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GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

C.P.R. HEAD DENOUNCES INFLATION

(C. P. by Guardian's Special Wire) TORONTO, Dec. 21.—Sir Edward Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, told the Commercial Travellers' Association

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SMALL TOWN GIRL

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER III

Mrs. Brannan smiled. "Of course not, Kay. Listen now." And she read calmly on:
"But I started to tell you about Helen. She went away over a week-end and she had signed to stay with Mrs. Morton, in town; but she and another girl and two men got caught in a liquor raid at a place down on the shore. She was with Bob Dakin. He's a young doctor and terribly wild, and always getting his name in the papers, and so there were reporters in court when the case came up, and one of them knew Helen. She gave a false name; but this reporter knowing her, the whole thing came out in the papers. So she was, and everything."

"So Student Government" had to do something about it. When I talked with her, she was pretty rebellious and defiant. Then Dane saw the story in the New York papers, and came over to try to straighten things out. It seemed to me Helen ought to face the music and I had to tell him so. At first he was furious at me, and he went to Dean Willis, but of course the Dean said Student Government would have to handle it; and she wouldn't interfere. So we decided Helen would have to leave college, but that she could come back as a Freshman next year. So she'll be in your class, Kay. After it was all settled, she was a peach about it. I think it was of course, but I know the extra work will be hard on you, Mother; but I know you'll like him, so I told him he could come."

"You have the Commencement program. I hope you can come down Saturday and stay right through."
Kay, reading over her mother's shoulder, exclaimed:
"Look, Mother! The ink is black where she finished writing about him, and then pale where she starts about Commencement. She sat thinking about him before she went on."
Mrs. Brannan smiled faintly; and Kay insisted: "And she never told us about meeting him, Mother!" Her tones were vibrant with excitement. "At least, she never mentioned him to me. Did she to you?"
Mrs. Brannan shook her head, smiling faintly. "No, Kay."

"She's in love with him!" Kay cried. "I know she is. I have a feeling, Mother, do you realize this is the very first time Emily has ever mentioned any man? She's so quiet and reserved that when she says as much as this it means a lot. Do you suppose they'll live in New York? I'll bet he's a marvel if Emily likes him. And she does, you can see that!"

Mrs. Brannan chuckled comfortably. "Aren't you going pretty fast, Kay? Reading so much into so little?" After all, it was just this business about his sister that brought them together.

"They went canoeing!" Kay argued. "And Emily never went canoeing with a man in her life before. Or she never told us, if she did! Won't it be grand, having him here?"
"We can manage to take care of him, I'm sure," Mrs. Brannan asserted composedly.
"Of course we can!" Kay insisted. "I'm crazy to meet him, Mother. Aren't you? I'll bet he's wild about her! Emily's such a peach!" Her voice was suddenly husky; and she said slowly, "She's so darned nice, and straight-forward and pretty and decent. If she doesn't get the best there is, there's something wrong with the world."
"Emily's a fine girl," Mrs. Brannan said, a little wearily. She sat with the letter in her lap, looking out of the window across the wide lawn toward the road.
Kay suddenly laughed, half to herself. "I saw George uptown," she remembered mirthfully. "Poor old George! His nose will be out of joint now!" Mrs. Brannan smiled, and Kay caught the older woman by the arm and shook her affectionately. "You don't seem a bit excited, Mother! Don't you realize that this is the first time Emily has ever written as much as that about a man?" She clenched her fists. "If he isn't just the grandest ever, I'll 'til slap his face!"
And she cried: "Maybe we'll see him at Commencement! I'll bet he'll come back to see Emily graduate!" And she laughed again, sympathetically. "George said he might go down to Commencement, himself. He said he suggested it to Emily, and Emily didn't answer; but of course I told him she'd be glad to see him."

"Who else did you see, uptown?" Mrs. Brannan asked in a mild interest.
"Oh, everybody," Kay assured her. "I met Lillian on the way to the Post Office. She told me Miss Farmer was resigning after this year. She thought Emily would jump at the chance to get that job. I thanked her, but can you imagine Emily teaching school here in Carvel? After doing so wonderfully at Wellesley?"
"That was nice of Lillian," Mrs. Brannan agreed.
"Of course," Kay asserted. She added thoughtfully: "I'm always a little sorry for Lillian. I think she'd like to be somewhere else, or doing something else. I don't think she likes teaching school. She's only a little older than I am, but she looks thirty, positively, Mother."

