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because

FURNITURE
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A BIGGER HOUSE inside the same four walls sounds impossible of accomplishment—but it only *sounds* that way.

Gyproc is a fire-resistant gypsum board.

and Mary Onfrichuk of Waterford and Mr. and Mrs. Mike Lake of Amherst spent the holiday with Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Onfrichuk.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Snell of Toronto and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sullivan of Hamilton spent the holiday with Mrs. Margaret and Wm. Richard.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Foreman and family of Hagersville and Mr. Edward Howard and Charlie of Hartford visited with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Howard on Monday.

Miss Rhea Jones of Stratford spent the week-end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lefthouse and daughter Grace and Mrs. Smith of Cheapside, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Symes and John Griffith of Villa Nova visited at Mr. Geo. Edwards on Monday.

One of the questions to be asked in the coming census is—"Do you own a radio?" It may be suspected that the purpose of this is to locate persons who may not have paid their licence, or to assist private radio companies to make sales by letting them know what families do not own radios. This is wholly unfounded. The answers to this question, as all other census questions, are absolutely confidential, never to be given to Government Departments. The purpose of the question is to explore and analyse just what the radio audience of Canada is—where it is located, where it is densest, and how it is made up according to the different elements of the population. With the growing importance of radio, such information is indispensable.

SIONAL CARDS

John Bruce walked abruptly to the window, and stared blindly out into the night. His brain seemed a-fire.

For a time neither man spoke.
"You said you loved her," said
Hawkins at last. "I came to you.
There was no other place to go
to do anything."
"I came from the win-
dow," said Hawkins, laid
the other's shoulder
over now.
"I," he said huskily,
"am not sure—but I
have a chance that she
will change her mind ev-
ery minute. But that
is her: or rather

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"My God, my little girl!"

The old car jolted toward Jean. Bruce's face was set again in hard, twisted lines. He tried to think—helpless, impotent, as though it groped thru chaos and through turmoil only to stagger back bewildered, defeated, and alone.

It was like that, as he sat there, awaying with the lurch of the speeding car, one thought inspiring fast upon another, so quickly in turn by still another that he could correlate no one of them.

And then, after a little time again out of this strange mental strife images began to take form, as sharply defined and distinct one from the other as the medals of the Legion were piled in hopeless confusion—and he had that happened. He had known that knowledge from Grang. That was the meaning of it, and with Claire now, and it must succeed. He

every family and
led by a repre-
great national
us of Canada.

the officers
lose any of
country, to

r military
any such
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as to all,
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HON. H. H. STEVENS, Minister
DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND COMMERCE—OTTAWA

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must make it succeed! It seemed to drive him mad now, that thought that that tomorrow morning she should die for him. Not physical death, worse than that! God! It was unthinkable, horrible, abominable. He seemed to flaunt and mock with ruthless, hell-born sacrilege what was holiest in his heart. It stirred him to a fury that brought him his feet, his fists clenched. Claire's her pity at the mercy of a dangerous beast.

He dropped back on the seat. He battled for calmness. In a little while Claire would be here beside him—for a little while. He shook his

her finger still on the electric-light button.

"You!" she cried sharply. "And Hawkins, too, in this!"

She reached for the door handle; but John Bruce caught her hand.

"Claire!" he pleaded hoarsely.

"Wait! If it is a trick, at least you know that with Hawkins and me you will come to no harm. What else could I do? You would not speak to me this afternoon, you would not let me see you' and I must talk to you tonight."

do not know, I will tell you. I read a letter that you wrote to a certain Mr. Larmon."

It was a long minute before he spoke.

"I—I thought it might be that," he said slowly. "I knew you had seen it. Crang told me so. And—and I was afraid you might believe it—Claire."

"Believe it!" she returned monotonously. "Had I any choice? Have I any now? I knew you were in danger. I knew it was written to car-

[illegible]

She looked at him sadly.

"Must," she repeated coolly. "And tonight." With a gasp.

"Because" John Bruce answered, quickly, "tomorrow would be too late. I know about tomorrow morning. I have to go to the office on the side of that room where Mr. Crang was talking to you tonight."

"You are a man," she said, in a little cry. Her face had gone white—but again she steadied herself.

"And—and do you think that is any reason for not coming?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I've accepted me into this car," she answered dully. "Do you think that anything you say will alter to—"

"To nothing?"

"Yes; I do," said John Bruce earnestly. "But"—he smiled a little bitterly—"I am not a man who is to be hopeless enough if a friend I will not tell me what has so suddenly come between us. Claire, what is it?"

"That you are not a man with a good half-angry, half ironical."

"Is that what you brought me here for?"

"No," he said quietly.

"Then," she said coolly, "if you

“I was afraid it was your hand-
writing,” she wrote it.” She
remembers she then told him to
travel to save your life.”

“But so hard to believe, and so
difficult to accept,” she said. “It
was a sudden order through in John
Bruce’s voice—that you went upon
it. Look, Claire,” he cried. “I have
taken from Crane today when I turned
the tables on him. See! Read them
over!”

She took the letter and the slip cut from the
bottom of the sheet, and laid them
in her lap. “The bottom was written
in pencil,” she said. “I can com-
municate privately” with Larmon.
Salt brings it out. I knew Larmon
was not a man to be deceived, and
was willing to write anything that
Crane dictated. I wrote that secret
message on the bottom of the paper
and gave it to him. He was the only
where he had me a prisoner. Oh,
don’t you see now, Claire? When
your tears fell on the paper, the
traces of the secret writing began
to fade out and were