately after the said 27th day of June, 1931, the Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claim or claims of which notice shall have been then received, and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Caledonia this 23rd day of May, A.D. 1931.

Lorne Robert Dougherty,
Clarence Dougherty,
Executors.

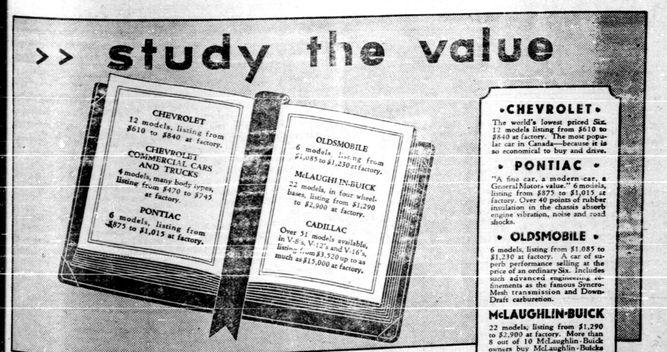
By Arrell & Arrell,
Their solicitors.

PLANTS FOR SALE

FLOWERS—Salvia, Snapdragon, Carnations, Zenias and Asters.
VEGETABLES—Tomatoes, Peppers, Cabbage and Cauliflower.

APPLY TO
'Cedarvale Gardens'
R. E. MILLER, Prop.
JARVIS, R. R. 3. ONTARIO
Three Miles South of Jarvis.

>> study the value



• CHEVROLET •
The world's lowest priced Six. 12 models, listing from $610 to $640 at factory. The most popular car in Canada—because it is so economical to buy and drive.

• PONTIAC •
"A fine car, a modern car, a General Motors value." 6 models, listing from $875 to $1,015 at factory. Over 40 points of rubber insulation in the chassis absorb engine vibration, noise and road shocks.

• OLDSMOBILE •
6 models, listing from $1,085 to $1,240 at factory. A car of superb performance selling at the price of an ordinary Six. Includes such advanced engineering developments as the famous Synchro-Mesh transmission and Downdraft carburetion.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK
22 models, listing from $1,290 to $2,900 at factory. More than 8 out of 10 McLaughlin-Buick owners buy McLaughlin-Buicks again and again. Every McLaughlin-Buick has the non-clashing Synchro-Mesh transmission and the Engine Oil Temperature Regulator.

• CADILLAC •
Over 51 models available, ranging from the Cadillac V-8 at $3,520, to the Cadillac V-12 at $5,130 and up to the Cadillac V-16 with custom bodies for as much as $15,000. All prices at factory. The world's finest car. In matter of colors, upholstery and even body design, they's cars can be highly personalized.

GENERAL MOTORS GM21-30

"Forward Canada!"
Canadians everywhere are striking forward on the rising tide of a fresh and vigorous prosperity. And General Motors pays tribute to Canadian achievement with "Canada on Parade", an all-Canadian radio hour every Friday evening.

GENERAL MOTORS builds a complete line of motor cars, one for every purse and purpose. You will find them on display at a dealer near you. Study their value. You will find them fine cars in every respect . . . beautiful and comfortable . . . with mechanical refinements which set fine standards of performance, control and durability. They are thoroughly Canadian in manufacture. Because of this, and because a unified organization permits quantity purchases and low overhead, prices have been reduced and quality improved to such an extent that the phrase "General Motors Value" has become an expression of merit throughout Canada. Then again, General Motors offers the motorist many other advantages. One of these is General Motors' own time payment plan—GMAC. This is designed to help you to buy conveniently, therefore the rates are the lowest available. Your continued satisfaction in your motor car purchase is pledged by the General Motors Owner Service Policy, the broadest and most generous in the industry. And a splendid body of dealers located everywhere in Canada is ready to execute its provisions, to render a standardized, reliable service, or to prove, at your convenience, the extra value in any General Motors car. Call the nearest dealer today!

Look in the classified pages of your phone book under "General Motors" for the address of the nearest dealer

GENERAL MOTORS CARS HAVE OUTSTANDING VALUE