Mrs. Brannan chuckled. "Thirty isn't senile, Kay," she remarked. "Oh, of course not." Kay smiled. "But you know what I mean. And Elmer came into the Post Office while we were there, hung all over with pliers and screw drivers and things, on his motorcycle, and talking about 'hot stuff,' and being so mature. But his ears were as red as fire. They always get red when he sees me! He says

the new superintendent will be Ned Pastor, the son of one of the directors."
"Your father told me," Mrs. Brannan asserted simply.
Kay hesitated, watching her mother. "How is Father?" she asked.
"Not as bad as usual," Mrs. Brannan replied. "When he didn't come home for supper last night, I asked George to try and find him. He was down at the Frenchman's place, in Dexter. George got him to come home in time, I think, so that he'll be able to go back to work tomorrow."
"Poor Father," Kay whispered. "He's so darned nice, most of the time, Mother."

"He's had a good many disappointments," Mrs. Brannan suggested defensively. "And—too many disappointments can break a man down."
She hesitated; and Kay spoke quickly, of other matters. "And I met Nancy Towne," she said. "She's finally bullied her father into letting her go to Holyoke, and she's coming on air. I never heard even Nancy talk so fast." Mr. Towne wanted her to go to work in the store, but Mrs. Towne helped Nancy persuade him. "She remembered, a little indignantly: "She said she'd never come back to Carvel, said she hated it here. I can see how she feels, of course; but I don't think she was very tactful to say it, do you?"

Mrs. Brannan did not answer; and Kay went on: "I can't imagine Emily settling down to teach school here, for instance, like Lillian. Just coming home and helping with the work and so on. I don't see any sense in a girl's going to college unless it changes things for her. Changes—life for her. Do you, Mother?"
And then quickly: "Of course, I know you did. I mean, you went to college and came home and married Father; but things were different then."

Mrs. Brannan said gently: "Things weren't particularly different, Kay. Where you live doesn't make so much. It's how you live that's the important thing."
"Of course," Kay agreed. "Just see how much you're done here, for instance. Father would be helpless without you, and Emily and I . . ."

She stopped suddenly to kiss the older woman's cheek. "I didn't want to tell you, Mother. You know that."
Her mother smiled and lifted her hand to press Kay's cheek snug against her own. "Being Emily's mother, and yours, is enough to make any woman proud, Kay," she said. But she added honestly: "Yet I can remember thinking as you do, feeling as you do. When I graduated and came home, I did not mean to stay here. I had so many ambitions. But Mother needed me, and there didn't seem to be any way to get away." She smiled, with a little chuckle of mirth. "And all of a sudden one day I found myself marrying your father. We thought we might move to Manchester after Mother died; but when the time came, it wasn't convenient. You were a baby, and Emily wasn't very well, so we put it off—from year to year. And after a while we didn't even bother to put it off. That's all."

Kay nodded and Mrs. Brannan smiled again, in a mirth clean of all stain of sadness.
"We used to remind ourselves that if a man can make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, the world will beat a path to his door." She chuckled. "But the only superlative achievement we've ever managed is—you and Emily!"

"They ought to make Father superintendent right now," Kay cried joyfully; but Mrs. Brannan shook her head.
"Your father will never be any more than he is," she said. "I used to think otherwise, sometimes. But I know now. He can do his work, and hold his job—I hope. But that is all."
"Of course, he isn't well," Kay declared. This was a fiction to which they all clung, to cloak the ugly truth.
"They've been very patient with him," her mother remarked. "But the last time, they told him that he'd have to take a week's lay-off without pay, whenever he was—ill—hereafter."
Kay heard this in a sober consternation. Will Brannan's wage was scant enough at best.
"I hope they'll let him go back to work tomorrow," Mrs. Brannan continued. "If they don't, I can't see how we can go to Commencement for the whole four days. I really don't see how . . ."

CHAPTER IV

Mrs. Brannan's emphasis had in it something piteous and tragic. She was never a vehement woman.
Kay's cheeks drained white, and her heart slowed, and for a moment there was a furious indignation in her. Then she steeled, said bravely:
"Don't you worry about that, Mother! You and Father go, and I'll stay here and have things epic and span for you all when you come home."
Mrs. Brannan looked at her through a mist. "You've counted on going to Emily's Commencement for years, Kay," she said understandingly. "It would be too bad for you to have to give up now!"
Kay laughed in quick disclaimer. "I'll have four years of my own there," she pointed out. "I'd just be small sister standing admiringly in the background, if I went now. You and Father, you're the ones to go."
"We might all go, just for the final exercises," Mrs. Brannan reflected. "That's only means one night's hotel bill; and your father is so proud of Emily. I'd like to have him there."
"Of course, darling," Kay insisted warmly. Then suddenly she was silent, eyes turned upward. From the room above them came a stumble of uncertain feet, and Mrs. Brannan rose quickly

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- CLAMS 2 tins 25c
- COFFEE, fresh, 1 lb. pkg. 35c
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- CITRON, 1 lb. 27c
- MIXED PEEL, 2 pkgs. 35c
- RANGE AND LEMON PEEL 1 lb. 20c
- GLACE CHERRIES, 2 pkgs. 25c
- ICING SUGAR, 3 pkgs. 25c
- SHREDDED COCONUT, lb. 25c
- JELLY, 6 pkgs. 25c
- JELL-O, 2 pkgs. 25c
- RAISINS, seedless, 2 pkgs. 25c
- RAISINS, bulk, 2 lbs. 25c
- 3 lbs. Figs 25c
- 4 lbs. Dates 25c
- CURRENTS, 2 pkgs. 25c
- RAISINS, Sultana, 2 pkgs. 25c
- BAKER'S CHOCOLATE, 1/2 lb. bar and free tin cocoa 25c
- CORN STARCH, 1 pkg. 10c
- BAKING POWDER, 1 lb. tin and free dolly 25c
- MINCE MEAT, 1 pkg. 25c
- PUFFED WHEAT, 2 pkgs. 25c
- PEP, 2 pkgs. 25c
- CORNFLAKES, 3 pkgs. 25c
- COOKIES, fancy quality, 1 lb. 25c
- SOAPS, Brown Holder, 2 lbs. 25c
- PRUNES, 2 lbs. 25c
- PRUNES, large size, 2 lbs. 15c
- GRAPEFRUIT, 5 for 25c
- ORANGES, per doz. 29c-9c
- APPLES, per doz. 12c-2c
- MIXED NUTS, 1 lb. 15c
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"He's awake," she said. "I'll go to him."
Kay nodded, but she stayed behind. When her mother was gone, she stood very still for a moment. Then she crossed to the window, her back to the room; and her hands clenched at her sides. Presently, like a small child grieving, she dug with both fists at her eyes; and then she shook her head, and laughed, a little uncertainly.
"You little pig!" she whispered to herself. "Can't you stand the least disappointment without playing crybaby? I'm ashamed of you!"
And when Mrs. Brannan came downstairs, a little later, Kay met her clear-eyed and smilingly.

Threaten Force On Mongolian Encroachments

(A. P. By Guardian's Special Wire) TOKYO, Dec. 20.—Manchoukuo is prepared to meet force with force on the Mongolian border, said a Rengo (Japanese) News Agency dispatch today from Hsinking, capital of the Japanese-fostered state.
Officials of Manchoukuo are determined to meet Mongolian "encroachments" with armed resistance, the dispatch added, in describing a frontier clash yesterday between Japanese-Manchoukuan soldiers and a Mongolian force.
A communique issued by the Japanese army headquarters in Manchoukuo said a force of Manchoukuan soldiers guarding the border and under the command of a Japanese officer was encountered by 70 other Mongolian soldiers, armed with machine guns, on the Manchoukuo side of the border.
PRETORIA, Dec. 21.—(CP)—Stated at the inquest to have been advised to do so by a native curist as a remedy for injured hip, a South African woman hanged herself. She was found dead.

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Oyster Output Shows Substantial Gain

Landings from Canadian oyster beds up to the end of October totaled 17,531 barrels as against only 15,524 barrels at October 31st, 1934, with the biggest gains credited to Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, respectively. In British Columbia there was a small increase in landings but in the fourth producing province, New Brunswick, the catch decreased by nearly 400 barrels.
The landed value side of the picture shows a betterment of slightly less than \$8,000—a total of \$82,460 at the end of October, '35, as compared with \$74,500 a year ago. In Prince Edward Island there was a value gain of approximately \$9,600 and the Nova Scotia figures increased by a little more than \$5,000. In New Brunswick there was a \$2,000 drop and in British Columbia the dollars-and-cents return to the fishermen decreased by some \$4,600, in spite of the slight rise in provincial catch.

	Catch Landed	Bbls. value \$
P. E. I.	6,213	27,378
N. B.	6,144	24,649
N. S.	2,776	10,797
B. C.	2,398	19,635
Total	17,531	\$82,459

VIOLINIST GOES RANCHER

LONDON, (CP)—Concluding a successful appearance at Royal Albert Hall, following a world tour of 75,000 miles, Yehudi Menuhin, boy violinist, is retiring to his ranch in California for music research work.

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